

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

Volume #2

ROOM FOR A CHANGE

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



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

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 2

ROOM FOR A CHANGE

by ANNIE WARREN

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ISBN:1-893708-00-4

QUOTE BOARD

**Obsessions are not problems to be solved,
but mysteries to be lived.**

ROOM FOR A CHANGE

by Annie Warren

When Peter moved into the Meyer's boarding house, he did not know what he was in for. At the time, he was no magnificent specimen of manhood, standing only five foot five, with a slim or even slight build, but he did have a way with people and was generally liked by those who took the time to find out who he was. He wasn't aggressive in an open, overt way but was content to act in his own way in the paths that he crossed. He was a manipulator of people, the sort that is recognized only by another such manipulator. And, Mrs. Meyer, who ran the house, was one of those manipulators. She had been since long before her husband had died some 17 years earlier. Some would say that he died as a result of something that she had done, but no one could say what or how, though the why was all too evident since her dislike for males always lay just under the exterior of her always smiling, apparently open face.

Her only child, a daughter now going on 22 (and who still lived at the house) was also instilled with some of this same venom, though not as strongly. Since she had a mind of her own and would see and date men occasionally, in spite of her mother's objections. It was into this atmosphere that Peter unknowingly moved in.

The house into which he moved was quite large. There was a large living room and dining room plus the living quarters for the Meyers on the first floor. On the second floor were 4 bedrooms for renting with two common bathrooms. When Peter moved in, two of the rooms were occupied by boarders like himself. One was

a school teacher, and the other was a journalist or free lance author. The other two rooms had only recently been freed. He had chosen the room that faced the front of the building so that he could see the road and short driveway that led up to the front door from the street.

There were trees in abundance. The lot was not all that large but did afford a degree of isolation from the casual passer by. The room was clean with minimal decoration.

It did have a dressing table with mirror, probably from the last inhabitant, but this did not bother Peter who was just a slight bit narcissistic anyway and liked to watch himself when he combed and brushed his hair. He brushed it fairly frequently now that it had grown long. Brushing felt better and did more for the hair to keep it clean and shiny. It also helped it to lie straight since it had a terrible tendency to want to curl, especially on damp days.

It took only half a day to move all of his meager belongings into the room and get it to a "homey" status.

That evening at dinner he met the other tenants and Helena, Mrs. Meyer's daughter. He had only met Mrs. Meyer in contracting for his room, for the others had not been in when he had inquired, bartered and then moved in. Whereas Mrs. Meyer was a sort of semi-pleasant, sort of dumpy, almost hausfrauish sort of woman, Helena was lithe and excessively light on her feet with the grace of a cat. She had soft golden brown hair that hung down almost to her waist in shimmering waves, obviously well kept up. Her nose was turned slightly up to give her face a slightly impish look, yet quite pretty though not quite what you'd call beautiful. Peter was well impressed, as the saying goes, with how she was put together!

The school teacher, Martha Wells, was approaching middle age though it was not all that evident. She was well groomed, faultlessly, in fact, though a bit stringent on her taste for a wardrobe. She was also a

widow, her husband having died in a mining accident three years before. Nevertheless, she was a brilliant conversationalist since she had done much with him and had read extensively. The clothes said teacher, but the person behind them was not the typical teacher. It was almost the reverse for the journalist.

Diana Manchester was a free lance writer, though Peter never did find out for whom. She did write, for her typewriter was often heard going full tilt at all hours of the day and often at night. She seemed to sell enough to keep her in paper and a sports car and who knows what else. She, herself, however seemed to be fairly shallow in contrast to Martha. True, she did have the ability to carry on a conversation, but at times it seemed that she was a bit hard put to carry it as far as she did. Rather than being the intellectual that you would expect of a writer, she seemed to be more the physical type, seemed to be more of the match of Helena although she did not have much of Helena's grace and poise.

Diana was tall and quite shapely, along with being obviously athletic. Peter, on the other hand, recognized that in a fair fight that she would probably be bested by either Helena or Martha. He also recognized that any of them could probably best him since he was so very nonathletic.

His occupation as the operator of a local stamp store, that he was about to open for a syndicate of philatelists, was hardly athletic. The hardest work he ever had was in receiving the occasional shipments of coins that the shop also carried as a side line. These were the tenants of the house.

On that first meeting he learned that the tenant who had preceded him in his room had been a secretary who had gotten married and moved off. The rear apartment that was still vacant had been held by a man who had come down with some sort of illness and had to go somewhere to get it cured, though no one seemed to know the exact nature of the illness or how he had contracted it. Peter also learned about the nature of

Mrs. Meyer and she learned about his. In several unguarded moments he saw her examining him with a look of not exactly dislike, but a look that seemed to express the observation that she knew him for what he was just as he knew her for what she was. Yet, there was an open congeniality between all at the table and no one suspected the undercurrents that were actually running between the two of them, save themselves, that is.

The setting up of a new shop is always a tedious task, one that Peter had done several times before when pioneering a new area. He did not particularly like that sort of work, the petty part of it, but he did thrill to the challenge of a new activity, the develop-



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ment of a new clientele and so forth. He swore that one of those days he was going to settle done and just run one shop. Up to now it had bothered him only slightly to know that after he had done all of the basic work of setting up, that someone else would come in and carry his work forward.

At the time that he moved into the Meyer house, he was very busy at the shop getting everything unpacked and organized. He would come home to eat and then go back to the stamp shop to arrange the thousand and one details that kept popping up and demanding his strictest and most concentrated attention. He was thankful that not more than 3 of these demands ever came at one time or he would have considered himself swamped. He did have a rule, however, and that was that half of Saturday and all of Sunday were for his own use. If work required him to take any of *that* time, then he'd just give himself comp-time later. That was one of the beauties of being his own boss.

For all of the activities that Peter did by himself, the setting up of a shop and all that, when it came to social events, he did not like to go out alone and was not adept in picking up dates since he neither drank nor frequented bars. Anyway, most of the times he had ever tried it, he had been sneered at for being so little and looking so young as to be called "Sonny", "Little Boy" or the like. No, that was not his bag. If he had to be alone, he'd walk or indulge in any of his many solo hobbies such as reading, writing, painting, etc. On the first Saturday that he had free, there was a movie that he wanted to see. Not wanting to go alone, he asked Helena if she'd like to go with him. To his pleasant surprise and her mother's unpleasant consternation, she said yes and they started dating, of sorts.

Now, in subtle ways, Peter managed to find the time and have Helena find the time whenever he wanted to have a date. But the feelings of her mother were not to be easily pushed aside. In fact both he and Helena were sort of bucking a strong head wind in going together, the head wind being the ill feelings of Helena's mother. These she masked from the two other

tenants but Peter saw through her mask (maybe it was because it was so terribly thin in his direction) but decided to go on with the dates as long as Helena wanted to. Helena seemed to want to if for no other reason than to flaunt her freedom in front of her mother.

In order to explain a part of what happened, we must digress a bit in the narrative. Each morning Peter had been used to having a morning glass, small as it was, of carrot juice. He requested this glass each morning of the first week, but it was only after this that he found a glass waiting for him. Oddly, to all, that is except the reader perhaps, is the fact that it showed up about the time that he started dating Helena. And now to take up the thread of the story.

Peter delighted in the company of Helena. It was not all that important that he was not taller than she was. On the other hand, there were not that many women available that were shorter or as tall as he it seemed. Since she was just about as tall as he was, she avoided wearing very high heeled shoes for the longest time so that she would not appear to be too much taller than he was. She was devoted to high heels so, when he said that he didn't mind, she usually wore heels that ranged from 4 inches on upwards.

As the opening of his shop neared, Peter found his time being more and more compressed and the need of the ministrations of Helena more and more beneficial, especially since they were growing closer and closer together (and her mother was getting more and more upset).

It was about this time that Peter also started to notice some strange changes coming over him. He had a strange sensation in his chest which also seemed to be swelling. He would notice this and then sluff it off as his imagination. He was in the peak of health and felt that perhaps with the effort and work to put this shop together that he was just getting a bit muscle bound. But slowly it began to become quite noticeable

and he began to wonder which muscles were involved. Of course, he was not all that aware that the width of his hips was also slowly expanding, but such was also the case. Nevertheless, he and Helena were getting closer together and her mother seemed to be getting nearer to panic.

As we said, Peter was not all that aggressive. It was Helena that was the natural leader of the pair. But the blow that was particularly bad for him came just before the opening of the shop when he and Helena came to the point of being in bed together. He couldn't get an erection to do what he wanted to do and thus had to satisfy Helena manually. He would have really worried about this except that he knew enough psychology to know that the impending opening of the shop was probably enough to cause the failure. What did surprise and please him was the sensitivity to petting that his chest had somehow gained. Helena had not gone far but had caressed and played with his nipples, remarking on how prominent and large they were for a man, almost like a young woman's breasts. The playing had been very pleasant. He had almost asked for more, but she went off and hit some other erogenous zones, and he enjoyed with she did. She was obviously experienced or quite well read in the arts of stimulation. Well, needless to say, the evening in some respects was a disaster and in others not so bad.

It was then that Helena mentioned Jack Hanson, the prior roomer, and how much the same thing had happened to him. She did not go further into it but Peter perched that bit of information in the back of his head to be examined and perhaps pursued further at some later time.

The grand opening of his stamp shop came and Peter was as busy as a moth at a candle lit service. He felt as he always felt at these times that he *had* to be at at least 5 different places at the same time and somehow usually managed to be at at least 3 of them by hook or whatever. Evenings he came home too tired

to do much of anything. He was always there for breakfast, the meal that he never missed, with bright eyes, a quick wit and a sort of apprehension and excitement as to what the day was about to bring him.

It wasn't until the shop had been opened a week that the opening slowed down to the point that there was any sort of return to normalcy. He felt somewhat dragged out and tired, seemed to be weaker than usual for some reason. He felt that the work of the opening week had lowered his resistance as it usually did, and that he was perhaps coming down with something. But his temperature was normal, yet not all was right. He almost called off his date with Helena, but decided to go anyway. He may be weak, but he still felt that he had enough of the old vigor that if it came again, he would not fail this time. He proved to be wrong, very very wrong.

The date was normal at the start with dinner and some dancing. They'd already seen the movies playing so they went off with the idea in Peter's mind (and Helena's too) to end in bed. And they did find themselves in bed. Now, despite the desires of Peter, again he could not perform with an erection. But, Helena in working over his breasts found them most responsive and, at his bidding, stimulated them for a long time (along with some other zones). He did not get an erection yet found that he had a climax, of sorts, with some sort of an ejaculation or oozing of a clear, thin liquid. He then brought her to several climaxes. It was her comment after, when they were resting, that started him wondering. She stated that his reactions were just like a woman's and reminded her of some that she had had with some of her lesbian friends, and yes, she did swing both ways, AC/DC.

She rolled over and faced him, fondling his breasts. When he remarked how the work had probably sapped his strength, she said it was probably because he was turning into a woman. The idea at first was more than absurd; yet, with a bit of thought again, maybe it wasn't so absurd.

Helena, through comparison and such, convinced Peter that perhaps there was some sort of change taking place in that direction. To prove her point, she talked him into donning her clothes to show how well he could fit into the role. Now, when Peter had moved into the Meyer's house, he had been quite slim all the way around, and he knew it. Helena had been lithe and slender (and there is a difference in this case) but was quite shapely. They were close enough in size that Peter could don her clothing without too much problem other than filling out the areas that she filled and he as a man should not even come close to filling, especially a man as slim as Peter. But in these areas, Peter was to be in for a shock as he slid out of bed, naked and she behind him.

Peter's mind was racing a bit. He had always worn his slacks a bit loose but now? She handed him her panties, and he marveled at the smoothness and the feel of them as they slid up his legs. To his amazement, they were not ballooned at his hips. Nor were they sleek but seemed to almost fit. He ran his hand over his hips. Were they wider? but how? As she helped him on with her bra, he knew that he would never fill it, for although she was not massive, she was quite well shaped and also quite adequate. He was soon to discover what the bra industry was all about --- that well fitting bras will enhance what the woman has as well as support it. The flab on his chest, the normal flab that is, plus the extra bulge as of each of "his" breasts went into the bra. With a bit of pulling of loose skin and breast adjusting and voila... to all intents and purposes he appeared to have two well formed breasts.

Although they did not fill the cups to capacity, they did fill a good portion of them. As he felt the bra and its contents, she took up her blouse, a simple zip up the back affair of plain white and coaxed it onto him. As she zipped it up the back, he was still examining his breasts and noting how prominent they seemed in the bra and how the blouse also seemed to accentuate them. The darts allowed much more than he had but

at the same time did not hold any of what he had back... Somehow, he did not resist when she put her skirt on him too. It was the least bit snug at the waist and the least bit loose at the hips. He even sat as she put her pantyhose on him. He could only stare and feel the breasts that were pushing the fabric of the blouse so unbelievably far out. Of course, some of the push was due to the cloth at the apex where it was not filled, but the rest.... the rest of it was him, his own flesh.

She asked him to try and stand. She had put her heels on his feet too, and they had made a reasonable fit. When he stood, he felt terribly unsteady, almost as if he were standing on his toes. But high heels are not impossible to wear, and, with faltering steps, very wobbly too, he made his way with her assistance over to where there was a full length mirror.

The shock of that first view of himself was to remain with him a long time. It is not that it was a bad shock; on the contrary, the image that he saw was not of himself, but of what appeared to be a woman. Helena released him and went away. He stood unsteadily on those high heels. Then he smoothed the skirt and blouse. He could see the outline of the bra beneath the blouse. Of course, he had seen it when it was on Helena so why not now? Only, this image was not Helena. The bulges at the front were still so very evident. He wobbled a bit to get a side view and sure enough, there they were, pushing out the blouse as evidently as could be... Then it really hit home... he had breasts! How? Why? What was he going to do now? A thousand questions flooded his mind while the sensuous feelings of those clothes that he was wearing also flooded his senses. They were very pleasant and somehow seemed to fit. But how could they fit... he was a man... or was he? His failure to perform came to mind. Was he actually changing into a woman?

Suddenly a second form appeared beside him. It was Helena dressed in his clothes. For sure, she didn't look so bad in them, but, on the other hand, he did not look that bad in hers either. She was all for them both going home right then, dressed like this, but he was

dead set against it. To begin with, he knew it would force the home situation, and he was not quite ready to do that. And besides, he was a man and also couldn't walk in those high heels and that's that. He finally convinced her and they traded clothes again, but not before he had looked again longingly at the figure that he made.

In changing back, there was a bantering back and forth with the net result that he ended up wearing her panties. She almost got him to wear the bra too, but under his shirt, however, it made his breasts stand forth almost as prominently as when she wore his shirt without a bra... that is, very very evidently. As it was, when he got his shirt back on, he was now excessively aware of the fact that he did have breasts. Before they went home, he talked her into going to a bar so that he could compose himself. The evening was proving to be a lot more than he bargained for.

At the bar he remembered Jack Hanson and asked about him. She said that a similar affliction, if it were an affliction, had hit him when he, like Peter, had dated her. He had dated her not quite as much as Peter, but had also suffered from impotence and some of the other side effects that Peter was showing. When Hanson left, he had not been around as long as Peter and thus had not become as "womanly" as Peter. She said this not in a derogatory but rather in a very warm voice. He did not know quite how to take it. If he were turning into a woman, what was she thinking? She was getting closer and closer to him on several levels, becoming, as it were, very close friends despite their also being lovers. Now that this turn of events had come about, she was apparently getting even closer... was it possible? Where would it end?

That night, Peter had much to think about. The shop was going well and the pressures of starting it up were easing up. But with their easing was the growing pressures in the home field. Somehow, all of this was tumbling around in his head and was making no sense and kept tumbling as he fell into a restless sleep.

When he woke up the next morning, at first the events of the previous evening seemed remote and far away. In the shower, however, they were brought back to him as he soaped his now so decidedly (especially now that he noticed) lumpy chest. He decided he would wear a tight shirt that would hold these protrusions sufficiently in check. At breakfast, Helena was particularly warm towards him, an action that was not missed by her mother. As he went off to work, he made a date with Helena for that evening. She readily agreed and added that she had some special plans, if he were not against it, but she did not say what the plans were. He suspected what they were but still did not argue, saying that he'd be ready after dinner.

The day went as usual with a lot of business. He was actually surprised at the quantity of business that he was receiving. It seems that the commission that had been sent to that city had made no mistake in selecting the site of the store and in estimating the volume of business that would be carried on. If anything, he seemed to be in danger of running short. But, used to these turns and trends, he had ordered enough. As quitting time and the ensuing evening neared, he was ready for relaxation.

"The date" started out as usual. Since a new movie that they both wanted to see had just opened, they went to see it. As they watched, holding hands, Peter was very sensitive to Helena's mood, which seemed to be warm and vibrant. On several occasions, her hand seemed to wander to his shirt and fondle, all so briefly, his breasts. The sensation was most pleasant, and he would have done the same for her except that the theater was not quite that dark, and he was simply not quite that overt in public. Later at the restaurant, she repeated some of her gestures, and even as he was warming up to the activities that were to come, so too was she also apparently getting ready for the same. They always did it at a motel so as not to throw it in her mother's face. It was quite a pair of moods that they had when they left.

In bed they repeated their love making. First she

brought him to a climax, though without an erection, then he brought her to climax. This was followed by mixed repetitions. Then she sprung her idea on him. She had brought with her a large purse and also a full plastic bag. She asked him to dress again. This time he was sort of reluctant, but, after some persuading, gave in and decided to. He remembered the feeling of the clothes and liked them. Besides, what harm could it do? If she was for it, why not?

From the bag she took a skirt, a blouse and a slip. From her purse she pulled out a bra, panties, pantyhose and a pantygirdle. First he put on the panties. He was thankful, for he loved the feel of the cloth next to his skin. Next she had him put on the pantygirdle to effectively suppress that flacid symbol of his apparently nonfunctioning manhood. Then, with loving care, she rolled and caressed the pantyhose up his legs until they formed a second skin on his legs. It was strange how the legs felt when encased in that net like thin coating of cloth. As he stood up and bent over to look at and feel his legs, he was aware of how his breasts in this position hung considerably long down in front, making them look larger than they did when just standing straight. But, when he stood up straight, she immediately clasped the bra around him, feeding his arms through the straps. She explained that she had searched through all of her bras and had picked out the smallest one that she had. As she hooked it in back, the fit was remarkable.

She came around in front, and, as in the last time, pushed and pulled the extra flesh of his chest until it was just right after adjusting the straps. The sight was for him to see and marvel at. The bra was reasonably full. Now there was no extra cloth to be wrinkled, as the cups were now wrinkle free. He stared and then ran his hand over "his" breasts, feeling both his hand on the protruding breasts and his breast with his hands. In particular he felt his nipple as his hand passed over that most sensitive portion of his breast beneath the lace of the bra cup. She explained that the

cup was way too small for her and was probably left over from the time that she was still developing. Because of its color, black, and the lacy nature of it, she had not been able to part with it.

Again, they both marveled at what the bra industry could do with the bare minimum of working materials. She did not wonder for long but pulled over his uplifted arms the slip with its hemming of lace both at the top and the bottom. Again, that feeling of fineness came over him as he smoothed it out and felt the softness of the fabric that was so soft and silky. But Helena wasn't finished.

From her purse she pulled out some cosmetics which she began, in spite of his protests that weren't really all THAT vehement, to put on his face. She also explained as she did, what went where, how much, when and such as she ran a running commentary while merrily converting his face to the female counterpart of himself. Then she had him don the blouse and skirt, smoothing them with elaborate and lavish actions full of pats and brushes, etc. What she was doing was turning him on (as much as she could) while he was dressed to the teeth as a woman in an attempt to form a sort of association, sexually, with female attire and arousal. She then pulled from the bag a pair of shoes with heels a bit higher than two inches, rather more sensible than the ones that she had had the last time. As a last motion, she brushed and styled his hair, adding some strategic and sparkling barrettes where they would show and do the most to make his hair into a feminine, albeit straight, style.

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This time when Peter saw himself in the mirror, he was spellbound. From out of the mirror stared a creature that had no resemblance, at first glance, to the old self that he was so used to looking at in his own mirror. Oh, on closer examination there was a similarity but only a slight one, it seemed. He could not take his eyes off of his image. This time, when Helena came up beside him wearing some of his clothes, he hardly noticed until she spoke. Well, she had kept her blouse; his shirt had proven to be much too tight for her breasts. Yet there they stood, he the picture of femininity and she, feminine, but not all that much.

She patted him on his rear and brought him out of his trance. This time, however, she refused to change back. He could have caused a scene, could have tried to force her (in his weakened condition?) or just have set down and quit. But no, she won him over with logic and repeated references to what he could see for himself in that mirror... She then packed up her skirt and his shoes, shirt and underclothes in the bag and guided him out of the door. But, at the car, she only threw the bag in and then locked the door. He nearly panicked. But she practically dragged him to a dimly lit bar where she managed to ease his fear some when the looks they got were of appreciation and not of scorn. After he had quieted down a bit, she decided to leave. They went to the car and drove home. As they entered, however, there was Mrs. Meyer as a one person welcoming committee.

To Peter's consternation, she did not berate him or even give him a hard time but complimented him, almost effused, to the point of being sickening, the feeling that this is the life that he was meant to live. She offered him her assistance, saying she knew several doctors that could help in his new direction in life. Helena was surprised by this unexpected, good natured approach that her mother was showing. What was this anyway? Then it dawned on her that her mother was against men and that when a man decided to turn into a woman, she would be all for it... Other wheels turned in her mind, but she said nothing at the time, only filed

the thoughts for later investigation and/or action.

To Peter these remarks also took him back. He thought that he could see there was more than was meeting the eye but could not quite see what it all was or where it all came from. He was nevertheless fairly overwhelmed by the meeting and also very pleased with it. It showed a marked change in her attitude towards him. There was something under it all, but he did not quite see just what that was. However, this was not the last to be heard, not by a long shot. Now that her mother was on to the fact that he was in a dress, not to mention the lingerie that was so blatantly visible under the white blouse, there might be the devil to pay. To make matters even worse, she got out her polaroid camera before he could refuse and took some pictures. Now he believed he was in the fire for sure. But no more was done or said and after more talk and his modeling of the clothing he was wearing, he went to bed.

Somehow, he was a bit reluctant to divest himself of this all too pleasant clothing. But he did and took a shower, washing off most of the make-up. That night he had a deep sleep so that when he awakened the next morning, the events were somewhat far away. When he arose, however, and saw the clothing and felt again his chest on which were his breasts... He knew that it must have been a reality. So many times he had been able to sleep problems away, but these seemed to have a way of staying with him. He brushed his hair and in doing so noted that a bit of mascara was still on his eyelashes and that the blush of the lipstick could still be seen, easily seen if you knew the normal color of his lips. He sighed a little sigh and went down to breakfast.

A new day.

By the time he got to breakfast, everyone else was already seated around the table buzzing together, but all stopped when he came in. Diana broke the silence with the comment of welcome to the "princess". With

that he knew that they knew, then spotted the photos of the night before sitting on the table. His first reaction was to turn and leave, but in a flash Helena was by his side guiding him to his accustomed chair.

As it turned out, Diana's comment had not been derogatory but actually highly complimentary. She was astounded by the image of a woman that he made. Peter, of course, sensed strongly the hand of Helena's mother in the guidance of the conversation. But again, it was all so complimentary that he did not know how to counter it or even whether or not he should try. He went off to work with his head still reeling with the compliments that had been made and also a comment that he should dress like that more often at home. What were they suggesting? That he should dress as a woman at home? Now that *was* a turn of events.

When he got home that evening, the fervor had not decreased; if anything, it had increased. The pictures were still there; only now they were in a frame. From every side there was now the gentle pressure from those women to dress, as they put it, as nature had intended. At every turn where it could be, there was that pressure, not the least of which was coming from Helena. In fact, when he went to return her things to her, she wouldn't hear of it. Instead, she gave him several more things to wear. He wanted to refuse but she put them on top of what he had been in the process of returning and lead him back to his room. There she matter of factly hung them in his closet and put the rest in a hole in one of his drawers. It seemed a genuine disappointment to them when he did not dress up. He thought the source of the pressure was Mrs. Meyer and he was mostly right.

Peter had been able to do some manipulation in his days. He seemed to do all right with Helena, but Mrs. Meyer got to them first... singly he may have done all right, but he never saw them one at a time. And he already knew what Helena's inclinations were and doubted that he could change her even if he had wanted to. The others, however, were mildly enthusiastic and seemed genuinely disappointed when he did not

change after dinner. Since there was a sort of undertone in the house, he did the only natural thing that he could do... he went for a walk, a long walk... alone...

Yes, he went for a walk to think, for he did have a lot to think about, and it was not his stamp business that occupied his mind. What did they want? More exactly what did Mrs. Meyer want? He knew that down deep she did not like him. But, was that because he was a man? And how much of that dislike was instilled in Helena? He was fast falling, if he were not already, in love with her. He could feel the emotions rise and fall as she was or was not with him. What was it that SHE wanted? After all, she had given him even more clothes, women's clothes, on top of what he thought that she had only loaned to him. He enjoyed those clothes for sure; they were soft, quite pleasant, and offered him some degrees of freedom that trousers did not. Even if he did not change to these women's clothes, he knew that he was going to have to get some tricot underwear just for the fine feeling of softness. He had seen it but had never tried it. Now he knew what it felt like, even if the clothing covering it was not exactly what he normally would wear to work. For that fact, not even abnormally wear to work. But how could he wear such clothes? Maybe he could at home, but what if it got out? then what? On the other hand, what of his chest? Was that actual growth or was it just some part of him that he never noticed before? Then again, his failure to perform with Helena; what was the cause of that? He had failed twice. Was that because of Helena, the situation, his work or some physiological reason or some psychological ground? He knew enough to know that the failure to be able to get an erection could lie in many many different factors. But which was his?

These thoughts and others went whirling through his head, resounding and echoing back and forth. There were questions, questions, questions, but no answers or the answers that came were garbled or totally inconclusive. He did not know what to think or where to turn.

It was late when he got back, and the house was dark. When he got to his room and snapped on the lights, he knew something was different without really looking. Sure, his "vanity" now sported a series of jars and tubes. He did not have to look to know that they were cosmetics. And there too, on his bed was a gorgeous night gown, another gentle hint.

In the morning, when he arose early as he usually did, he looked at the gown where he had left it the night before, draped over a chair. Should he have tried it? With that question, the whole series of questions he had asked himself unsuccessfully the night before came flooding back in on him. He sat down holding his head. Which way to go? What to do? He could have packed up and left, but he wouldn't, couldn't leave Helena. Was he in love with her? Where did she stand in this whole thing? Then he thought of what she had given him and, went to the closet and looked at the blouse and skirt she had originally "loaned" him and the dress and skirt that she had added to them the night before. Her opinions seemed to be fairly obvious... She was totally for his dressing, but...

At breakfast the conversations were as usual with almost no mention of his attire. At the end, when he was about to leave, however, the question was asked if he was going to change into a dress that evening. He hastily answered no and left, leaving a small sea of disappointed faces. As work in the shop was easing off, there was more time to think, and when he did think, the thoughts continued to revolve around the boarding house crew and what to do with them. If he had cut a ridiculous figure, there would be no problem; he'd know that they would be out to ridicule him, a mere man, but that was not the case. He had his own taste in women, and although not impeccable, he knew it was good and Helena, dear Helena, did fit so many of the qualities... Ah yes, she sure did... And how many times that day did he get lost in that line of reverie? Again it was very easy to lose oneself in such thoughts.

And thus the day went fairly quickly and with its end, home again and the reawakening or activating of

that question again. The idea struck him that maybe they would leave him alone if he did dress once for all of them, sort of a one shot deal. Maybe they had forgotten already? It would depend on Mrs. Meyer's manipulations.

Sure enough, when he came to dinner, the question was active even before he got there and the gentle pressure was getting heavier. He thought to himself that, with tomorrow being Saturday, he could close the shop and thus indulge these ladies and not have to appear with the traces of make-up like those that were left the last time, since he would have two days for it to "wear off". When he said "maybe", instead of lessening, the pressure built up even more. It was like them having a foot in his door and then trying to take full advantage of it. In fact, they seemed to assume a "yes" instead of a "maybe" and plans for the evening were set out even before he finished his sentence.

In a way, he did have a bit of fear that the gentle pressure would not always remain so gentle, but that never materialized. As the conversation and the planning buzzed around his head, he sat and quietly ate his meal. When at the end of the meal, he repeated the "maybe", they only said the sort of "yes, yes, of course you will" and went on with their conversations dealing with everything from hose to make-up that would be proper for him.

Actually, these four women were just about as different from each other as four women could be, or so he thought. They were congenial to each other, but for some reason he acted sort of like a catalyst in unifying their actions to this one purpose --- making him a woman. He left the table and went up to his room; he thought unnoticed. But, he had not been there more than a minute when Helena knocked and came in. "Ah", he thought, "here is a way out" and promptly asked her for a date that evening. They talked it out and agreed on where to go and what to do, but Helena then threw in the zinger. She would go with him only if he were dressed as he said that he was going to dress at the table. When he said that he had only said maybe,

she replied that that was as good as a yes, at least if he wanted to go out with her it was.

What to do? Here was the idol of his life asking him to go out with her dressed as she was dressed --- in a skirt and a blouse with all of the lingerie and make-up that goes with them. If he had not said maybe, then there could possibly be no question. But "maybe" he had said, and the women, Helena included, had taken it as being tantamount to being a "yes". He lay back on the bed on which he had been sitting, and she came over to him and sat down beside him. As she cajoled him to do it, she toyed with his nipples, slowly arousing him. When he reached up to do the same for her, she gently pushed his hand away saying only "on condition". When she leaned down to kiss him, he decided that he might as well do it.

She slowly stood up, still teasing his nipples, saying that she would get the things that he would need ready and that he was to go to the bathroom and shower and shave what hair that he had from off of his arms and legs. Actually, he did not really have all that much and had none on his chest. When he was about to protest, she silenced him by placing her finger on his lips and making a "shhh" sound. With that she left his room.

Well, perhaps it was not too much to ask of him. What was that much light hair, anyway. And, in the shower it did come off easily, almost too easily. He was glad that he did not have a heavy beard like so many men that he knew. But, just to be sure, he shaved again, shaved close enough that he probably wouldn't need another shave until mid Sunday, if then.

As he surveyed himself in the mirror in the bathroom, he thought that maybe he could again make a convincing woman. Anyway, the clothing was very comfortable and almost addicting. Why not give it a try? Maybe then they would leave him alone.

Back in his room he was greeted by Helena with some more "stuff" and a neat pile of clothing on his bed. Before he could do a thing, she sat him down and, to

his consternation, started winding his hair up in some sort of curlers that felt hot. Helena said that Diana had loaned him the use of her heat curling set. It did not take long until his quite long hair was all wound onto the curlers and a bonnet was placed over them. In the mirror he saw his image and wondered how many times had he seen women with their hair up in curlers like that. And now he knew not only how he looked in curlers but also how it felt, rather strange.

Following that, he put on panties and the panty-girdle, this one with a snap crotch. Instead of pantyhose, however, there was a pair of nylons and a garter belt waist cinch combination. He was thankful that he was so thin since it did not cause too much pressure and there was no bad bulging. It did do wonders for his waist which suddenly became much thinner, emphasizing the broadness of his hips. Were they really that broad? Why did he not notice that before?

Helena explained that the nylons would be more sensuous to him than pantyhose as there would be the feeling of nylon about them that pantyhose usually did not give, being a different weave. He sat and watched as she gently rolled one of them up his leg with all kinds of pats, tugs and such, all very pleasant, until at the top she fastened the garters to it to hold it in place. Then she handed him the other one, telling him to put it on. Although he lacked the expertise, he started putting it on and, with her help, finally got all the way up and hooked to the belt. Now when he ran his hands over his nylon covered legs, he could feel the smoothness of the hose plus the sensation caused by the shaving of his legs. All in all it was a most pleasant and stimulating set of sensations.

The bra she had for him was also new like the rest of the lingerie. It occurred to him then that this moment must have been preplanned and expected. At first glance, the bra looked quite large, but, as she hooked it behind him, he found out why. At the bottom of the cups were some pushup pads that forced his breasts upwards making them look larger than they were in reality. At the top of the cups was a fine lace

with a nylon liner to make the feel of it very soft to his breasts. The uplift, however, was not just a plain upwards push, but it was an upwards and inwards so that the result was that he appeared to have a lot more in those cups than he really did. To top it off, there was some very real cleavage between the cups of his bra. His flabby chest was filling the cups just as the manufacturer had intended and was showing, again as intended, the tantalizing lines of a cleavage that hinted at what the cups were probably containing.

Instead of a full slip, she produced a half slip with a rather lavish lace hem. As he settled it about his waist, his rather reduced waist, he could feel the interaction between the lace, the nylon of the slip and his nylons as he smoothed it down, again and again. When he leaned over, he couldn't help but notice how the cleavage of his breasts between the cups of his bra seemed to increase. Again, as before, he also marveled at how feminine his body appeared. Was it only the clothing or was there more there than he was aware of?

She then sat him down at his vanity where she took a jar here, a tube there and such and applied some of the contents of each to his face. Slowly, from the face that he was so used to seeing in that mirror, there emerged a new face, the face of a stranger, yet someone that he felt he should know, someone his male self would like to know. Under the skillful hands of Helena, a very handsome woman was appearing.

When she was finished, she went to his bed and picked up the dress that lay there. After he put it on and she zipped it up the back, he noted with great consternation that it was very low cut, low enough to expose his cleavage to a devastating amount. If he was not careful, the lace of the bra would also come peeping out. The cloth seemed to be a cross between satin and nylon, being both silky and soft at the same time. And, did it cling to his curves?

He could hardly believe that all he saw was really himself. He was partially turned on by the image of

the woman that looked out at him from the mirror. But, before he got too enamored with the image, she handed him his shoes, this time sporting 3 inch heels, drawing him away from the mirror. After wearing the two inch heels, the extra inch did not seem to make all that much difference, although there still was an occasional wobble. There was no real difficulty in walking, but the walk was much more stilted with shorter steps.

Helena, however, was far from finished. She also had a pair of tight earrings, a necklace, and rings and bracelets for his fingers and wrists. As a final move, she sat him down again, removed the bonnet and then, with practiced hands, removed the rollers from his hair and started combing and brushing it. Whereas his hair had been only slightly curly to begin with and then only under damp conditions, it was now dry but no longer even half way straight. After the workings of the heat rollers, the curls just didn't seem to want to quit but snapped when she brushed it. It was enough but not too much and his hair was quickly arranged in soft waves and curls that complemented his dress to a "T".

Helena then rose and stood back. He too got up and went to the closet and opened the door where there was a full length mirror. The image that he saw there was the totality of what his vanity mirror had shown only in part. It left absolutely no doubt in his mind that he was looking at a handsome, quietly pretty woman in her twenties with a beautiful figure and clothes and make-up to match. He must have stopped breathing for an instant. He was startled and yet pleased. Then when his mind started to function again, he asked himself, "how? " The breasts were real, the hips were curvy and the desire? Was there a desire to see this woman again and again? What was it that was coming over him? This was the third time that he had dressed, and it seemed to have a narcotic effect on him...

His reverie was broken when Helena told him that they were expected below. Expected? He guessed they would expect him if they had been pushing so hard for him to dress this way, but could he go down? Should he go down? It was one thing to dress for Helena, yet

something else to be in front of other people; what would they think of him? What should he think of himself? He ran his hand over his body feeling both the sensuousness of the cloth as well as the feeling of the hand crossing his body. What were these sensations? Why had he not felt them before? Had he felt them but not been aware of just how flabby his chest really was? Gently Helena nudged him out the door and down to the cheering section below, or so it turned out.

When he came into the living room, walking as gracefully as the 3 inch heels would allow him to, there was an audible gasp and immediately a flash from the camera that recorded for all times the utter femininity of his being. This was followed by a series of "oohs" and "ahs" as the two other boarders examined his wardrobe, his make-up and his, to their impressions, exquisite figure. They repeatedly asked him how he did it, to which he could only reply that that was the way he was. When he was first asked, he glanced over at Mrs. Meyer and noticed a grin of particular satisfaction as she eyed the abundance of flesh that he had in all of the "right places". It was almost a confirmation that all was not quite right and that she did have something to do with it, but what?

This question, however, was quickly drowned by the exclamations and further questions of the women. Before he could say anything, Diana pulled out a small bottle from her purse and quickly scented him with a delicate fragrance of perfume. It was not a cologne that was relatively short lasting, but was perfume, and the next day it was still with him.

Not to be outdone, Martha pulled out a small bottle and seated herself next to him. She then took his hand and deftly started painting his nails with a bright crimson enamel, the same shade that she usually wore. Peter was quite unused to all of this attention and didn't know quite what to do. Helena was by his side most of the time and answered many of the questions the other two asked. And all the while in the background, Mrs. Meyer was banging away with her polar-

oid to the point that Peter no longer noticed that she was taking pictures.

Poor Peter was not versed in the process of sitting, bending, or moving while wearing a dress, much less a low cut gown with a fairly short skirt. The result was that the skirt tended to ride up, exposing more to the camera than Peter was aware of. And when he leaned over, the camera also caught not only the abundant sea of cleavage but also the lace fringe on his bra. All in all, Mrs. Meyer, by constantly taking pictures, got him used to the constant flash and thus got a number of photos that were exquisitely candid as well as very very revealing, should she need them.

Once the several coatings of nail polish were dry and he was getting used to sitting in a sea of fine aroma, Helena suggested that they go out now. At first Peter was aghast at the idea as he held this hand over where his breasts were revealed. His dress was terribly revealing and made him rule out even the idea of putting it on much less of going out. His refusal, however, was not accepted. In an attempt to aid and assist, Martha also offered to go along to help "cover" what obviously was a woman who was afraid of being discovered to be a man.

So all refusals were pushed aside, and the trio left the boarding house, Peter just a bit wobbly but rapidly getting fully accustomed to the 3 inch heels of his new shoes and how they changed how he walked. If nothing else, he had to be amazed at how rapidly he was accumulating a new wardrobe. For a man it was a most unusual wardrobe too, but, nonetheless, a pleasant and even exciting wardrobe. It was rapidly becoming as large as his old male wardrobe.

The evening out did not bring any unpleasant surprises. In fact he very soon became totally accus-



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tomed to the clothes and even began to revel in the feelings that they were imparting. He also noted but paid no heed to the many looks of appraisal that he got from the various males that came into his view. Early on, he didn't think that much about how his view was also well worth seeing, although he began to appreciate it as his vanity began to swell to match his pride. In fact, he began to regret the fact that he had to give it up when they would go home. Thus he delayed, slightly, their departure for home, an act that was not lost by either of his two companions. But finally, the time came and away they went homewards.

On arrival home, Martha went to bed directly, and Helena and Peter went to his room. Once there, she cornered him with a stare and then told him that since he was so much of a woman that he could not be called Peter anymore, but she was going to dub him with the closest to it in femininity that she could come up with, namely "Petra". She said that there had been some awkward moments in the evening when she almost called him Peter or referred to him as "he". Thus, when dressed or when she just wanted to, she was going to refer to him as "her" and as "Petra". To this Petra could only nod his head. At that, Helena's stare collapsed into a smile and she quickly held Petra to her and gave her a long tender kiss while her hands quickly undid the zipper and went straight to their target, Petra's sensitive nipples. Petra squirmed and almost would have broken away but the sensation of the stimulation got to him first and he gave over to it and did likewise for Helena until in a very short time they were both stimulating each other as bits and pieces of clothing fell from the gyrating bed. Needless to say, there was much activity and, when morning broke in on the room, the bed was occupied by two contentedly sleeping figures.

Helena woke up first and, slipping out of bed quietly, went to her room and donned a night gown and robe and then came back into Peter's room where he was still sleeping. She took the night gown that Peter had put on the chair and laid it on the bed near him.

She then leaned down and, cupping one of his small breasts, stimulating the other and kissed him on his lips to bring him out of his sleep.

He stretched and smiled at her. When he made a move to get out of bed; however, he soon realized that he was naked. She proffered the gown and, having no alternative other than nudity, he donned it. He felt he should have gotten some pajamas, but somehow the activities of the night were not quite conducive to pajamas or any other kind of clothing. Somehow, he also seemed to almost have accepted his impotence. He could not explain why. Helena had brought him to climax without it, and he had satisfied her, but it was more a form of lesbian love than man/woman love. Had he changed that much? That was a very leading question.

He retired to the bathroom to empty his bladder. One look in the mirror left him aghast. His hair was a mess as well as being a mass of curls. The make-up of the evening before was also smeared so that his lipstick ran from cheek to cheek. When he went back to his room for soap and towel, there sat Helena with a jar of cold cream and some tissues. She beckoned him to sit down and when he did, she deftly removed the excess make-up around his lips and face. Then before he could say anything, she reapplied a fresh coat of lipstick. When asked why she had done that, she replied simply that it was only fitting and proper for him to wear fresh lipstick. Then, with brush and comb, Helena did a marvel of putting his hair in order. It didn't look as good as the night before but was still full of waves and curls.

As he sat there watching Helena work, he was aware of the mascara on his eyelashes and, looking down, saw the fingernail polish that still coated each of his fingernails. When Helena brushed near his ear, he also noted by the slight pain that he still had the earrings on. In fact, he was still quite feminine in most respects. With this thought, he looked at his chest and noted the gown was properly pushed out by the pointed cones of his small breasts, the nipples of which could

clearly be seen. The gown for all of its cloth was clearly meant to show that portion of a woman's anatomy with enough to tantalize but no more. Further down there was more layers and although the area about the crotch was recognizable, there was no sense of any detail. The gown ended just above his knees so that he could not miss the smoothness of his hairless legs. But about now, Helena was finishing with his hair as he looked and admired himself or was it a herself in the mirror.

As Helena put down the brush, she motioned for him to come with her, that it was time for breakfast. What? Breakfast? Dressed like this? She had to be crazy! But no she wasn't. Almost instinctively he covered his breasts and answered that he couldn't go down looking like this! She only answered with a quick "Nonsense!" and almost literally dragged him, willing or not, down to the breakfast table where the other women were practically waiting in anticipation of his appearance.

Just as the evening before, they all oohed and ahed and were all praise. Now the true extent of his figure could be seen and this was a topic for discussion much to his embarrassment. He would have fled except that he knew that Helena, would help, if necessary, would just bring him back.

After a while, however, the conversation drifted to other things and he did manage to drink his juice, eat some toast and have some eggs. He was afraid to leave since the try could bring him into the center of conversation and delay his departure more and lead to more embarrassment. So he nibbled until Helena had finished and got up. Then he too stood up and they left together, her right behind him. She followed him, however, right down to his room. There she helped him to again continue to be Petra. However, some twists were to come about due to his activities and her countering them

When she suggested that he dress in a blouse and skirt, he did not refuse but said that he wanted to take

a shower and wash his hair. She caught the obvious attempt to get the curl out of his hair. To this she said nothing and so off he went, soap, towel and fresh underwear, at her insistence, panties and a bra. While he was gone, however, she did some organizing so that when he returned she was ready with an array of bottles, some cotton and a saucer. His wet hair hung straight with just a trace of the curl that had been put into it. He was, however, wearing the panties and bra although he had the large bath towel wrapped around him so that only the bra straps showed above its upper rim. Due to the workings of the bra, his breasts were quite prominent and almost overly noticeable.

She motioned him to sit down. When he did, she took his towel and put it around his shoulders leaving him sitting there in panties and bra. She then reached in a bag and got out a comb and started separating his hair. With deft motions she then dampened it with some of the water in the saucer and started to roll some of it up onto a curler. These were not the heated rollers of the evening before but were different, some kind of a pink plastic roller. Of course he immediately started to protest, but she gently and firmly pushed them aside, saying that if he couldn't let their handi-work be, that they'd just have to make it a bit better. In hardly any time, she had his head covered with the curlers as all of his hair was rolled into one or the other of them.

Peter, of course, figured that she was just going to put it in the curlers and then let it dry that way. But such was not the case. Once all of the curlers were in place, she took one of the bottles and squeezed some liquid out onto each curler so that each wrap of hair was again saturated, through and through. Again Peter protested, but his protests again fell on deaf ears. He was not knowledgeable enough to know what exactly was going on, although he was sure going to learn.

For the next hour, as Helena alternately fussed with him and then let him alone, he wondered what was going on. The only label he saw was one that said "neutralizer", but he did not know what was being neutralized. In the final stage, Helena rolled his hair

after unrolling it from the small rollers, upon larger rollers that would allow it to dry more quickly. She then put a bonnet that had a hose attached to it onto his head and turned on a fan in the machine attached to the other end of the hose. The air blown into the bonnet was heated and then blown onto his scalp with the curlers to help to dry them.

While this was going on, she took out a pencil like tube with a pair of tweezers at one end. When she applied it to his eyebrows, it caused a stinging sensation. At first he jumped, but after several admonitions, stood the stinging pain. He wondered what it was that she was doing for it was taking a very long time. At least she was not plucking his eyebrows, for he could not feel any sort of twinge that is usually felt when a hair is plucked. Anyway, he did not have all that many hairs in his eyebrows to begin with. And thus, the morning was spent with her working on him while his hair dried.

It seemed like forever before the hair was dry and she seemed to be satisfied with whatever it was that she was doing. She had set him away from any mirrors so that he could not see what she was doing. Just the same, she left his hair in the bonnet while helping him on with a simple dress from his closet. He couldn't help but note that his male attire seemed to have diminished while his dresses, blouses and skirts had increased. Also, there were several more pairs of shoes, several with 4 inch heels, he felt for sure. He remembered her 4 inch heels, but now, after mastering 3 inch heels, he felt that they too could be mastered; however, not just now. He put on 2 inch heels and followed Helena down to her room where she dressed. Then, without further ado, they went to lunch.

After the morning's attire, the simple dress that he had on did not elicit any comment, but his make-up did get quite a few compliments. He, of course, did not know just exactly what was being complimented as he had not seen himself in any mirror and all that Helena had done was to put some eyebrow pencil on him. He felt sure that it was through Mrs. Meyer's manipula-

tions that they were reacting as they did to whatever it was that was happening to him. Nevertheless, he ate his lunch and to himself, at least, enjoyed all of the minor flirtations that he felt as the women fawned over him and gave him some preferential treatment, something that they had not done before.

After all, what man wouldn't be pleased to have 3 or 4 women practically at his command? Strangely, however, no one said anything about his hair being up in the bonnet. That much had been taken for granted just as his dress was. After a few complimentary remarks on how it showed off his figure (and it did), it was taken also for granted. When lunch was finished, he and Helena went to her room.

She still hadn't let him look in a mirror, but set him down and with brush and comb and bobby pins went to work on his hair. In a short while, she stood back and gave a low whistle followed by the comment on how much better the permanent held his hair. Peter must have flushed and blanched at the same time. Permanent? His hair? What was he going to do? Permanent sets don't wash out of the hair. They wouldn't be called "permanent" if they did. She didn't stop him this time when he went to her vanity and gasped at what he saw.

His eyebrows that had been thin in a sparse sense were now thin in a width way as well. But she had not plucked them! But what had she done? As he ran his finger over the vacant space he felt the soreness and slight swelling as well as saw a redness. The eyebrows that were left were quite beautiful to be sure, but like the rest of his body, were way too feminine to belong to a man. Bit by bit, Helena was changing the rest of Peter into a woman, and a good looking woman at that. Yet all that he seemed to be able to do was take it and stand in awe at the result.

The total image that the mirror cast back at him said only one thing, "woman". Peter stepped back and gazed at the woman that looked out at him. Her ankles were slim and so was her waist. He knew that the

filling in her bra was all hers and the width of her hips was not brought on by any extra padding. Her slim waist also set off her bust line to appear more than was really there, a remarkable illusion. He was that "woman".

He reached up and undid several of the top buttons of the dress he was wearing and opened it up and let some of his cleavage show forth. The face was framed in a mass of soft curls and waves. The eyebrows were delicately arched and quite expressive. The lips were full and red. He smiled and the image smiled back at him. He was totally enamored by this woman.

His basic narcissism was taking over and he gazed longingly at his counterpart. He tossed his head and felt how the curls expanded and then settled back where they had been. There was more snap to them. Yes, they were his but what was *he* going to do with them? He turned to Helena.

She smiled at him, then drawing him to her, kissed him long and passionately, which he returned in kind. He then knew that he was locked to her and she to him. But how had all of this come about? What was the cause? Was he actually a woman in a man's disguise? Was it the other way around? What was going on? What was he going to do on Monday when the shop was open again for business? When they broke the kiss, they started to talk. But Helena suggested they go for a walk. He agreed but first wanted to put on some hose. He had noted how his foot tended to get sticky in the shoe. She followed with a small bottle. In his room, he had the hose ready to put on and was seated on his bed, his leg raised to start, thus showing off his fancy lingerie.

She said to wait and then sat down at his feet and applied deftly and quickly a bright red nail polish to his toenails. As she did this, she began to instruct him on some of the finer points on being a female, such as when to show and when not to show his lovely, lacy lingerie, on sitting. She also spoke on other things too. He listened while the polish dried, once she had applied a

second coating of red enamel to each of his toe nails. In essence, now that he looked the part of a female, he might as well start thinking the part too.

When the polish was dry, Helena, once more with caresses and tugs, put the pantyhose on him. Then she turned and reached into the closet and brought out a pair of 4 inch heels. Peter protested, but she put them on his feet anyway. They fit quite well, however, and were open toed so that the red on his toes showed through since the hose were sheer enough to allow it. When he protested again, she said that he would have to learn to walk in them anyway (have to?) and, pushing him out the door, said that now was as good of a time as any.

He was a bit unstable on the shoes but, like he thought, after the 3 inch heels, there was not that much to it. The higher heel did, however, force him to alter his mode of walking even more than the three inch heels, as he had to bring the foot down differently than when wearing his old oxfords. Just the same, out the door they went into the sunlight and public view.

As they walked and talked, Peter kept hearing how Petra's heels sounded as they hit the sidewalk. He also felt his dress and lingerie. A slight breeze ruffled the dress and lace of the half slip. A pang of self consciousness caused him to button up some of the buttons on his dress so that not so much of him was visible. The questions of "why" and "how" were sluffed off by Helena. She only wanted to dwell on the how well he looked plus further instructions on being a woman. He hit the question of what to do on Monday just as he got the message from his feet that they were tired. They were near a park and so walked over to a bench and sat down. He got instructions on how to do it long before they got there so that he did it in a most ladylike manner.

Once seated, he pulled off his shoes and wiggled his cramped toes. He then rephrased the question about Monday. What could he do? Get a haircut? On Sunday? With coolness and apparent forethought,

Helena said to simply let Petra take over the shop. When he said that he would be recognized, she asked him how much of a regular crowd he had gotten in that first week. He had to reply; no one appeared as yet to be any sort of a regular, but some probably would be, there always was before.

He shook his head in confusion as to what to do, feeling in the process how his hair reacted so differently than usual now that it was full of snappy, tight curls. She replied that no one would recognize him but that if he was worried then she could do more, if he were willing, so that no one would. He could just apparently report back to the syndicate that he wanted to settle here, and Petra would take over the shop.

Now he was in a quandary. With his permanently waved hair and feminine eyebrows what could he do? His body he could hide now that he was aware of it. But his face? He could never hide it nor his hair. Men don't go from shoulder length almost straight hair to shoulder length curly hair without being noticed. Helena had him over a barrel and knew it, just as he was rapidly becoming aware of it. Thus, with a sigh, he surrender to her wishes. Besides, what else could she do to him?

He put his shoes back on, and they made their way back to the house. She continued her instructions all the way. His mind was rapidly filling up with all sorts of information on how to act, move, even think femininely. Was he really going to need it? Apparently, if she had her way, yes.

The afternoon's ministrations were actually rather simple but took time. It meant, however, that Peter had to sit under the dryer again after his hair was bleached and then dyed a light auburn, sort of a reddish blond. It was a beautiful color, and he did like it, but he was also learning how much suffering went into getting those kinds of results. The only other thing that Helena did that afternoon was, and here he protested most loudly but to no avail, to double pierce his

ears. She said that this simple move would be more convincing than just the curl and dye in his hair. She pierced them and then put in a pair of pearl studs and a pair of ear wires that had bangles that sparkled and caught the light from all sides so that the attention was brought immediately to them.

As he looked into the mirror when all was done, he did not really recognize the woman that looked out at him, but he was quite impressed by her. He now felt confident that no one else would recognize him either. The cast was set and Monday would tell the tale.

Neil Bronson, the first to enter the stamp shop early Monday morning, was greeted by a lovely, well groomed woman. He felt he must have known her from somewhere but did not know quite where. He was pleasantly surprised to learn that she was every bit as knowledgeable about stamps as the former owner had been, and, as a result, bought perhaps a bit more than he had originally planned.

Even though Peter did not seem all that sure of himself in his guise as Petra, he did carry off a large amount of business, and no one looked askance at him or even suspected who this soft spoken, lovely woman really was. Helena had been right. He had carried it off with flying success. And thus it went for the week. On the next Monday, however, he contacted one of the doctors that Mrs. Meyer had suggested since he didn't know any in town. On Tuesday he went to see him only to find out it was a her.

At the doctor's office he explained how he wanted to have his "chest" lowered. He figured his brows would grow back, and he could always get a haircut to solve the problem of his permanently curled hair though he was not wild about short hair. The ears he figured would heal, and all would be well. He didn't, however, tell Helena about his plans. He didn't count on the doctor's telling her either, but she did. If he had, the outcome might have been different; yes, it *might* have.

On the next day he closed the shop early and went

to the doctor's office. There he was given a general anesthetic and, when he awakened, found that his chest was tightly bound with a bandage. He was told not to disturb it for a week and to return then for the unwrapping and checking of this "chest".

That week was a problem. He had to avoid Helena's advances so that she did not find out what he had done. She did make some advances which he successfully fended off, and she playfully pressed a bit, but she never came to the point of exposing the falsies that he was wearing in his bra or the bandage that lay underneath them.

When the return visit to the doctor came, he had to do some fancy footwork to avoid Helena who insisted on seeing him that afternoon. On time, however, he went to see the doctor. As he sat in her office, stripped to the waist waiting for the removal of the bandages, she excused herself for a moment and then came back in, but with Helena. Peter wanted to sink into the ground, but there was no place to hide.

At this point he began to regret his choice of doctors, but it was way, way too late, but he did not yet know the half of it. Helena was angry at him and said that this explained why he had been avoiding her. She said that she thought he was growing tired of her or some such. He put a quick negation to the idea but said that his plans had been to return to being a man. Was he in for a surprise!

As the doctor began to remove the bandages, Helena outlined the fact that his eyebrows were gone forever; she had used an electrolysis probe. At that point, as the bandages loosened, Peter felt that something else was dreadfully wrong there too. They were not just dropping off as he would have expected with a flat chest. In fact, if anything, they were expanding. He looked down and, with a horror mixed with fascination, watched as the bandages loosened how his chest expanded and expanded and expanded! By the time the bandages finally fell away, he knew what had

happened.

He had signed a request for cosmetic surgery but, under the scalpel of the doctor, had not had his chest flattened but rather pumped up, inflated to unbelievable dimensions to his eyes. While he was under the anesthetic she had obviously given him a set of large breast implants! Breasts that could only belong to a female.

Now there would be no way of hiding them while in male attire unless he were to go with a tight bandage around his chest at all times. It had become increasingly uncomfortable for the last week... Now his erst-while plans were set aside, perhaps forever!

He didn't really hear the conversation of the doctor and Helena as the doctor explained the location and potency of the estrogic implant that he had also made, nor how it would aid Petra's development, nor how Helena answered as to how she had found out that her mother was feeding hormones to Peter so that he would leave her daughter alone.

Little did Mrs. Meyer suspect how her plan to feminize and thus drive him off was to back fire. Helena helped Peter into a new, lacy bra, one in her own size since they now wore the same C-cup bras.

Mrs. Meyer could never have understood the bond of love that had formed between Helena and Peter, a bond that would last long after she was gone. As Petra walked out of the doctor's office, Peter was more or less left behind.

Petra and Helena were married and each of them had matching engagement and wedding rings. After all, both of them were women now, weren't they?

The End.

Terry's Transformation

by Johnnie Anne Knight

"I won't!" Terry shouted. "I like wearing it this way."

"Look", his mother said, "Even though you keep it combed back it looks horrible. Why must it be four inches long at the nape of your neck?"

Terry ended the argument by going to his room and slamming the door. At eighteen years of age and a senior in high school, Terry was still only 5 ft. 4 inches tall. He had always been a quiet and obedient child but on this one subject he was adamant. He had been letting his hair grow for almost four months now and he wasn't going to get it cut. He did keep his hair combed back, not down over the ears like some of the fellows.

The next day was Saturday and after breakfast, Terry was called into the kitchen.

"Now, young man", his mother began, "will you get a hair cut or do you prefer a permanent?"

"W W W What" he stammered, surprised.

"If you are going to wear your hair long you are going to wear it pretty. I won't have it straggling down you neck like that. It will look much nicer in a girls style."

"You're not going to give me a permanent," he said, edging for the door.

"Stop him, Patti."

Turning to run, Terry found himself in the arms of his sister, Patti. She was only two inches taller than he but a good deal stronger. He struggled but he was no match for the two women. They tied him securely to a chair and when he continued to be noisy, they taped his mouth shut with adhesive tape.

Two hours later, he was sitting in the middle of the

kitchen still bound to the chair, with his head covered with large rollers. His hair had been trimmed to an even three inches all over his head and he had been given a permanent and shampoo and this his hair had been wound on rollers to dry. His mother had decided to leave him tied until his hair dried as a lesson for resisting her. He had not the slightest chance of getting loose so he could only sit there feeling the weight of the curlers in his hair and feeling humiliated.

Terry was released shortly before dinner and instructed to leave his hair up until after he ate. It was too late, the permanent had taken. After eating, he was placed in front of a mirror while Patti unrolled his hair. As she unrolled each curler the hair would pop back into a roll curl close to his head. Once the curlers were out, Patti brushed his hair and sprayed the curls. His head was covered with shinning, pretty curls. They framed his face and only allowed the lobes of his ears to show through their soft curls. It was a very lovely hairdo for a girl.

Fascinated, in spite of himself, Terry patted at the curls and asked, "How long will I have to wear it like this?"

"Until it grows long enough for the permanent to be cut off," his mother answered. "Two or three months."

Terry was so taken with his pretty hairdo that he hardly heard her and he raised no protest when Patti suggested that they dress him as a girl for church the next day.

He had misgivings the next day as he negotiated the church steps in a narrow skirt and high heels. But as his mother pointed out, a girls suit, hat, gloves and spiked heels went with the hairdo a lot better than trousers. Terry found that skirts gave him almost as

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good a thrill as his hairdo. He knew he made a pretty girl and he like it.

The next day in school, much comment was made about his hair. Most of his teachers felt that it was quite proper to have a boy wear curls if he wanted to wear long hair. After a few days everyone grew used to his hairstyle. During the first week he learned some of the advantages of permanent curls. His hair never blew into his eyes as it had formerly and he only had to run a comb through his curls once a day. On the weekend he discovered some of the disadvantages. He had to shampoo and set his hair and then wear curlers all day until his hair dried. He was almost disappointed when he wasn't dressed as a girl on Sunday but he realized it was embarrassing enough to be wearing his hair like a girl without dressing as one.

Monday morning, Terry got a shock when the principal called him into his office.

"Terry, you've been running around all week with a girls hairstyle. How long is this going to go on?"

"My mother is making me wear it like this for the next two or three months, sir." Terry explained, wondering what was in store for him.

"Yes, well I've decided that if you continue to wear your hair that way you must wear dresses to school. We must eliminate the confusion. You could get a crew cut?"

"But sir, if I get it cut, all the guys will think I chickened out, I'm a boy." Terry protested.

"I know, but you don't look it and all the other girls...I mean all the girls are not allowed to wear pants, so as long as you wear your hair like a girl you will have to dress like a girl."

"Yes sir." Terry answered in a low tone. Holy Cow! What a mess wearing his hair long had gotten him into.

"Now", Mr. Kinkaid, the principal continued. "We can't very well call you Terry with a Y, can we? That could be a boy's name. From now on you're to spell it

with an I...Terri. All your records have been changed to read Terri Knight and that is the way you will sign your homework from now on. Is that clear, Miss Knight?"

"Yes sir," Terri replied. "May I go now?"

"Yes you may and the next time I see you, see that you are properly dressed."

When he got home, his mother greeted him at the door with, "Come in, Terri, your clothes are ready for you."

As Terri slipped on his panties he felt a little thrill run up his back. What was this exciting feeling he got from dressing in girls clothes? He was a boy, but he liked the dress he was donning much better than the clothes of his sex. He even liked the permanent his mother had given him. Now he would have the appearance of a girl for a couple of months. He shivered suddenly, at the thought. It would be embarrassing but it would be fun.

Terri wore narrow skirts for the first couple of weeks until he learned to take short strides. On the weekends he wore high heels to further feminize his walk. His appearance in school in dresses caused less stir than he had anticipated. The guys knew that if they caused a fight, they might be the next to get haircuts or worse...have to wear skirts. The teachers had all been briefed by Mr. Kinkaid and the students either avoided him or complimented him on his appearance. One teacher in particular said that he was much neater in a dress and curls than he had been when dressed as a boy. His grades even improved. Part of the reason for that was that he was allowed out of the house much less since his mother said a daughter needed more control than a son.

He did the housework on Saturday and Sunday was devoted to sewing and helping his mother in the kitchen. Patti had insisted on plucking his eyebrows and one of the girls at school, Debbi Latham, had noticed it and insisted on making him up with eyebrow pencil, mascara and lipstick. It had made his face into



Sandy Thomas, publisher

a lovely girls, so his mother made him wear makeup regularly.

After of month of girlhood, Terri confided in Patti. He told Patti of his liking for the girl's role and how he enjoyed learning "girl things".

Telling him not to go away she left him there on the couch. She came back with her make-up kit and they spent hours teaching Terry how to put on make-up perfectly. Anyone coming into the room would have seen Terry as a pretty, petite girl, her curly head of hair neatly styled. No one would guess that the lovely little creature in the blue skirt and frilly white blouse was a boy.

Patti returned a half hour later with Debbi Latham. Debbi was quite taken with the pretty boy and she took several photos of Terri in his predicament. Then with Patti's help she had him pose in several different positions, taking photos. He sat there enjoying the attention and wondering why he, a boy, enjoyed being a girl model.

Mrs. Knight was surprised to find her new daughter so perfectly made-up.

From then on Patti and Debbi put Terri through his modeling poses nearly every week. They competed

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with each other in thinking up new ways to feminize him.

By the time Christmas vacation came around his hair had grown out enough so that the permanent could be cut off. Terri thought to himself that he would miss his dresses and curls but that he should really dress in the clothes of his true sex. Debbi Latham had offered to cut his hair so he went over to her house. She questioned him about the last three months.

"Tell me, Terri," Debbi said. "You've enjoyed being a girl these three months, haven't you?"

"Yes, but I've found that being a girl has disadvantages, too."

"Nevertheless, you would really like to continue as a girl and enjoy the privileges of wearing long hair and skirts and being feminine."

"NO." He denied. "I'm a boy and I've got to dress like one."

"We'll see," Debbi answered.

Terri suspected what she was going to do but he couldn't help himself. She trimmed his hair back to three inches, removing most of the old permanent and then gave him a fresh permanent so that once more he had a head covered with bouncy curls. Debbi then pierced his ears and put pearl studs in his lobes. She put on his makeup and sealed it with a sharp smelling liquid.

"Now," she said, holding up a mirror so that Terri could see his pretty reflection. "How do you like what you see?"

"I do like it," he answered, "But I still insist I'm a boy."

"As pretty and petite as you are no one will believe you are a boy. I'm going to see to it that you remain a girl, too. And you are going to admit you like being forced to be feminine."

"Alright," Terri said, lowering his curled lashes to his cheeks. "I would love to be forced to remain a girl but how are you going to do that?"

"I've already started," was her reply. "That liquid I sealed your makeup with will make it last for at least six months. Your face will remain that of a pretty girl for at least that long."

He shivered with pleasure at the thought of another half year as a girl. But he increased his determination to become a boy at the end of that time.

Debbi released him from the chair. She took him back home and called his mother and sister into the living room and told them what she had done to him. Terri was surprised to find that Debbi had recorded their conversation and he flushed to the roots of his curls when she played it for Patti and Mrs. Knight.

"So you like being a girl." Mrs. Knight said. "Alright, I'm going to see that you become as much a girl as possible during the next six months."

"How wonderful!" Patti exclaimed, "I'll have a sister for at least six months more."

Terri found that the training in femininity he had received before was nothing to what he had to undergo now. His mother enrolled him in a charm school where he was taught to walk and sit and move properly. He was taught to dance and follow like a girl should. His teacher and fellow pupils at charm school knew of his true sex and they took care to help him learn to do things in a girlish manner. His deportment became so feminine that his fellow students began to doubt that he was ever a boy.

His rapidly vanishing masculinity wasn't at all aided by his figure training. Terri was fitted with and wore constantly, a waist cincher and he faithfully exercised to develop his bust and reduce his waistline. His naturally slim waist was easily cinched to 19 inches but at first this didn't help much. However, he soon noticed a tenderness around his nipples and small mounds quickly developed. Finally they developed so much that he was forced to wear a bra. He then noticed that his hips and rear were nicely rounded and that his limbs had become soft and shapely. His bustline became so well developed that it was positively embar-



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rassing. He had to wear a 35C cup bra and this, combined with a 19 inch waist and 36 inch hips, gave him a figure as good or better than any girl in school.

This very physical evidence of his femininity excited him and made him wonder how he could ever become a boy again. He pushed this thought from his mind. He was a boy, even though the only evidence of it was between his legs and he became even more determined to regain the clothes of his true sex.

In the meantime, Terri enjoyed his girlhood to the hilt. He loved the soft, frilly clothes he wore and he thrilled to the restrictions of high heels and narrow skirts. He delighted in creating new hairstyles for himself. As a girl he was expected to wear long hair and have it prettily purled and waved.

He attended dances always chaperoned of course, and he danced as a girl so well that he was much in demand as a partner. He was charmed when a boy would hold a door open for him and he was properly quiet and shy as any young girl around his elders. Patti and Debbi had much fun inventing new ways to feminize him, they even had some dresses especially made for Terri. New dresses always increased his feelings of girlishness. For some reason, time decreased his desire to return to boyhood. This frightened and thrilled him.

His 19th birthday came a week after the start of the summer vacation. Terri had graduated from charm school with the highest marks and his makeup had finally worn off but he would miss his skirts. He would especially regret having to cut his hair. It had grown out so nicely and he loved the style he was currently wearing, a swirl of bangs and the ends turned gently under at chin level.

The party Debbi had was a real surprise. He received all kinds of dresses, skirts, jewelry, perfume and all the other things that would please a girl.

"W-W-Why are you giving me presents like these?" he stammered. "I'm going to be a boy again, I won't have any use for them."

His mother explained. "You don't think we spent all that effort to transform you into a girl just so you could go back to being a boy after just six months. Oh no. You're going to remain my daughter and Patti's sister until you graduate from college. Those hormones I've been putting in your food are expensive and you're going to have that figure they gave you a lot longer than six months. Besides, what kind of a boy do you think you would make. Look in the mirror and tell me."

Terri looked at the pretty girl in the mirror with her shapely figure and lovely hair and realized that he would make about as good a boy as would Annette Funicello. There was no escape. He would have to remain a girl. Boy's clothes would not conceal his completely female figure or his utterly feminine mannerisms. He didn't want to cut his pretty curls.

He was rather glad his mother was going to keep him as her daughter until college graduation. He would have four years experience being a girl and if that didn't help him understand women nothing would. If nothing else, he could join a drag show when he graduated. He'd heard the pay was good.

Terri thoroughly enjoyed summer vacation. Patti and Debbi spread the rumor that he had always been a girl and that he had only dressed as a boy during the first 15 years of his life. They said that he had to start wearing dresses when his figure began to develop. After this rumor spread and Terri didn't deny it, he was asked for dates by several boys. With his mother's permission he finally accepted a date from a boy named Spike.

Terri wore a tight bodice, low cut, full skirted dress for the date. The skirt was held out by yards and yards



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of stiff petticoats and his waist (which insisted in remaining at 19 inches even without a cinch) was accented by a wide belt. A bow was pinned on one side of his chin length pageboy and a choker necklace encircled his neck. His shoes were a special present from his sister, a pair of black patent pumps with four inch heels. The effect was totally feminine.

When Spike came he just stared at Terri for a moment before taking her hand to go. As they left Patti noticed that her sister's pretty head barely reached to Spike's shoulders even though Terri wore 4 inch heels.

Spike seemed to realize that he had the prettiest girl at the dance. He tried to dance every dance with Terri but other boys kept cutting in. Terri had a wonderful time even though his feet were killing him by the end of the evening. At the front door Terri tried to thank Spike with a quick kiss but Spike gathered the pretty creature in his arms and kissed her long and hard.

Before going to bed, Terri told his sister about the kiss. "I felt so weak and helpless and so entirely girlish when he kissed me. He's so much stronger than I and I liked knowing I couldn't resist him. What's wrong with me?"

"Nothing, except that you are feeling like a girl." Patti replied.

"I'm a boy!" Terri interrupted. "I know I don't look like a boy or act like one but I'm a male. Even though my appearance and actions are those of a girl it doesn't change my sex."

"No it doesn't." Patti replied. "But you just admitted that you look and act like a girl and what you just told me about your reaction to Spike's kiss, shows that you think like a girl, too. Your sex may be male but I contend your appearance, actions and thoughts make you a girl."

Patting a curl in place absentmindedly, Terri said, "You are trying to say that sex and gender are two different things and that while my sex may be male my gender is female."

"Yes. You must admit that you started it all by

insisting on wearing hair long and that you took to dresses like a duck to water. You have become so entirely girlish that people who have known you all your life are prepared to believe you never were a boy. And you weren't. You were a male, but a girl male. The fact that you like dresses and long hair is further proof of your femininity. You even associate helplessness with being a girl.

Terri had to admit that there was a great deal of truth in what Patti said. "Alright, but what can I do? I'm confused. I can't live the rest of my life as a girl. How could I ever marry? I won't have a sex change operation. I like being a male, but I also like being a girl and wearing long curls and dresses. I couldn't give that up, but if I don't I'll never marry. What woman would want a husband as feminine as me?"

"I don't see that you have any choice, Terri," Patti said gently. "You have been too well feminized to ever take any role but that of a girl and woman. So live your life as a woman. I don't think less of you because of your change of gender and neither does mother. We both have seen that you have become a fuller, more happy person since you became a girl. Enjoy you femininity, don't fight it."

"Do you really mean that?"

"Of course, little sister. I love you and want what's best for you."

"Oh Patti." Terri cried, throwing himself into his sisters arms.

The two sisters held each other and they both had a good cry.

Terri thought of himself as a girl from then on and he wasn't ashamed to be a girl. Once he got over the idea he should dress in the clothes of his true sex he became a more outgoing person. He was no longer afraid of enjoying a boy's kiss and he began to use his feminine wiles on boys as girls have been doing for eons.

Patti, Debbi and Terri went for a camping trip that summer and Terri found that special plans had been made for him when they arrived at the campsite. All three girls wore slacks and sweaters but those chosen for Terri fit like a second skin. Terri had the figure for it but still it embarrassed him to wear such tight fitting clothes. He wore his hair in a flip and bangs with tiny bows on each side.

After putting up the tent, Debbi said, "Now we have a camp slave." You'd better do as you're told, Terri, or it will go hard with you. Get busy and cook lunch while Patti and I go for a walk. They were sometimes so mean to him.

Obediently, Terri prepared lunch while thrilling to his passive role with the girls. He delighted in the idea that he was the most feminine and passive of the three.

After lunch, Terri cleaned the dishes while the girls went on a hike.

Debbi and Patti returned just after dark so he could make dinner for them. They slept nicely in the crisp cool air.

The next day after lunch Debbi and Patti went down to the lake for a swim. Before they left though, they once again left Terri to the girl's chores.

Terri had just finished cleaning up when he heard someone walking through the forest into the camp. His heart jumped into his throat and chills ran up his spine as he hoped against hope whoever it was wouldn't see him. He knew it was hopeless though.

"Hello" a man's voice called. "Anybody here?" Then he saw the lovely girl. "What have we here?"

It was a hiker. A young man in shorts and a hiking sack. He looked around and said, "Are we all alone? Who would leave a pretty young thing like you, way out here by her self." He walked over to the terrified, helpless creature and admired her figure.

Terri was horrified and couldn't move. He felt a hand grab his hair and turn his head to one side face up. Then his lips were crushed by a strong, masculine

mouth. The kiss lasted a long time while his breath came raggedly from his nose. The hand released his hair and he straightened his head, more terrified than ever. There was one more indignity coming. Two hands covered and gently caressed his breast. He flushed and the man laughed while watching his face turn red. He discovered that Terri was not wearing a bra and he played with her nipples. With a final squeeze of each shapely globe and a pinch on her behind, he left her.

Terri told the girls of his experience when they returned and blushed when Debbi dragged from him the admission that he liked it. He spent that night haunted by the experience.

Next day, Terri was allowed to accompany Debbi and Patti on a hike.

A mile out from camp they met a man on the trail. He stood an easy 6 ft. 8 inches in his hunting gear, dwarfing all three girls.

Debbi greeted him, "Cousin Mike! What are you doing here?"

Cousin Mike engulfed both Debbi's hands in one, saying, "Cousin Debbi, I never expected to find you out here. And who are these two lovely girls?"

"This is Patti Knight and her sister Terri. We're out camping."

Mike went on the hike with them, helping Terri over obstacles he couldn't negotiate. He marvelled at the ease with which Mike handled his 100 lbs. and thrilled at the feel of his strong hands on him. As they walked, Mike explained that he had come to this area to study for his junior and senior years at college.

Once back at the camp Terri fixed supper. After the meal, Mike complimented the supposed girl on her cooking and asked her for a date. Heart thumping, Terri accepted. Something about this big strong man fascinated him.

Terri spent that night restlessly turning. They got

back home the next day.

On their date that weekend, Mike offered Terri every consideration due a girl, almost as if he realized that Terri had only been a girl for the past year. Terri accepted another date without hesitation and by Christmas vacation of his junior year he was going steady with Mike.

Christmas Day, Mike asked Terri over to his apartment to receive his present. Terri was wearing a simple white sheath and heels and his hair tumbled over his shoulders in curls. Due to Mike's request Terri had not cut his hair since they started dating. At Mike's bidding, Terri agreed to model his present before he saw it. The present was a tight lace dress with straps that Terri couldn't figure out. Mike had never before shown any interest in Terri's clothes but he soon had him laced up tight. The dress fit like a glove and every curve showed.

Mike sat on the couch next to Terri and preceded to strip him. He struggled in terror but to no avail, his dress and slip were torn off leaving him dressed only in panties, nylons and bra. Terri was terrified, he didn't know what had come over Mike, but if Mike tried to rape the "girl" he'd been going with for the last several months, he would certainly find that the pretty creature was a male. Terri could offer no resistance to whatever muscular Mike might do. His bra joined his dress and slip on the floor and he sat there, trembling, his head bowed so that his curls tumbled over his breasts, partially hiding them.

Mike reached out and lifted his girl's chin and said gently, "Don't be frightened, little one. You are afraid I will find out that you are a male but I've known this since the day I met you. I also know that you are a girl, every inch a girl.

At these words Terri fainted.

When he revived, Terri tried to cover himself with his hands and was only successful because he still wore his panties. Mike tossed him a narrow skirt and

sweater and turned his back while Terri donned them. Getting a comb from his purse, Terri went to work on his disarranged curls while Mike told him a most surprising story.

Mike was a female. Like Terri she had given up all thoughts of marriage, because what man would want a female more masculine than he. Since discovering Terri, Mike had begun to dream of a more normal life. Mike had fallen in love with Terri and wanted to marry him.

Of course Terri would continue as a girl while Mike took the mans role.

Terri realized that the feeling he had fought these last months had been love and that it was not homosexual love but normal...well...almost normal love. Terri agreed that he could not deserve a better fate than to become Mike's wife. He cried a little when Mike slipped the ring on his finger.

Nearly four years later, after both Terri and Mike graduated, they were married. The bride wore white, with curls cascading to her narrow waist and her five inch heels only bringing the top of her head to the grooms armpits. After the ceremony, while Terri donned his yellow suit, Mike instructed Terri in what a wife should be.

"You're my property now, Mrs. Latham, and you'll do as you are told. I don't ever want to catch you wearing pants. You wear the skirts in this family. I want you to leave your hair long, too. It makes you look very feminine. I want an attractive wife. And always

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remember one other thing, I love you."

"That's the way to handle a woman." Terri murmured softly, yielding his lips to his husbands.

Epilogue:

This was the story of how, in five short years, a boy became a housewife. It was a sometime difficult, sometimes pleasurable transformation. I know, because all this happened to me ten years ago. In that time, I've learned the infinite joy of being a woman. I defer to my husband in everything as a good wife should. I cannot even recall what it was like to be a boy. I have not worn anything but heels and skirts for the last ten years. Being a wife has been a privilege and I could ask no greater favor than to live my next life as a woman.

The End.



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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER

#46 & 47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48

&49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

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SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

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

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Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

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LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2

BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn’t mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

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

PUNISHED IN PINK BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

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

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I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)

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

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

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

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)

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

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he’s

now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

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

THE SISSY SERIES

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Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it’s all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

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

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A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

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Getting the right job can be tough...but with the right training anything is possible. A racy and wonderful story.

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The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it.

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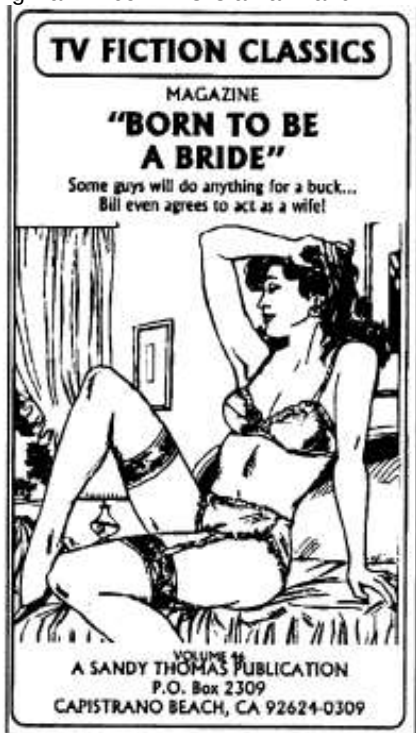
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.

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

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating reading.



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