

EMPATHY TV FICTION

QUEEN OF THE DANCE



*A young man is picked up by a lady...
and becomes the dress up toy for her and
friends. Can he escape?*

VOLUME 1

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

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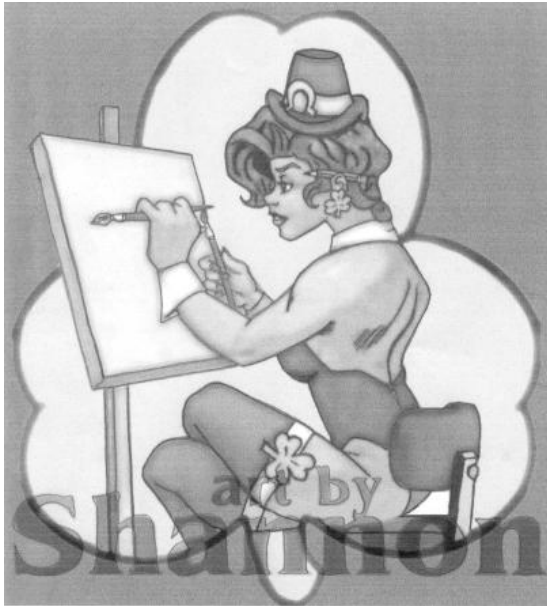
EMPATHY

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 1

“QUEEN OF THE DANCE”



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"Some people think a tree is beautiful...
I would too if it had long blonde hair and was wearing a
short skirt..."

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QUEEN OF THE DANCE

Edited version by Sandy Thomas & Dawn Bell.

CHAPTER ONE

On the Road

The rain had not let up all morning. Each minute seemed to bring another cloudburst. The clouds hung so thick and low that the sun had not peaked through them yet and the gloominess began to upset Terry. He had no luck hitch-hiking today and was soaked to the bone. Not that he blamed people for not giving him a ride, after all, he and his gear were a dripping mess. His thick, long brown hair was well matted against his skull. His boots made a squishing sound with every step he took. As he made his way through the brush and mud alongside the road, cars motored by him slowly as their drivers maneuvered their way along the winding country highway.

Terry walked steadily and in a short while entered a town. There had been a sign announcing it a few miles back and he was glad that he had finally arrived. His eyes searched among the storefronts until he spied the local coffee shop. "Just another block to go and I can get something hot to drink," he thought.

He smiled at the woman behind the counter as he walked in. "My, you are a mess," she exclaimed. "Take off that coat of yours and let me put it by the heater to dry," she offered. "Thanks. That's awfully nice of you," he responded. He peeled off the dripping coat and handed it to the woman. "You are a lot slimmer without this jacket aren't you young man," she said with surprise in her voice.

Terry just nodded as he sat down at the counter. There were other people in the diner and he didn't want to make a scene over his condition. He was on the slight size and the coat was several sizes too large for him. He didn't mind

because the coat was thick, heavy and had kept him warm on many a cold night.

“What’ll you have?” the waitress asked when she returned. “I’ll have a cup of hot chocolate and two eggs over easy,” he said slowly and thoughtfully. He had paused because he knew that after breakfast and a small tip for the woman he would be flat broke.

As Terry waited for his food his mind wandered back over the last few weeks. He remembered how he had felt the first day he set out on this journey. For years he had dreamed of hitchhiking across the country. Finally on his eighteenth birthday, a year after high school graduation, he had left home for the open road.

His mother had been dead set against the idea for as long as he could remember but his stepfather had thought that it would be a great adventure for him. It was his mother that had convinced him to at least finish school before going and then had further suggested that he work awhile to save some money. He worked at a gas station just to satisfy her but soon came to realize that he would need money to travel. In his daydreams of traveling he had never been concerned with money. He simply found a job whenever his funds ran low.

Such is the stuff of which dreams are made! He certainly knew differently now. Here he was in the middle of his trip and he was broke. He had tried to find work along the way but the small town folks didn’t seem to be crazy about hiring a stranger. Besides, most of them seemed to have kids of their own around to do the chores.



Terry was off on his big adventure!

His real problems had begun when he lost part of his gear crossing a river. He had been in a hurry to start one morning and hadn't tied a portion of his backpack tightly.

As he was jumping from a rock to cross a deep, fast running stream, his cooking utensils fell off. Weighted down by a small cook stove the bundle quickly sank from

sight. Before he could think twice about how to save it, the bundle was lost to view.

Up until that time he had not eaten in restaurants. He would buy groceries in the towns he passed through and cook them himself. He had no idea what it cost to eat out but became educated very quickly. In each town he tried to find a stove to replace the one he'd lost. Since most of this area was governed by laws against open fires he thought that he would be able to get a new stove easily. Most of the shopkeepers just laughed, "This is cattle country. People here live in the outdoors most of the day and have no use for camping equipment like you city folks use when you 'rough it'." So he was forced to eat in roadhouses and diners.

He had stopped asking for work after he was turned away too many times. He realized that he was a longhair in a conservative area of the country. It made sense that they wouldn't hire him from their viewpoint. He knew that he was a good worker but there was no way he was going to get a hair cut just to please them. It bothered him when they stared at him but he was learning to ignore it.

The waitress clattered the plates down in front of him and broke the spell of the daydream. "Stares or not," he thought, "I'm hungry." He savored each bite of the meal; well aware that this might be the last thing he had to eat for a long time. Terry slowly sipped the sweet, hot chocolate. Grateful to be in a warm place he wanted to give himself as much time as possible to dry out. Finally he plunked his money down on the counter and got up to leave. The waitress handed him his coat, now almost completely dry, and thanked him for the tip. "Thanks for drying my coat," he replied.

"That's okay, hon. But I hope you've got enough sense to stay out of the rain this time," she joked. Terry hoisted his backpack and stepped out into the overcast weather.

CHAPTER TWO

A New Friend

The rain was still falling at a steady pace as Terry walked down the street. There were very few people in town that morning due to the foul weather. He mentally prepared himself to continue walking in the rain. If there weren't any cars on the road he certainly wouldn't get a lift! He was passing a grocery store when a woman came out carrying a bag in each arm. As he watched, she stumbled and the groceries scattered out onto the muddy ground. Shifting his pack he stooped down to help her pick them up.

"Thank you," she said a bit startled.

"You're welcome," he replied. They collected the packages and put them in the trunk of her car. "Have a good day," he murmured as he continued walking.

"Wait a minute," she called. "Are you walking in this weather?"

Terry stopped and faced her. "Yes, I am. I can't seem to get a ride lately," he answered.

"I can't understand that. You seem nice to me. I'm going your way. You're welcome to join me if you want," she offered.

"Thanks! That would be very helpful! Where should I put my pack?" he asked as he ran back to her car.

"You can put it in here with the groceries," she replied as she opened the trunk. He dropped his gear in and slammed it shut. As if in response to his getting a ride, the rain suddenly came down harder, a crash of thunder announcing its arrival. Both of them jumped into the car and quickly closed the doors.

"This is quite a storm we're having," she opened the conversation as she pulled out of the space and drove down the street. Even with the windshield wipers on the fastest speed there were moments when the road was obscured.

Lightning flashed brightly around them as thunder continued to rumble overhead. "I'm glad I'm not out in this," Terry said thankfully.

"By the way, what is your name?" she asked. "Terry Garret, what's yours?"

"I'm Dinah Borden. Nice to meet you, Terry."

"Thanks again for the ride, Mrs. Borden," he spoke humbly.

"Don't be so formal. Please call me Dinah. Tell me, what were you doing hitch-hiking on a day like this?" He proceeded to tell her of his dream to work his way across the country. Having had no one to talk with at length, for several weeks, Terry found himself telling her all the trials and tribulations of his trip. He explained how he had lost his cooking gear and how that resulted in his present financial situation. He ended by explaining his theory on why he hadn't been able to find work. "I don't find long hair on men offensive," she said. "But you may catch a cold if you don't dry yours pretty soon!"

He ran his hand through his hair to brush the dampness away from his forehead. "I do think that many of the people around here don't care for the longer hair-styles on men," she continued. "You are probably right in your thinking about not getting any jobs. But someone who helps a lady who dropped her packages can't be all-bad. I get the impression that you're a good worker." While they had been talking the rain had let up and they had arrived at her home.

Leaving the car, Terry said, "I guess this is where I get off."

"Terry, I have a proposition for you. Why don't you work for me for a couple of days? When this rain clears, I'll have plenty for you to do."

"If you're sure that you need me," he responded. "I wouldn't want you to do this because you feel sorry for me."

"I wouldn't make the offer if I didn't mean it," Dinah replied seriously. "I'll give you a place to stay and

whatever you think is a fair wage for the work I need done. Is it a deal?"

"You better believe it," he said enthusiastically.

"Good. Let's get the car unloaded so that you can get warm and dry!"

The house was a ranch style design and well maintained. There seemed to be nothing out of place. Terry commented on how nice the place looked. "Thank you." Dinah replied, "It's hard doing it all myself but I manage."

"You mean you're not married," he inquired.

"I was married but my husband and I divorced several years ago."

"This is a big house. Did you have any children?" he asked as his curiosity got the best of him.

"Yes, I have a daughter but she wanted to go along with her father."

"That's too bad," he replied not really knowing what to say. From the look on Dinah's face he was sorry that he had brought the subject up. She had a faraway look in her eyes as if she was remembering something and it demanded all of her attention. Just as rapidly as it appeared, the look passed from her face. "Your room is the first door down the hall to the left. You may as well go in and get settled." He picked up his things and trudged down the hall.

The room was simply and neatly furnished. Along with a dresser, a reading lamp and a small bed, there was a hand hooked circular rug that covered most of the hardwood floor. The walls were decorated with paintings of strong elegant horses, rearing on their hind legs or snorting at full gallop. "Do you like it?" Dinah asked, catching Terry off-guard.

"It's fine," he replied. "I was so involved in looking at these paintings that I did not hear you come in. Who's the artist?"

“I am,” she said proudly. “It’s a hobby of mine. When you live alone for awhile there are all kinds of surprising things you learn to do.” As she talked Terry really saw her for the first time. He had not paid much attention before because he was either picking up groceries or talking his own fool head off.

She was slightly taller than him with a nice well-rounded figure. Most likely she was around thirty-five years old. Despite the rain they had walked through her appearance was fresh and neat. He found himself thinking about how attractive she was with her sandy brown hair just touching her shoulders in a smooth even curl. A soft sweater emphasized her small waist and full bosom. Her colorful eyes and pink mouth were simply and tastefully made up. She broke him from his thoughts with a question. “Would you like to take a shower?”

“I sure would! A hot shower would feel great right now!” Terry said as he rubbed his hands together.

“Well get to it. I’m going to fix dinner so take your time. Use plenty of hot water to get the chill out of your bones.”

He stepped across the hall into the bathroom and turned on the shower to let it warm up. He kicked off his damp shoes and peeled his shirt up over his head.

Dinah came into the bathroom. “Here is a bottle of cream rinse for your hair, Terry.”

“I’ve never a rinse before Dinah, so I don’t think I’ll need it. Thanks anyway.”

“Don’t be silly,” she scolded. “Your hair is all tangled and knotted. Why fight to comb it when this will make it easy? Just massage it into your hair after you rinse out the shampoo. Then leave conditioner on a few minutes and rinse it out.”

“Okay, I’ll give it a try. I usually do have to struggle to untangle my hair after I wash it.”

Dinah fingered his long strands of damp hair and then ran her finger down his bare chest. “You don’t have much hair yet do you?” she asked. Terry blushed deeply; at

eighteen year old he was often embarrassed about a lack of certain 'manly' features! "No, I do not. My father isn't very hairy so I guess I won't be either."

Dinah was fascinated with his bare chest and shoulders. She pulled some of his hair forward so that it came over his ears and fell to the front. "Your hair is longer than mine," she remarked.

"It's grown since I left on this trip and could probably use a trim," he said. "If you like I've got a friend who is an excellent stylist. She could trim it for you," she answered. "That would be nice of her. I've never been to a woman barber. We'll see what happens in the next few days. Right now I'd better get in the shower and stop wasting water." Terry latched the door after Dinah had left the bathroom.

He slipped off his pants and climbed into the shower. The torrent of hot water massaged every muscle in his tired body. He lathered with soap time and time again just for the feeling of cleanliness it gave him. He rubbed shampoo vigorously into his scalp and rinsed it off grinning at the sound of squeaky- clean hair.

Then he grabbed the bottle of conditioner and poured some on his head. While it worked its way into his hair he stood in the warm stream of water and relaxed. A couple of minutes later he rinsed it off, turned off the water and dried himself. He had brought fresh clothing in with him. It felt good to be warm and dry for the first time in days. He toweled his hair dry and returned to his room to get a comb.

"Here let me brush it for you," Dinah said as she followed him into his room. "That's okay I can manage," he responded. "No, I want to," she insisted. She began slowly combing his hair with a natural bristle brush she had brought with her.

"Hey, you were right! The tangles come right out!" Terry exclaimed. "We girls have had long hair many more years than you boys! Certainly we must know something about how to care for it," she replied a little smugly. With the conditioner it didn't take long before his hair was

smooth and shiny. “Supper’s on,” she trilled as she left the room.

Terry followed her to the table which she had set while he was in the shower. He was so hungry he ate in silence. “My you were hungry!” Dinah said grinning.

“I sure was. You’re a good cook,” he complimented. After dinner, they sat in the living room and sipping hot tea. Terry was tired after his day of walking and wanted to go to bed early. “I guess I start work in the morning. I’d better hit the rack.” he said as he got up.

“If the rain lets up there will be plenty that I want done,” Dinah answered, “Get a good night’s rest. I will see you in the morning.”

CHAPTER THREE

Work and Embarrassment

Terry fell asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow. It felt so nice to be sleeping on a mattress instead of the ground! His restful sleep was ended by the sound of a rooster crowing. He rolled over and peeked out the window. The sun gleamed brightly over the green landscape. He smiled at the sight of fluffy white clouds that had replaced the stormy gray ones as he slept. He sprang out of bed, removed his pajamas and donned his clothes. Opening the bedroom door his nostrils were assailed by the smell of eggs, bacon and coffee that wafting from the kitchen. His stomach grumbled in reply to the sound of the sizzling frying pan. Entering the bathroom he splashed cold water on himself to help wake up then washed his hands and face. When he started to comb his hair, he couldn’t believe it was the same head!

It had never been like this before. Instead of being tangled and matted after a night’s sleep it was smooth and fluffy. The comb glided through the strands! The usual

problem of static electricity was gone. "That conditioner stuff is something else," he mumbled to himself.

Walking into the kitchen, Terry offered a cheery "good morning", as he pulled up a chair. "Did you sleep well," Dinah inquired. "Sure did. That bed is really comfortable. I looked outside and the weather is beautiful. I should be able to work today."

"You'd better eat plenty of food. I've got a busy day planned for you." They both sat down and filled themselves with a hearty breakfast. "Before I start the dishes, I'll show you what to do," Dinah gestured toward the back door. As they stepped outside, she pointed to a break in the fence across a field. "Take a hammer and some nails with you and fix those rails. You'll find the things you need in the shed next to the barn. I'll be inside if you need me."

Terry had no problem finding the tools. He was crossed the field surveying the broken fence. The sunlight bounced off the wet foliage around him as he walked. The air was so clear and crisp after the rainfall he breathed in deeply, enjoying its freshness. He smiled to himself as he thought about how lucky he was to be working. And for such a nice woman too!

Reaching the fence he examined the damaged rails. They had been knocked loose somehow. "Probably a horse or a cow," he thought to himself. He aligned each board and nailed them securely in place. While he was here he decided he might as well check the rest of the fence. Walking along, he examined each joint. Many of them were in need of new nails of they would have fallen soon.

He hammered and walked for hours until he had covered the entire fence. Having made a complete circle Terry finished back at the barn. Dinah met him at the back door. "My you've been busy! I saw from the window that you walked the entire fence line. I appreciate your checking the whole fence. You really are a hard worker! Come on in and have some lunch," she said with a warm and pleasant smile on her face.

As they ate lunch Terry noticed a photo of a young girl on the counter. Seeing his glance Dinah answered his question before he asked it. "It's a photo of my daughter."

"She's pretty," he said. "Funny you should say that. This is one of the few pictures I have of her where she isn't wearing blue jeans and a scarf. I bought her tons of clothes but she wouldn't wear them. Getting her to curl or style her hair and wear make-up was like trying to give a dog a bath."

"She was a tomboy?" Terry asked. "Very much so. Of course living here she was raised around horses and livestock. But the main reason was her father. He wanted a son and I wanted a daughter. She would help him around the barn but wasn't interested in helping me in the house. I hoped that as she got older she would change her mind and want to learn how to act like a lady. I was certainly mistaken! She fought my every attempt tooth and nail! When I finally divorced my husband she wanted to live with him. I knew we would never get along so I let her go."

While she was talking Dinah got this strange look in her eye. "You know," she said slowly, "her hair very much like yours."

Terry shifted uncomfortably in his chair. "Times have changed I guess. There have been occasions when people have thought that I was a girl because of my hair! Lots of guys have long hair where I come from," he offered.

"Things are different nowadays," Dinah agreed. "You know Terry, you amaze me. When I first picked you up I thought that you were a much bigger boy. When you're not wearing that jacket you're really thin.' Not skinny mind you, but small boned. I was worried that you wouldn't be able to handle the work! Your performance this morning more than proves that you can."

"Thanks, Dinah. I'll continue to do my best for you! I appreciate the chance to earn a little money before I hit the road again."

With lunch over Terry cleared his dishes from the table. Dinah was surprised and pleased to see good manners from this slender attractive young man!

“What would you like me to tackle next?”, he asked.

“If you can handle it, I’d like you to chop some firewood for me. Let me show you where it is.”

The woodpile was behind the barn. There were stacks and stacks of logs to be split. He set to work quickly and each second brought the sound of the ax biting into the seasoned wood. He worked smoothly and quickly. His hair, being fluffier than usual, kept getting in his way. It fell in front of his eyes with every couple of swings and he had to stop and tuck it behind his ears. Dinah noticed his problem when she brought him some lemonade. “That hair falling in your eyes could be dangerous. You could cut yourself if you can’t see. I’ll get something to help you.”

Terry paused and enjoyed the lemonade until Dinah returned. “Turn around,” she requested. She pulled his hair back into a ponytail and wrapped something around it. “That ought to do it,” she said. He thanked her and went back to work. The cutting went faster now that he didn’t have to stop every couple of minutes to fix his hair. Soon he had a large pile of firewood split and stacked. It was surprisingly pleasant with his pulled back from his face and neck. “This might be a good way to keep his hair until Dinah’s friend could cut it,” thought Terry as he walked back to the house.

Leaving an arm load in the wood box next to the back door and went in to ask Dinah what to do next. “I want you to take the car into town and pick up a couple of bags of seed and fertilizer. Here are the keys.”

Terry drove into town and parked in front of the hardware store. As soon as he entered he sensed that he was being stared at. The woman who owned of the store came over and asked, “Can I help you missy?”

Terry figured that he should set her straight from the start because he might have to come here again. There was no reason that he should have to be treated like this.

“I’m a boy, ma ‘am! I’m here to pick up some seed and fertilizer for Mrs. Borden.”

The woman called to a young girl who was in the back stocking shelves. The girl came out and the owner pointed at Terry, “Will you look at this, Jeanne! He comes in here with a big bow in his hair and he expects me to call him sir!” Both women burst into laughter as Terry quickly reached up to touch his hair. He worked the knot free and a pretty piece of velvet ribbon fell into the palm of his hand.

Blushing deeply, he mumbled something about keeping the hair out of his eyes. “I’ll get those things for you dear,” the woman said when she finally stopped laughing. Terry didn’t say another word to the clerk but quietly loaded the car and drove back to the house.

“Why did Dinah do that to me?” he kept thinking. “Doesn’t she like long-hairs after all? Is she trying to shame me into getting a haircut?” Returning to Dinah’s house, he put the sacks into the barn and went into the house.

“You took the ribbon off?” was the first thing Dinah said when she saw him.

“The owner practically laughed me out of the store!” he exclaimed. “Why did you put a ribbon in my hair?”

“It kept the hair out of your eyes didn’t it,” she countered.

“You could have used a rubber band,” he said raising his voice.

“I just grabbed the first thing I found. Now let’s forget the whole thing! You go wash for dinner.”

As he walked through the living room a photo on the wall caught his eye. He went over to take a closer look at it. It was another picture of her daughter, except in this one her hair was tied back with a big velvet bow. A velvet bow that looked very much like the one he had just removed from his own hair!

CHAPTER FOUR

A Skillful...Frightening Demonstration

Terry began work the following morning by raking the front yard. The rain had knocked most of the leaves from the trees and left quite a mess. He was just about finished when Dinah came out, with coils of black leather wrapped around her left arm. "Have you ever seen one of these?" she asked.

"Only on television," he replied.

"Then you've never had the chance to try one," she said as she uncoiled the long bullwhip from her arm. It looked sinister and dangerous, much like a long menacing snake. She placed the handle in his palm and said, "Go ahead and knock the rest of the leaves off the tree. They'll fall eventually. It's a real challenge to try and hit them."

He figured he might as well give it a try. It looked easy when the cowboys did it on television. He whirled it into the air with a fast move of his hand and waited for the solid crack as it snapped.

Faster than he could react, the whip tangled itself around his arm. Dinah chuckled softly as he prepared for his second attempt. This time it wrapped around his legs and the tip stung him in the rear end. "It takes practice," she said. "Let me show you how it's done." He unwrapped himself and handed the bullwhip back to her.

Dinah whirled the whip around gently a few times and then ... CRACK...CRACK...CRACK... three leaves were floating gently to the ground. "That is incredible," he gasped. "When you get the hang of it you don't even have to whirl it around." No sooner had she spoken when the whip shot out and cracked louder than before. A small branch tumbled to the ground as he watched in fascination.

"That thing hits pretty hard," he commented.

“It all depends on how you use it,” she replied. “You can wrap it around somebody’s feet gently or use it to quickly knock a gun out of someone’s hand. Of course, there’s not much need for that kind of stuff nowadays but at the local rodeos they do it all the time. My ex-husband was the best bullwhip man in the county and he taught me everything I know.”

“Well, you are good!” he said in awe. “It would take me awhile to get over being afraid of the thing before I could learn to use it properly,” he added.

“You’re afraid of this?” she asked.

“After seeing how you use it—you’re darn right I am,” he said emphatically. Dinah said nothing but as she turned to go into the house she had that faraway look in her eye.

When Terry awoke the next morning his work-clothes were gone. They had been replaced by a pair of women’s stretch pants and a pink blouse.

“What the heck is this?” he thought. He pulled the pants on so that he could face Dinah with some degree of modesty. They fit snugly in places where his own pants did not. His legs looked sleeked and his rear end appeared to be much more rounded and contoured.

Slightly embarrassed he entered the kitchen. “They fit,” she exclaimed. “I was hoping they would.” He noticed that she was mending the holes in his clothing. Suddenly he felt ashamed of his attitude.

“You don’t have to do that,” he said, pointing to her work.

“I wanted to. The holes were getting worse everyday. I thought I could mend them before they were hopeless. I put some of my daughter’s things out for you to wear while I fixed your clothes. I’m glad to see that the pants fit. Have you tried the top on?”

“It’s a blouse?”

“SO? Naked is better?”

“Okay, I’ll do it right now.” As he walked back to his room he mused, “What a nice lady.’ And here I thought that she was trying to embarrass me again.” He buttoned

the blouse and tucked it into the pants. After putting on his boots he looked at himself in the mirror. "I guess I look okay," he thought.

Dinah was delighted with the fit of the garments. "Since they fit, I'll have time to patch all of your things," she exclaimed.

Today's project was to clean out the tool shed. Dinah had been piling junk in there for years. It was packed with all kinds of things. The work was time consuming but not very difficult. Terry was taking a breather when a car pulled into the driveway, a woman emerged.

"Hello, who are you?" she called to him.

"Hi, I'm Terry," he called back. "I'm helping Mrs. Borden with some chores around the place."

"I can see that," the woman commented as she looked at the pile of rubble before her. "By the way, I'm Dinah's neighbor, Cindy Felsh."

"Nice to meet you," he said politely. "Dinah is home, isn't she?" the neighbor asked. "She's inside," Terry answered. "Thanks. Perhaps we will talk again later. Bye." Terry watched her as she knocked on the door and entered as Dinah answered it.

"He's a doll, Dinah!" Cindy exclaimed as she sat down at the table. "I thought for a minute that your daughter had returned and you were fooling me on the phone."

"I wasn't kidding! Don't you think her clothes fit him well?" Dinah asked her guest.

"They sure do. But I'll bet you he can't wait for you to mend his so that he can get back into jeans," Mrs. Felsh replied.

"Not if I can help it." Dinah declared. "Now wait a minute Dinah! Surely you don't intend to try and..."

"I most certainly do, Cindy." Her neighbor looked flustered. "Talk sense woman! Everyone knows that you've been troubled since the divorce. I know how you feel about your daughter--believe me. But she didn't want to wear the clothes you bought her. She was a good kid she just

preferred riding boots and denim to perfume and lace. You can't hold that against her."

"Cindy, all my life I've wanted a daughter that I could dress up and for whom I could buy pretty things. The divorce took my only chance away from me. You know I'm incapable of getting pregnant again. There's no use in getting married because it won't get me another child! You have a lovely daughter so how would you know what I'm going through?"

"Dinah you know that a lot of the town's folk don't think you're too stable as it is. If you start dressing that boy in skirts they'll really think you've flipped," Cindy finished.

Dinah sat staring out the window at the longhaired willowy young man working in her backyard, "Well..."

CHAPTER FIVE

Desires Revealed

"I've given him a place to stay, work and food to eat. And we get along just fine. What difference does it make what kind of clothes he wears? You must admit he looks cute in that blouse and pants. Besides, I don't care anymore what the townspeople think of me! I have to think about what makes me happy."

"I do admit that he's a pretty sight with that long hair but will he go along with you on this?" Cindy queried. "I'll teach him to like it," Dinah said firmly. "My husband kept me from being firm with my daughter and this time I will not fail. Won't you please help me?"

Cindy scrutinized her friend's face. She had never seen such a combination of hope and fierce determination. "I have heard that in the city they have shows with men dressed as women. Why shouldn't our town have one too?" she said at last.

"I don't want a freak show Cindy. Not many people have seen him and before they do he's going to be a perfect little lady if it's the last thing I do." she answered.

"Will you come over tonight and do my hair?" Dinah asked with a twinkle in her eye.

"Be glad to, neighbor. See you at eight."

Cindy watched the boy work for a few minutes before backing out of the driveway. "He does have a slim body," she observed. "But how is he going to like this idea?" As she continued to watch she began to imagine him a dress.

"I suppose it serves the long-hair hippy right," she mused. "I've always wanted to get my hands on one of those fellows. This will be fun for all of us! I'll see you tonight cutie!" She backed into the road and headed for home.

CHAPTER SIX

Pretty Hair

After dinner, and helping clear the table, Terry excused himself to take a shower. Dinah was again pleased to have his help in the kitchen as little as it was. As he left the room a devilish smile crossed Dinah's face as she began to plan the evening's events! When he came back into the living room, Cindy was there. "Hello, again," he said. "Nice to see you again, Terry." She was in the process of putting Dinah's hair in rollers. "Cindy does my hair and I do her's," Dinah explained.

"That's what neighbors are for," Cindy commented. "Your hair looked nice today, Terry," she added. "Dinah gave me some conditioner to use and it really made it fluffy," he replied. Cindy finished with Dinah's hair and started putting her things away. Terry had settled down in front of the television set when she walked over to him. She felt his damp hair and commented, "Your hair is the

perfect wetness for setting.” Terry chuckled, “Yeah, right!” and continued watching television. She lifted a clump of hair and began winding it around a curler. Terry laughed nervously and put a hand up to stop her.

“I’m sure you must feel left out, honey,” Dinah interjected. “Everyone else in the room has their hair set and you don’t. Why don’t you let Cindy set it for you?”

“I don’t mind being left out of that,” he replied with a blush. “I’m a guy remember! I thought you both liked my hair the way it is.” With that he turned back to the television.

“Aren’t you curious about what it would look like?” Cindy questioned. Interrupted from his viewing again, Terry turned to face the two women. “You’re serious aren’t you,” he exclaimed. “Your hair is so thick and long. I’m dying to see it all curled and wavy,” Dinah squeaked. “I agree with her,” Cindy chimed. “Besides, there’s just the three of us here. Who’s going to know?”

Terry was confused. Why were they suddenly making such a big deal about his hair? What should he do? He didn’t want to anger Dinah. She had been nice to him since the moment he had met her. She fed him well and repaired his clothing. Besides, he hadn’t saved enough money to continue his travels. He knew how hard it was to find a job. He looked at both of them and they smiled broadly. “What the heck,” he thought, “they are my only friends here. What could it hurt to play along with them?” He looked straight at Cindy and asked in a throaty voice, “Don’t I have an appointment with you?” Both women giggled as she replied, “Yes. I’m sorry I’m late; it’s been a busy day. Please sit down and make yourself comfortable.” He walked over and sat in the chair where Dinah had been. He crossed his legs carefully, playing the game to the limit. “Terry, you’re too much.” Dinah cried. Cindy came over and began rolling his hair section by section. It didn’t take her long to cover his head with curlers. Then she sprayed the rolls of hair with setting lotion and announced, “All done missy! That will be twelve-fifty.” They all had a

good laugh chuckle. Dinah brought cookies and hot coffee as the three 'girls' sat discussing hair care.

"I'll be back in the morning to comb it out, Terry," Cindy said. "Oh, I thought I'd take out the curlers before I went to bed," he responded. "Why, Terry? Cindy put so much into your 'do'. It would be a shame not to see how it turns out," Dinah argued. Cindy had a hurt look on her face and once again Terry was confused about what to do. "I guess it would be interesting to see it," he agreed half-heartedly. "Don't worry about coming over tomorrow morning, Cindy. I'll comb it out," Dinah offered. Cindy shot a glance at Dinah but understood immediately what she was doing. Dinah figured that it would take some of the pressure of embarrassment from Terry. Cindy quickly agreed that it would be better for her schedule too. They chatted for a while longer and then she left.

Terry was up with the sun the next morning. It had been a new experience sleeping on a head full of rollers. He had slept lightly because of it. He climbed out of bed and pulled his work clothes on. Dinah was coming out of her room as he entered the hall. "Right on time this morning, aren't we," she said brightly. "Wash up and I'll meet you in the kitchen to comb out your hair."

His vision in the bathroom mirror was an awkward one, the blue work shirt clashing with the head full of curlers. He couldn't wait to get them off. He sauntered into the kitchen and found his breakfast already on the table. Dinah was just finishing hers. "You can sit down and eat while I brush out your hair." She stood behind him and unfastened the rollers.

After they were all removed she began to brush out the tight curls. With long slow strokes the hairstyle began to take shape. The sides curled forward and hugged his cheeks while the bottom curled under in a nice even line. She parted it on the side and used a yellow hair clip to keep it from falling in front of his face. With a teasing

comb she added height to the top and back. Then she told him to close his eyes and proceeded to hold the style in place with a fine mist of hair spray. She was very pleased with the results and smiled broadly.

“How does it look?” he asked.

“See for yourself,” she replied, handing him a small mirror. Terry moved the mirror around his head to see his hair from every angle. He couldn’t believe his hair looked this good and so different! It was soft and feathery and puffed out all over. There were smooth waves going everywhere. One large curve swept down and formed the bangs that were held by the clip. “How do you like it?” she asked.

Terry didn’t know what to say. He was kind of glad that he had let her do it but felt silly about saying so. “It’s okay I guess. It sure looks different,” he responded hesitantly.

“It’s time to get to work. You’ve got plenty to do in the shed, don’t you?” Dinah sounded disappointed for some reason.

“Yes, I do. There’s so much junk in there it will take days to sort it out.” He hesitated before he walked outside. After all, he was wearing a very feminine hairstyle and it might be embarrassing if someone saw him.

Dinah said, “Don’t worry about your hair, honey, it looks very stylish like one of those rock stars.” He managed a slight smile and went out to work.

Terry was dragging out an old sink when Cindy’s car rolled into the driveway. He started to walk toward it when he saw that a girl about his age was in the car. The teenager had begun to chuckle at the sight of the boy’s curled tresses when he ran into the house. Rushing through the kitchen he headed straight for the bathroom. Terry locked the door and turned on the shower. Taking one last look at himself in the mirror, he removed the hair clip and plunged his head into the shower spray. The water quickly flattened his hair and left it straight and stringy. Turning the water off he towel dried his hair and strode

back into the kitchen. The three women were surprised at his appearance.

“Why did you do that?” Dinah demanded. “Cindy didn’t even see your lovely hair after all the work she put into it.”

He had no idea what to say. He looked over at the young woman. “This is my daughter, Tina. Tina, this is Terry,” Cindy introduced them.

“Nice to meet you, Terry. My mom has told me a lot about you.” Terry sensed a level of empathy and understanding from this attractive young lady. He decided he liked her.

“Glad, to meet you too, Tina.”

“Why did you run into the house before I could see you?” Cindy questioned.

“When I saw Tina in the car I was embarrassed,” he answered.

“I thought you looked cute and very stylish,” Tina praised.

Once again Terry felt uncomfortable with the praise for his androgynous appearance. “Excuse me but I have work to do,” he said and rapidly left the house. After he was back outside the three women had a long chat. Terry would have been appalled to hear their plans for his future! Later, the two neighbors smiled and waved good-bye to him as they left.

CHAPTER SEVEN

An Invitation

During the next couple of days Terry worked very hard. No more had been said about his hair styling episode. He was glad that there were apparently no hard feelings among his new friends. Tina visited often with her mother. She and Terry would go for walks when he could spare the time. He really liked Tina. Although he had found her

attractive on their first meeting as he got to know her better he liked her even more for her kindness and understanding.

One day over lunch she asked him to go with her to a special dance party. Cindy and Dinah anxiously watched him to see his reaction. This would be a big first step in their plans! “I’d love to go but I don’t know how to dance,” he replied. “Oh that’s not a problem! They have lessons before the actual dance begins. There are always new people that don’t know the steps. Besides it’s fun and easy to learn.”

“Go ahead, Terry.’ It will give you a chance to meet some of the other local people,” Dinah said convincingly. “Sure, I’d like to go with you, Tina. When is it?” he responded enthusiastically. “It’s this Friday night. We’ll have a great time,” she said, matching his excitement. “What do I have to wear? I don’t own any Western style clothes.”

“Dances are special so you’ve got to wear special clothes,” Tina hedged. “What is that supposed to mean,” he asked as he looked around at the women’s faces. Finally Dinah broke the silence. “I have a green checked dance dress that will be perfect on you dear.”

“Oh, no,” he said quickly, “I’m not going to the dance wearing a dress!” Immediately Tina looked crushed. Terry didn’t want to spoil his chances with her but what else could he do? “Will anyone else be wearing a dress?” he asked pleadingly.

“Sure, lots of people will be wearing dresses! “ Tina enthused. “Then I guess I will go,” he relented. The women applauded his decision. “I’ll be over Friday to help you prepare, then we’ll pick up Tina and you two can go to the dance.” Cindy explained. The two women got up to leave. “See you around noon Friday,” Cindy said as they left.

Terry worked extra-hard on Thursday because he would be taking most of the next day off. Although he was apprehensive about the thought of wearing a dress to his first dance he was looking forward to meeting new people.

“Besides,” he thought, “Tina did say that there would be other people wearing dresses.”

Friday morning came all too quickly. It seemed like he had just fallen asleep when the sun hit the window shade. He did his normal morning chores until Cindy pulled up. He put his tools away and went into the house. She and Dinah were talking as he came in. “I’m glad you came in just now, Terry. It’s time we started. Run in and take a shower and be sure to thoroughly wash your hair, use plenty of conditioner,” Dinah ordered. “Why all the fuss?” he wondered. “We’ll need the rest of the afternoon to get him ready for the dance,” Cindy said to Dinah.

When he emerged from the bathroom Cindy motioned for him to sit down on the chair in front of her. “Why?” he asked. “I’m going to do your hair a very special way for tonight,” she replied sweetly. “That’s okay. I just figured I’d wear the dress and that’s all,” he responded. “Why not go all the way, Terry? It’s your first dance. To tell you the truth, Cindy and I have been looking forward to dressing you up all week,” Dinah commented. “I think that Tina would be very disappointed if you didn’t,” Cindy coaxed.

Once again he felt that strange pressure. Why was it that he always felt like there was more to this than they mentioned? “Besides, Terry, you ruined your hair before I could see it the last time. You owe me one now,” Cindy stated with a hurt tone in her voice.

“Okay ladies! Let’s get busy. I’ve got a date tonight,” he said in as cheerful a tone as he could manage. He plopped down in the chair and Cindy began setting his hair.

She was positioning the rollers differently from the previous time. The back rollers were being placed vertically instead of horizontally. While Cindy was doing his hair, Dinah sat down in front of him with a bottle of nail polish. “I don’t need a manicure. Thanks anyway,” he told her.

“Now honey, you just sit still and let us get you ready for the dance. Don’t worry about a thing. Okay? You will have your fun tonight so why not let a couple of old ladies

have theirs now.” He sighed deeply while she proceeded to apply coats of cherry red polish to his toenails. While they were drying she took his fingers, one at a time, and expertly brushed the colorful liquid on each nail. When both women were finished they led him into a room in the house where he had never been before. The door was down the hall from his but he had never opened it nor asked Dinah what was behind it.

It took a moment for Terry to absorb the vision before him! In the corner stood a canopy bed with white and pink lace trim. The curtains were frilly and feminine as was everything else that met his glance. There were strategically located mirrors on the walls that enabled him to see himself from all angles simply by standing in the middle of the room. The dresser tops were covered with bottles of perfume and cosmetics all placed on dainty doilies so as not to mar the furniture. It was the most feminine room he had ever seen!

“I designed this room for my daughter,” Dinah explained. “But she would never use it.” Terry was uncomfortable. It seemed like a place where a man should not tread. That feeling combined with the look on Dinah’s face made him suddenly feel like a captive!

Dinah produced a complete set of mint green lingerie! Terry was handed a pair of satin and lace panties. Turning his back to the women he slid them up his legs and settled about his slender hips. A shiver went up Terry’s spine as the soft panties hugged his body! Dinah produced a pair of pantyhose as Cindy sat him down at the vanity. “You’re right Dinah. He’s not hairy at all,” Cindy said as if agreeing to an unspoken statement. Dinah began to show Terry the proper way to put on nylons.

“No need to practice that,” he said. “I’ll never use them again.” Neither Dinah nor Cindy said a word as Terry smoothed the silky snug fitting hose up his legs. A dreamy look came over him as he secretly thrilled to this new feeling!

Terry sat transfixed while a pair of open toed low-heeled shoes were placed on his feet. "Those are great for dancing," Cindy explained. "The heels are low so they won't foul you up. The open toe front shows off your nicely painted nails." A pair of green checked underwear covered his pantied bottom. "If you twirl and your skirt flies up--the boys will only see these," Dinah beamed.

Terry couldn't believe how excited these women were as they worked. He felt like a girl must feel on her first date with her mother dressing her to the nines. The women worked a half dozen petticoats up his legs and onto his waist. When he stood up it seemed like he needed three times as much space to walk in without hitting something. Dinah slipped the mint green padded brassiere around him. Terry stared in awe as she filled the cups with foam pads. "My daughter wasn't very busty either," she said.

The pads gave him a perfectly proportioned bust line. Anxiously the women helped him climbed into the dress. The sleeves were puffy and full at the shoulders. The square neckline and tight waistline further accentuated his new figure. Dinah zipped him up from behind and smoothed the dress down over the pile of petticoats. "He's adorable," Cindy exclaimed. "I think the rest had better wait until later," Dinah stated.

They led him back into the living room. He felt awkward in the costume as with every step the petticoats rustled loudly and the bottom of the dress swung from side to side. "Let me show you some basic steps," Cindy volunteered. Soon Terry was prancing and twirling around the living room, changing partners between Cindy and Dinah. They taught him how to sit in his dress, cross his legs, and twirl so that the petticoats flew up and exposed his matching panties. He concentrated on all they showed him. He did not want to embarrass Tina by being a total clod at his first dance.

Finally the women decided it was time to finish their handiwork. As Terry returned to the bedroom he swiveled his hips so that the dress bounced seductively. "You learn

quickly sweetie,” Dinah proclaimed. He sat at the vanity and she went to work on his face while Cindy took his hair down. He objected to the idea of plucking his eyebrows but submitted when Dinah assured him that they would grow back, “so fast you’ll get tired of plucking them sometimes.”

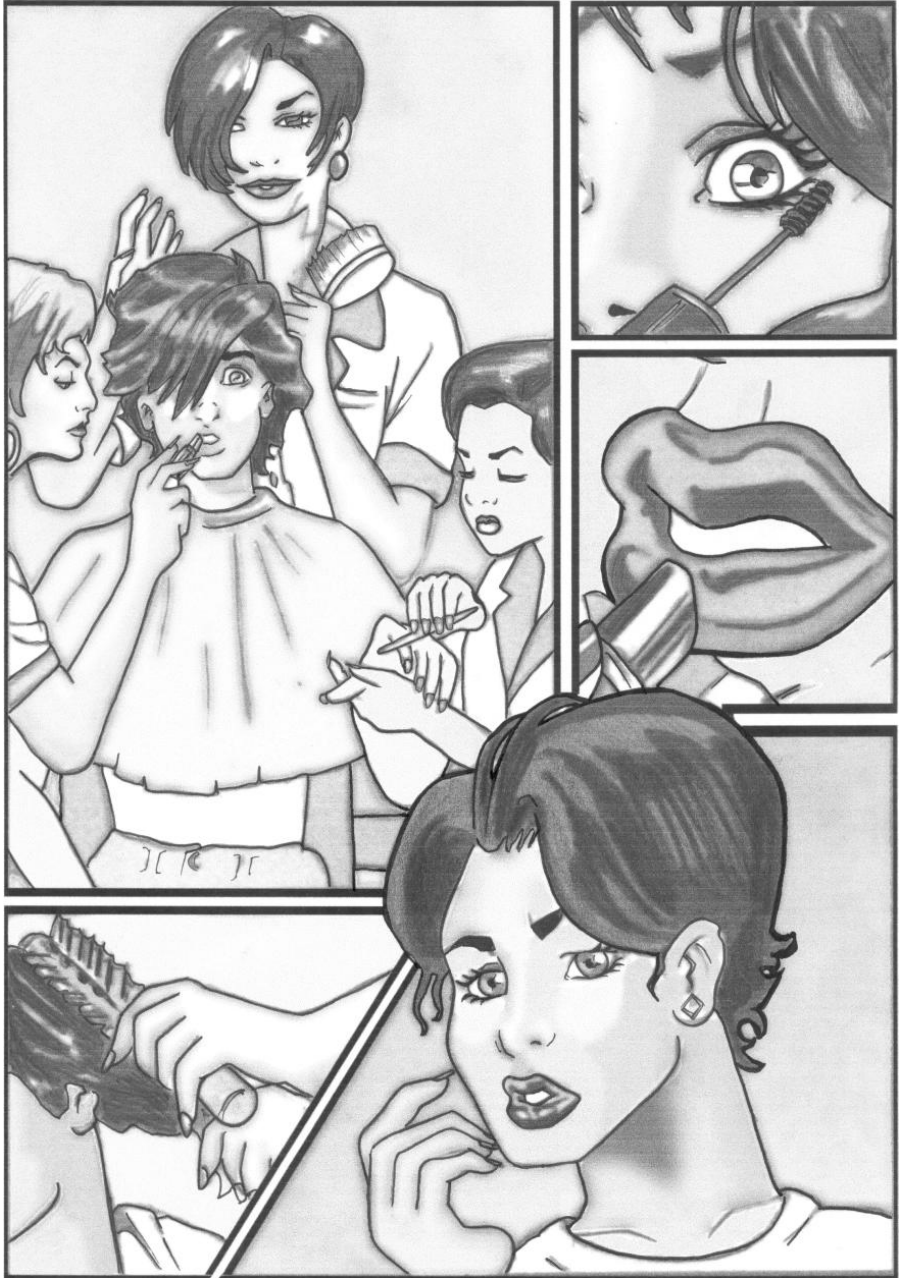
Terry didn’t think he would ever have to worry about that, so he told her to go ahead. Since he wasn’t very hairy they did not require much work. In just moments she had them perfectly arched. She was so pleased with them that she asked Cindy to stop her work for a minute and take a look. “My, my, my, doesn’t that improve our little girl’s face!” she exclaimed.

Dinah dusted his eyelids with green shadow to blend with his dress. Heavy mascara was applied to his lashes, which thickened and curled beautifully. To complete his eye make-up she drew a bead of eyeliner to give them a wider appearance. The effect was perfect! Big beautiful brown eyes framed long dark lashes! Dinah was thrilled as she lightly touched blusher to his cheekbones and powdered his nose. She finished the look with a tube of lipstick that matched his bright cherry red nail polish. “Your lips look so good I’d like to kiss them.” Cindy squealed. And she did, but just a peck so as not to smear them.

Terry was lost in the situation. These women were making such a fuss over him he wondered if they would ever let him wear pants again. “Tomorrow,” he said to himself, “tomorrow, it’s back to blue jeans.” Cindy had been working on his hair all this time and was finally finished. Dinah took one arm and Cindy the other as they led him to the wall mirrors. They had not let him see himself since they began the conversion. They anxiously watched him for his reaction.

Terry’s knees grew weak at the sight that met his eyes! His hair was piled high on top and cascaded down his back in long tubular curls, with one curl falling on each blushing cheek in front of his ears. The total effect of shoes,

petticoats, dress and bra gave him a marvelous feminine figure!



He turned this way and that and kicked up his skirt to reveal the matching panties. His eyes were riveted to the mirrors as he stepped in for a closer look. Beautiful brown

eyes returned his stare and luscious red lips, parted in breathless excitement, adorned his face. He winked and tilted his head just to be sure it was he. The cascade of curls brushed his partially bare back as he moved. It was indeed himself he was seeing!

The spell was broken when Dinah suddenly hugged him and squealed, “Honey, you are simply gorgeous!” Both women hugged him again and again and had him pose in every way imaginable while Cindy snapped photos. Terry was truly lost now. The picture in the mirror haunted him. He hadn’t expected to look this feminine, this real! He thought that he would simply look like a clown in a dress. This was so shocking he was at a loss for feelings. The women were so pleased with the transformation that they kept making a fuss over him. He had no time to collect his thoughts. He had never had this kind of attention as a male!

Cindy attached a pair of shiny gold earrings to each tender lobe, while Dinah sprayed him with a sweet smelling perfume. “All ready to go,” Cindy said happily. “I can’t go!” he shouted. “Why not?” both women said simultaneously. “I’m prettier than Tina and I’ll embarrass her,” he blurted out.

Both women burst into hearty laughter. “I guess we all got more than we bargained for,” Dinah said. “But Tina is waiting for us. We’ll cross that bridge when we come to it,” Cindy philosophized as she took Terry by the hand. “Have a good time at the dance, honey,”

Dinah called out as they went out the door. “And don’t kiss any strange men.” Terry squirmed at her comment but timidly waved good-bye.

Terry nervously wrung his hands as they entered Cindy’s house. He placed the purse Dinah had given him on the end table and was about to sit down when Tina came in. She was pretty! He had never seen her dressed. She was attractive more than ever. But before he could compliment her on her appearance she rushed over to him

clapping her hands with glee. "Terry, you are stunning! Turn around and let me take a good look at you." She made a fuss over every detail of his costume and ended by saying, "You're prettier than I am tonight."

"No I am not," Terry countered. "You look very nice too!"

Cindy watched as the two pretty girls walked out the front door, petticoats rustling, skirts swinging and leaving a pleasant trail of perfume behind them.

CHAPTER EIGHT

At The Dance

Tina drove to the dance hall and parked the car. Terry turned to open his door but before he could some one was opening it for him. "Howdy, gorgeous! Welcome, welcome, welcome," he said in a country accent. Another guy, who had opened Tina's door for her, asked, "Who's your beautiful friend?"

"Boys, I'd like you to meet Terry. She's new in town. Terry, this is Bob and that's Jim." Tina introduced them. Figuring that it was all in fun Terry said, "Pleased to meet ya'll" in as feminine a voice as he could muster. "I can't wait to dance with you tonight, sweetheart," Jim said to him. "Don't forget about me either." Bob called out. "Of course not," Terry said as he smiled demurely.

Terry and Tina walked toward the dance hall, an occasional whistle from the guys in the parking lot, trailing in their wake. They bought tickets and stepped into the main dance room. The room was packed with people, decked out in their dancing best.

Terry quickly scanned the room as a bunch of young men approached them. Reality struck him a harsh blow as he realized that no one else was wearing a 'costume'. Angrily he turned to Tina. "You told me that lots of other

guys would be wearing dresses,” he hissed at her. “I did not say guys, honey, I said people. And they are! Just look at all of the women wearing gorgeous dresses!



Just then a breeze from nowhere kicked up Terry's skirt which he was just able to keep in check.

The guys were almost upon them and she spoke before he could respond. "Don't worry, you look great! I drove and I'm not leaving until the dance is over. If you continue to yell at me everyone around here will know that you are a boy wearing a dress. There are guys here who would punch you in that pretty red mouth of yours and pull every curl out of your head if they find that out! So hush sweetie and enjoy yourself or you'll really be sorry!" She finished just as the men got there.

"Howdy fellas! How you all doing tonight?" Tina asked.

A big handsome guy spoke, "We came over to meet the pretty new girl, I hear you brought with you."

"Of course! This is Terry. Terry, I'd like you to meet Jack, Stan, and Chuck." Terry said nothing and the big guy, Jack, spoke again. "Hey, little buttercup what's wrong?"

"It is her first dance and she's a little nervous." Tina answered. "Well, don't you worry about a thing. Big Jack will see to it that you have a good time tonight! Come along and I'll buy you a nice cold root beer." He offered his arm and with a nudge in the ribs from Tina, Terry took it and they headed for the bar. "Shy, ain't she," Stan commented

"Not once you get to know her. How about buying a thirsty gal a coke, big fella?" Tina joked. "Sure, honey. Let's go."

As the evening progressed, Terry began to relax! He figured he had to! Guys were buying him soft drinks and standing in line to dance with him. He was glad that Cindy had shown him some dance steps so that he didn't trip all over himself. Even the women were extremely friendly. Finally it was time to go home. Stan and Jack were walking him and Tina back to her car and trying to convince them to drop over to Jack's place for a little while. "No boys," Tina said firmly. "I promised Mrs. Borden that I would have Terry home at a decent hour and a promise is a promise." Before he closed the car door Jack leaned in to kiss Terry goodnight. Terry shifted his face so that the

attempt missed his lips and landed on his cheek “You are a shy one ain’t ya,” he laughed. “Goodnight boys,” Tina said firmly.

As they drove home Tina laughed again and again at the fuss the men had made over Terry. “They’re crazy about you sweetie,” she said between chuckles. “I don’t think it’s funny at all,” he said angrily. “You all tricked me into this.”

“Gee Terry, you looked so cute. It was worth it,” she admitted. He sat in silence the rest of the way home. He couldn’t wait to get undressed. The silky feel of his nylons and soft caresses of his petticoats had been eroding his masculine psyche all evening.

As she stopped in front of Dinah’s house, Tina leaned across the seat of the car and kissed him full on the lips. Terry was completely taken by surprise! Shivers raced up and down his spine as the scent of their perfumes mingled and the flavor of their lipstick mixed. She fondled his beautiful curls against the bareness of his back as she nuzzled his earring with her tongue and lips.

He hugged her in return and was startled to feel her firm breasts pressing into his own false bosom. She kissed him deeply again and he felt the heat in his loins increase to unbearable proportions. “I love you this way,” she whispered. “I shouldn’t be getting excited over being treated like this,” he thought wildly. Jerking the car door open Terry jumped from her embrace and ran as fast as he could for the house. “Goodnight, Terry,” she yelled to the confused boy.

Dinah was waiting up for his return so that she could see how it had gone. As he burst through the door and slammed it behind him she stood up to greet him. But Terry rushed past her without saying a word! Once in his bedroom, he began to practically tear off his the clothing. Dinah rushed to lend a hand before he ruined the dress. He had already destroyed the pantyhose and was frantically trying to unzip the dress but his arm could not reach that far behind him.

“Relax, honey, I’ll get it,” she said in a soothing tone. He slumped forward in exhaustion as she gently helped him remove the garment. As she slipped the petticoats off she inquired, “What happened tonight? Didn’t you have a good time?” Terry didn’t know what to say to her as he sat dazed from the whole experience. Finally, like a volcano, he erupted with a stream of broken sentences. “Yes, ...but a guy tried to kiss me and ... you tricked ... me and Tina lied to me... and I’m a man and...” he blurted out and then burst into tears.

Tina pressed him against her shoulder and gently held him. He quietly sobbed for several minutes. When his tears subsided she lifted his face up with a finger under his chin. Rivers of mascara mixed with streams of eye shadow ran down his cheeks. She led him into the bathroom and washed his face with cold water. Using some Vaseline she carefully removed the remaining eye make-up. She unfastened his bra and handed him a robe to wear. Still wearing his panties and nylons Terry followed her into the living room and sat on the sofa. “Now tell me what happened tonight,” she asked gently.

Terry looked at her through tear-swollen eyes. “I don’t know where to begin. You dressed me up and I didn’t know how to feel about it! Everyone made such a fuss over me that I started to enjoy it. Then Tina and I got to the dance and there were no other guys wearing dresses. I felt tricked! All of these guys wanted to dance with me and I knew that if they found out I was a guy too, they’d kill me. So I had to act as feminine as I could! As the night went on I began to really like all the attention I was getting. When we were leaving this guy Jack tried to kiss me. I panicked at the thought of kissing a guy! Finally, in the car, Tina started kissing me and running her fingers through my hair. I got so excited I didn’t know what to do! For a moment I felt awkward like a real girl must feel. My breasts were pressing against her body and my petticoats rustled every time I moved. I could see why girls feel so completely helpless and submissive! I was so scared, I

jumped out of the car and ran into the house,” he ended mournfully.

Dinah looked at her prize sitting on the sofa with his hair still full of beautiful curls, the traces of blush still evident on his cheeks. “You’ve had quite an evening, dear. Perhaps you will feel better after a good nights sleep. We can talk more in the morning”

Once he was in bed she tucked him in and kissed him softly on the cheek. “You were beautiful tonight and I love you for it,” she whispered in his ear. Then she walked out and quietly closed the door.

CHAPTER NINE

Escape.....and The Chase

Terry tossed and turned all night, his dreams reflecting the confusion he was feeling. Dinah had remade his bed with satin sheets! The soft smooth sheets recalled feelings of his nylons, slip and petticoats that had caressed his body all evening! He was glad when daylight finally filled his window. He climbed out of bed early. It felt good to pull on denim pants and a shirt. He grabbed his sneakers and went into the bathroom. As he washed his face he suddenly realized that he still had nail polish on his fingertips. His hair was a mass of flattened curls. He had dreamt of taking a shower so many times in his sleep he woke up believing that he had.

He stripped off his clothes and was in the shower in a flash. He lathered his hair with shampoo and as he washed it he kept finding the bobby pins that had held the curls in. Eventually he managed to locate them all and take them out. He reached for the conditioner but changed his mind. “Today, I want my hair to look like it used to look,” he said to himself. He turned his attention to his nails but no matter how much he scrubbed with soap and hot water the

bright red polish did not budge. "I'll have to ask Dinah what to do about it later," he grumbled, a little aggravated. He dried himself quickly, dressed, and hurried outside. He had a lot of things to think about and he couldn't wait to take a long walk alone.

By the time Dinah woke up he was long gone. At first she was alarmed that he might have left for good but a quick check of his room told her that he hadn't. She knew that in time he would get hungry and come back. He couldn't eat out because she hadn't paid him and he didn't have a dime to his name. Of course he wouldn't need it as long as she fed him and gave him a place to sleep.

Terry had walked a great distance. For a while he had stood pitching stones into a creek but then he realized that someone in a passing car might see his painted nails. So he put his hands back into his pockets and trudged on. His mind was a jumble of questions and problems and it reeled on like a roller coaster out of control!

"What am I going to do?" he asked himself for the hundredth time. "I need the money and I like Dinah but this is getting to be too much! Enough is enough! I don't know why it's bugging me so much. Lots of kids dress up for Halloween! But this is different! All of the women seem to really like me when I'm dressed as a girl. They fuss all over me! But I'm not a girl. I'm a guy! Maybe if I got a haircut they'd quit bugging me. If I could only afford to leave...but what about Tina? I really like her! But why did she do that to me in the car? I was so confused anyway and then she starts playing with my earrings and stuff. Why did I get all excited? Guys aren't supposed to be submissive. I just don't know what to think any more... When I saw myself in the mirror I couldn't believe it... I was beautiful... and..."

A car rounding a curve caught his attention. It slowed alongside of him and a voice called out. "Hello there, Terry! Need a ride?" It was Jack! Terry burst into a dead run. If Jack got a good look at him. He'd know he was a boy! He'd be dead! The car easily caught up with him and the voice

shouted again. “Playing hard to get, honey?” He cut inland across the creek. He stumbled for a second in the wet rocks and then dashed into the woods. He ran until his heart and lungs screamed for mercy and then he ran some more. He pushed himself until he thought he would faint. Dinah’s house loomed ahead and minutes later he dashed into the kitchen and collapsed into a chair. Dinah was dumbfounded. “What’s going on? Where have you been?” she demanded. He just sat there with his head on the table as he gasped for air.

Moments later a car pulled into the driveway and they heard heavy footsteps crossing the gravel. As Terry scrambled for his room there was a knock at the door. He could hear the voice of Jack. “Howdy, Mrs. Borden. I come by to see that pretty little girlfriend of yours. I saw her on the road but she ran like the dickens.”

“She must have been doing her morning jogging, Jack,” Dinah lied.

“Well, I tell ya’—she was the prettiest darn thing at the dance last night! All the guys want to take her out but I plan on being the first. She’s such a she timid little thing though.”

“Yes, she is,” Dinah agreed. “Right now she’s resting after her run. Perhaps if you come back later she might see you.”

“Okay. You tell her I said ‘hi.’”

Terry, hearing Jack’s car pull away from the driveway, came back into the kitchen. “You really were the star last night weren’t you.” Dinah opened the conversation. “If he saw me like this he’d break my neck,” he whined. “He’d think I was a crazy or something.”

“Face it, honey. Ninety percent of the people who live around here were at that dance last night! Some of those boys can be mighty narrow minded and rough,” she said almost victoriously.

Terry stood there biting his lip, not knowing what to say. He had decided on his walk not to dress up anymore. Now, he had to take a stand or he would never get over

these confused feelings. "Do you want me to choose a dress for you to wear today?" she questioned.

"I'm not going to wear a dress again! Ever." he said defiantly. He walked out the door and slammed it behind him. Dinah clenched her teeth in anger. "I failed with one stubborn child and I'm not going to fail again!" She cursed under her breath.

As Terry continued his work in the shed his nail polish became chipped and scratched on the boxes of junk that he was moving. Later, Tina rode over on a bicycle to visit with him. "Hi, Terry.' I really had a good time last night, " she said to the stern faced boy. He didn't say a word but just kept on working. "I think you're different from...all the other boys I've met."

"I just bet you do!" Terry spat. He turned and walked out with a box in his arms. "Hey, why are you mad at me? Didn't you have' a good time last night?" she questioned pleadingly. When he came back in she faced him squarely. "Close your eyes a minute, I've got a little present for you," she requested sweetly.

Thinking that a kiss was on the way he closed his eyes and parted his lips a little. Her hand steadied his chin as she quickly applied a coat of lipstick to his lips. Before he could pull away, she pressed her lips firmly against his and plunged her tongue deep into his mouth. He pushed her away and grasped her right hand that held a new tube of strawberry lip color. "What's this?" he demanded.

"A gift I bought for you today. Do you like it?" It's flavored like strawberries! I can't wait to get it on those soft lips of yours and kiss you! You look great in reds."

Terry was furious with her. "Why are you all so determined to make a girl out of me?" he shouted.

Tina kept her cool. "Because you make such a pretty girl! Why don't you just relax and enjoy it? I personally like the thought of an attractive girlfriend with a little extra underneath. I get hot just thinking about how sexy you looked last night."

He wiped his mouth harshly across his shirtsleeve leaving a long red smear. He glared at it a moment and then spoke again. "I'm not going to wear girl's clothes anymore! And as soon as I can afford it, I'm getting out of here!"

Tina began to cry as she ran from the shed. Terry immediately felt pangs of remorse for what he had said. The clouds of confusion again wracked his mind. "WOMEN?" he gasped. Tina was so pretty and sweet to him and he had never had a girl friend. Now he had one who wanted him to be feminine too? This was beyond Terry's experience in dealing with the opposite sex.

CHAPTER TEN

The Escape

At dusk, Terry locked the shed and walked back to the house. He expected Dinah to be in the kitchen making dinner but both the kitchen and the living room were empty. He walked quietly toward his room and saw a light coming from Dinah's daughter's old room.

He approached the door carefully and peeked in. Dinah was leaning over the bed examining articles of clothing. He watched long enough to determine that she was selecting a nightgown! They were filmy, dainty and colorful as he could see when she lifted each one up to the light. "I'm not going to wear one of those!" He thought frantically. He turned and walked quickly away from the door.

Hearing the footsteps, Dinah called out. "Terry, is that you? Supper will be a bit late." But he didn't hear a word she said. He dashed into the kitchen. Spying her purse he tore it open and dumped the contents out on the table. He had just snatched up the car keys and run out the door when Dinah burst into the kitchen. She saw the purse and then heard her car door slamming shut. As she ran out

onto the porch the car's engine sprang to life. The tires threw a cloud of gravel and dirt into the air as the boy raced out of the driveway. She shouted to him but it was lost in the noise of his rapid exit. As she watched from the road she could see the taillights of her car shrinking in the distance.

Furious, she strode quickly back into the house. "I have done plenty for that child," her mind spoke angrily. "And this is what I get in return? He's a spirited one all right! I'm afraid he's going to have to learn the hard way just how serious I am."

Grabbing the phone she dialed decisively. "Hello, police? I'd like to report a stolen car... My license number is ATV 418 ...the car is a 1998 blue Ford Sedan ... It was taken from my driveway about fifteen minutes ago... Yes I'll be up late. Please call me if there's any news. Thank you." She smashed the receiver back into the cradle and went to mix herself a good, strong drink.

Terry was speeding down the main highway when the flashing red lights appeared in the rear-view mirror. He shot a glance at the speedometer and realized that in his anger he had been going well over the posted limit. He eased the car over to the side of the road and rolled down the window. Before the officer approached the car he made a call on his radio. Terry thought nothing of the delay because the patrolman was alone and they were quite a distance from the town. The man probably had to let the station know where he was. However, Terry was anxious to be on his way! His legs shook as he waited and hoped that the officer would just give him a ticket and let him go.

"May I see your driver's license," the tall policeman said when he finally stepped up to the window. Terry reached into his back pocket and was momentarily shocked as he found it empty. In his haste he had left his wallet at Dinah's place. He had never needed it while he was working around the house. "I seem to have forgotten it at home, officer," he said apologetically. "Do you have a registration card for the car?" the officer continued. Terry

popped open the glove compartment. As he pulled out a plastic case with the card prominently displayed, he heaved a sigh of relief.

The officer examined the card with the aid of a flashlight. "Are you Dinah Borden?" he queried. Terry realized suddenly that in the darkness the officer couldn't tell whether he was a boy or a girl.

Since he didn't have his license and the car did not belong to him, he made a quick decision to lie to the patrolman. In a much breathier voice he replied, "Yes, sir. Was I going too fast?"

Before the officer could reply the radio in his patrol car crackled into life. "Just a minute" he said to Terry as he returned to the vehicle.

Frantically Terry combed his hair to the sides so that it covered his ears. He fluffed out his long tresses. He had noticed something shiny in the consol. With heart pounding, he opened it! It was a tube of lipstick that Dinah probably kept there to freshen her lips. As he twisted the rear view mirror toward himself, a thought crossed his mind. "I never thought I would see the day when I'd be putting lipstick on myself." He had no time to meditate on that now. The officer was already coming back.

As smoothly as he could he painted his lips from the worn cylinder of pink. He pressed his lips together as Dinah had shown him and placed the cap back on the tube.

As he turned to look out the window his nose met the barrel of a police revolver. "Freeze right there," the officer shouted. "Get out of the car slowly and keep your hands visible at all times." Terry was scared stiff! Moving at what seemed like a snail's pace he climbed out of the car. The patrolman turned him around and frisked him. Finding no weapons, he firmly clamped a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

Terry didn't know what to do. The sight of the officer with his gun drawn had been frightening! Now that he was

handcuffed he was terrified. Moments later another patrol car pulled up with its red lights ablaze.

The first officer read him his rights and shoved him into the back of his patrol car. One of the men from the second car climbed into Dinah's car to drive it back. The three vehicles formed a caravan and headed for the police station.

Terry fought back tears, as he was booked, printed and photographed. Each charge seemed like a slap in the face. He had never been in trouble before and he certainly didn't have any money for bail. "Miss. You're being charged with speeding, driving without a license, lying to an officer to resist arrest and grand theft auto," the desk sergeant announced firmly.

Strangely enough, even when they booked him, they still assumed that he was a girl. Since there were no female officers on duty that night, they would not frisk him further and so did not feel the tell tale bulge in his pants.

They threw him into an empty cell to separate him from the male prisoners. At last he let the tears begin to flow. A couple of male prisoners, thinking he was a girl, talked to him through the bars to try and comfort him. Eventually, he sobbed himself to sleep on the hard, cold bench.

The steel bars of the cell door noisily clanked open jarring him out of his restless sleep. His eyes were swollen and bleary from crying. He looked up and saw Dinah entering his cell with a guard. "Yes, that's her officer," Dinah said.

The guard began to pull Terry to his feet. "Hey, take it easy;" Dinah demanded. Terry rose by himself and faced them.

"What's going on?" he inquired.

"This is Mrs. Borden, the woman who owns the car you stole." The guard spoke like he was a preacher in a pulpit on Sunday morning. "For some reason, that I'll never understand, she's come to bail you out." Terry looked puzzled.

“It’s alright dear,” Dinah said gently.

“What if I don’t want to be bailed out?” he asked.

“What the devil are you saying, girl! As far as I’m concerned kids like you should be kept in jail until they rot! But this woman wants to give you a break. With the charges against you, plus the fact that you don’t have any money, will get you serious time in the state penitentiary. This lady has agreed to drop all charges if we release you into her custody. She’s the only one who can keep you out of jail because it was her car you stole! Why she wants anything to do with a delinquent like you is beyond me. Now either you go with her or you go to jail. What’s it going to be?”

Terry was completely trapped. He knew that he didn’t deserve the moral barrage but what was he going to do. If he went to jail still looking like a girl...well, he didn’t even want to think about it! There was really only one choice. “I’ll go with her,” he whispered.

Dinah filled out the necessary papers to have him released. Before they left the jail they had to see a probation officer. “Because of the nature of the charges against you and your age, you will have to check in with me once a week until such time as I feel that you are fit to perform in society unsupervised,” he informed Terry. “I suspect that Mrs. Borden, in her sympathy and kindness, will allow you to continue to work on her ranch.” Dinah nodded in agreement.

“Fine. Then I’ll expect to see you next Thursday, Terry,” he said as he extended his hand. When Terry reached to shake his hand, the chipped red nail polish stood out clearly.

“Just look at those nails of yours,” Dinah scolded.

“You are lucky that Mrs. Borden cares so much for you, Terry. Perhaps she will teach you how to maintain your appearance as well as she does,” the officer said.

Terry looked at her. Even though it was the early hours of the morning Dinah looked fresh and well groomed. He

examined his nails for a minute and reflected on how badly he had wanted to remove that nail polish.

Now he was trapped. "Or am I?" he thought. "I'll play along, until I can find a chance to escape?"

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Defeat

After his night of adventure Terry slept quite late the following day. He was vaguely aware of Dinah coming in and out of his room but his body was so exhausted he did not stir to find out what she was doing. The banging sound of the trash burner door finally forced him out of bed. He lifted the shade and watched as she began to stuff wads of cloth into it. "Strange," he thought. "She told me she usually gives her old clothes to charity."

He casually observed her for a couple of minutes, until he saw a piece of clothing that looked familiar. "Where have I seen that?" he quizzed himself. Suddenly he charged for the kitchen door screaming, "No Dinah, no." But he was too late.

As he rounded the corner of the house she had just finished covering the clothes with a healthy sprinkling of gasoline and tossing in a match. The pile burst into flames, as he stood, speechless, as the pile of clothes burst into flame. As she turned around he dashed back into his room. He began pulling the dresser drawers open. Every one of them was empty! Only their wooden bottoms met his stares. Silently pleading as he went, he took the room apart. He opened the closet but there was nothing in it but empty hangers. He snapped open the window shade and watched the fire blaze brightly as smoke poured out of the stack. A sick, helpless feeling gripped his stomach as he watched his meager wardrobe turn to ashes.

“This time I won’t end up in jail,” he thought wildly. He glanced down at his pajamas. “These are all I have left. I guess they’ll just have to do.” He ran from the room with nothing but the hope of freedom on his mind. The car keys on the kitchen table looked inviting but he had learned about that already. He pulled open the door and headed down the driveway. The gravel poked into his bare feet and made running impossible. Gingerly he made his way along as fast as he could. Halfway down the driveway, a voice pierced his concentration.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Dinah stepped out from behind the shrubbery and blocked his path. “Don’t make me hurt you, Dinah! I’m leaving, so get out of my way,” he threatened. She didn’t budge an inch as he continued to carefully walk towards her. “I’m warning you!” he shouted, curling his right hand into a fist and shaking it at her. He hadn’t change pace for a second but her feet remained firmly planted. Ten feet from her he paused to issue one last warning. “I’m stronger than you think I am. Make it easy on both of us and get out of my way.” A sardonic smile crossed her face as she continued to stand with both hands behind her back.

Terry lunged at her like a football player. Faster than he could move her arm flicked out, something wrapped around his legs. He found himself sprawled on his back! He scrambled to his feet as the sound of her laughter filled the air. No sooner had he gotten up than she knocked him down a second time. Again he scrambled to his feet and faced her. A cold shiver raced up his spine as he looked at her. Extending from her hand were the long black coils of the bullwhip!

“Who’s the stronger?” she called as thunder cracked above his right ear! He dove for the ground. He tucked into a ball and tried to roll for the cover of the bushes as crack after crack burst around him. He imagined his ears and fingers falling to the ground like the leaves she had snapped off the trees. He leaped to his feet next to a bush as the tongue of the whip severed a large branch to his left.

He lurched toward the center of the driveway as small stones bore painfully into his bare feet. SNAP! The seam of his pants was cut! SNAP! The left pant leg flew off. SNAP! The top button from his pajamas disappeared. SNAP! The right shirtsleeve ripped free.

“Had enough?” Dinah screamed. He was so frightened he just stood there frozen to the spot. Afraid that if he moved in the slightest her aim would be off and he would lose a piece of his body as easily as he had lost the various parts of his pajamas. Half of his bottom hung exposed where the pant leg used to be. CRACK! The globe of flesh suddenly burst with pain. He let out a cry like a wounded animal as his hand dropped down to guard the area from assault. “I said, have you had enough,” she demanded again with a shout. “Yes, yes! I give up! Just don’t hit me anymore!”

Tears rolled down his cheeks as Dinah strode toward him. Never in his life had he felt so totally humiliated and defeated! And what was worse was, a woman had done it to him! He could take a beating from another man, but this completely humiliated him. Seeing the whip knock leaves off the tree had convinced him of its power and given him what he thought was a healthy combination of fear and respect for it. But this display had scared the life out of him. It would be long time before he could forget the look on Dinah’s face as the whip had bitten into his bare flesh! At this point he would do anything just to keep her from punishing him again!

Reaching him, Dinah grabbed him by the shoulder and shook him forcefully. Never had he seen her so angry! “I’ve had just about enough of this! Do you understand? It cost me plenty to bail you out of jail. Now you pull this stunt! One word to your probation officer and you’ll be in jail for years! Is that what you want?” She glared at him while she waited for his response.

“No,” he said timidly, fearing the possibility of being hit again with the whip.

“Then you had better do exactly as I ask from now on! Are you going to cooperate?” she yelled.

“Yes, I promise,” he said meekly. Taking his hand, she pulled the cowering boy back into the house.

“Go take a shower,” she ordered. “And use plenty of conditioner on your hair.” Terry limped slowly to the bathroom and took a shower. He flinched as the hot water bit into the cuts and scrapes he had acquired during the encounter. As he gently washed his stinging behind a solid red lump was forming where the whip had left its mark. Dinah added his destroyed pajamas to the blaze. Entering his room without knocking Dinah handed him a pair of lacy panties and a white robe to wear. The cool snug satin caressed the painful welt on his bottom. Slipping into the soft robe Terry returned to the kitchen.

“Sit down,” Dinah commanded. He sat in their she had indicated and closed his eyes.

“I need time to think,” he told himself. Dinah made short work of setting his hair and then stripped his nails with nail polish remover. Using a light pink shade this time, she carefully polished his toes and fingernails. He moved his hand in the light of a lamp and watched in fascination as they glistened. He was surprised that they looked so different in a lighter shade.

“Hold still,” she ordered. He froze in the chair she used a tweezers to re-work the arches in his eyebrows. They hadn’t been plucked since the dance and a considerable number of tiny hairs were poking up where she didn’t want them. He closed his eyes and grimaced at the stings as more and more of his eyebrows were plucked away. Without restraint, Dinah commented, “This hurts more the first time in an area. If you keep up with them, it won’t hurt much.”

“I don’t...” he stopped, and said, “Okay.”

For the next few minutes, he felt the tweezer’s sting and a pile of long hairs covered a paper towel.

He couldn’t see what she was doing. He wondered if there were any hairs left at all!

"I think I've got them nicely shaped now," Dinah smiled. "Tina will be so pleased when she sees you." She stood back and turned him towards the mirror.

"What the..." he gasped. His hands went to his face to make sure it was really his. His eyebrows were no longer bushy and long--in fact, they were hardly there. Left was only the short, delicate, perfectly curved brows of a girlish, female. He frowned but his expression was still bewitchingly feminine. His highly arched brows gave him that innocent, surprised expression.

Afterwards, they sat and ate dinner in silence. The day's events had emotionally exhausted Terry. After reading the evening newspaper, which had a story about his car theft, he decided to go to bed. As he got up Dinah said, "From now on you'll be using my daughters room."

She followed him to his new room and helped him disrobe. As she led him to the bed he saw a sheer pink nightgown she had chosen for him. She picked it up, positioned it over his head and then dropped the filmy garment onto his shoulders. As it passed his nose the sweet smell of perfume invaded his nostrils. He couldn't believe how light the gown was! It seemed to just float around his body. He was suddenly wrapped in a world of new sensations!

Dinah tucked him under the covers and with a kiss on the cheek, bid him goodnight. As she left him alone, the confusion again invaded his mind and emotions. He had fought Dinah hard. Yet she was so nice to him now that he was again dressed like a girl! He didn't want to admit it, but he really loved the feel of this nightgown. The sensual combination of the silky nightgown and creamy satin sheets worked on his psyche.

The thought of his fingernails glistening in the light excited him! But there was still a knot of emotional tension in his stomach. Should he feel good about all of this? What other choice did he have now that he was in trouble with the law? What about his manhood? He had never slept

with a girl before and now he was dressing like one! Would he lose his uncertain masculinity? He didn't dare try escape again. He was convinced that the next time, Dinah would really make him sorry! One stroke of that whip in the right place and he wouldn't have any manhood left to worry about!



Terry had a terrible time trying to concentrate on his troubles that night.

Every time he rolled over he would thrill to the feeling of the sheer gown against his skin. Each shift brought the

sweet scent of the perfume to his reeling senses. Despite all of these distractions, when sleep came, it was deep but filled with questions of femininity or masculinity.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Morning After

In his dreams, Terry relived, over and over, how he had become aroused when the women had dolled him up. It seemed as if his subconscious was giving him permission to enjoy his dilemma. Still other dreams told him that in order to survive he would have to obey his captor. He dreamed of whips, and jerked in bed each time one hit his body. Guilt flooded his subconscious whenever his parents appeared in a scene. They seemed to be just looking on coldly, unable to help him. Pain, pleasure, pleasure, pain! Which should he choose? The soft nightclothes continually reminded him that the women treated him nicest when he was dressed as a girl. The pain in his rear, when he rolled over, sent a constant message of what could happen if he disobeyed.

Dinah was in the room to greet him when he awoke. "How's my little angel this morning?" she asked sweetly.

"Fine," he mumbled. As he rubbed the sleep from his eyes he saw that she had the whip tied around her waist like a belt. Immediately a shiver shot through his body.

"You go ahead and wash up while I prepare your clothes," she said.

As he left the room he felt a tingle of anticipation for what lay ahead. Mentally, he slapped himself. "Are you beginning to enjoy this? What is wrong with you?" he reprimanded his thoughts. He brushed his teeth and then washed his face.

As he dried himself he leaned closer to the mirror and scrutinized his arched eyebrows. Dinah had expertly

matched their subtle curves and brought out a whole new look to his face. Suddenly he found himself admiring her work. He caught himself with a jolt and walked back into the bedroom mumbling threats to himself.

Dinah came over to him and handed him a new set of pink lingerie; panties, bra and slip in soft satin. With his panties and bra in place, Dinah handed him a pair of patterned white tights. They had intricate designs running all over them and gave his legs a shapely contour.

Next, the matching lacy pink slip was lowered over his up raised arms. She removed an extremely short light pink dress from its hanger and helped him step into it. It fit well but he thought that it was far too short.

“Don’t you think that the bottom is kind of high?” he inquired.

“That’s called the hem, dear,” she corrected him. “And any girl with legs like yours should be proud to show as much of them as possible. There’s nothing a man likes more than to see a woman showing off her best features,” she finished with a smile. The ensemble was completed with a pair of pink 2 1/2” heels that perfectly matched the dress and further slimmed the look of his legs.

“We are so lucky,” she beamed. “My daughter’s clothing fits you perfectly! I bought her so many nice things I can’t wait for you to try them!” He sat down as she began to remove the curlers from his hair. It fell in beautiful curves and flipped up gently at the bottom. She brushed it out and parted it in the middle so that the front rode gently on the swell of his breasts. “We’ll just use a little make-up for day wear,” she informed him.

A touch of green eye shadow and brown mascara accentuated his eyes. A light coat of lipstick, in a shade matching his pink nails, adorned his lips. She patted him on the shoulder and he rose to look at himself in the mirror.

Once again he Terry was startled by the results! He took a few slow steps while he admired the leggy creature in the glass. He brushed the hair away from his face and

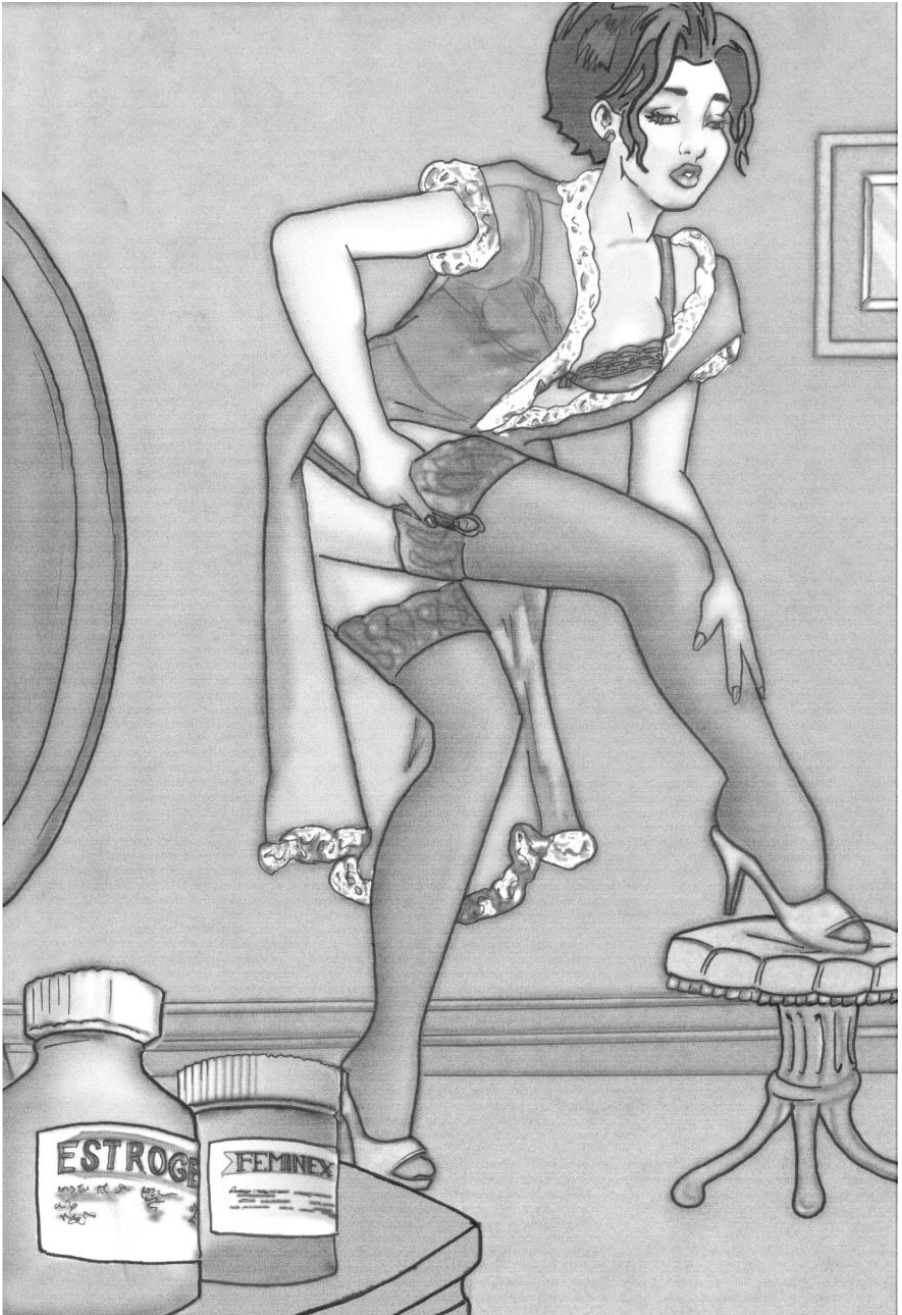
smiled as the light glistened on his shiny nails. Dinah just stood by silently. She had worked hard to make him look as best she could in hopes that he would come to love his new role. She certainly didn't want to have to keep punishing him.

She wouldn't think of interrupting his moment of rapture. She stepped in view for just a second to hand him a bottle of perfume. An immense grin broke out on her face as he swung his hair back in a very feminine gesture and dabbed the scent behind his ear lobes. "Just a few more days and he will be hooked for life," she prayed silently.

Terry spent the entire day fully dressed in his new ensemble. Dinah loved the sound of his heels clicking against the hardwood floors as he walked. The sight of his slender legs in the tights, that her daughter would never wear, pleased her more than she could ever put into words. She loved walking behind him and inhaling the fresh scent of his perfume. Terry sensed that she was watching him almost every minute. At first he was very uncomfortable.

His memory of yesterday, refreshed by an occasional shot of pain from the welt on his rear globe, made him quite fearful. Was she looking for some reason to punish him? She had not removed the bullwhip from around her waist and the mere glimpse of it sent chills up his spine. It didn't take him long to realize that the more feminine he acted the better she treated him.

He tried to walk and talk as femininely as possible whenever she was near him. She rewarded his efforts by being extremely nice to him. For a while he moved his hands with a very limp wrist but when Dinah saw him she laughed and told him, "You're not an effeminate sissy. You are a young lady. Tone it down a little."



Time went by slowly. Dinah began each and every day by making him up as femininely as possible. She took great pains to continue to bring out the feminine traits that she had already tapped within the boy.

Convinced that he had become nonviolent she stopped wearing the bullwhip around her waist. Immediately there was an improvement in his behavior. "I guess the fear of that whip made him act nervously all the time," she mused. "I think he just needs more *vitamins* now."

Like an artist who is carefully carving a piece of rare stone, she did not rush him. But she did make him dress every day in a new outfit and told him to act as female as he could. The vitamins calmed him down more and more so that when she finally asked him, "Would you like me to give you some charm lessons?"

"I guess?" he said in an airy feminine voice. Thrilled and excited with his reaction, she led him to the living room and began the instructions she had wanted to give him for so long.

The first lesson was on the correct methods of sitting. Patiently she showed him how to smooth his skirt beneath him, how to cross his legs properly and how to stand without revealing himself. "If I just go gently, he won't resist," she hoped. And she was right. As long as she let him ask all the questions, he continued to want to learn more.

In a short time he was rolling his hips back and forth as if he had been doing it all of his life. "Have you had enough for today, dear?" she asked. He was beginning to tire and not wanting to push him too hard.

"Yes, am I doing okay?"

"We'll need to continue tomorrow," she answered. Dinah smiled at her prize as joy filled her heart. "Yes, there will be plenty of time to practice more tomorrow."

Throughout the day she caught him time and again practicing the things that she had shown him. Each time he seemed to look to her and wait for her approval. Often she would praise his diligence or make some minor correction in his posture or movements. He thrived on the attention and gave her his best efforts as she watched.

Late in the evening, as he sat reading, he thought, "I may as well make the best of all this attention! Besides,

it's kind of fun." He found himself looking forward to slipping into his soft nightie and climbing into the frilly canopy bed. His skin was so sensitive suddenly.

Just before he fell asleep he again wondered what all this was doing to his psyche. That morning he had at least some resistance left but now he was feeling totally out of control.

"You're just making the best of it like mom always said to do," he reassured himself. Laying his curl-covered head on the dainty pillow he fell into a restful sleep.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Out and About

Terry greeted the new morning anxiously but found himself looking forward to finding out what his wardrobe would be for the day. A ray of disappointment crossed his face when Dinah showed him a white jumpsuit.

"No dress?" he asked.

"Now, honey, there will be plenty of days when you can show off your pretty legs," she chided. "I think this jumpsuit will be cute and very girlish on you."

After she giving him a new matching set of 'virginal' white lingerie. The panties were not like some. They were more like a athletic supporter without a cup! Dinah said, "These are very fitted pants...it's time we got that lump under control."

He slipped into the jumpsuit and she zipped it up. He pulled on a pair of knee high nylons and white sneakers she handed him. Terry sat quietly while she combed his hair. It had held the set from the previous day nicely and with a little brushing and teasing it was again very pretty. She tucked a white daisy into his hair and they went in to eat breakfast.

After Terry helped clean the kitchen, they returned to his training. It felt odd being in pants again. They felt unfamiliar even though he was told to walk like he was still wearing a skirt. He was used to swinging his hips.

He spent the rest of the day working on the hand gestures she showed him. He practiced them in combination with what he had learned the previous day and by supertime Dinah was amazed at how adept he was. As she watched, he walked casually around the room, talking with her. He rose and sat so demurely she found it hard to believe that he was really a boy. His long curled brown hair was set off beautifully by the white jumpsuit. His pink nails totally feminized his hands.

Dinah had not put any make-up on him that day but at this point it was not really necessary. He didn't have to have pink lips to appear feminine. He was so feminine in his actions now that anyone seeing him would not have to see cosmetics to be convinced.

She could not believe how hard he practiced to please her. Each time she complimented him he looked like a small puppy that had just pleased its master.

At dinner he asked, "Why haven't Cindy and Tina come to visit lately?"

"I asked them to stay away for awhile, honey," she answered.

"Oh, I thought it might be because of the trouble I had with the police," he stated.

"Not at all! I'm sure that they are still your friends. They'll stop by in a couple of days," she reassured him.

The weeks passed rapidly. Terry enjoyed Dinah's praise immensely and worked hard to perfect everything she taught him. She was taken aback by his behavior. Although he still seemed to have moments of resistance they came less frequently and were a lot less severe. It seemed to her that they most often occurred right after he had taken a shower.

She had a theory that when he saw himself in the nude his manhood brought him back to the realization of what was happening to him. With this in mind, she made every effort to feminize him as quickly as possible after he got out of the bathroom.



One day she had a great idea. From that day forth he would take only baths in a tub full of perfumed bubble bath

and emollients!. It worked perfectly! Not only did it hide his maleness from his direct view it also left his skin soft and sweet smelling.

Terry spent hours practicing the make-up tricks she taught him until his face became a daily showcase of cosmetic expertise. He had become an avid reader of women's fashion magazines and especially loved the sections on hair care. There were no two days in a row that he wore the same hairstyle. He was completely immersed in his schooling!

The day arrived when he had to visit his probation officer. He could not believe that it had only been a week since his encounter with the police! Right now, the last thing on his mind was escape. He had become so involved in learning the fine art of womanhood that the days had stretched on almost endlessly. With only a touch of apprehension he faced the challenge.

Dinah sat on the bed and watched her student prepare himself alone for the first time. He began by choosing a pretty print dress with a full skirt from the closet. Feeling confident and slightly naughty, he chose a set of black lingerie! With his panties snug about his hips, his bra properly filled, he carefully rolled a pair of sheer black pantyhose up his legs. Terry pulled a frilly slip over his head and slipped on a pair of open toed 2 1/2" heels.. Freshly painted nails shined through the sheer pantyhose as he stepped into his dress. "Can you zip me please," he asked Dinah. She walked over, fastened the back of the dress and then returned to the bed.

He walked over to the vanity and was amused to find himself swishing. He started to apply his make-up. With deliberate care he smoothed on a layer of foundation and a touch of blush. Turning his attention to his eyes he colored the lids with two shades of shadow. Light green directly behind the lashes and a subtle gray blended in up to the eyebrows. He drew on two matching beads of eyeliner and brushed on several coats of mascara. Pausing a moment to

glance in the mirror, he was pleased his efforts! His lashes were long and curly. His expertly plucked eyebrows bordered the eyelid color like a picture frame.

He removed the rollers from his hair and with practiced ease, formed it into a gorgeous feminine style, with a cute bow decorating either side of his head. He revealed each ear with a feminine sway of the head and fastened a dainty earring to each the lobe. A subtle hint of perfume was dabbed behind each ear, stroked on the throat, and applied to each wrist. His final task was to apply his lipstick. Selecting a shiny cylinder from the rack on top of the vanity. He deftly drew the top curves of his lip and filled in the rest with a skillful hand.

He stood, smoothed his dress and strode to the mirrors. After the first look he twirled around on his toes with delight. Dinah caught him between twirls and practically crushed him with her hug. “You’re incredible.” she cried in joy. He returned her embrace, happy to receive her compliments once more.

The drive into town seemed too short and soon they were pulling up in front of the police department. Terry checked his face and hair in a compact mirror before exiting the car. He walked proudly into the station and placed his purse on the counter. The men couldn’t take their eyes off of him as they walked by. He smiled to them shyly and told the clerk behind the desk that he was there to see the probation officer.

He and Dinah were taken down a hallway to a back office. As the probation officer rose to greet them he expressed his amazement at the transformation that stood before him. “Can this possibly be the same scruffy girl that was here in blue jeans a week ago?” he asked, astounded. “That is me, sir,” Terry smiled proudly. “How are things going?” he asked, turning to face Dinah.

“She’s been an absolute angel,” Dinah replied enthusiastically. Terry breathed a silent sigh of relief. He had been afraid that she would tell the officer about his attempted escape. As he looked over at her, they

exchanged a secret smile that told both of them that they had known what the other person was thinking. He suddenly felt very close to her. "I'm very pleased to hear that! That makes my job easier. I won't keep you any longer today but I would like to see the both of you in two weeks. Have a good day." They thanked him for his time and left. The officer sighed to himself. "What a beauty."

"Since you've been so good, I'll treat you to lunch in town," Dinah told him as they walked outside. He had not been off the ranch, dressed like a teen girl, except for the night at the dance. He felt uncomfortable when he drew stares from the men they passed in the street. Terry was glad when they were finally settled in a booth at the coffee shop.

A look of panic crossed his face as the waitress approached their table. It was the woman who had dried his coat for him his first day in town! He was convinced she would recognize him and expose his masquerade in front of all of the other customers. Tina's words about how the cowboys would tear him apart raced through his mind. Sensing his terror, Dinah gently placed her hand on his knee under the table. He looked over at her calm face and with much effort swallowed his fear.

His fears were completely without grounds as the waitress made no mention of the fact that she had ever seen on him before. Dinah had no doubts about his appearance. She had seen him changing daily from the rain drenched scruffy boy she had given a ride, into the young woman that now joined her for lunch. She had no reason to believe that he would ever be discovered. Once he relaxed she couldn't believe how femininely he acted. She was so proud of him she wanted to cry. The visit to town had given him a new sense of confidence in his new role. He carried himself proudly as they returned to the car; fully aware of the reaction he was having on the men they met.

Cindy's car was in the driveway when they got home. As he and Dinah approached the house Tina came running

out to greet them. She stopped in her tracks when she saw Terry. “I can’t believe it,” she screamed. “You’re beautiful and so girlish!”

It was hard not for him to share in her excitement after spending so much time in female attire. She ran up and embraced him tightly. Planting a kiss on his mouth, he giggled when she pulled away with lipstick marks on her mouth. By this time Cindy was out on the porch raving about his appearance. They all went inside and talked about his transformation the rest of the afternoon.

Terry enjoyed the female companionship. As he crawled into bed that night he was lost in worry. He was crazy about Tina but how could he date her wearing skirts? Sure she was excited about him today...but what if the novelty wore off? And besides, she probably didn’t even think of him as being masculine at all! He had looked prettier than she had today. He was in a dress and she in blue jeans. What should he do? To whom could he turn to for help? He certainly wouldn’t think of asking Dinah. Worn out with worry, he drifted into sleep.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Ecstasy

Terry dressed himself without assistance the next day. After asking Dinah if he could borrow the car, he drove over to Tina’s house. He was determined to let her know how he felt and had decided that today was the day to do it.

Tina clapped her hands joyfully as the slim, skirt clad youth emerged from the car. “What a doll! That dress looks terrific on you.” she exclaimed. He had chosen a very short dress this morning and it displayed his legs nicely. They looked sleek and sexy as the morning sunlight shown on the cinnamon colored pantyhose. “Let me take you on a

tour of the place. I promise you won't get dirty! Follow me to the barn," she invited.

He followed her out to the barn where she began to explain for what each piece of equipment was used. "Up here is the hayloft," she called out as she began to climb a ladder. "I don't know if I can make it up there in these heels," he responded. "Take them off and just be careful not to run your nylons," she called back down. He removed his shoes and stood still for a moment, enjoying the feeling of the straw through the sheer material. Then he climbed up the ladder to the loft.

As he stepped off the ladder, Tina walked over to him and looked him straight in the eye. She loved his soft curled eyelashes and his moist colored lips. His hair fell like a beautiful waterfall onto his shoulders curling gently at the tips. She grabbed him and kissed him passionately on the mouth. The smell of his perfume sent ripples of excitement through her body as she wrapped her arms around his waist. They tumbled into a pile of hay, caressing and rubbing against each other. Terry thought that he would explode any second from her advances! He moaned in disappointment when she suddenly got up off of him! But as he watched she quickly removed her clothing. Then she pulled up his dress and rolled his pantyhose down around his knees.

"OH MY!" she said seeing his girlish crotch. "What have you done?"

"I've been training it," he said shyly.

"I'd say," she giggled as she pulled aside his lacy panties and released and exposed a raising passion! "Is there any boy left?"

She again lay on top of him. He could feel the wetness of her womanhood pressing against his swollen equipment. She moved around for a couple of minutes as he kissed and fondled her breasts, her nipples as hard as tiny stones against his soft tongue. Since he had never made love to anyone before he giggled joyfully at the new sensation

when she slipped his arousal into her well-lubricated chasm. “That a girl!” she gasped.

She moved up and down and moaned like a cat in heat. Terry lay on the bottom completely lost in his pleasure. Strands of his perfumed hair fell onto his face as Tina pumped away at her own pace. She slammed her mouth into his, probing his mouth with her tongue as her passion mounted. The sweet taste of his lipstick, the tightness of the nylons around his knees, the weight of her body against his padded bra constantly reminded him that he was being made love to like a girl.

Suddenly, with a mutual gasp, they reached simultaneous orgasm. Breathing heavily they both lay in a hazy afterglow for several minutes. Terry’s mind raced with excitement. He couldn’t find the words to express the way he felt! He had been on the bottom the whole time with her in command and had felt so wonderfully submissive! For years he had been worried that he would never have the nerve to make the first move with a girl! Now, in his first experience, this girl had made all of the moves! His heart and mind were filled with bliss! Any pure masculine emotions were completely submerged.

They dressed in silence. She watched as he struggled to get himself re-positioned properly in his panties.

They climbed back down the ladder. After a brief walk they returned to the house and Tina made lunch. He hated to leave but he had promised Dinah that he would have the car back early. As he prepared to leave he took Tina’s hands in his, “Thank you, Tina. This was a wonderful day!” he said sincerely. She said nothing but placed a firm warm kiss on his lips. He took his compact out of his purse and applied a fresh coat of lipstick to his mouth. As they went out to the car a tear formed in Tina’s eyes. By the time his car was a half-mile down the road she was crying openly.

As Terry entered the kitchen a new photo on the wall caught his eyes. He walked over for a closer look and was surprised to find that it was a picture of him. Dinah had

been taking photos of him each time he wore a different dress or ensemble. She had enlargements made and hung them up next to the photos of her daughter. He went from frame to frame and was quite pleased with how they looked.

“What do you think? Dinah queried when they met in her room.

“Well, my make-up is a bit severe in some of them and...”

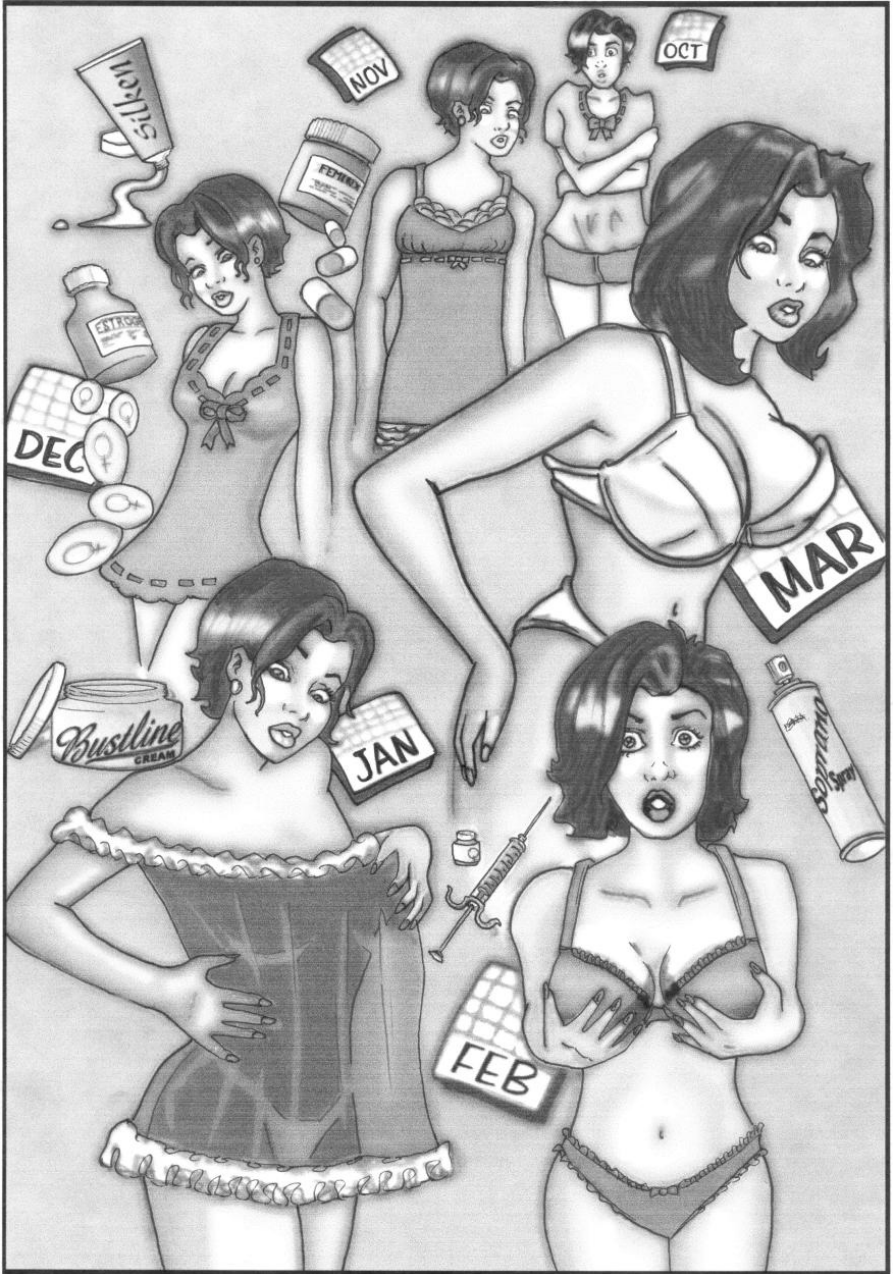
“We girls? We’re all alike,” she interrupted him. “Always so critical of how we look.”

They both laughed happily while hugging each another.

Later as Dinah tucked him into bed, her eyes had a soft, tender look. They scanned up and down his gowned form over and over. Instead of a good night peck on the cheek Terry suddenly found himself on the receiving end of a deep kiss. He allowed his tongue to return her probing as she lay down beside him. Instantly, he felt himself rising to the occasion. With skilled hands she massaged him through the sheer nightgown as she continued to kiss him passionately. Without a word she shifted her position and he felt her moist mouth encircle the last remaining symbol of his manhood. Her experienced tongue sent bolts of sensation through him as she quickly brought him to climax. His hips left the mattress with the final spurt as he groaned in ecstasy. Pulling his gown back down, Dinah got up off the bed and kissed him again. “Good night, sweetheart,” she whispered. “Good night, thank you,” he sighed in return.

As he fell asleep his mind relived the day’s excitement. Just this morning he had been a virgin. Now he had made love as a girl, with a girl! His mentor and teacher had also found his feminine image irresistible! A contented peaceful smile stayed on his face all night.

Success



Weeks turned into months for the young boy-girl. Each day he learned a little more about being feminine. It

had been so long since he had worn male attire he sometimes wondered if he could ever walk again without swaying his hips. The clothes had changed his body too. His waist was smaller and a layer of jelly-like fat appeared at his hips and chest.

Things had gone well with the probation department. His officer said that it would not be much longer before Terry's case came up for review and evaluation. The strange thing was that Terry had almost no desire to be free anymore. With each passing day he acted more and felt more feminine--much to the amazed pleasure of Dinah, Tina and Cindy. There were times when Dinah almost expected him to ask her what to do when he started his period! She decided to educate him on monthly cycles.

Terry had been seen around town quite a bit as he became more confident in his role. The first visit to the probation officer had eliminated most of his fears of detection. He walked into the local shops and conversed quite comfortably with the owners. He drew many desiring stares from the men and plenty of jealous looks from the women.

When he stopped to think about his life he found it hard to comprehend. Here he was living as a girl and loving it. Occasionally he got a real kick at the men who stared at him with lust in their eyes. Sometimes he would lead them on with coy gestures but only when he was in the safety of Dinah's company.

Time and again she would reprimand him for being a tease. "You shouldn't do that sort of thing! Imagine how the poor men must feel when they can't have what they think you're offering," she scolded him. He would laugh inwardly at that statement, recalling how many little teases his own age he had encountered. Because of that he enjoyed flaunting his femininity at every opportunity. He loved to think about the looks he would see on their faces if they were fondling him and suddenly found male equipment underneath his feminine frills!

Speaking of that equipment, it had become quite popular with Tina and Dinah lately. He never mentioned to either of them that he was sleeping with the other so he received the benefits of both. They had taught him so much about making love in the last few weeks he wasn't about to spoil it. Many times he and Tina would be out riding horses and she would ask him to stop and join her in some self-made entertainment. Terry realized that they had made love in just about every place possible on Cindy's ranch.

There were days when Tina used him like a full size doll. She was crazy about setting his hair and putting on his make-up. Some of her clothing fit him and she went wild when he modeled it for her. More often than not these sessions would end up in passionate love making because they both had gotten so turned on from the activities.

The sessions with Dinah were quite different from those with Tina. She treated him gently and was more interested in performing orally on him. He loved the way she treated his body with her experienced probing fingers. They had only been to bed together a few times before she pushed a lubricated finger smoothly into his bottom.

It startled him at first but at the same time, it excited him so much that he climaxed immediately! It was shocking to have someone in his body. Tina laughed, "Most boys would never let anyone into their body." From then on she used her fingers often. She loved to tease him with the anticipation of when she was going to penetrate his opening.

Even with all the vitamins and even a B-12 shot, Terry increasingly over the past few weeks had found that he could not get an erection unless he was playing the role of a female.

His interest in the women he saw on the street had changed to the degree that now he only looked at them in comparison to his own femininity. His primary interest was to ask them where they had purchased a particular dress or what color lipstick they were wearing. His sexual

interest in women disappeared with their “mysteries.” After all, “getting into a woman’s panties” was now a daily event for Terry. If his hands wanted to touch a lace-covered bosom, they didn’t have far to go. Lingerie, nylons, high heels, make-up and flirty, short dresses were becoming “just clothes!”

One evening when they were all having dinner, Tina suggested that she and Terry attend another dance. Skyrockets of memory burst inside his brain as he recalled how this whole episode in his life had begun. The three women anxiously watched him as he sat lost in thought. Thinking that she might have ruined everything, Tina looked tenser than the others. She would die if she had destroyed the beautiful new friend she had in Terry.

Finally he spoke, “I’d like to go to the dance. It would be nice to see everyone again.” The women broke into cheers at his reply.

“There’s a dance tomorrow night,” Tina said gleefully.

“Great. Pick me up at seven-thirty. And you’d better dress to the max or you’ll be lost around me,” he playfully warned.

The girls went outside and Cindy talked with Dinah. “You’ve done it,” she admitted.

“Yes, I have, he’s beautiful! He’s learned to love what my real daughter refused to accept. I haven’t been this happy in years.” Dinah answered almost in tears.

“You’ve done an amazing job emasculating him. He and Tina get along like sisters! He’s even taught her a few new make-up tricks!” she chuckled. “Poor boy has no idea how far he’s come. I’ll see you tomorrow Dinah.”

“Good night, Cindy. And thanks for your encouragement and understanding.”



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CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Queen

Terry was so nervous and excited about going to the dance that he didn't think he could get ready alone. He asked Dinah and Cindy to help him. Once again Cindy set his hair for him while Dinah gave him a complete manicure and pedicure. The women joked and laughed as they worked on him. Things had changed so much since the last dance. Now he was asking them to dress him up!

While they were choosing his dress he selected his lingerie. Terry chose a new set of satin and lace, powder blue lingerie. The power net panties had no trouble taking care of Terry's indisputably controlled maleness.

For an added thrill Terry chose a garter belt and stockings instead of pantyhose! Dinah and Cindy shared a knowing smile as they watched him attached his sleek nylons to his garters. Was their little darling planning an evening of seduction? He added a little extra padding to his bra as the women watched with delight and amusement. "Nice cleavage...just like one of us girls." Cindy chided.

Dinah helped him into the matching slip. Both women steadied him as he climbed into a slip and the women lowered his dress over his head and helped him slip his arms into the sleeves.

It was a beautiful evening gown, fitted to show off curve Terry never knew he had! Terry spun across the room and sent the skirt flying! He was in heaven in this dress! He returned to the vanity and sat for the final preparations. Dinah began to carefully apply his make-up. Since he was such an expert at it now he kept making suggestions. "Stop telling the artist how to paint." she complained with a laugh.

"I thought you were too nervous to do it yourself?" Cindy asked.

"I am," he replied.

"Then just keep quiet and let us do our work," she commanded jokingly. "I think we've created a monster, Cindy," Dinah added.

She continued to smooth on his make-up. A thick stroke of eyeliner and gobs of mascara made his eyes look big and round. She dusted his lids lightly with shimmering white shadow and lightly powdered his nose with a powder puff. Using a small tweezers, she removed a few stray hairs from his near perfect eyebrows. Dinah finished his face with a generous application of the strawberry red lipstick that Tina had bought him.

Meanwhile Cindy was almost done with his hair. All of this attention brought back memories of how it had been first time the two of them had dressed him. He felt so different about it now. He was enjoying himself so much he didn't have time to worry about his manhood.

When Cindy was finished he calmly walked over to the mirrors. He was totally pleased with his appearance! They had done an exceptional job! Terry was a more ravishing looking female than ever! He was hypnotized by the sensitive look of his eyes. His glossy, wet, deliciously red lips just begged to be kissed! His hair was a billowy masterpiece, sweeping across his forehead just above his perfectly shaped eyebrows. The added push-up filled the bust line of the dress to its limit and gave him a dynamite figure. The women paid him compliment after compliment as they admired their prize.

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Tina arrived promptly at seven-thirty and her jaw dropped when he walked into the room. “My god! You’re more beautiful than ever,” she cried. Slowly she circled the boy and took in every detail of his appearance. Terry beamed with pride as she examined him. Then she took his arm and together they walked out to the car.

As they walked across the parking lot to the dance hall wolf whistles and comments followed in their wake. When Terry stopped to check his coat the hatcheck girl stared

shamelessly at his beauty. Inside the hall a murmur went through the crowd as they entered. The word was quickly passed along and soon every male head in the place was straining for a look at the newcomers.

Across the room a tall body detached itself from a chair and walked directly toward them. Terry immediately recognized Jack and demurely said, "Hello, Jack. How have you been?"

"Where have you been lately?" he asked. "I came out to see you the day you I saw you running. Mrs. Borden said you were too tired to come out. And you haven't been anywhere else either," he added.

Tina looked over at Terry. She had not heard about the incident on the road and was dying to know the details. But Terry offered no explanation. "I've been busy."

"I am glad to see you again," he responded coyly. "I can't believe it! You're even prettier than I remembered. I'd sure like to dance with you tonight." he said with a boyish grin on his face.

"Why not, Jack. I'd love to spend the evening with you," the attractive boy replied. Jack extended his arm and the two of them walked out onto the dance floor.

The band was really outdoing themselves that night. The crowd moved in and out among the yards of satiny gowns and fitted skirts and tapping toes as they played tune after tune. Jack and Terry were the star performers.

Whenever the young she-male and her handsome escort hit the floor the people would clear a space for them and watch them dance.

The evening was nearly over when the master of ceremonies took the microphone and asked for quiet. "Ladies and cowboys. May I have your attention please! It is time to announce the winner of tonight's contest." Silence filled the room as everyone turned to listen to the contest results. "The judges have unanimously chosen ... Miss Terry Garret...as QUEEN OF THE DANCE."

The crowd thundered its approval. Women surrounded him from all sides hugging and kissing him in congratulations. They made a path for him as he was pushed toward the stage. Tina walked alongside of him with tears in her eyes! He was in such a daze he needed her assistance to make his way up the steps to the stage.

On stage the judge placed a silver crown on Terry's head and handed him a bouquet of long stem roses. Flashbulbs popped everywhere as the crowd continued to applaud its new queen. A tall man mounted the stage and came toward their queen. Another round of applause went up as the audience recognized their queen's dance partner, Jack Stern. "Don't they make a lovely couple?" the announcer said over the public address system. "Why don't you give her a big kiss, Jack," he prompted.

The crowd hollered in agreement as Jack approached the beautiful she-male. Terry backed away. "I don't want to kiss a man," he thought frantically. But all that the crowd could see was a pretty young girl playing hard to get.

Jack placed his big hands on the queen's shoulders as Terry considered his plight. Nervously he licked his ruby lips and the taste of strawberries suddenly invaded his mouth. He caught a whiff of his own perfume and felt the pressure of the earrings on his lobes. The curls in his hair gently rubbed his back as he raised his head to look the tall man in the eye. His short rapid breaths rise increased the firm pressure of the bra circling his chest. Jack's eyes were riveted on the long lashes and big eyes of his queen. The crowd seemed to shout even louder as Terry reached a decision. Never in this short time had he felt more feminine!

Dropping the bundle of roses he clasped his dainty prettily manicured hands around Jack's neck. He pulled the man toward him and kissed him long and hard on the lips. The audience went wild as their queen moved her mouth up and softly bit him on the ear. Jack slid his arms firmly around this darling lively girl. As he pulled her

closer, Terry was surprised to feel an unmistakable sign of Jack's passion pressing against his soft, rounded tummy!

Returning to Jack's waiting mouth, the "lady" moaned deeply as their passion peaked! Some one from the crowd yelled, "You sure have a live one Jack! Are you sure you are man enough to handle her?"



"Hey!" Jack yelled back. "I know how to make a woman feel like a woman!" He kissed Terry again!

Terry was beaming as he turned to face the crowd. Jack's face and ear were covered with bright red lipstick and the photographers were having a great time snapping

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shots for tomorrow's newspaper. As they stood there, arm in arm, Jack leaned over and whispered in Terry's ear, "Will you go to the movies with me tomorrow night?"

The newly crowned queen smiled sweetly at him and replied. "It would be my pleasure, Big Jack."

THE END

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WHEN MOST BOYS
WERE THROWING
BALLS--HENRY
AND HIS BROTHER
WERE BEING
TAKEN TO THEM.

Aunt Judy simply had no
idea how to raise boys

SO....



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This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

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His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

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Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

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Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

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Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

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BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.

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A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

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A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

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