

TRANSVESTIA

TV FICTION

"RED, WHITE & PINK"



TWO STORIES...
BOTH HEROS END UP IN DRESSES!
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

TRANSVESTIA
TV FICTION

Volume 24

RED, WHITE
& PINK

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

Volume 24

RED, WHITE & PINK

1973, 2004 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

ALL RIGHT RESERVED

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

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

The characters, companies, and incidents
in this book are entirely the products of the
author's imagination and have no relation
to any person or event in real life.

QUOTE BOARD:

**Nothing in life is to be feared. It is only to be
understood.
Marie Curie**

GRETA

From Transvestia No. 78

Copyright 1973, 2004

“Well, that's it for this month, Sir,” I said. “All reports are done and now we can get back to being Marines for a while.”

The Major smiled as he handed me the signed reports. “I can,” he said, “but you're taking a trip.”

“A trip, Sir?” I asked, “Where to?”

“Washington,” he replied. “Your orders for temporary duty are being cut right now. I'm sorry I couldn't let you know before now, but the fewer people that know, the better off we'll be. This way, it will look as if you're just a courier taking confidential reports back east.”

“Yes, Sir,” I answered. “When do I leave?”

“On tonight's MATS plane. Take only your duffle bag and one change of clothing.”

After completing the distribution of the reports, I packed the few things necessary for the trip. I wondered all the while I packed why I was taking such a mysterious trip. The Major and I had been together for several years. We started together as Lieutenant and PFC, and now I was his First Sergeant. I was only 24 and could look forward to a long fruitful service career before I retired.

On the way to the plane, I asked the Major why I was going to Washington, but he knew no more than I did. We exchanged handshakes and salutes as I boarded the plane.

The plane arrived early into Washington the next morning, so I had breakfast at the terminal before reporting

4 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

in.

The Sergeant Major checked my orders and said, "Come along, Bob. The Colonel wanted to see you as soon as you arrived." He knocked on the Colonel's door and received a "Come in" from the other side. "Colonel Anderson, this is First Sergeant Larker," he said as he laid my orders on the desk.

"Good morning, Sergeant," the Colonel said. "At ease. Pour us all a cup of coffee, will you please Sergeant Major?" We sat and talked informally while we had coffee. I washed the cups and replaced them on the coffee stand. The Sergeant Major excused himself and left. The Colonel turned to me and smiled as he said, "Well, Sergeant, no doubt you are wondering why you are here."

"Yes, Sir," I replied. "I am curious." All informality had ceased with the end of the coffee break.

"We won't keep you in the dark much longer. Come along," he said, as he headed towards the door. We walked down the hall and entered the "D-2" Section. My bewilderment increased when I realized I was smack-dab in the middle of the Intelligence Center for the whole Marine Corps. Maybe, I thought, we are just passing through this section to another one. But I was wrong. The Colonel slowed and then opened the door to one of the offices. "Wait here a moment, Sergeant," he said and closed the door behind him. I hardly had time to look around before the door opened and he asked me to come in.

There were three other officers besides the Colonel in the office. One of them was a very attractive dark-haired woman Lieutenant. The Colonel made the introductions and asked me to be seated. Major Atkins, who was seated behind the desk, offered me a cup of coffee and said the smoking lamp was lit. I lit a cigarette and waited. I felt something like a rape suspect about to be interrogated with a piece of rubber hose. The people in the room were sitting, looking at me, like they were studying me.

Major Jones suddenly smiled and said, "Relax, Sergeant. We don't bite." Then the Major held up a large

photograph of a woman and asked, "Have you ever seen this woman before? Have you ever heard of her? Her name is Emily Perin."

I studied it closely for a moment and said, "She looks slightly familiar, Sir, but I don't remember ever having seen her. Her name doesn't ring a bell. I don't believe I can help you, Sir."

"That's where you're wrong, Sergeant," Major Jones replied, "Because in a few minutes you'll know why she looks familiar. In that office there is another change of clothing for you. Please put them on and come back in here."

I went into the office he indicated and looked around. The only articles of clothing I could see were a layout of women's clothes, including a blonde wig. I frowned and went back into the Major's office to protest. Before I could say anything, he said, "I know what you're thinking, but we have our reasons. Please put them on. If you have any trouble, just call for Lt. Osborne and she will come and help you. "Yes Sir," I muttered and closed the door behind me.

What in the world was happening to me, I asked myself. What sort of game were they playing with me? No, the Corps wouldn't yank me all the way across the country just to play games. I decided it had to be some sort of cloak and dagger gimmick.

I undressed and for the first time in my life, started to put on feminine clothes. I had quite a struggle with the girdle, hooking the bra gave me some trouble, and my pantyhose weren't straight, but I was an amateur at this.

I was zipping up the dress when there was a knock at the door. "Come in," I said.

Lt. Osborne came in and closing the door behind her asked, "About ready?"

"I guess so Ma'am," I replied and blushed as I thought how I must look to her. She smiled and said, "Let me help you with that," and placed the wig on my head.

6 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

I asked her, "What's going on, anyhow?"

"You'll know in just a few minutes," she replied, "but first, let me pretty you up a bit." Before I could protest, she did something to my eyebrows. Then she told me to hold still as she put some lipstick on me. "That'll do for now," she said. "Come back into the office."

I almost fell as I stood up and took my first step in high heels. She laughed and took my arm. We walked around the office a few times until I said I thought I could make it on my own. It was one bewildered, embarrassed, confused Marine that walked awkwardly back into the other office. I blushed again as I saw them just sitting there looking at me, but none of them laughed. Major Atkins spoke first, "Amazing," he said, "sit down, please."

I felt like slugging the Colonel when he held a chair for me and said, "It's only proper to do this for a lady, Sergeant." Then he smiled.

"O.K.", I said to myself. "Have your fun."

The Major came around the desk and again held the photograph in front of me. He reached behind him and picked up a mirror. I looked at the photograph again and then he held the mirror so I could look into it. I had never been so surprised in my life! I was looking at the woman in the photograph!! The resemblance was so startling I couldn't move - just look.

"Now you know why she looks familiar to you," he said. "You look enough like her to be her twin sister."

"You're right, Sir, but," I stammered, "what does it mean?"

"This woman is a spy, and we want you to take her place," he said. "You will be well trained before replacing her, but it is only fair to tell you that there will be some jeopardy to the mission."

"I don't think I could make a very persuasive woman, Sir," I replied, "I've never done anything like this before in my life!" I crossed my legs and noticed the smoothness as

one nylon stocking slid across the other. I looked down and noticed that my skirt had slid above my knees. I hurriedly pulled it down and then blushed as the Major said. "Oh? That was a purely feminine act."

May I smoke, Sir?" I asked.

"Certainly," he replied, giving me a cigarette and then lighting it for me. I blushed again when I saw the lipstick on it and realized it was mine. It seemed to me that I had spent half the morning just blushing.

"What all is involved in this mission, if I accept, Sir?" I asked, dreading the answer.

Major Atkins looked over at Major Jones and said. "This is your department, Jonesy."

Major Jones cleared his throat and said, "You'll be transferred here and begin your training immediately. Lieutenant Osborne will be your coach, instructor, critic, and liaison between you and us. You will live, act, breath, eat, everything as a woman. You must let your hair grow and your beard will be permanently removed. When Helen gets through with you, you won't even want to be a man." He paused to light a cigarette, and then continued, "You'll become Emily Perin. You'll study movies of her until you can duplicate every movement and action of hers. You'll study tapes of her voice until we can't tell your voices apart. You'll study and learn her life history until you believe you ARE Emily Perin."

"That's a big order, Sir," I replied, "but what about the difference in our sizes and actual physical contours?"

"Those are her clothes you are wearing," he said, "and hormone treatments will round you out."

"But I'm a man, Sir," I protested. "To be a successful woman, wouldn't I have to have surgery and lose my manhood?"

He laughed, and then said, "I was waiting for that. Sergeant, and you're in luck. Emily Perin is also a man. In her youth she was a cross dresser and later became a very

8 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

successful female impersonator in Europe. It was because of her impersonation that she got involved in intelligence work. She has feminized her body as much as possible without actually being emasculated, so you would be doing the same."

"How long will this whole thing take?" I asked.

"About three years," he said, "one year, at least, in training and two in Europe getting the information we need. You'll learn all about it, as you become Emily, including speaking, reading, and writing five languages. English you know, so that leaves German, French, Russian, and Swedish."

"No Portuguese?" I quipped.

"That comes later," he smiled as he answered my question.

I looked at the others and asked, "How much time do I have to decide?" I involuntarily brushed at a lock of hair that was tickling my cheek.

"Twenty four hours," the Colonel said, "I can't tell you what a service you would be doing your country if you accept. You see, Sergeant, you were selected because of your physical likeness to Emily. You may go change your clothes now, and think it over." I arose and went back into the other office. Lt. Osborne followed me and gave me some tissues to wipe off the lipstick until I could get to a washroom and really clean up. I sat down and looked, really looked at my legs. I turned my feet this way and that and studied them. There was a full-length mirror on the closet door, so I walked over and stood in front of it and looked myself over thoroughly. All this time, Lt. Osborne just sat and looked at me.

"Do you think I can do it?" I queried.

"I think you can," she replied, "for a number of reasons."

I smiled a little and said, "But I've never done anything like this in my life. I was irritated when I first looked at these clothes because I thought it was some kind of joke. I

was embarrassed when I first put them on, but not now."

"What's happened to me?" I mused out loud. "I kind of like the feel of these clothes next to my skin. It's peculiar, but not distasteful. Lt. Osborne, is there something wrong with me? I mean, about me liking this sensation in relation to wearing feminine clothing? I-I'm even getting used to the feel of this hair on my face and neck."

She lit a cigarette before she answered, "No, I don't believe there is anything wrong in feeling like you do. True, it is a new and bewildering experience, but you may have dormant inclinations of cross dressing - that is a desire to wear the clothes and adopt the mannerisms of the opposite sex - or you would still be angry over wearing those clothes."

She went on, "Sometimes something happens to a person when they assume a new role or manner. Such as now - you unconsciously smoothed your skirt as you sat down. Also, you didn't walk as awkwardly when you went over to the mirror as you did when we first went into the office. And there were other actions, strictly feminine, that make me believe that you will be successful as Emily, if you accept this assignment."

"You'll have one helluva job on your hands, Lieutenant." I said. "I don't understand all this, but tell the Colonel I'm about to change my name. Now, I would like to change clothes."

She smiled as she said, "O.K., Miss Perin, I'll see you later. Thanks very much for accepting."

After I had changed back into my uniform and scrubbed all traces of makeup off my face, I returned to the Major's office. "What's next, Sir?" I asked.

The Major shook hands with me and thanked me for accepting.

"This may sound like flag waving, Sir," I replied, "but when I enlisted I swore to defend my country. If this is the best way I can serve, then I'll do it. Besides, I think I'll enjoy this assignment, at least during the training period."

10 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

"Very well." the Major retorted, "Report back to the Colonel, and thanks again, Sergeant."

"You're welcome, Sir!" I replied as I saluted, then turned and left his office to face the Colonel.

The Colonel was waiting for me. "Thank you, Bob, for accepting." he greeted me, "Now, to business. You will return to the coast this evening and pack all of your belongings. You will be transferred here for further assignment overseas."

"Overseas?" I queried.

"Yes," he replied. "Before you can become Emily Perin, Sergeant Larker has to disappear. You will be assigned to the Legation Guard in England. However, your plane will crash at sea. The co-pilot will be the only survivor to verify the deaths of you and the pilot."

The Colonel smiled at my bewilderment and continued, "The pilot and you will be picked up by submarine and brought back here. The co-pilot will be picked up by a merchant vessel." The Colonel finished explaining the details and dismissed me.

A few days later, I boarded a plane for my 'transfer to England'. Shortly after dark, the pilot sent out several "Mayday" signals, as he set the plane down, not too gently, in the ocean. We got into a rubber boat and paddled away from the slowly sinking plane. The pilot fired tracers at the plane until the fuel caught fire and the plane exploded. A few minutes later a submarine surfaced along side of us.

The skipper looked over the conning tower at us and said, "There are two ships on their way here. They will be arriving in about three hours. You passengers come aboard. We'll hang around awhile to make sure the co-pilot gets picked up."

We went aboard. When the radar indicated one ship was only twenty miles away, we submerged and headed back to port. I called to report to Colonel Anderson when the ship-to-shore telephone was hooked up. When we arrived the next afternoon, he came to the dock and picked

me up.

"How did it go?" he asked.

"Perfectly, Sir," I answered, "We didn't even get our feet wet."

"Good!" he replied. "Well, Miss Perin, you are about to start on your 'great adventure'. Good luck!"

"Thank you, Sir"

The Colonel continued, "Helen - Uh, Lt. Osborne will pick you up at my home. You'll be in her charge entirely for the next few months. You will be at a farm, away from the city. You will have no contact with us until she is satisfied that you can impersonate the real Perin."

Lieutenant Osborne, in 'civies', was waiting for us. We bade the Colonel good-bye and drove off. A little over an hour later we pulled into a well-kept but secluded farm.

"We're home," she said. "Welcome to Helen's Hideaway. The farm is mine. It is a nice retreat from city life." I had many thoughts running through my mind, and just gave her a smile for an answer.

We went in and I looked around. She showed me through the house. My bedroom was across the hall from hers. We each had private baths. The living room was quite large, with a huge fireplace across one end of it. A dining room and the kitchen, with a little dinette comprised the ground floor. There were four bedrooms upstairs, but they were closed off and seldom used.

"Well, Emily," she said, "it's early, so we may as well get started. From now on, I'm Helen and you're Emily. You'll find everything you need in your room. Take a shower, shave your whole body, and then dress while I prepare us a bite to eat."

And so started my training. I had a few pangs of doubt and misgivings as my uniform and male clothing went into the fireplace. But, I was now Emily Perin, and it was too darned late to change my mind.

After dinner, we did the dishes. All the while, Helen

12 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

was instructing me how to walk, sit, rise, use my hands and anything else she could think of that would help me become more feminine. We finally relaxed in the living room, but I was still under training.

Helen brought out an electrolysis machine and permanently shaped my eyebrows to those in Emily's photograph. "That's enough for tonight," she said as she finished with me. "Let's get some rest."

"Goodnight, Helen." I said. "See you in the morning." As I undressed, I experienced the faint thrill and excitement of the silky smoothness of the garments against my skin. I put on a pale blue, nylon 'shortie' nightgown and slipped into bed.

I lay awake for a while, thinking about my future. Sleep soon came and the next thing I knew, the alarm was going off. As I reached to turn it off, my hairless arm startled me. I awoke to the full realization that I was going to start living the life of a woman.

I showered and went to the closet to see what choices I had. I selected a red, box-pleat skirt with schoolgirl tailoring and a classic fitted, and flattering blouse to wear. I picked up a pair of flats, and then decided I'd better wear heels until I was completely at ease walking in them. I picked out a pair that was curvy and extra-high, with a delicate ankle strap.

Helen had started breakfast. After exchanging good mornings, she said, "I'm glad you didn't shave. I'll need your whiskers as targets later this morning." After breakfast and the dishes were done, Helen, with a glint in her eye, smiled and said, "Come into my room and get your shot."

"Shot?" I asked, "What for??"

"Hormones," she replied. "One shot a day and powered hormones sprinkled on your food. Hormone cream for your body. In other words, m'lady, we're on a crash program to feminize you." She swabbed my arm and stabbed me with the needle, slowly forcing the liquid into my arm.

"Next we work on that beard," she said.

She worked for thirty minutes on each side of my face and around my mouth. It was quite tender and red when she finished, but my face felt strangely smooth. I decided it might be worth it not to have to ever shave again, so, I told Helen.

That was followed by a voice lesson. I tried to initiate the tone and inflections of the real Emily. After about an hour, the inflections came easier. I was getting hoarse from trying to reach the right tone.

Helen thought I did very well. She informed me that the tones would come naturally as the hormones did their work.

We then started in on Emily's mannerisms. Helen would show a short piece of movie film, and then I would try to imitate her actions.

We were so engrossed; neither of us noticed we had missed lunch until I started to pick up a coffee cup like Emily. I commented that my legs were aching from walking so much in heels, so we took a long coffee break and became better acquainted with each other.

As we talked, Helen shaped my nails and put on nail polish. When the polish was dry, she suggested she would start my makeup lessons.

The next hour was devoted to learning how to apply all sorts of cosmetics. I hardly recognized myself as I studied my reflection in the mirror. I was looking at a fairly attractive blonde. I wish I could say that I was beautiful, but I wasn't. As I looked at myself, I felt very feminine and told Helen so.

She laughed and said, "You just think you do. Wait until your hair grows out and you sleep on curlers. When the hormones are really working and your hips and breasts are larger, then, dear, you'll feel feminine. Right now, you are just a girl awakening to her femininity."

After dinner, we went into the living room. Helen

14 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

handed me a German language book and said, "Start reading."

I smiled to myself at the joke I was about to pull on sweet little Helen and the Corps. I studied the beginner's phrases and hesitantly stumbled through the pronunciation of them. Helen shuttered at the way I had fractured them. She pronounced them correctly and coached me as I tried again. After about five minutes, she shook her head and said she really had her work cut out to teach me German.

"Don't give up," I said, "let's try again." I picked up the book, opened it to the middle and started reading. She sat there with her mouth open for a minute, then exclaimed, "Darn you! You already know German, don't you?"

"Yes," I replied. "I also know French as well as German." She laughed and threw a French phrase at me. No more English was spoken that evening.

The next morning we went through the same routine. I showered and dressed. The only makeup I used was eyebrow pencil and lipstick. After breakfast, we tidied up the house, and then I received my hormone injection and beard removal treatment. We had coffee and voice lessons, followed by the pantomime of Emily's movies. All day we exchanged phrases occasionally in either French or German.

Before dinner, I shaved and decided to change my clothes. I stood in front of my closet trying to decide what to wear for the evening. I chose a pale green, matte-jersey halter-dress and a pair of strappy, two-tone sandals.

Helen supervised the application of my makeup and hair combing. For my eyes she suggested I try a shimmery, slate color with the softest, velvety texture.

As we relaxed after dinner, she asked me why there was nothing in my records about knowing French and German. I told her that I had taken them as University Extension courses. Although I had made "A's" in both courses, I hadn't thought it important enough to have them entered on my service record.

In English she commented, "Well I'll be damned. Let's have a drink to celebrate. This will put you at least three months ahead of schedule in training. I'll call the Colonel in the morning and give him the good news."

"Russian is probably harder than Swedish," I said, "so why not start on it next?"

"That'll be fine," She replied, "I'll ask unc - - the Colonel to send us Russian lessons next."

"Uncle?" I followed.

"Yes, Emily," she admitted impishly, "He is my uncle. Please don't tell anyone. Everyone thinks we're lovers. It boosts his ego to let them think he is able to squire around such a cute chick as me."

"I'll carry your secret to my grave, Helen." I said solemnly. Then I giggled just like a girl.

I was getting more and more accustomed to wearing feminine clothes. I actually missed the feel of long hair on my cheeks and neck when I removed my wig at bedtime.

The days passed into months. My beard was gone and I didn't miss shaving one bit. I used a razor on my arms and legs, until Helen suggested I use a depilatory. It lasted longer and I couldn't nick myself with creme.

My hair grew slowly. I cursed myself for wearing crew cuts all the time. Eventually it was long enough for Helen to give me a permanent, so I found myself sleeping on curlers, just like she had mentioned a year before.

Our days were busy, so busy that I had little time to think about myself. The lessons in language were fairly easy, but learning Emily's way of life was difficult and very time consuming. Also Helen had added singing lessons to our schedule. This had to be added because Emily's main role was that of a night- club singer.

When we retired for the night, I had time for reflections as I removed my makeup and got ready for bed. I no longer asked myself how I had gotten into this situation since, when I looked in the mirror, I no longer recognized Sergeant

16 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

Larker. After all, how many First Sergeants could put their hair up in curlers, didn't have to shave, and intentionally put on lipstick instead of wiping off traces after a date? Not many!

The hormones were doing their work. My breasts were starting to grow. I imagined my hips were a little rounder than they used to be. My skin had a new softness to it that I delighted in feeling. My face, too, had a smoothness and glow that made me feel truly feminine.

Every day I was becoming more and more of a woman, both in looks and in feelings. I wanted to be head-to-toe sexy. I wanted to know how to look, feel and dress incredibly hot. Perhaps the most startling revelation to me was the morning when, combing my hair, I discovered I didn't want to return to a man's world! I went into the kitchen that morning, singing like a bird. When Helen asked what made me so happy, I told her. She smiled and said, "The Major knew what he was talking about, didn't he?"

One afternoon, Helen said I was ready to become a blonde. By dinnertime, my hair matched the other Emily's. It was another milestone in my life; I discovered I liked being a blonde. I was happy that I no longer had to wear a wig. It really does something to a girl's ego to look in the mirror and see her OWN blonde hair.

The next day, Helen called the Colonel. The following day, he came to the farm for his first visit.

I answered the door when he arrived. "Come in, Sir," I said smiling, and held the door open for him.

When he recognized me, his eyebrows shot up under his cap visor. "My Gawd!" he exclaimed, "What a transformation!"

I was a little nervous, but he soon put me at ease with his compliments about my appearance.

Helen came in from the kitchen and greeted him warmly. They chatted happily for a moment, and then Helen asked, "What do you think of Emily?"

"Helen," he replied, "I never would have believed it possible. I've never seen such a - a - complete change over in a person.

"Wonderful, Sir," I exclaimed. "I had some misgivings at first, but I'm now quite relaxed as a woman. I can talk and act with confidence. My voice has softened some. Helen tells me it will improve even more."

Helen excused herself to finish preparing lunch. The Colonel started to question me about my training.

"It's good to talk with someone else," I told him, "Helen is a wonderful person. We get along very well together. She's been wonderfully patient with me, but she's also been a very exacting instructor. She has worked my fanny off. So much that I just now have realized how long it has been since I have talked to anyone but Helen."

I was telling him some of the funnier incidents of my training, when Helen announced that lunch was ready.

The Colonel held our chairs for us as we sat down. As he seated himself, he laughed and said, "Emily talked incessantly. Just like a woman."

I blushed and said, "It was only that I've been lonesome for some outside company. Promise that you'll come again soon."

The Colonel promised that he would. The rest of our luncheon conversation consisted of generalities. We hurried through the dishes and had an extra cup of coffee in the living room.

Colonel Anderson checked out my progress and complimented us on my training. No English was spoken that afternoon, reviewing my foreign language skills. Our main concentration was on every aspect of Emily; her voice, mannerisms, memory of friends and relatives.

Helen and I begged her Uncle to stay for dinner, but he declined. He promised he would return in a week. He also said he would bring Major Atkins with him.

The house seemed strangely empty after he left. Helen

18 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

and I just sat and looked at each other for several minutes. She came over and sat down beside me. "Emily," she said softly, "I've missed male companionship the past few months. I know underneath that makeup and clothes, you're still a man." Before I realized what was happening, she put her arms around me and kissed me. I was too startled to move for a few seconds, but then I returned her kiss with love and feeling. When we finally came up for air, both of us were a little embarrassed.

I looked at her and said; "Now I know what's been wrong with me lately. I, too, have missed companionship." We just looked at each other until our emotions were under control.

I spoke first, "Helen, this situation could easily get out of hand. I'm desperately in love with you. That makes our set up here impossible to continue as it has been."

Helen looked miserable, her eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled. "But, darling," She stammered through the tears, "what can we do? I love you, too. The past few months have been wonderful, as well as torturous, for me. I've wanted to express my feelings so many times, but you seemed so indifferent to me."

"I didn't dare tell you how I felt about you," I retorted. "All those hours we've spent, with you just inches away from me - had we known each other's feelings, I'm afraid my training would have had many, many interruptions."

"We know now!" Helen countered, "and we had better talk this over and reach some decisions."

"You're right, Sweetheart," I answered. "I guess I can call you that, can't I?"

"Of course you can," she smiled back. "But right now, let's talk about our problem."

I smiled, lit a cigarette and continued, "Helen, our situation is one that even the kookiest script writer in Hollywood wouldn't believe. Here we are; a beautiful girl, who's an officer in the Marine Corps, and she falls in love with an enlisted man whom she has spent months

feminizing. He now has long, bleached hair and the hormone treatments are turning his manly body into a womanly body. Even his voice has started changing."

Lost in my own feelings, I went on, "Now, something has happened to them. Only two days ago, I was happy being a pseudo woman and didn't want to live a man's life. Right now, I want to be a man and claim you for my wife. Could any two people get involved in a more ridiculous situation?"

"It isn't as bad as you think, Emily," Helen replied. "You weren't suppose to know it, but you were appointed a Second Lieutenant the day you started training."

"But I'm dead!" I exclaimed, "How can they promote a dead man?"

"Easy," Helen replied, calmly, "a posthumous promotion. It was dated prior to your departure from the States."

"We're getting away from the subject," I told her. "Although one problem is solved; I can now kiss and love you as an equal, other problems still rear their ugly heads. What about us? What about our living as we do? I'm afraid we can't go back to the friendly but impersonal attitudes we had this morning. To be so close to you, yet having to keep so far away will be unbearable now."

"I know it will be hard," she said, "but we have to try to keep our emotions under control. When Uncle Henry visits next week, maybe he can help us to work something out."

I replied, "I'd rather he didn't know this just yet, Helen. Do you think we might be able to work a little petting into our schedule?"

"Maybe," she said smiling, "but I doubt it. A little petting could lead to a little hanky-panky."

"Would that be so bad?" I asked.

"Without a wedding ring? Yes!" she answered.

We fell silent for a while each of us buried in our own troubled thoughts. Neither of us could remember when it

happened, but when our thoughts came back to the present, we were sitting very close to each other, holding hands.

"Sweetheart," I asked softly, "could we get married right away? I could use some of that greasy kid stuff on my hair. I could control my voice enough to say 'I do!'"

Her eyes were shiny with tears as she answered, "Please, Darling, let's talk this over with Uncle Henry. I'm sure he can help us with our dilemma."

"It had better be soon," I implored her, "Because those hormones are working harder every day. Soon I won't be able to pass as a man at all." I couldn't breathe for a minute or so when the full impact of what I had said hit me!

Those hormones were indeed working on me. My breasts had grown to the extent that I no longer needed 'falsies', my hips were rounding out nicely and my male muscularity was being covered with that small layer of fat just under the skin, causing my body to become smooth and curvy. My skin had become femininely soft and smooth, too.

Most surprising was my voice. It had softened and changed enough that no one would ever suspect they were actually talking to a man. Listening to tapes of our training sessions, I could no longer recognize my voice as belonging to me just a few months ago.

Between the hormones and the conditioners we used on my hair, it was as soft and shiny as any woman's hair could be. Every day I was becoming more and more of a woman and until this moment, I liked it.

Major Jones was almost right on one count. I hadn't thought about being a man for quite some time. Now I wanted desperately to be a strong, virile man, to claim Helen as my bride, as any man would. I was ready to junk the whole program, but knew I couldn't or wouldn't.

"Right now, "I told her through clenched teeth, "I wish I were a man again, so I could propose to you properly. I want to court you, marry you and care for you and our kids for the rest of my life."

She commented softly, "Only outwardly you are a woman, my Darling. There has never been a doubt in my mind that you are still every inch a man. If there was a doubt, I never would have fallen in love with you."

"You see," she smiled and continued, "I have the best of both of you, Bob and Emily. I can love you and be loved by you as Bob, and still; Emily's face won't whisker me when we kiss. And, I can have the feminine companionship of Emily for shopping trips, gossip and other girlish things."

"Maybe so," I replied, "but I don't know what these hormones will do to my manhood. I still had the longings and feelings of a man, but can I still perform? This is an answer I need soon!"

Neither of us were hungry, so we skipped dinner and discussed our problem until very late. Our true feelings wouldn't permit us to work out a livable solution, so I reluctantly agreed to call Uncle Henry.

As we said good night, I cautioned Helen she had better lock her bedroom door or she might meet a fate worse than death. She kissed me firmly and told me there would never be a locked door between us. Neither of us slept well that night.

The Colonel came the next morning while we were still doing the breakfast dishes. "What the hell happened here yesterday?" he blurted out as he came through the door. Majors Jones and Atkins accompanied him.

"Good morning, Gentlemen," I said. Come in and sit down. Lt. Osborne and I have discovered a serious problem that requires your help."

Everyone was nervous and jumpy. I felt they were more concerned about the mission than our personal feelings. Their primary concern was that I wanted to dump the mission, but I tried to assure them I intended to complete my assignment. That's what was causing the trouble, the interference with the mission.

Whenever the conversation became loud and animated Helen or I could calm them down a little, although at times

22 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

everybody was shouting at everyone else. Finally the Colonel blew his top and threatened to "court-martial the whole damned bunch of us" if we didn't calm down. That cooled us off.

We took a coffee break, then settled down to work out a solution. At first everybody had different ideas. Major Jones was all for sending me off to Europe right then. Major Atkins wanted to change instructors and location for the rest of the training period. The Colonel finally suggested they put me through some tests to see if I were ready to appear in public, so the training site could be moved to town. I'll never forget THAT day!

They all fired questions at me in foreign languages. They asked me about Emily's life, friends, enemies, politics, religion, and her likes and dislikes. We didn't even stop for lunch.

They checked me for feminine actions, appearance and womanly credibility. While the Colonel was asking me about the latest fashions, Major Jones sneaked up and pinched me. I whirled and slapped him. That surprised even me! In the not too distant past, I'd have broken his jaw for doing that. But it had never entered my head to hit him, just to give him a nice, healthy, lady-like slap in the face.

I was almost in a state of collapse when they finally relaxed and congratulated me on my training. The Colonel said I was several months ahead of their expectations, so we could move on to the next phase. I sat down, lit a cigarette, inhaled deeply, slowly exhaled, and then asked, "Now what?"

The Colonel answered, "Emily, I think we'll move you into town and continue your training during the daytime only. Helen will still be your instructor, the Majors and myself will be taking a much more active part in developing your cloak and dagger techniques."

"I've got no objections to you two getting married," he continued, "but not at this time. I've been in this business for a long time. The fewer distractions you have, the better

off you will be in times of danger. There will actually be very little danger in your mission, but you may find yourself in a tight spot. If your married, your natural inclination would be to think of your wife first and not how you are going to get out of trouble. THAT could be fatal when dealing with our 'friends' across the Wall. When this mission is completed and your transformation back to a man is over, then I will bless your marriage and give the bride away."

"You're right, of course, Sir," I admitted. "Our feelings towards each other clouded our emotions so much, we simply couldn't think of any workable solutions. I think we'll be O.K. now."

Helen agreed and Uncle Henry told us to 'dollar up' and he would take us all to dinner. We suddenly realized we were ravenously hungry.

This was my first venture away from the farm and I had a heavenly time. I secretly wished the approving glances I noticed being thrown our way were for me, but I knew Helen was far prettier than I. So I just pretended they were for me. To be among people again was such a wonderful feeling. I guess we never realized that mankind was not meant to be 'loners' in this world. We need people around us.

Although this was my first venture away from the farm as a woman, I never had a nervous moment because my actions and mannerisms had become so automatically feminine. During dinner we settled a few details about moving, then relaxed for the rest of the evening. Helen's dance lessons came in handy as each of the gentlemen danced with us several times.

I thanked them all several times as we drove back to the farm. I had a lovely time. When they left to return to the city, I could look at Helen with love, but without the terrible frustrations we had suffered the night before. We were too tired to start packing that night and went straight to bed.

Two days later, both Majors arrived in separate cars to

24 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

take us to the city. Major Jones drove me to the apartment and helped me with my luggage. It was a small, one bedroom apartment that was freshly and tastefully decorated and furnished. I liked it and told the Major. He thanked me and told me he had picked it out.

Before he left, he gave me some money and suggested that I change my hair color, because I would be going out more and they didn't want to take a chance on my being recognized as Emily, just yet.

I unpacked my things then checked the apartment over thoroughly. The Major had thoughtfully stocked the refrigerator. There was nothing more for me to do except get my hair fixed. This, too, was another milestone on my road to being the perfect Emily. I was a little nervous about this, as I was going to be awfully close to a beauty operator. I felt she would readily discover any flaws in my role and call the police. I checked the yellow pages and made an appointment at a nearby beauty shop for that afternoon. I used my 'other' name of Betty Daniels.

When I told the beautician that I wanted to be a red head, she smiled and said, "Miss Daniels, I think you'll make a lovely red head. We have a new shade. I'm sure you'll like it. In the daylight you will have lovely deep red hair, but in artificial light, you hair will have beautiful copper-tone highlights. How does that sound?"

"Beautiful," I said, "let's get started."

A few hours later, I emerged with lovely red hair. The operator had also given me some tips on makeup. I bought some cosmetics and nail polish to accent the new me.

I relaxed and watched TV for a while, then went to bed early. In the stillness of the night, I realized this was the first night in over a year that I had been away from Helen. The sudden loneliness and my longing for her descended on me like an avalanche! It took all my power to keep from calling the Colonel and trying to talk to Helen for a while. I finally fell asleep.

The alarm woke me in the morning with a start. The

loneliness still enveloped me, but I knew she would soon be here. The sight of my tousled red hair gave me another start when I looked in the mirror. After showering and dressing, I couldn't help lingering a while longer than usual as I combed and arranged it. The copper tones glittered through it like specks of burnished copper and diamonds. I thought it was lovely.

I was still dawdling over a second cup of coffee when Helen arrived. Her big, blue eyes almost popped out of her head when she saw me. I pulled her inside, closed the door and gave her a long, but fast, kiss before she could speak.

"Emily!" she cried, "Your hair. It's, it's, beautiful! But, but why?"

"Major's orders." I said, "Blonde Emily can't be seen yet."

"Oh, Honey," she said, gleefully. "Let me look at you!" She led me over by the picture window and stood me in a beam of sunlight. "Turn around, slowly." she ordered.

I turned around, several times.

She exclaimed, "I've never seen hair so strikingly beautiful in my life!"

"Flattery will get you somewhere," I laughed. "How about a cup of coffee before we get started?"

"Fine, Red," she quipped, does the Major know what color you are now?"

"No." I answered, he just said to change the color." The doorbell rang again and Helen answered it as I poured the coffee.

"Come in, Major Jones," I heard her say. "Pour one more, Emily." she called to me.

"Good Morning, Emily," the Major said as he and Helen came into the dinette. "Wow!" he gasped. "Your hair - I like it. I really like it!"

"Thank you, Sir," I replied, "for suggesting I change the color."

26 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

After coffee, we went to work on my 'devious ways' training that would help me be a good spy. We spoke no English so that conversing in a foreign language would become second nature to me.

My training started with the smallest camera I have ever seen (and the quietest, too). I'd wait in the kitchen while he and Helen arranged the living room or bedroom for a certain picture. Then I had to enter the apartment and take pictures without disturbing a thing in the room, and without making a sound. I had to leave the room exactly as I found it. Also, all the time the tape recorder was going with the volume turned up to catch the slightest noise I made. After I left the room, we would play the tape back. I'd do it over and over again until all we could hear on the tape was normal background noise.

So it went for the next few weeks. Training in the daytime was spent in making me a good spy. The evenings were devoted to perfecting me as Emily. I could recall names of over one hundred people from photographs shown me, and I could sing from memory almost two hundred songs.

Helen and I managed to spend two nights a week alone for a while. My other instructors saw that we never had more than two or three hours together.

Once again, I began thinking like a female, except when Helen was too close, then I'd want to hug and kiss her. I believe the torture of being close to each other and having to behave like friends, only served to strengthen our love.

One morning, as we were having coffee, the Colonel said, "Emily, How is your appendix?"

"Fine, Sir." I answered, "At least the last time I looked."

"That's good," he replied, "because Perin is in a hospital in West Berlin recovering from an appendectomy. Sorry, Emily, but you'll have to lose one perfectly good appendix as soon as we get information about her incision."

"I don't think I like that one little bit." I said.

"Neither do I," he said, "but Emily couldn't very well have her appendix removed twice now, could she? That's just in case you were to have an attack at some future date. Besides, with modern medical techniques, you have nothing to worry about. It's no more serious than a bad cold."

"Oh?" I replied and raised my eyebrows clear up to my red bangs, "So how come a cold is suddenly treated with pentothal and knives?"

A week later I was smuggled into the naval hospital and my perfectly good appendix was removed and my nice smooth feminine body had a small, neat scar to prove it.

Helen and I returned to the farm for my recuperation and spent six wonderful weeks together. We studied, practiced and played. The time passed much too quickly for me. We moved back into the city when my recuperation was complete.

My training was near completion, so we started planning my trip to Europe to assume Emily's place. Then the Colonel received some good news; Emily was coming to the U.S. for a tour of nightclubs.

New plans were quickly made and I was readied to step onto my new role. I was a little frightened, but excited too.

The plan was simple. Emily would be quietly picked up and kept under maximum security, and then I would step in and assume her life. Sodium Amalol would help her give up any secrets that would help me.

The latest photos showed Emily was still the same shade blonde, but her hair was now shoulder length as was mine. Helen helped me become that blonde again. She gave me the formula to be used for touching up my roots while I was on the road.

Emily arrived in New York City and was followed for three days. No one contacted her, so it was decided to make the switch before her opening date. I knew enough of her songs from memory that I wasn't worried about her choice of songs.

When Emily returned to her hotel room after visiting the nightclub to review the last minute arrangements, they were waiting in her room for her. She was hit with the Amadol before she could do anything but look surprised at her unexpected visitors.

Helen and I were present in her hotel room when she was questioned about her contacts, reasons for being here, any new boy friends, anything that we could pull off the tops of our heads in a hurry. Little did I realize that some of her answers would come in very handy, even before I left the States.

Helen suddenly reached over and pulled a lock of her hair until it was straight. "Well," she exclaimed, "She has trimmed a couple of inches off since her last picture. Emily, I guess you'd better come into the bathroom and I'll trim yours the same way."

I told Helen, "I surely hate to lose any of my hair since it has taken me so long to grow it."

"Yes, I know," she replied. "I remember as a little girl, the first time my long hair was cut, I cried for two hours that day, and every day for a week, when I looked into a mirror."

As I heard the scissors snipping away, I said, "I suppose you think these are beads of sweat trickling down my cheeks, Huh?"

She kissed me and said, "I understand, but repair your makeup before we rejoin the others."

Emily was smuggled out of the hotel to a maximum-security cell somewhere. I said good-bye to Helen and the others as they left. I was alone in the hotel room and became, at long last, Emily Perin (almost).

The next afternoon, I visited the Club under the pretense of a final check with the orchestra. We rehearsed two songs and I chatted a bit with some of the other performers. My first sortie as Emily was successful. I felt better about my impersonation as I returned to the hotel for dinner.

My opening night was very successful. Maybe it was because of a 'new' voice, but I had three encores before the audience would let me leave the stage. I was pleased as punch with my performance and myself as I returned to the hotel.

The desk clerk told me there was a man waiting to see me in my room. I presume it was probably Major Atkins, so the stranger that greeted me gave me quite a shock! He said he was from the Embassy, and just wanted to check that everything was all right. Had I been molested, insulted, or had anyone said anything that they could use as propaganda against the U.S. I assured him that everything was quite all right.

He casually asked me why I had changed my selection of songs for my opening. I had no idea they were watching me that closely! The only answer I could think of in a hurry was that in talking to some of the other performers I had changed them at their suggestion, and felt that my opening was more successful as a result of those suggestions. He seemed satisfied with my answer and left after saying he would see me again before I left for Philadelphia.

My hands were trembling as I lit a cigarette. Only time would tell if I had really passed the test. I paced the floor nervously for a few minutes while thoughts ran through my mind that maybe my impersonation wasn't so good and I doubted if I could ever make such a good spy. I finally calmed down, brushed my (ugh) shorter hair and went to bed.

For my first encore the next night I sang an oldie "Take the "A" Train", which let my contact know that they had contacted me. As I left the Club, a drunk staggered into me, and as he clumsily tried to help me, I slipped him a note containing information about the Embassy's visit.

During my stay in New York, the Embassy contact paid me several visits, all social except two nights before I left when he gave me some information to pass to my next contact, which I did, after giving that same information and what names I had picked up to our side.

30 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

My tour went very well across the country. I was always treated, as a lady, and my singing, although not spectacular, seemed to please the audiences.

My itinerary had led me back to my final date in New York and I desperately wanted to see Helen before I left for Europe. I was not to contact her directly as we knew the other side would be carefully watching me and I had to be careful about making American friends. My personal life was a lonely one, but I enjoyed my acts and my job.

The weeks had drifted into months and I was becoming more and more 'Emily' again. My clothes felt natural and comfortable. The delicate odors of makeup and colognes made me feel more feminine; and the afternoons in a beauty shop were sheer luxury. Only when showering was I aware of my manhood and that would bring terrible longing for Helen. Much of my free time was devoted to loving and missing her. Emily had made a name for herself in the nightclub circuit. All but one manager invited me back again.

I had to see Helen before I left for Europe and I thought about several plans before I decided on one that I felt was fool proof. That night the "A" Train left the station again and once more the amiable drunk jostled me while I passed him a note outlining my plan.

During my last week in New York, Helen came to my hotel room to 'interview' me for a magazine article (my idea). After a rather formal meeting, she suggested that we go to her room so she could take notes on a speed writer. As she closed the door to her room, we looked at each other for a long two seconds then flew into each other's arms. As at the farm, we then realized how terribly much we had missed each other. We broke away after a long, long kiss (we moved about three inches) and both started talking at once. We laughed and I told her to go ahead with her interview.

When my turn came I told her how much my love for her had increased day by day and how I dreaded going to Europe only because it would mean two years apart.

We talked, embraced, kissed, embraced, kissed, and talked until it was time for me to change and go to the Club. We agreed to meet the next day to finish the interview.

My spirits were so lifted by seeing Helen again I believe I gave my best performance of the tour that night.

The day after Helen completed her interview, I left for Germany.

After clearing customs and arranging for delivery of my trunks and luggage, I took a taxi home to Emily's permanent address. I unpacked, and then called the Club where I regularly appeared to arrange for an opening night. The manager was happy to hear that I was back and invited me to dinner with his family that evening. This would be another good test, because he was Emily's cousin!

We talked mostly about my tour in the U.S. I told him that I had enjoyed every minute and had made some new friends, also I said that I hoped to return one day for another tour. As the conversation drifted around to my opening, he suggested that I open the following Monday so he could do some advertising. I agreed and went with him to the Club, strictly as a spectator and to renew acquaintances with the girls. The girls, in this case, were all female impersonators. Everyone accepted me as Emily. It dawned on me suddenly, that this was the first time since my training that I spoke nothing but German all day. It was a tired, but confident blonde that slept well that night.

The ringing of the telephone jarred me awake the next morning. I answered sleepily, but when a strange man's voice said, "Welcome home, Miss Perin, did you enjoy your visit in the United States?" I was wide awake.

"Yes, I did," I said, "but it's good to be home."

"It's always good to get home after a long absence," he said. "But to business. Will you stop by the office this afternoon? I wish to talk to you about your insurance."

"Of course, Herr Baumbach," I said, "Will two o'clock do?"

"Good. I'll see you then," he said, and hung up.

Good old Andy to the rescue, I said to myself. Herr Baumbach the insurance man was my primary contact with the 'other side'. I had studied his picture enough that I felt I would have no trouble recognizing him. I showered and dressed. As I pulled on my nylons and listened to the faint rustle of my slip as it slid over my body, I wondered if real women felt the same little thrill as I did. After all, it was still fairly new to me while they had been doing this for years. I hoped they did, because I loved the feel of nylon fiber next to my skin. "Well," I said to myself, "to work." I gave the apartment a good close inspection for the next two hours. I discovered nothing out of the ordinary, except for a microphone hidden in the telephone. I had anticipated this and the record player was turned up loud enough to hide any noise I had made during my search.

Promptly at two o'clock I entered the insurance office. About two minutes later I was seated in Herr B's office. Two hours later I felt that I needed insurance, because he had certainly wrung me out. I think he even knew how many calories I had on my tour by the time he finished quizzing me. He thanked me for coming and said I had done very well for them in the U.S. I smiled, thanked him and left.

I stopped at a sidewalk cafe for a snack. An American sailor struck up a conversation with me and offered to buy me a drink. I told him it was too early for a working girl. He laughed and asked if he could just sit and talk awhile.

He told me his name was Jack Anderson, but his friends called him "Andy". I introduced myself, told him my occupation, and that I was opening my act the next Monday evening. As an afterthought, I invited him to be my guest at my opening. He accepted and we became better acquainted as we ate. He mentioned he had an uncle in the U.S. Marine Corps, so I knew 'Andy' would be my contact while in Germany. He asked to see me home, but I declined. A look of disappointment crossed his face, so I told him I'd meet him for lunch the next day and added quietly "Andy,

you're a good actor with that look of disappointment."

"Thanks," he replied, and walked away. What I didn't know about him was that he was actually a Lieutenant J.G. instead of a second-class petty officer.

After a month's appearance at the Club, I went on a tour of European nightclubs. When I returned, I had several new names to pass on to Andy. But, strangely, no new assignments had come directly from Herr Baumback.

I had settled down to a routine that any girl entertainer would follow, weekly appointments at the beauty parlor, housekeeping, occasional platonic dates with men, shopping for both groceries and clothes, rehearsing, etc. The Major had been right. I seldom thought of myself as a man, except when I thought of Helen; then it would take some strong persuasion on my part to keep from calling her.

One morning as I was combing my hair, I took a good, long look at myself. I stroked my smooth face with fingers adorned with long, shapely and painted nails. It was a feminine face in every way. I asked myself if that face could ever be reverted into a man's face again. Never again would I need a shave and there was nothing that could be done about my permanently shaped eyebrows. I pulled at my hair and couldn't help admiring its color, texture and length. This was a moment of decision in my life. I didn't want to go back to a man's life, and yet, I couldn't ask Helen to marry me like this.

Suddenly I felt so dreadfully alone I broke down and had myself a good, girlish cry. When I finally stopped the tears, I repaired my makeup and put off my final decision to another day. Damn it! I liked being Emily. I donned a peasant blouse and full skirt, put a sweater over my shoulders and went to meet Andy for lunch.

As we ate, Andy informed me that they wanted pictures of Baumback's files. So some of my training was to be put to use after all.

"That's quite an order," I replied.

"I know," he answered, "but if you get them, you will

shorten your mission by at least one year.”

With that inspiration, I quickly agreed and asked him precisely what did they want. “Just a picture of the data sheet in the front of each file,” he told me, “that will contain the name and information we want.”

For a week I went by the insurance offices on my way home from the Club to study the timing of police patrols. Andy informed me that there was no burglar alarm so entry would be easy. I would only have about an hour at a time to work so my task would take several nights. He gave me a key to the front door and one to Herr B's office. I didn't ask him where or how he got them.

As I put the key into the lock of the front door, I just knew the pounding of my heart could be heard for two blocks. As the door quietly opened, I took a deep breath and went in. My cloak and dagger adventure was about to begin. I closed and locked the front door behind me, then slipped into Herr B's office. I went over it very carefully. I found only one `James Bond' type trap, a hair stuck on one of the file cabinets in such a manner that it would fall off if the drawer was opened. I laid the hair on his desk and went to work.

I completed two drawers and put the hair back in place. My heart had returned to normal and I thought to myself that this spy stuff wasn't so exciting after all. I turned out the lights and as I opened the office door, the front door rattled.

My heart leaped into my throat. I froze, I wasn't even breathing. The door rattled again and all was quiet. I looked at my watch and realized it was just the police checking doors on their nightly rounds.

My knees were so weak I had to sit for a few minutes until my heart stopped pounding. I quickly re-estimated my thinking on the excitement bit and went home. Before I even took my coat off, I poured myself a nice, stiff drink!

“Emily, my girl,” I asked myself, “Why did you volunteer for this?”

"It's simple," I answered me. "Because I'm an idiot!" I had another drink and went to bed.

I passed the film to Andy the next day, and then went to the beauty salon. I told the beautician that a friend of mine in the U.S. had the most beautiful red hair I'd ever seen. I described the color name and brand. She said she didn't have any, but promised to get some and would let me know when it came in.

Herr Baumbach was at the Club that evening. I joined him during intermission. This was the first time I had seen him in several weeks, so I was a bit apprehensive as we talked in generalities. He said he wanted me to go to Lisbon for a two-week appearance. While there, I would be given a package to bring back to him.

I agreed, and then told him I was contemplating becoming a red head. He smiled and told me it made no difference what color hair I wore as long as I did my job.

Then he lowered the boom on me by saying that I was seeing too much of "that American sailor". I laughed and said, "The poor kid is lonesome. Besides he doesn't know I'm not a female. He's planned quite a campaign to seduce me. I'd like to keep up the charade to see how many tricks he can use on me."

"You're spending too much time with him. Back off," he said testily, then left the Club.

Several more nights of furtively sneaking in and out of the Insurance building saw my job nearing completion. As I replaced the hair on the cabinet, I figured one more night would let me finish the files. I put out the light and started for the front door. I heard the now familiar rattle and stopped.

There was another sound that almost paralyzed me with fright. I heard a key in the lock. I gasped and almost screamed! For an agonizing second or two, I didn't know what to do. I was panicking and that frightened me even more. I realized I had to do something and do it quick.

I ducked into the office next to Herr Baumbach's and

36 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

tried to calm down. The heavy footsteps of a man came down the hall. Another sickening thought hit me, maybe it wasn't Herr B, maybe another underwriter and I was in his office! As quietly as possible I picked up a heavy glass ashtray and stepped over behind the office door.

It was Herr B. He went into his office, turned on the lights and made two phone calls. I presumed to Berlin. I had calmed down and got a hold of myself while he was making his phone calls. I realized that if I kept quiet, I had a good chance of not being discovered.

Then he made a mistake; as he opened his safe, he mumbled the combination. I remembered the combination and decided I'd take a look in the safe after he left. After about an hour, he put the things away he removed from the safe and left.

I stayed where I was for a while to let my nerves settle some more. I checked my camera and found only two exposures left, so I decided I would wait until tomorrow night to examine the safe's contents.

I realized I still had to wait for the police patrol to pass, so that gave me some time to think. I realized I had almost been trapped because of complacency. It had never occurred to me that anyone would come back to the offices late at night. Also, my complacency had caused me to panic like an addle-brained woman. I'd forgotten my training for an instant and that could have cost me my life.

I thanked God that I had forgotten to douse myself with cologne as I usually did. The lingering fragrance would have alerted him that somebody had been in his office.

My hands were still trembling a little when the police rattled the door and passed on. I waited another five minutes and went home.

When I got home, I undressed and cleaned my face. I thought about my panic. It had been a purely feminine reaction. Never once did I remember that while in that office, I could have used judo or karate to defend myself. No, I had picked up an ashtray and probably would have

forgotten to wipe my fingerprints off if I had used it. Maybe I was more woman than man, now. The thought disturbed me as I climbed into bed.

Over coffee the next morning, I reviewed the events of the previous night. I made up my mind to do two things: One, I wouldn't make a good spy; Two, I wouldn't panic again.

As I passed the film to Andy at lunch, I told him what had happened. He agreed that it would be a good idea to take a look in that safe.

That night, after filming the rest of the files, I opened the safe and started inspecting the contents. Most of the things were of a personal nature, except for one book. That book contained entries that were obviously in code. I photographed it, page by page. Then I put everything back in the safe, just as I found it. I knew the cryptographers would have fun with that coded stuff, but I didn't worry about that. I gave the film from the safe to Andy that night.

The next morning I left for Lisbon.

When I returned from Lisbon, I had more names for Andy, but the package I had brought back for Herr B was sealed in such a way that I couldn't open it. Therefore, we never did find out what was in it.

The beauty salon called to tell me that my new hair coloring had arrived, so I made an appointment for the next day.

That night at the Club, I purred like a kitten at the raves I received about my new hairstyle and color.

At my appointment the following week, I told the beautician, she had better order a lot more color as I felt sure she'd be getting some new customers. I was right, too. All but two of the 'girls' at the Club became redheads. One even brought her wig in to be dyed.

I had been in Europe almost a year when Herr B. told me that I was booked for a three week stay in MOSCOW!

My heart skipped a beat at that news, especially when he informed me that while I was there I would receive some additional training. For practice we conversed in Russian for a few minutes. I felt I could manage to make myself understood without a refresher course.

Two days later, he escorted me through Berlin, to the airport, where I boarded a jet for Moscow. A Russian officer met me at the airport and escorted me to the hotel where I would be staying. He was rather pleasant. He asked me if this was my first trip to Moscow. I told him it was.

Busy was hardly the word to describe my stay in Russia. I'd get back to the hotel about 3 a.m. and at 7 a.m. someone would wake me up. They would stay with me through breakfast, then escort to school where I was instructed on the latest espionage techniques. I was accompanied back to my hotel at 5 p.m. where I would take a short nap, be allowed a quick dinner and then to the Club.

A couple of instructors were quite rude and sarcastic when I missed something, but I was so exhausted I could hardly think anyway, so I didn't let it bother me.

My three weeks finally passed and I returned to Berlin. I was exhausted but very happy and elated to sleep in my own bed that night.

My first contact with Andy was like meeting an old, dear friend. I liked him very much, and had I been a real woman, his 'campaign' would have paid off long ago. I asked him if he could arrange for me to make another tour of the U.S. because I felt what I had learned was too important to pass through ordinary channels. We parted and I went to the beautician for a much needed touch up of my dark roots.

In about a week I started getting letters from the Clubs where I had appeared, wanting a return engagement. Good old D-2 hadn't lost any time on my request. When I had enough 'bookings' for 3 months, I went to see Herr B. He

was reluctant until I mentioned that I could pass on some of my new techniques first hand to some of our agents.

He finally agreed and I started to make arrangements to leave. Hans, my cousin and Club manager was sorry to see me go. We had a gala party after closing the Club the night before I left. Everyone wished me well. Hans told me I would always have a job when I returned.

I wrote a letter to each of the Clubs thanking them for their offers and confirming the dates of my appearances. To the one in New York City, I asked if they could arrange for that "nice Helen Osborne" from Variety Magazine to meet with me.

I was so elated to be going home, I could hardly keep from asking the pilot to fly the plane faster. I was so anxious to see Helen; I felt I could run on the clouds faster than the darned airplane was flying.

I finally got there and Helen met me at the Customs desk. Only a person in love will know how hard it was just to shake hands with her. We chatted on the way to the hotel, but made up for lost time once we were alone! Just being near her brought on feelings of manhood within me. I felt that my position would be completely reversible once this mission was completed.

The next morning I called the Club and told them I would be down that afternoon to make arrangements for the opening of the show. I had no sooner hung up the phone than there was a knock at the door. It was a slightly tousled Emily in her robe and mules that greeted the man from their embassy.

"Good Morning, Miss Perin," he said with a smile. "Welcome, again, to the United States."

"Good Morning, Mr. Hoffman," I replied. "Thank you. Please come in."

I stepped back and held the door open as he entered and said, "Please excuse my appearance as I just got out of bed. Do you mind if I order up some breakfast?"

"Only coffee for me, thanks." he answered.

I phoned room service, then excused myself and hurriedly dressed and fixed my hair while waiting for breakfast. I was putting on my lipstick when the bellhop arrived with breakfast and coffee.

During breakfast, Mr. Hoffman asked about my shows in Moscow, so I told him what I planned to pass on to their agents. I altered the information I gave him just enough to make it ineffectual since we now knew the true plans. I also told him that Miss Osborne, from *Variety Magazine*, had invited me to dinner Sunday evening with her family. He had no objections to that, so before he left, I called Miss Osborne and accepted the invitation for dinner.

Sunday both Majors and the Colonel were there for dinner. The conversation centered on what I had learned and how we could alter the rest of the information without being discovered.

The Colonel had some very good news for me. He felt they had enough information that I wouldn't have to return to Europe. I felt the only problem would be the real Emily. What would she say when she returned to Europe? I posed that question to the Colonel.

"It's very sad," he said softly, "but she has terminal cancer and can last only a few months."

Before I could speak, the Colonel continued, "We'll work out all the arrangements later. You may have to do another disappearing act."

I had no choice but to agree.

My tour went according to plan and was as successful as my first one. I was very impatient for it to be completed and my manhood returned properly so I could marry Helen. During one phone conversation with Helen, she mentioned that I was thinking only of marriage, and hadn't really considered that I was going to have to resume a whole new male life. I became so flustered; I bit my tongue so hard that it bled. That set me thinking again about my present way of life, which I liked!

I loved Helen, but I had been a woman for over two years. I thought, acted, and reacted like a woman. How completely could I put such things out of my mind? Especially, when I would have constant daily reminders that could not be reversed. I couldn't find an answer with illogical feminine logic, so I decided to put off my final decision until my tour was finished. Then Helen and I could discuss it thoroughly.

I was in Newark, on the last leg of the tour, when Colonel Anderson came to see me in my hotel. I felt something had to be very, very wrong for him to make a personal appearance like this. For the first time since I had disembarked from that submarine, he didn't call me Emily.

"Lieutenant," he said, "I'm afraid I have to be the bearer of bad news. You'd better sit down. There is no easy way to break the news to you. Helen was struck down last night by a hit-and run driver. She is in Bethesda Hospital. It is doubtful that she'll live. They're trying to save her life, but she is pretty badly broken up."

I dropped into a chair, stunned by the news. Slowly, the full impact of what had happened came to me. I stood up, excused myself and ran to the bedroom slamming the bedroom door behind me. I just couldn't let the Colonel see a Lieutenant cry, but Emily sobbed her heart out.

It was about ten minutes before I could get my emotions under control. I repaired my makeup and went back to face the Colonel.

"May I see her?" I asked.

"Of course you can," he replied, "I have a car waiting."

I called the Club and canceled the rest of my appearances, then checked out of the hotel. I never said a word all the way to Maryland. We went directly to her room in intensive care.

She was still unconscious, her head and face covered with bandages. I stayed with her until the nurses ushered us out for the evening. I spent the night at the Colonel's home.

42 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

Early the next morning, the hospital called to say that Helen passed away. My grief gradually gave way to a smoldering rage directed at the person responsible for killing Helen. Had I been able to face him right then, I think I would have killed him with my bare hands.

I had to finish my tour for appearance's sake. I explained to Mr. Hoffman of the Embassy why I had taken a few days off for Helen's funeral. He was very sympathetic and said he would see me again before I left for Europe.

All plans for my future were held in abeyance pending the real Emily's death. When it was obvious that she would not last more than a few days, a notice appeared in the paper that she was hospitalized with pneumonia. She was in a coma, so she was brought from her maximum-security hideaway to the hospital. The Embassy was notified when she passed away, and her remains were shipped form to Germany for internment.

The decision that I had postponed so many times now faced me. I could not put it off any longer. Whichever way I turned would be the way I would live for the rest of my life. I knew which way I wanted to go, but I asked for a month to think it over.

I consulted several doctors, explaining to each what I had been doing for the past 2 1/2 years (within security limits). I asked if male hormone treatments would reverse my present state as completely as the female hormones had switched me to femininity. One said yes, but the other two said not completely. Nothing could be done about my lack of hair. They also doubted if I would ever be completely flat-chested again.

I knew in my own mind that I would never again be completely male or female, whichever way I went. I had lived so completely as a woman that I now didn't want to be a man again. The doctors just helped me completely finalize that decision.

I asked the Colonel for a meeting. After discussing it for about three hours, he agreed. Lieutenant Larker would remain dead. All my back pay and allowances were paid

from a special fund to help me get started again. Emily Perin ceased to exist.

I took the name of Betty Daniels, and then went to see a plastic surgeon. I wanted my face altered for two reasons; to make me prettier and so I would never be recognized as either Larker or Emily.

It was a hard decision to make, but I have never regretted the path I chose. Should any of you ever see a middle aged, fairly pretty songbird that closes each performance with the song, "One Alone", don't feel sorry for her - - I've had a good life.

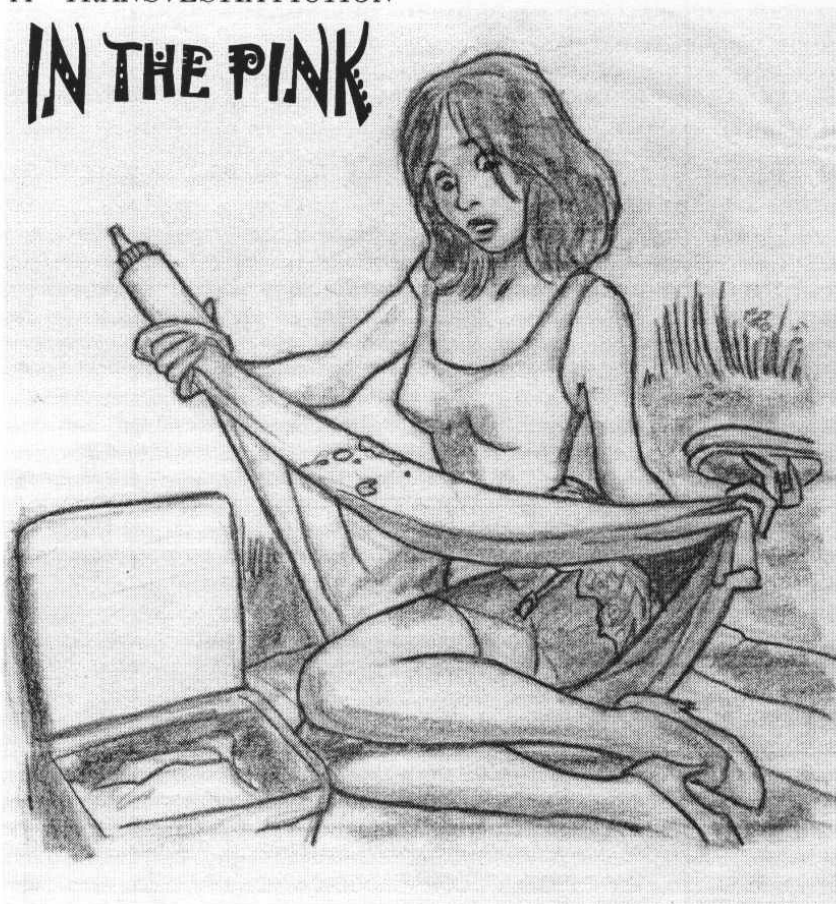
THE END

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!		
NAME:.....		
ADDRESS.....		
CITY.....	STATE.....	ZIP.....
I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!		
EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.		

IN THE PINK



DAVE'S VIEW OF THE WORLD WAS RATHER LIMITED. ONLY HE COULD THINK OF MUSTARD AS A WEAPON OF MASS DESTRUCTION!



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

A.W.O.L.

A Sister's Solution

Volume XIII No. 78

Copyright 1973, 2004

Chapter One

The Homecoming

The "underground" train drew into the platform of the North London station. James Butler grasped his kit-bag and stepping quickly onto the platform and through the ticket gate he began the short walk home. It was early afternoon as he walked down the narrow tree lined street. Worried as he was, James could still be impressed by the quiet beauty of the English Autumn as by now the leaves had turned from their usual rich green to a deep golden brown.

He turned the last corner and three houses further on was his sister's mock Tudor cottage. The door opened almost immediately to his knock and he stepped into the hallway and into the arms of his sister.

"It's wonderful to have you back, James. I have so much to tell you," she told him with a smile.

James kissed her cheek, and standing back, he looked Janet up and down. Even after six months absence she was exactly as he remembered. She was slightly taller than the average girl (she was almost 5'8"), slender, with a fashionably (at least at the moment) almost boyish figure, long golden blonde hair framing a gamine face with blue eyes and rosebud mouth set in a typical English "peaches and cream" complexion. Her clothes complimented her "with-it", but not exaggerated look. A pair of cornflower blue jersey slacks (exactly matching her eyes) worn under a

white satin shirt with an extreme "mod" collar, very full bishop sleeves and stockinged feet peeping beneath the slacks.

As they stood together it was apparent to any casual observer that these two were not only brother and sister, but twins, although because of their sex difference it was impossible that they were identical. Their appearance belied this, the same height, slender figure, blonde hair, blue eyes and wide full mouth. Certainly in no way could Janet be described as masculine, but James was decidedly girlish.

"Jan, I'm in trouble! I can't go back after the end of this leave. I'm going to desert," James blurted out.

She motioned him to sit down and, after pouring him a drink, listened while James explained his problem.

His appearance was the starting point of his present trouble; as Janet knew. It had occurred before but never reached these proportions. Not having to shave, shorter than average, his delicate appearance and no matter what he did to disguise it he still looked like a girl even in his shapeless Army fatigues. He had managed to ignore the snide remarks and cruel teasing. The first two months were the worst, but he had accepted his trial and allowed his tormentors free rein. After seeing his efforts in basic training, the fact that only he and one other had passed unscathed through the very difficult assault course and that his shooting has gained the highest marks in the company, he had been accepted as being rather "odd" but one of the boys.

"But James, everything seems to be alright now and if you have managed to survive the first six months, the remaining eighteen should be easier?"

As James continued it became more apparent that the situation was untenable. It had been fine until the arrival of Major Webster and Sergeant Black to the company three months ago. Both were sadistic bullies and even worse were homosexuals who used their position to obtain victims. James had been chosen by them and his reluctance seemed

to further wet their appetite.

He had been appointed company clerk directly to the Major who was the Adjutant and to Sergeant Black who has Headquarters N.C.O. and it had been strongly emphasized that unless he cooperated his life would become a permanent "hell on earth," and now to seal his fate the company had been informed that it would be embarking immediately for the Kuwait Dependency in Arabia for a twelve month's tour of duty immediately in returned from leave.

"It's more than I could take, Sis. I'm not sure what I'll do, but I can't return to the Army under these circumstances."

She could realize her brother's horror and distaste at these advances, as at the age of fourteen he had been the victim of an indecent assault which had fortunately not succeeded, but had left scars which had not yet been eradicated.

"I'm sure you'll be able to fine the answer to the problem, Janet. You have always cleared up these messes and I hope you can do it again."

Janet looked helplessly at her brother. It was true that she was the leader of the two since their parents had been killed in a car crash three years ago. Now that their biggest crisis had come she had to tell him that she was leaving in two day's time. "James, I've been trying to tell you. I'm getting married in Australia in one week's time. I leave here on Sunday and I don't know how to help you."

Looking white and shaken he asked her to tell him more. She explained that they had met two months ago while Donald Jackson had been in London on a business trip for his mining company and it had been a case of love at first sight. Donald had flown home to make the arrangements for their wedding in Adelaide the following week.

James managed a smile, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Congratulations, darling, I'm very happy for you and nothing must spoil your marriage. I'll find a solution and manage somehow."

Janet sat deep in thought, then suddenly said:

"I think I have got the solution and it seems foolproof. I'm not sure you will like it. You said you had been a company clerk, right? Now, how good is your typing and shorthand?"

"What on earth has that got to do with it? Anyway, it's 100 words per minute typing and 170 shorthand, which I think you will agree is very good for a mere male," he replied with an attempt at light relief.

"Well that's wonderful, and I think everything will be fine, because you see, my darling brother, you're going to change your name to Janet and become me in the very near future."

Chapter Two

The Transformation

James looked absolutely stunned and tried to speak, but only managed to produce a splutter.

"This is no time for joking. I thought you at least would try to help. If this is all you can suggest I should have tried to get out of the country today instead of coming home. Dress as a girl! Why it's the very thing I'm trying to avoid. I don't want to become a sissy."

"My dear brother I'm perfectly serious and certainly not suggesting anything of the sort. You could easily pass as me, and don't be so indignant about wearing girl's dresses - it certainly wouldn't be the first time you have worn mine."

James relaxed and decided not to keep up the pretence. Janet was right; it wouldn't be the first time. In fact, several times before his departure while Janet was out he had completely dressed in her clothes. On the last occasion, he had thought the coast was clear and had taken a short walk in their small rear garden. Suddenly the next-door

neighbor had appeared and he had no option, but to pass the time of day.

Mrs. Tulloch hadn't suspected when he had explained that a sore throat was making his voice huskier than usual. This near escape had been enough to stop him dressing again.

"Alright, sis, I have dressed," he admitted, "but how did you know?"

"Well, I had noticed that my underwear had been disturbed on a number of occasions, but I hadn't taken much notice of that until several months ago Mrs. Tulloch asked how my sore throat was. I realized I had not been speaking to her on that occasion and put two and two together. Luckily I realized the truth before she was aware that all was not as it seemed."

"I can type and take shorthand, but what about all the other problems? I don't know who you work for, I have no insurance certificate or social security clearance and I can't work without them!"

"James, I will be leaving the country. I only need my passport, and all my other documents will remain here. As far as everyone is concerned I will never have left. Work is no problem as I will explain later, so let's not waste any more time and get you into some proper clothes."

James was sent to shower and remove any hair from his chest, arms, legs, and face while Janet laid out some clothes to suit. The hair removal was accomplished with a minimum of fuss and with a liberal dusting of powder, delightfully lavender scented, he draped a large fluffy bath towel around himself and with mounting excitement proceeded to the bedroom.

From the vanity chest Janet took a garment, a pair of blue, stretch satin, bikini briefs - lavishly trimmed on the legs with smoky colored Venetian lace.

"Now James, let's start with this. Oh, it's alright, remember it's not the first time I've seen you naked recently and I want to make sure the change is perfect."

James drew on the briefs and as they slid up his legs his excitement began to mount, which rapidly became evident and with difficulty he settled them on his hips.

"Now, brother, that's not very lady like. Let's see whether we can get rid of that bulge with these," Janet said with a laugh.

She handed him a champagne colored lycra panty-corselet and James drew it on over his powdered body. It was very light with no boning or zips. Janet fastened the crotch pad hook and eye fastening between his legs as he settled the shoulder straps.

"PHEW!" It looked featherweight but he could feel it firmly molding his body. Now there was no tell tale bulge.

"Now," said Janet, "let's top it off with these." She handed him two flesh colored plastic pads filled with liquid. It was obvious where these were supposed to fit. Placed in the cups of the brassiere, they completed the feminine look. His figure was perfect.

The next item was a pair of dark plum colored pantyhose. He balled up the legs and, balancing precariously on one leg, drew the first leg of the pantyhose up his leg. It slithered up his smooth skin to just above the knee, caressing the leg as it moved. He received the same delicious feeling as he drew on the second leg. Then he fitted them snugly over his hips.

To complete his underwear a satin mini slip with full lace bust shaping and a further three inches on the hem was slid over his head to finish four inches above the knee. Janet placed a nylon negligee over his shoulders and motioned him to the vanity table.

"Now let me make up your face before we go any further. On second thought, as we only have two days, you make it up and I'll describe how to do it. Remember, with your complexion you only need a light application."

Seated before the mirror he began to apply a beige liquid foundation. Starting at the forehead he worked it carefully into the skin, finishing at the base of the neck.

The eyes were next. After three attempts, eyeliner was drawn on the top lid and under the eye. The mascara almost resulted in his defeat, but with patience and advice his eyelashes became the perfect frame for his cornflower blue eyes. A light blue shadow was worked into the inner corner blending smoothly into a mid brown carried slightly past the darkened eyebrow line.

Bluish pink rouge was used to emphasize the high cheekbones and the final application of a "Mary Quant" lipstick in deep red completed his face. It went on smoothly and with a very ladylike "pursing" of the lips a perfect rosebud shape emerged.

Janet turned him quickly from the mirror and said, "Wait until we've finished, then you can see what you really look like."

She took a blonde wig from its case and fitted it on him.

Half dozen quick strokes of the brush and the tresses framed his face with two heavy locks reaching almost to his breast.

From the closet, Janet took a claret colored creme "midi" dress that almost exactly matched the stockings. The neckline was heart shaped and the shoulders flowed into long full sleeves buttoning at the wrist into a long four-button cuff.

From the neck dozens of tiny pearl buttons held the dress together, leaving it up to the wearer to decide on the length of leg that would be displayed. James slipped into it and fastened the buttons until only an inch of the slip's lace peeped beneath. He slid his feet into matching suede pumps and at last he was dressed.

"Well, Sis, what do I look like? Will I pass?"

"It's hard to call you James, now, but you look absolutely fantastic. I really feel just a little twinge of jealousy."

He turned to the full-length mirror. Was that beautiful creature reflected back really him? Moving closer, he examined himself from top to bottom (also just the right

shape) and finally pirouetted to reveal a neat pair of girlish thighs.

"Okay, that's enough," Janet interrupted him. "I know you're good looking, but you don't want to develop a narcissism complex this early. Now we had better prepare you for your new job."

Chapter Three

Janet's Departure

They went downstairs for dinner and, as this was James' first walk in high heels, the first dozen steps were very shaky. The walk down the stairs nearly resulted in disaster, but with a little practice walking around the living room, he began to enjoy the tightened calf muscles and the need to take smaller steps. He began to realize that the caress of the skirt brushing his legs and the leaning back to counteract the high heels gave him a constant reminder of being feminine.

"Well, James - no, that's silly. I can't keep calling a lovely creature like you by a man's name. From now on you're Janet and I'll use my second name of Tania. Anyway, you must get used to being called by that name. You prepare something to eat while I draw up a list concerning what you must know about the job, who you should know, their nicknames, etc., and little facts about being a lady.

Over a rare steak with green salad and a bottle of claret, she explained the work. The job was with "Executive Girl," a small company which supplied temporary secretaries to companies as replacements for holidays or when someone was required urgently. The salary was excellent and there was a variety of work. She explained that the clothes he was wearing had come from her last job at "BIBA'S", the latest London boutique, and she had finished that job only yesterday.

Her resignation should have been submitted a fortnight ago, but somehow it had been overlooked. Which was extremely fortunate because she was starting a new job on

Monday and it would be very easy for the new Janet to fit into the position.

"Wait a minute while I get the details," she said as she went to the bedroom. "It's with Anglo United Dairies as secretary to the Marketing Manager. It's likely to last for up to three months so there should be no problems. Just memorize all the names at "Executive Girl" and when they contact you, which won't be for a couple of weeks, you should have established yourself."

The two "girls" sat talking. "Tania" explained the need to buy sanitary pads as she normally did and live according to the instructions she had prepared. Suddenly they realized it was midnight and that some sleep was required.

"Now just a moment," Tania said, interrupting Janet's bed preparations, "it's not just a matter of flopping into bed. That complexion of yours must be protected. In the bathroom cabinet you'll find removal creme. Cover your face with it and wipe off with cotton wool to remove the makeup then cover it with the night creme. Don't forget to pat it gently in under your eyes. I've laid a night dress out for you."

"Janet" completed his toilet preparations and went through to his bedroom to remove the clothing he was certain now he should have been born to. "Ah" it was good to removed the corselet, but he was glad that tomorrow it would begin again. The gown was Victorian styled, a high neck ruffled and tied with a satin bow falling straight to a ruffled hem, the sleeves long and full and fastened again with satin ribbons. It was beige colored and the material was a clinging crepe georgette. "Janet's" body tingled with delight as the cool fabric slipped over his head and caressed his body. He fastened the bows and slipped into bed as his sister bid him goodnight. Well, this had certainly been an eventfully day!

"Tania" was first up in the morning and hurried "Janet" out of bed, as shopping was the order of the day. A quick shower and then a surprise, he was told to dress in male clothing with full feminine underwear including stockings.

"Well, brother dear, some people are sure to have seen you arrive so they had better see you leave. Put on some civilian clothing and carry your kit bag with all of your Army gear. We'll have an argument as you leave the house so that Mrs. Tulloch will remember!"

He was to take the train to a station five miles away where Tania would collect him in her car. He would change into a dress and return as Janet. With the aid of a short dark wig, a pair of glasses and different makeup, Tania would become a friend who was staying the night.

The plan succeeded. The tearful argument took place on the front doorstep and produced the required twitching of neighbor's curtains as James stormed off shouting that he had expected more help from his family. After an interval Janet returned with a dark haired companion in her small blue car.

Janet prepared for the shopping trip dressing in a buttercup yellow three-piece linen suit, with a blazer styled jacket over a pleated mini length skirt. The pleats started at mid hip and flared softly to six inches above the knee. Underneath the jacket was a white polka dotted yellow taffeta blouse softly draped with the neckline finished with an artist's bow. The outfit was completed with a pair of knee length white kid boots.

"Well, brother, you look very smart, even better than the real Janet."

The first visit was to Harrod's in Kensington to purchase an absolute necessity, a body stocking. This garment, padded in the right places, would allow Janet complete freedom from detection as well as being comfortable in bed. After parking their car Janet was rather nervous walking along the street, but soon realized the looks they were receiving from males and females alike were the same any beautiful girl received, some of admiration, other of envy.

The purchases were completed (too quickly thought Janet as he was just beginning to enjoy himself) so he managed to persuade "Tania" to have a cup of tea and

explore some of the nearby boutiques. It was very exciting examining racks of lovely clothes, tasting lipsticks, and trying on a number of hats. "Tania" insisted that he try on some clothes in the changing rooms so with a feeling of trepidation and her assistance Janet did so. He quickly gained confidence and after sending his sister out for a number of changes of clothes completed his purchases by buying an evening gown.

"I think we should go out tonight for a farewell dinner," said "Tania" as she completed the purchase. "I'll book the table."

Then it was home for a quick shower and change before the evening's entertainment. "Tania" had managed to obtain a table at "Danny La Rue's club in Mayfair so it was a good opportunity for Janet to wear the new gown. The makeup was slightly heavier this time, especially around the eyes as he added a gold flecked deep blue eye shadow to emphasize them. Then on with his latest acquisition, a deep blue velvet gown, falling straight from the boat neckline to the hips where the unpressed pleats were allowed to flare softly toward the ankle length hem. The "Camelot sleeves" followed the same pattern. As the gown was perfectly plain he chose a heavy silver pendant to match the silver satin evening pumps.

The evening was very enjoyable. Janet not realizing until the end of the cabaret that the rather tall husky woman who sang so well held the audience in stitches with the risqué jokes was in fact a female impersonator. All this, Janet realized, had been organized by "Tania" to give him confidence in the time ahead. All too soon it was Sunday morning. After a quick breakfast, they commenced packing Tania's clothes for the flight.

"You can take me to the airport, James, but don't take me in, as twin's might just cause someone to speculate."

"Tania" wore the short wig and glasses again until they were clear of the district. With their last tearful farewells completed in the car, Janet watched "Tania" walk into the terminal and realized that now she was definitely on "her"

own.

Chapter Four

The Career Girl

Monday started as a perfect, crisp, sunny day with not a hint of cloud. Janet rose early and hoped the new job would be as trouble free as the day was bright. First, a bath with the water slightly scented. Then she commenced to dress as "Miss Career Girl of 1972" in accord with his sister's list. First, the lace trimmed batiste panties. Then came the lycra panty corselet which had finally become comfortable to wear for long periods. "Tania" had fixed the pads into place underneath the normal breast line, which resulted in his chest muscles being forced up to form a deceivingly natural cleavage.

Next the silky nylon mini slip with the lace trimmed hem finishing six inches above the knee. Then his first secretary's dress, light gray in a very fine wool cut almost on the lines of the old school tunic. He wore a pin tucked bodice with the skirt box pleated, a snowy white shirt style collar finished with a gray and white striped silk man's tie fastened at breast height with a diamond stick pin. The same styling was reflected in the cuffs fastened with discreet cuff links. Smoky grey nylons and suede shoes in almost the same color completed the outfit.

Janet arrived at "Anglo United Dairies" and was taken directly to the Marketing Manager, Mister R. Walker (Norm was his first name as she later discovered). She was surprised to find him so young, no older than thirty, slightly built and very good looking in rather a feminine way, soft spoken and, as it proved, very easy to work for. He explained that his previous secretary had to move suddenly to another area due to her husband's promotion. If Janet proved suitable, the job could become permanent.

There proved to be little to do that day. At Norm's insistence, Janet was introduced to the other company executives and their secretaries. It was with trepidation

that she joined, at their insistence, three other women members of the staff for lunch, but by listening more than talking she managed to get through the period without incident, helped by her previous interest in women's fashion. This allowed her to divert the conversation into these areas when their interest began to focus on his own life.

The rest of the week continued without incident. The work was not arduous, but Janet quickly realized the job was more than typing letters and collecting cups of coffee. Norm, as he asked Janet to call him, spent a good deal of time away from his office. As he noticed that Janet was efficient and prepared to use initiative, she became more a personal assistant than just a secretary. She was asked to stay on permanently and she accepted.

On Saturday she decided to arise early and do some shopping. She had spotted a delightful blouse in the local boutique and was determined to secure it. She was somewhat surprised by the abrupt and insistent ringing of the doorbell. Pulling a high necked satin negligee over her matching night dress and checking that her wig was naturally positioned, she opened the door to find two burly "Red Caps", the British equivalent of the Military Police.

"Sorry to disturb you, Miss. I'm Sergeant Miller and we are enquiring about Private James Butler. He is at present absent without leave and gave this as his last address."

Janet tried to conceal her nervousness. She had seen Sergeant Miller on a number of occasions in the guard house and it seemed so strange that she hadn't been instantly recognized.

"Yes, Sergeant, I'll try and help you. I'm his sister and he did stay with me last Friday night a week ago. After telling me he wanted to desert and I refused to help him, he left early Saturday morning and I haven't seen him since."

"Desert! He told you that, Miss? it's a very serious offense."

"I know, Sergeant, and after our argument I thought he

was going back to camp. I didn't think he would carry out his plan."

"His plan, Miss. And what might that have been? It will be for his own good if you tell us. We will try and make it easy for him."

Janet pretended reluctant, but finally informed them of James' plan to go to the Republic of Ireland and hide there. After further questioning they departed, satisfied.

Janet decided after that, that she would cheer up by doing some shopping and after a quick bath, went to change. Removing the satin nightgown and negligee she reflected how much more comfortable it was sleeping in a "nighty" especially the cool slippery satin rather than the cotton pajamas he had worn for so long. After this morning's episode it looked as though she would be able to continue wearing them for the rest of her life.

She finished lavishly "talcing" with the lavender scented powder and pulled on a pair of pink silk panties. This was followed by the panty corselet and a dark pair of nylon pantyhose. Saturday was always casual in London so she decided on a black tapestry velvet "knicker suit". The pants fitted with an elastic waistband and fastened just under the knee with a silver tab. A yellow silk high-necked blouse went under the velvet short jacket and as the black nylons matched she decided to dispense with boots and instead chose a pair of high cut patent pumps. Make up was easy to apply and with a hint of dark eye shadow and a dark red lipstick she was ready and left the house for the day's shopping.

Sunday was a perfect English Autumn day and Janet found herself passing the time of day with Mrs. Tulloch who was very sympathetic about James.

"Wasn't it terrible? Such a nice lad like him deserting! It must have been very hard on you having to tell the authorities, but it was the right thing to do in the long run."

That afternoon Janet decided to celebrate her successful impersonation with an open-air concert in Regent's Park

and again decided to wear the knicker suit this time with a white crepe blouse and high patent leather boots. It was a wonderful afternoon; the band of the Coldstream Guards played a complete selection of music from pop, jazz, classical, and a number of traditional marches. Janet though rather wryly that it was possible to enjoy the marches now, but a couple of weeks ago they would have driven James mad.

The afternoon was perfect and she decided to stay on and have a meal at the open-air restaurant next to the concert stage while the music continued. The only thing to mar a perfect day was to be alone. Janet realized that for the time being there was no one with whom she could confide in or share her problems. She was convinced that apart from a few female impersonators and some sex changes that had been highly publicized she was alone with a rather unique problem. She wanted very much to meet someone in a similar situation.

Chapter Five

A Similar Problem

Six months had passed since Janet had started her new career, and she had proved to have a highly developed aptitude for marketing. She had moved quickly from secretary/assistant to Norm Walker to Assistant Marketing Manager. As Norm had been appointed to the Board of Directors as Marketing Director, she stood a very good chance of taking Norm's old position as Marketing Manager. It had been accomplished with a lot of hard work, dedicated effort and long hours. The fact that she was thought to be a woman had not helped at all.

Janet arrived early one morning to complete some research work that would be needed later in the day for meeting. She realized that the papers had been left with Norm the previous night. Not expecting anyone to be there, she had begun to quietly enter his office, when suddenly she saw Norm was already there. She was about to call a greeting, but what she saw took all thought of speech away.

Norm had his back to the doorway and had removed the trousers of his suit. His left leg was raised and resting on the seat of his chair as he bent to adjust a wrinkle in his stocking, Janet was astounded. There was no doubt about it. The stockings were definitely feminine and were held up by a satin stretch lace garter belt. Under the belt was not a pair of male cotton briefs, but a pair of lavishly lace trimmed pink silk panties. Janet managed to quietly withdraw without disturbing Norm. She needed time to collect her thoughts after this shock!

She waited a few moments then noisily opened and closed the outer office door. She paused, knocked on the door, and walked in. Norm was now seated and rather hurriedly thrust two gray colored booklets into his "security" drawer.

"Good morning. Janet. You're in early this morning," he said, slightly flustered.

"Good morning," Janet replied, "Yes, I'm a little earlier this morning, but we have a meeting later with the Managing Director on the new sales promotion and I still have some work to do on the market potential."

"I'd forgotten all about that," Norm countered, "It's just as well that you reminded me."

Janet explained, "I came down to collect the figures I left with you last night. I still have some work to complete."

"Alright Jan," Norm said, "they're in my second drawer. I have to go down to the advertising section so why don't you stay here and work? I'm also expecting a telephone call from Brown's. Could you take it and tell them I won't be there until tomorrow?"

Janet began on the figures as Norm left the room. She had been calculating for ten minutes when she noticed the security drawer that Norm had placed the booklets in had not close properly. This compartment was used for highly confidential company documents and only Norm had the key to it. Janet was about to push it shut when curiosity got the

best of her. She opened the compartment and took out the two booklets. The first was "Transvestia", the second title was "How To Be A Woman Though Male." She was intrigued by the titles.

The promotion figures were forgotten as she began to glance through "How To Be A Woman Though Male." She was amazed! There were people like her. She had gotten half way through the photographs in "Transvestia" and was so engrossed she didn't her the door open.

"Janet has the call from Brown's come through yet? Oh, my God! What are you doing with those?" Norm burst out.

"I'm sorry Norm. I didn't mean to pry, but my curiosity was too great. Please don't worry, your secret is safe with me."

Norm was not prepared to confide and attempted to bluff his way out of it.

"I don't know what you're talking about, what secret? You can't mean those two books. Why I found those on the street outside, someone must have lost them. I've only looked through them of out of curiosity."

"Norm, it's no use. What about those lovely pink silk panties you're wearing today? Did you find those outside also?" she asked mischievously.

She had never seen anyone look as astounded as Norm.

"How on earth did you know that?"

Janet was about to answer when the phone rang. Realizing that this was neither the time nor the place to discuss the subject, Norm suggested that they meet elsewhere to talk it over. At Norm's invitation she agreed to have dinner with Norm, his wife, and sister at his home that evening.

The rest of the day took an age to pass. She noticed Norm observing her very closely and thoughtfully. Janet considered carefully what she would tell them that evening.

At last the day was over. She hurried home to prepare

for what might prove to be the most important evening of her life.

During a long soak in the scented bath water, she planned carefully her clothes for tonight. Dried and talced, she pulled on a pair of stretch satin lace trimmed bikini briefs. The panty corselet followed. She decided that black patterned evening stockings would be most appropriate.

Next, a snowy white taffeta ankle length slip that rustled crisply as she moved to the wardrobe to get the full length fine wool kilt in a "Stewart" tartan. To complement it was a cream satin blouse. It fastened down the front with white pearl buttons, then flowed into very full bishop sleeves caught at the wrist by a three-button cuff in the same tiny pearls. The neckline ended in two heavy ties that fastened into a high stock, held in place by a large pearl-headed stick pin.

Velvet evening pumps were next and to ward off the evening's chill, she draped a shawl that matched the kilt over her shoulders. A glance in the mirror told her the makeup had not been disturbed and patting an errant curl into place (it was her hair by now) she was ready for a very important dinner date.

The car wended its way through the narrow lanes. Norm's house was several miles out of the city.

It was rather difficult driving in a long skirt. The only solution was to fold back the slip and kilt over the knee and drive with a daring amount of leg and thigh showing.

At last she was there. As the car drew up before the front door, it was necessary to use a tissue to remove some very unladylike sweat from the palms of her hands. She was more nervous than she realized. Knowing that more hesitation would only make it worse, she immediately went to the door and rang the bell.

The door opened almost immediately; there stood a tall, lithe figure, which at first Janet took to be a very beautiful man.

"You must be Janet. I'm very pleased to meet you. I'm

Bobbie, now please come in and let me take your cape."

She realized that this was Norm's sister. When she turned to the coat closet with the shawl, it gave her a chance to examine her. At first appearance, heightened by the manner in which she dressed, it was easy to make a mistake as to the sex. She gave the appearance of a feminine male, tall, about 5'9" with an urchin hair cut, large brown eyes under a high forehead and a wide generous mouth. Her figure was very slender with only a slight bulge at the bustline and slender, boyish hips. Her clothing accentuated this, a bright yellow silk shirt fastened at the neck by a man styled tie in white. Over this she wore a dark brown velvet pantsuit.

She escorted Janet into the living room to be greeted by Norm's wife, Anne. She was a complete contrast in beauty; blonde, petite, dressed in a simple silk cocktail gown.

"I'm afraid Norm won't be here tonight. He's very upset about his secret being discovered and has sent along a very close friend," said Anne.

Janet was about to protest that she was here to talk to Norm, when into the room stepped another lovely girl.

Anne said, "Ah, there you are, Norma. Your guest has arrived. Do I need to introduce you, Janet? I think you two have already met."

Janet was suddenly aware that this was Norm, but he was almost totally unrecognizable dressed completely dressed as a woman. A long blonde wig, styled naturally, framed an exquisitely made-up face with the blue eyes accentuated by mascaraed lashes and a dark red lipstick producing a generous mouth. He wore a Victorian style full-length cocktail gown in plaid taffeta with the high neckline and cuffs trimmed in white lace. He looked terrific.

"Well, Jan, which do you prefer me as, Norm or Norma?"

"I liked you as Norm, but you look really lovely as Norma."

64 - *TRANSVESTIA FICTION*

"Well, that's terrific." Bobbie said. "We were not sure how you would take the change, but decided to find out for better or worse."

The maid, which Janet was surprised to see but was assured had been with them for years and knew all about Norm, called to say the dinner was ready. They went in to eat.

The dinner was terrific. The wines had obviously been chosen with care. Fortified by them, and a number of liqueurs, they withdrew to the living room to continue their talk. Bobbie was commenting that Janet so understood about Norm that she decided to tell them of her impersonation. Janet remarked, "Well, why shouldn't I be understanding, Bobbie? I'm in the same situation. I'm also a male."

There was a surprised squeal from Bobbie, "I don't believe it! You could not have deceived people for so long without someone realizing."

Janet told them the whole story. Even then they were skeptical. A highly embarrassed Janet removed her skirt and undid the panty-corset to produce his final and ultimate proof. Her hosts now finally accepted that she was a male, but were still staggered by the utter femininity she now possessed.

It was now past eleven o'clock and thinking of tomorrow, Janet exclaimed, "Well Norma, it's time we working girls were getting to bed, otherwise my 'boss' might fire me."

"Well if that happens, Janet dear, you can always become my secretary," said Bobbie with a wry smile.

Suddenly Janet realized that Bobbie was "The B. Walker," a newcomer in the literary field, who had recently reached the bestseller list with the latest thriller. He had completed two highly successful plays. Like the rest of the public, she had considered the author to be male as no journalist had managed to penetrate the private life of the writer.

Declining the offer for the present, Janet thanked her hosts and prepared to depart. Bobbie insisted on seeing her to the car and arranged that the two of them have dinner together the following week. Janet felt that there was a close attraction between them. With a timid kiss they parted.

Chapter Six

The Partners

Following their first meeting, Janet and Bobbie spent a lot of time together at the theater, ballet, simple dinner dates and a number of parties at Norm's house.

Norm had decided that this required a celebration and arranged a party for tomorrow, Saturday night. Tonight she wanted a private celebration between her and Janet. She had chosen "Danny La Rue's" club for dinner and cabaret.

They were finished with dinner and watching the last show. Bobbie was again dressed (at least on top) in a masculine cut Brocade suit and was being addressed as "Sir". Janet wore a blue floating chiffon gown, looking utterly feminine.

Janet had never been deceived by Bobbie's clothes. Bobbie may have liked to play the man's role on top, but underneath, like her feminine underwear, she was strictly female. She could never understand how anyone would want to wear such ugly, rough garments as men's underwear.

They were finishing their coffee and liqueurs when Bobbie leaned across the table and taking Janet's hand said, "Darling, I have been trying to gain courage all evening to ask you this; I love you and I'm asking you to marry me. Oh, please say Yes!"

Janet was overwhelmed. For the last two months, it was obvious they were suited for each other. Janet had been trying to get up enough courage to ask the same

question.

"Yes, Bobbie darling, of course I will," she answered with enthusiasm.

They called for another bottle of champagne to celebrate. Within the next hour, all the arrangements had been made. The announcement would be made tomorrow night at the party. They would be wed the following month.

"Oh it's wonderful," Janet responded. "I've always wanted to be a spring bride."

They parted for the night. They acted very reluctant, as there was some danger that it might not be a white wedding, but with emotion at last under control, they bid each other goodnight. Janet still had those wonderful words ringing in her ears, "Please marry me."

She prepared carefully for the party. This was a very special evening. Not only her engagement, but a time when she joined a very special and exclusive club. The chosen gown tonight reflected her mood-demure, yet very gay. A daringly cut underskirt of the lightest rose pink satin, cut very low on the bust, with the skirt slit to mid thigh. Over it was worn a most demure high-necked over-dress of pale cream Swiss voile, only allowing a tantalizing glimpse of the wearer.

Her hair was worn long, in a natural style, loose to the shoulders. Her eyes had been accentuated to appear enormous above the pale pink lipstick oaf the rosebud mouth. Cream satin pumps and a matching stole completed her outfit.

It was early and the guests had not yet begun to arrive. Bobbie had greeted her with a long lingering kiss. Bobbie looked magnificent in a dark blue Thai silk evening trouser suit. Together they went in to greet Norma and Anne. Norma was dressed in a "Harlow" inspired bias crepe gown. The two couples had just started to sip cocktails when the first guests began to arrive.

The party was a roaring success. Janet and Bobbie received greetings and congratulations on their

engagement. They were not sure whether it was congratulations or felicitations to Bobbie.

The party was in full swing. Janet had a chance to give the guests a closer examination. All were in gowns with the exception of Bobbie. Almost as third of these, by conventional standard, should have been as they were wives.

The others had achieved a very successful transformation. Their gowns and movements would have passed the most discerning eye. Only very occasionally would a masculine movement or gesture intrude. A small number were too tall and muscular, but were immaculately dressed. They seemed completely at ease, which would have convinced onlookers they were indeed female, if somewhat larger than normal.

Janet, without thinking of Norm's true sex, took him in her arms and kissed him on the lips. Janet added, "Thank you so much, Norma. This has been a night that I'm going to remember forever.!"

At last, the very weary but happy Janet and Bobbie, bid their final guests farewell just as dawn was breaking. They decided that immediate sleep was required before they discussed the final wedding plans with Norma and Anne.

Chapter Seven

The Wedding

The next weeks seemed to take and age to pass, but at last, the great day arrived. They were to be married in the afternoon. As Janet began dressing the events of the last weeks passed through her mind. They had decided to sell Janet's house in London and find a place with more privacy and seclusion...also to get away from some inquisitive neighbors.

They had found their ideal in Kent, just thirty miles southwest of the city. It was large enough for entertaining and house Bobbie's cook and housekeeper. There were also two studies, one where Bobbie could write without

interference and the other for Janet to use in her new role of secretary and literary agent. Overall it was situated in large grounds and offered complete privacy.

The trousseau had been a further delight for Janet. She had searched every shop in London for the clothes she required for the honeymoon. With delight, she had also agreed to by Bobbies at the same time. With that and searching the antique shops to furnish the house, which was ready to occupy, it had been a very busy six weeks.

It was a beautiful day. She knew the wedding would be the same. The minister was also a crossdresser and agreed to hold a private ceremony at his small church.

A lifelong friend of Norm's had suggested that the wedding would not be complete without flower girls and pageboys. He suggested that his twin sons and daughters would perform the function. They were eleven and ten years old respectively. As appropriate to the occasion, the boys would be flower girls and the girls would be page boys.

Janet's musings were stopped by the arrival of the "Matron of Honor", Norma. He had taken very little persuasion to fill the role. Bobbie had a problem of finding a "Best Man", because most of the guests were crossdressers, and they preferred to attend in dresses. Richard finally agreed to carry out this function.

Norma was dressed in the gown Janet had designed in pale blue organza over a taffeta underskirt. It was fashioned in a "Gainsborough" shepherdess style, long full organza sleeves and finished at ankle length over white nylon stockings, with satin pumps.

"Come on now, Janet. We haven't got that much time. We don't want to be late!", Norma urged.

She fitted the long silk petticoats over her head carefully, not to disturb the carefully coiffed hairstyle. Then came the satin wedding gown. It was the traditional Camelot style; high neck, long slender sleeves and finished with a small train. Next the satin evening shoes and finally the cowl veil and headdress was placed in position. There

stood one of the most radiant and beautiful brides of the year.

The two flower "girls", William and Robert, were called in to have the pre-wedding photographs taken. They still looked a little embarrassed at appearing in front of strangers in their girl's clothing, but seemed to enjoy it more with each passing moment. They even managed a very sweet curtsey to the bride.

The flower "girls" were dressed in an exact replica of Norma's gown of organza over taffeta. They finished at knee length, allowing the lace-trimmed petticoats to peak beneath when the skirts flared as they walked. Luckily they both wore their hair reasonably long. It had been fashioned into an urchin cut for the wedding.

The boys had known of their father's activities for some time. This was their first chance to emulate him. They had insisted they be completely dressed in feminine clothing, including a brassiere, garter belt and white nylon stockings!

They were joined by the two page "boys", Hazel and Penelope. These two "boys" were dressed in an exact replica of the suit Bobbie would be wearing. He was determined to be a white Bridegroom. A white silk shirt with an enormous lace cravat and lace cuffs. This was worn under a gleaming white satin evening suit, with a tightly cut coat and the trousers flaring slightly towards the cuff.

At last the photographer was finished. They got into the car and began the journey to the church and into a new life.

THE END



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309


Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE
"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 16
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE
"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"
Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 17
A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM**TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!**

..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
..... WHAT SISSIES WANT	18.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE #1	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
..... A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
..... LUCHE A LADY #7	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	10.00
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00

TV Fiction

..... BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #91	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY I #90	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
..... SWATHS & LINKING #88 NEW	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1B	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMINITY #1A	10.00
..... GIRLS	10.00
..... PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86	20.00
..... GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
..... PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
..... TOES IN THE ROSE #71	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
..... JUST & TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
..... FEMININE INTO HONEYMOON #63	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GIRLS #59 & #60	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
..... SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
..... MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
..... PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
..... MAID UP #14	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
..... ALL DOTTED UP #12	10.00
..... NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
..... SKIPPING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
..... JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
..... LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
..... PASSPORT TO FEMINITY #7	10.00
..... CHIEF KLEINER MASCOT #6	10.00

Contemporary TV Fiction:

..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
..... DRESS OF CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDER & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
..... LAVENDER & LACE I #70	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... RIKIN' BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61&62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49-50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2books)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSLES FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE FARMERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOTS #21	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMINITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... FLIRT FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00

TRAINING & TV Fiction Series:

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... POOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

EMPATHY TV FICTION:

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

MISSY' SLIPPER:

..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY: BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT	NEW 10.00

TOTAL ORDER -

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only) _____

USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) _____

(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books) _____

TOTAL ENCLOSED -

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC _____ exp. / ____

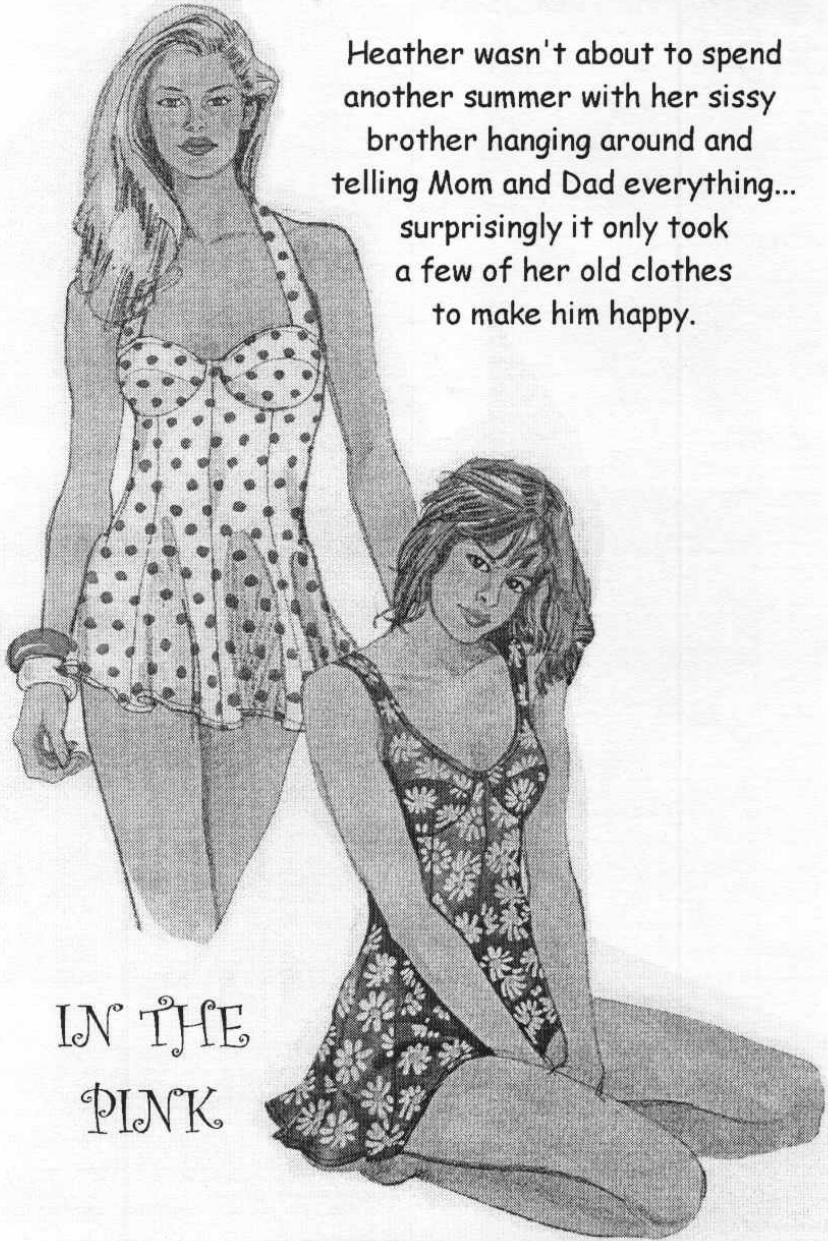
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____

..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-00

Heather wasn't about to spend another summer with her sissy brother hanging around and telling Mom and Dad everything... surprisingly it only took a few of her old clothes to make him happy.



IN THE
PINK



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
24 HOURS!**
We appreciate your business!
Sandy Thomas
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA