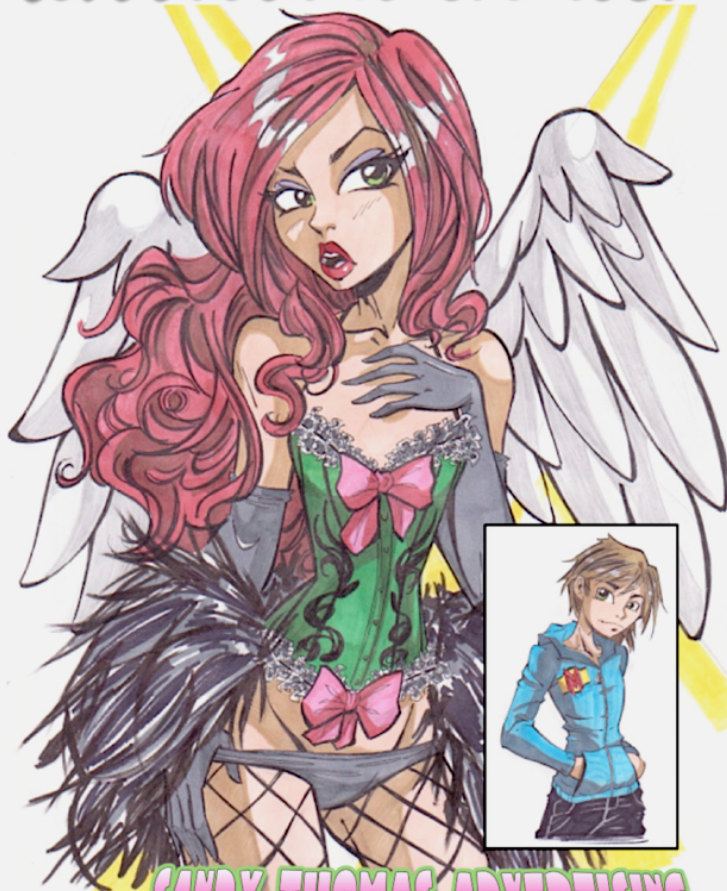


TV FICTION CLASSICS

SCHOOLBOY TO SHOWGIRL



SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

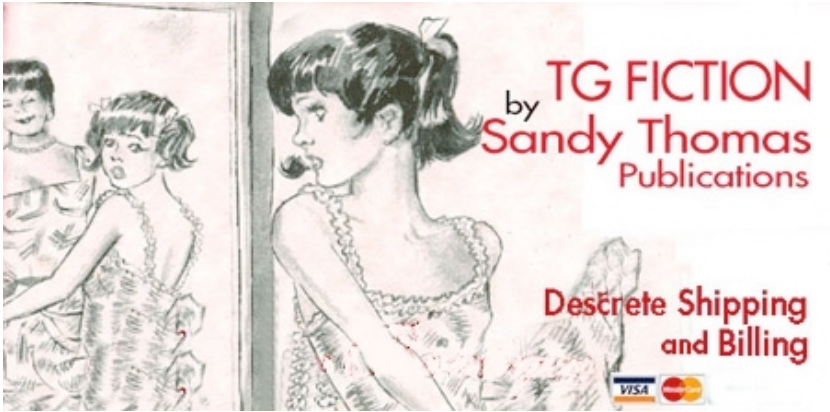
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SCHOOLBOY TO SHOWGIRL

By Sandy Thomas



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www.sthomas.com

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

QUOTE BOARD

**“Becoming less of a man can mean becoming a better
person.”**

SCHOOLBOY TO SHOWGIRL

By Sandy Thomas

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Sandy Thomas Advertising.

Based upon a concept in *Transvestia No. 35*

The planes come in full of money....

It was many years ago this Spring when my life was changed completely! Out of the clear blue sky it seemed that I, a boy of sixteen, had my life turned upside down and you could say, inside out.

It was in the midst of the great economic doldrums, in the early summer of 2008 that I went to spend the Summer in Las Vegas with my Mother's sister and Uncle Jim.

They had lived and worked in Las Vegas all their adult life and I would be plunged into their exciting life. But I hadn't realized that my mother had set me up with a JOB!

Uncle Jim managed, booked and ran a "follies," girlie show at a small casino off strip. Aunt Effie, who had been a showgirl herself, worked on the productions, hired and fired the girls. My cousin Connie also managed the Follies productions and danced in the "line" of girls. She was my age and you had to be 21 to be in a Casino but not to dance or work in one.

The club the Follies was booked in then was small, a stage about the size of my old high school auditorium with much better lighting and music. The close-up seats

were reserved for high rollers so that they could look up the skirts of the showgirls who are panty flashing.

My Aunt and Connie choreographed knowing what the men want to see and teasingly make sure the other girls kept moving in front of the girl with the most showing. Connie said, "We are selling the sizzle, not the steak."

When I first saw the show, I tried to figure out the appeal of a follies show. The showgirls moved about in big outfits, mostly covered, making "classy" stripper moves to music. The businessmen loved these shows and the girls thought it was fun to be sexy.

My job, hardly very glamorous, was cleaning in the mornings, doing laundry, helping manage the girl's wardrobe (a task I loved). During the show, I had to make sure the costumes were in proper order. Mostly I was a guy Friday making myself useful for anything that needed done. The long hours made me feel I was earning my "keep".

There was sign on the back stage door:

WANTED...Job Title: SHOWGIRL

Entertainment Shift: Swing, Status: Full-Time

SHOWGIRLS MUST BE 5 FEET 7 INCHES MINIMUM HEIGHT, WITHOUT HEELS and EGO.

TRAINED DANCERS ONLY. MUST HAVE A STRONG JAZZ, BALLET, TAP DANCE TECHNIQUE.

MUST BE PHYSICALLY FIT & ABLE TO DANCE TOPLESS.

My Uncle whispered, "That's just to keep the showgirls in line. If they get bitchy, I point to the sign and they think I have a stack of applications on my desk."

I was a boy who
had no idea what
my future held....
Would I have
success, a wife,
riches? I had to
start at the bottom.



I am the youngest boy in our family of four, and I guess I was my Mother's favorite. I received more of her loving care and attention than my older sisters, and was petted and pampered more than was good for me.

Father worked on the railroad, a brakeman, and was out on his run much of the time. I really never became close to him. He seemed to favor the girls more than his only son. I resented his attention to them, although he probably spread his love and attention evenly among us. I felt that I should have the major share and so retired from him as much as possible. I grew up to envy my sisters and perhaps unconsciously imitate them a great deal, to his puzzlement no doubt. And then it happened!

One icy night he fell under the train and was killed. Mother was left with us four to care for, a formidable task in those trying times when just getting enough to eat was a problem with many that we knew. My oldest sister had finished school and worked in a cafe. The other girls were still in high school. After the funeral expenses little was left of the insurance money.

My Mother found employment in a laundry and struggled to keep the family together to see us all through high school. So, it was a welcome opportunity when my Aunt Effie offered to take me under her care and let me live with them, working with the "show" during the summer season.

The Follies girls were recruited from among the small town beauty queens and unfortunates who had gotten into some minor trouble in their conservative hometowns. They welcomed a chance to get away from all who knew them, joining the Vegas shows for the freedom and adventure it offered.

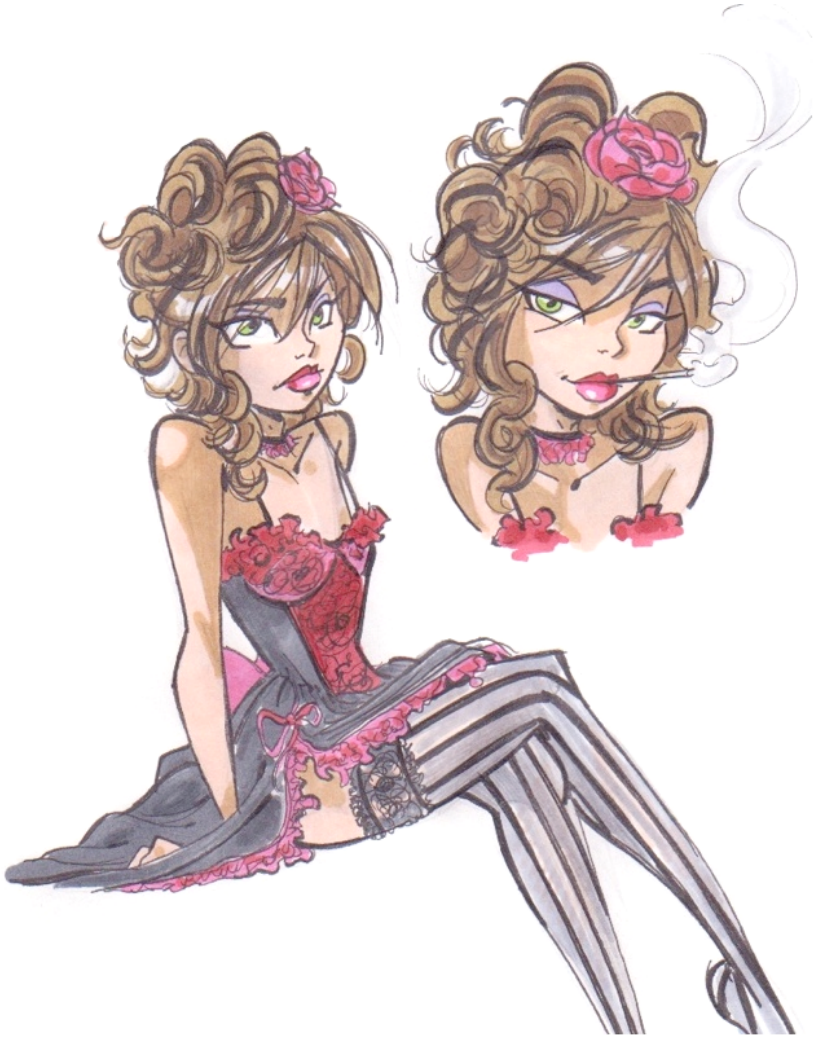
They were a fun-loving lot as a rule, though hard and a bit bawdy under the standards of the road. I went through a deal of teasing and good-natured fun that I rather enjoyed. I like the attention from these beautiful girls.

They were always threatening to dress me up in one of their costumes and make a doll of me, and I pretended to shudder at the thought.

And then one morning a couple of them did just that! I became their human doll to dress up. When Connie came into the dressing room, I was wearing a can-can costume, my rather long hair curled with an iron and fluffed on the top of my head, my face made up completely.

The change was really startling when I faced myself in the mirror. I must have had an expression of rapture when Connie walked in. She did not recognize me at all!! The girls made no move to tell her either, enjoying the joke immensely, giving me time to regain my composure somewhat.

I began to enjoy the fun and sat down on a bench, crossed my mesh-clad legs provocatively and reached for a cigarette with what nonchalance I could muster. The cigarette was my undoing! I had never learned to smoke, and went into a fit of coughing, attracting Connie's attention.



My hair was swept up into a mass of neatly arranged curls. My eyebrows were drawn into a high arch and my cheeks shaded with blush. But the “showgirl” eye shadow and mascara eyes were the most striking addition. Actually, nothing had been left untouched, being either pushed up or down!

“Jess,” she gasped, “WHAT ARE YOU DOING LIKE THIS?” The situation was funny, and she burst out laughing, as did the others. It was contagious and I joined hysterically. Just then Aunt Effie and Uncle Jim walked in, attracted by the noise.

At first they were flabbergasted. They just could not believe their eyes! They kidded me unmercifully at first, and then their joking remarks turned to compliments. I had to turn, prance and pose, actions which came naturally to me from watching the girls on the inside stage. I did a part of the Can-Can dance that was the main number in the “show” to the delight of all. I admit to a great deal of exciting pleasure of my own.

“Come now,” Connie exclaimed, “get out of all this, Jess, or should I call you Jessica?” giving me the name that I bear until today.

“OKAY! Grab a bite to eat. The show starts in another hour!” She stayed behind and helped me out of the costume, remarking, “you really enjoyed this little play-acting didn't you hon? You know, with a little practice, you could be a very nice looking girl.”

I blushed at her words knowing that couldn't be a compliment. But she went on, “I can hardly believe my eyes. With a nice hairdo, you could fool anybody. But enough of this, get dressed now and have something to eat. You haven't much time.”

It took me a lot of time to get undressed. I drew on my jeans and tennis shoes and walked over to the kitchen, too excited to eat more than a mere snack.

That night I lay awake in my bedroom for a long time. I wondered what had happened to me that

morning, why was I so strangely thrilled and excited. Would I ever experience this wonderful thrill again? I drifted off into a fitful sleep and dreamed that I was in the “line,” tossing my hips and smiling provocatively at the men in the audience. Aunt Effie came into the trailer after closing and tenderly put her hand on my head, “you are a real doll” I heard her murmur.

I put all those thoughts out of my mind, but the next week my dream became a reality! A boy delivered a note to Aunt Effie from Sue, one of the girls in the show. She had found romance with “a zillionaire” and was going to get married. They were on their way to the local justice of the peace!

A family conference was quickly called, for a replacement could just not be found on such short notice. What to do! One routine required six girls to execute! They all looked at me at the same time, and broke into roars of delight! I was sitting on the studio couch eating an apple and looked up at them in puzzlement.

“Jess could do it!” they all exclaimed at once.

“Would you take Sue's place, just for today?” asked Connie. I stared at them dumbfounded! Yet a thrill crowded my breath so that I couldn't answer.

“You can do the routines,” said Connie, “just watch the rest of us and follow along. You have watched us enough to know what it is all about. If you get lost, fade to the back of the stage.” I still couldn't answer!

“Please, just this once,” she begged, sitting on the couch beside me with her hands stroking my arm. I nodded dumbly, having no words in my mouth. I knew that cancelling even one day of shows caused financial hardship on all. The season was so short. I nodded.

“Let's get busy, Mother,” said Connie. “Take a bath, Jess, and then start on his hair, Mother. I'll go for the costume.” With that she tore out of the dressing room door while I stumbled over to the management office's shower.

An hour later I was transformed into Sue's replacement! My hair was beautifully curled and tied with a large ribbon in the back to cover its shortest area. My naturally long lashes were heavily coated with mascara and dark shadow was added. My brows were plucked and shaped, my mouth made into a cute “bee stung” shape, and large gold button earrings were screwed into place.

A wasp-waist corset of Aunt Effie's earlier days was placed about my waist. The theatrical mesh stockings were tightly drawn and frilly panties and voluminous petticoats of the can-can costume were slipped over my head.

“I don't think you should try dancing in high, high heels at first,” said Connie. “How about those ankle strap platform shoes? The heels are not so high really. They just look that way!” With them on my feet, we began the short walk to the “Follies” showroom, entering the backstage door.

The girls screamed with delight! They had been huddled around the stage, wondering what they would do without Sue. After many congratulatory remarks, we all went on the stage and the piano and drum started for an hour-long rehearsal. Everything went wonderfully well. I fell into the routine easily enough, following the girls through three practice sessions.



From the moment they started applying the lipstick, all the things I had heard about why girls liked lipstick were true. I felt relaxed and completely submissive. And the girls knew the effect of putting lipstick on me would have. I was putting my male ego in their hands.

“You will do, Hon.,” Connie said. “Don't get frightened if you make a mistake. The others aren't too wonderful as performers. No one will pay any attention,” which brought a chorus of boos from the other girls, as they filed out for a half hour rest before the first performance.

I gladly went back to the trailer and got out of those shoes. My feet hurt and the corset was uncomfortably

tight. I managed to eat a sandwich and drink a glass of milk, but couldn't manage my usual ample lunch.

The evening performance went quite well. I was very pleased with the way I carried out my part of the show, although I got the others confused at the early afternoon out front act. They were over anxious and flubbed their parts too, all waiting for me to miss a cue. However, the out-front act is very short. Mostly we stood in a line and smiled prettily at the prospective customers who wanted a peek from outside the showroom door.

I danced, I flirted, I lip synched, and I had a wonderful time mixing with the men who smiled for our attention. I never saw such luxury, or felt so special or pampered as I did that first night. Connie and the other girls had done a breathtaking job in my transformation. These alluring girls obviously understood the fiber of tantalizing womanhood. When confused as to what to do, I did what they did. The way they walked, stood and smiled intoxicated the male audience.

My thoughts wandered occasionally to my true identity in the breathless faces of our many admirers. My short frilly skirts remained hiked up above mid thigh most of the show and the front three rows could plainly see my lacy panties. With legs kicking, the show was a smash, and one I would always remember.

I was shocked by the dozens of male admirers who always hung around after the show in hopes of talking to one of the girls. I stayed safely in the dressing room between shows and let the other girls "encourage" the men to stay for "just one more show. The men had to pay again. It was all part of `show biz'.

This was fun!
Just prance
around, wiggle
and strut.
It took more
time getting
ready than
I spent on
stage!



I pretended not to see the many admiring glances. I marveled at the ease and sheer comfort I felt dressed like a showgirl. I knew it wasn't right that it could be this easy to be a boy one minute and a dancing showgirl the next.

It was eleven o'clock eventually and I struggled to my bed exhausted, not even combing out my hair or removing my makeup.

After lights out, I felt so curious. It had been the wildest day of my life, but still I couldn't understand the feelings of elation welling deep within me. I knew I shouldn't be doing this, but I couldn't help but be turned on by the experience of being a dance girl. What was happening to me?

As I lay there in bed, I felt my soft curls caressing my face, smelled my perfume and tasted the sweetness of my lipstick. As I moved a leg, I could feel the smoothness of my shaven legs and remembered how the fishnet nylons felt. I couldn't let anyone know I was enjoying this or they would think I was really odd.

I rehearsed the show all night in my dreams and woke up at ten in the morning tired, but strangely happy.

Aunt Effie came into my little bedroom and handed me a silk Chinese dressing gown, saying teasingly, "Looks like you are the NEW girl for a while. Breakfast is ready, Doll. Slip into these. I hope they fit."

As she produced a pair of "mules" with pink bunny tails on the instep. Without hesitation I donned the frilly things and gracefully swayed into the dinette, much to the amusement of Connie and my Aunt.

I started blushing under my makeup, and stared into the mirror at my side for reassurance. A girlish image stared back at me, a little mussed, but rather pretty. I stared until the women's laughter brought me back to reality. They decided that I would be the fill-in until they could find a replacement. That's when I was brought down to earth.

Connie said, "You were okay last night, but you have a long way to go to be good. You're too stiff. We need you dancing and moving with a more feminine motion."

"Gawd, with that corset and high heels, I'm lucky to be able to move."

"We just need to put more 'showy' in your 'showgirl'. We are having special flesh-colored bodysuits brought over along with some special figure control." She laughed, "You put enough sequins, beads, pearls and feathers on a pig and men would pay."

"Thanks," I said.

"You are not a pig. You just need to strap on the tallest high heels you can wear and live in them. With the gobs of stage makeup, false eyelashes, and a feather boa, you just do a little dance, wiggle and smile, smile, and smile."

"You really think I should try this?" I asked.

She laughed, "All guys should have to wear high heels like the girls. Maybe then they'd appreciate what a girl does to impress. If you thought your legs got sore from track practice, wait until a few days of dancing and having to walk gracefully on the slippery stage."



No one really asked me if I wanted to be a showgirl. The choice was like, “Do you want to sweep and clean the dressing room or be queen?” Besides, I knew the costumes and how to assemble the different props from the Old West showgirl to the French Cancan showgirl. Keeping track of necklaces and boas and angel wings can be confusing and a little tricky.

For me, it would be more so. It was like Halloween, only I was more like a twelve-year-old girl: trying to be sexy, and learning to apply thick black eyeliner with a beginner's shaky hands. The long false eyelashes stuck everywhere but where they were meant to stick. I really didn't think I could handle the stiletto heels on stage or put up with the fishnet stockings and breath-stealing bustier, but I did.

So began my life as a Show Girl. Connie found three pairs of lovely slippers with the high built-up soles and heels of the times, a skirt and sweater, three dresses and a jacket, and such accessories as purses, hankies, and a pair of really wild sun glasses together with “shimmies” and hose of real silk, plus a formidable corset that laced up the back!!

“But...but,” I stammered! “What goes here?” As if I did not suspect!

“We can never get a girl for the act that adds what you do. It's special in so many ways...JESSICA!” drawled Connie. “And you LOVE it, I know you do! But you can't go running around in boy's clothes, now can you? Not when you are a showgirl? And, besides, you must get used to being a girl to act like one! So, its girl's

clothes for you, sweetie! And look what I have especially for you!”

Unwrapping a package she held up two lovely silk nighties. I blushed! “How cute!” exclaimed Aunt Effie. “Oh, this is going to be real fun having another girl in the family.” With that she left the trailer, saying “Take care of HER, Connie.” Connie proceeded to do that with unbound enthusiasm!

“You know, Jessica,” she began, “I have been very lonely for a girlfriend my own age. While Mother and Dad are the most wonderful parents ever, I have been an only child since they found me as a baby and took me into their hearts as their own.”

“But,” I interrupted, “I always thought you were my blood cousin. I never dreamed that you were not.”

“I always thought so too until last Christmas,” Connie said. “I found some baby things and a gold locket in an old traveling case. I asked Mother about them. She told me the story of how she and Dad found me abandoned near the show lot, and having no children of their own, took me in and raised me as their own. No real Mother could have loved me more, nor could I love any real parent more than I do Mother and Dad.”

“You don't know who your real parents are, Connie?” I asked.

“The only clue is the locket,” she replied. “The name Connie and the baby clothes that I was wearing. They are hand sewn with great care. My Mother must have really loved me,” she said. “But enough of that, we have things to do, sister! You can't use the shower with the other girls, but you can use the one in the management office!”

My shower completed, I returned to the living room to find Connie ready to begin my transformation. First my hair was set in curlers to dry while she attacked my nails. Soon they were nicely shaped and buffed with chalk and a buffer to a gleaming sheen. She started on my face with cream, powder, mascara and lipstick. My lashes were curled with a special curler until they gave me a wide-eyed look of innocence. She combed out my hair and added a small hairpiece in back to cover my neckline, remarking, "In just a few weeks we won't need that!"

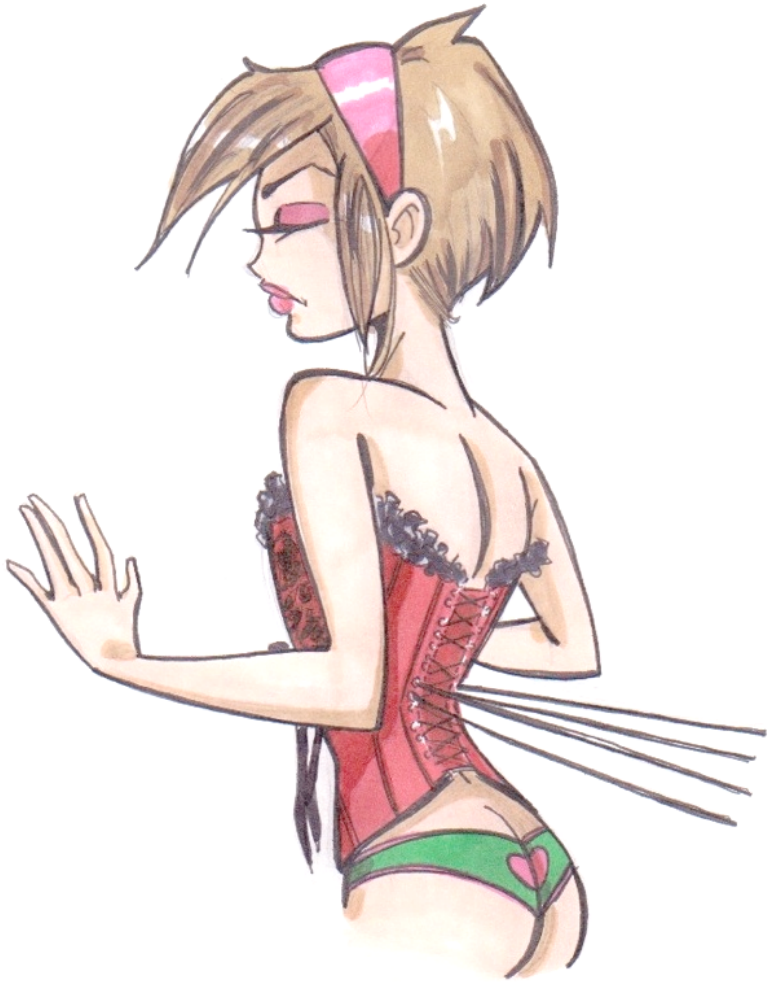
"Weeks?" I gasp.

"We have no idea how long it will take to find someone who can dance. You're the best we've got."

I stepped into the bedroom and donned my chemise and the corset under advice through the curtain from Connie. She drew in the laces until I cried, "STOP!"

Connie smiled, "You will soon get accustomed to this, my dear. Now put on your hose and slip. I will help you with this dress. We must be careful not to mess up your hair."

Soon I was as ready as I ever would be. She handed me a purse and my sunglasses and said, "We'll just stroll in and out of the casinos while I coach you on how to act like a girl in public."



Not only did the figure control induce a regal posture; it made for smaller, feminized motions. I could barely bend at the waist or take a deep breath. But that was no concern in the quest for a perfect figure. It was a challenge that taxed my stamina.

So I was being trained. Arm in arm walked down the strip, in and out of casinos. I was scared and had a little trouble with my new shoes. I was told to hold my legs straight and walk from the hips, putting the heel down to the ground with the toe of the shoe, not to “clomp,” but to swing.

I found it was quite easy after a short distance. The higher heels forced me to take a feminine stride and walk with a movement of my hips as I had so often admired girls doing.

“Now,” Connie whispered, “Let's work with the purse! Don't carry it like a bag of sand. It is a lovely and delicate part of your wardrobe. Handle it that way.” She demonstrated, carrying it lightly, with the arm slightly bent, sometimes by the strap, often held in the arm. I caught the idea, but the purse was hard to get accustomed to! I missed my pockets!

“Throw your shoulders back, let your body curve, be fluid. Don't just walk...strut! See? You are a female and attractive.” She walked ahead of me to demonstrate. I was so fascinated that I forgot that I was supposed to be a girl too, and she promptly called me on it with an amused expression in her eyes! “Hey, you now have everything I have...so don't stare at mine.”

Two hours later we were back home and had to change for the four o'clock show. We just made it, dressing and entering the main showroom's backstage where the other girls were waiting. I found dancing in the act much easier than walking on the street!

The weirdest part was realizing that men were looking up my skirts at my panties and crotch. My job was to tease them with my flatness in a lady-like, cute and sexy fashion.

It was against everything I was conditioned to do all my life. Boys are rewarded for being boys. I was now being paid for dressing up pretty in stockings, a dress and high heels. I was to behave like a showgirl, a “monkey see, monkey do” by imitating.

Connie said, “You’ll learn more about men as you imitate the showgirls.”

Three shows a day on weekends, two on other nights tired me to exhaustion! I just “fell” into bed and morning came all too soon. As a girl I was spared the rough work of staging and moving props. Instead of hiring another girl for the show, my Uncle hired a new stagehand.

At first, Connie helped me into my outfits, while I looked on in the mirror. It was odd seeing myself dressed like a girl. If I turned sideways I could see the ruffles on the back of my dance panties, a sight that never failed to make me blush. All of the girls in act wore the panties with ruffles. The men could see them when we jumped, did leg kicks or when our short skirts flipped up. I knew they could see mine too. I even saw a few of the girls lifting their skirts to show their ruffled panties to their suitors and “flaunting” their ruffles.



Tears came to my eyes as I accepted the gaff as a daily necessary addition. I had been initiated into the mysteries of being “without one.” The control of the gaff inferred the submissive, self-conscious values of being female.

Being a “showgirl” was so new to me, but I learned quickly. Every movement had to be graceful, no matter which costume I was wearing or what slick, sparkling stage surface I was walking on. I was taught a special “stage” way to walk that accentuated the swaying of my hips. In high heels, proper walking techniques were essential, especially when walking with a 10 pound feathered headdress.

Most challenging were the skirts. Nearly every costume had a different kind of skirt and required special training. Our tropical Latin numbers required me to hold my skirts out and move them around as I danced, affording a rather naughty and risqué glance up my skirt.

I was amazed that men were willing to pay money to watch me throw up my skirts. I suddenly had to manage a variety of skirts in “graceful and teasing” ways. The skirt was like a curtain that with fanciful manipulation always ended up with my panty crotch being flashed.

For this reason, that was an area of training that I worried I’d never get used to. With skirts ruffled like birds’ feathers, I moved, twirled, and eventually had to flash my panties; most often getting a smile from the males.

Connie came up with the “dancer’s gaff”, she called them. “It’s for your own good. You don’t want to be at the back of the chorus line forever?”

I blushed in shame when the showgirls saw me in only gaff and panties, especially since most were also only in panties. The gaff had emasculated and sissified me, but once the show started, there was no time to fret. I had to move quickly in and out of dresses, lipstick and

high heels. I mince around on stage with the girls, holding my wrists limp and hands primly up.

Before I knew it, the show was over. For all intent, I was just one of the showgirls. The gaff I was forced to wear in my panties, while at first being *very* uncomfortable and almost nauseating, was now something that I hardly noticed at all.

I learned to tuck everything between my legs and put on my gaff to hold it tight and almost entirely up inside my body. I had to be perfectly flat down there because THAT was the reason men came to the show. After some minutes of being tucked and gaffed, I felt nothing. It was almost as if my little “thingy” had gone to sleep in the gusset of my show panties.

The showgirls would make occasional comments about my dancing. “Oh honey, you are looking good! You can have my position on the line, but you better keep your hands off my boyfriend!”

Connie always came to my rescue, and with her dedicated discipline, soon my hips were trained to roll in a girlish manner, and my walk became dainty and graceful.

“If you dress like a showgirl, then you should act like a showgirl,” Connie reminded me. Under my padded, nude color bodysuit, I was in and out of the glittering g-string bottoms, rhinestone-encrusted bras, and huge headdresses. Feathers of all types are used (ostrich, turkey, even chicken) to augment the size of the costumes without adding much weight.

Connie was sometimes sorry for being so critical of me. “Just give it time,” she coached. “You will learn to be as feminine as any girl.” She never let me have a

masculine thought and the others stopped me from doing any of my old “guy” chores. “If you are to be properly feminized, you have to be a girl all the time,” Connie said.

They took away everything masculine, keeping me in dresses during the day, and negligees at night. Everyone did everything they could to get me “accustomed” to being “feminine”! I would be spending my days in nylon and lace, and nights dancing around in frilly costumes.

Uncle Jim was all about business. “You are doing nicely in the show,” he complimented. “Who would have thought that adding a shy, slightly awkward but pretty girl to the line would add so much intrigue?”

“Thank you,” I said bashfully.

“I’m giving you a raise so you can get some pretty new dresses.”

I blushed, “I don’t need that many dresses....”

He smiled knowingly, “You are the only showgirl I have that I can count on not getting pregnant...you and Connie. Please, get yourself some pretty dresses.”

“One or two would be nice,” I shyly said. “You must think I’m crazy.”

“I’m hoping you’ll buy a dozen new dresses!” he smiled. “I’m hoping you get so many pretty new dresses, that they won’t fit in your closet! In fact, I’d buy you a boob job, but your Aunt would kill me.” With that, he pulled out the huge thick wad of bills and peeled off about \$500.00.

Dresses were so cool and silky to the touch. Just putting one on made me feel “pretty”. Adding the lace, ruffles, and swish of lingerie was icing on the cake.

I was learning that dresses are part of the joy of being “female”. A dress makes me walk more gracefully, and swing my arms naturally with the flow of my skirt. My whole manner and posture changed, especially the way I moved my hips. It’s impossible to feel manly in a dress. I began to accept wearing skirts as important to my training.

Uncle Jim, Aunt, and Connie were more than satisfied with my efforts. Uncle said, “He is nicer than any of the showgirls; he listens to suggestions and is more respectful.”



Everything was as it should be under my skirt. The sweetest pair of nylon panties, garter belt, stockings AND nothing showing between my legs.

Connie stated, “See what a little training can do?” A woman's power can be very controlling.

Connie did not just concentrate on my showgirl training alone. She insisted that I dress prettily every day, making the most of makeup, caring for my hair, nails, and body.

For the shows, everything was heavy and meant to be seen. Heavy foundation blended into my skin, contouring the eyes for a dramatic look and eyes with black liquid liner and long false eyelashes. Lipstick started with a lip liner and filled in with a bold, red colored lipstick.

For day, it was the same but with a light touch to bring out my facial features. I had to admit that it was fun to paint my face night and day.

My love of food and bacon was another big change to get ready for prancing around in a teeny costume. I stopped eating fattening foods, especially bacon.

Connie said, “A big part of feeling confident on stage is wearing a costume that flatters your shape.” Aunt Effie made sure my costumes were “special” with well-constructed support to firm, flatten and flatter me in all the right places. My bra tops all had unique padding.

At the beginning, there was lots of giggling as the girls watched me. I was uncomfortable being around showgirls and trying my best to do what they did so well.

Once the show starts, it is overwhelming. “You have gorgeous girls, (especially in the front line) rushing about and being in all stages of undress. Although most of our performances were dances, during convention weeks, the late night show was topless. I got to take a break.

Aunt Effie liked the girls who worked topless to be natural with no augmentation. “Men can tell,” she’d laugh. You are a showgirl, not a stripper,” she was quick to remind me.

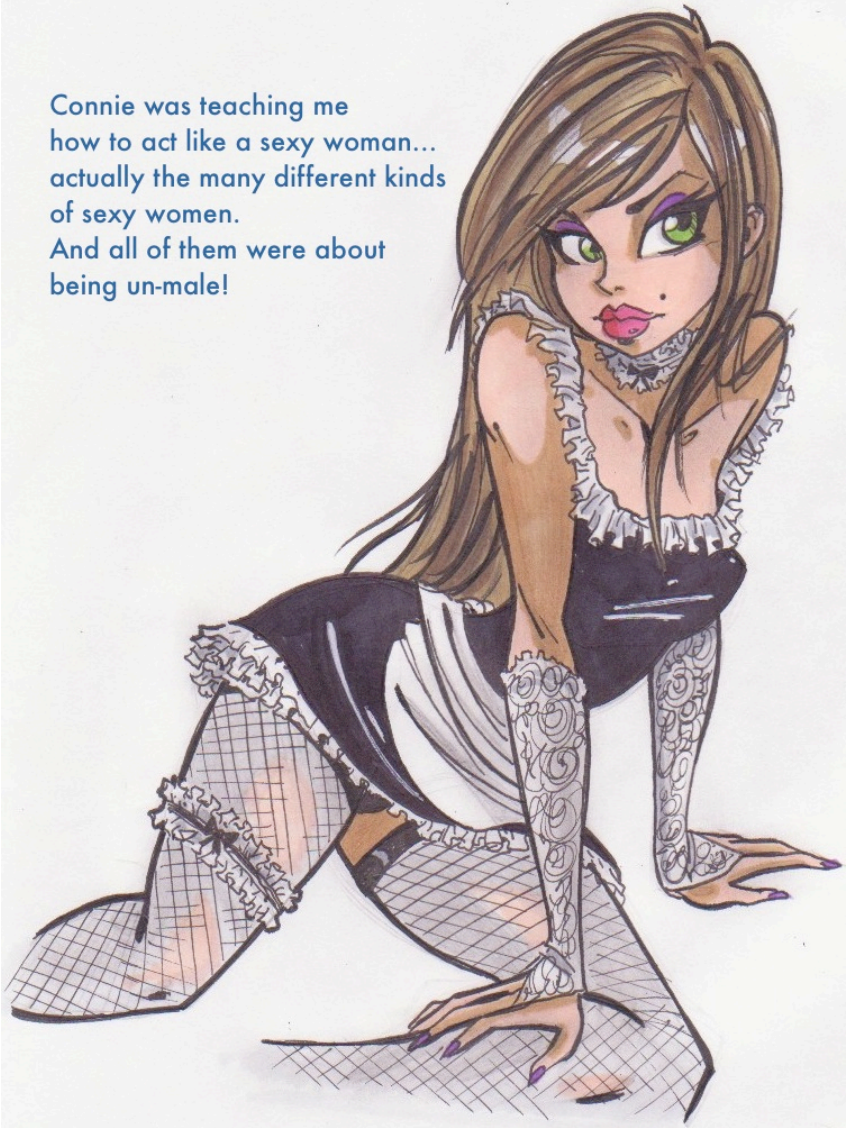
When we weren’t doing a show, we had rehearsals and critiques. They were nice to me at first, but soon I was expected to perform. There were other girls auditioning for a spot. My costumes and dancing had to be first class.

The show consisted of different fantasy acts. Some of them, including lost schoolgirls, angels, French maids, and dancers in ornate headgear, each to become a man’s make-believe perfect women.

So the days passed quickly and became months. We worked on our shows, practiced and prepared for the busy convention season. My main job was to change my mannerisms to feminine. My hand and arm gestures had to always be delicate and gentle. Fear of damaging a manicured nail and carrying a purse kept my elbows in, wrists limp.

Hanging out with the showgirls helped my mannerisms and their thinking rubbed off on me. Feminine thinking was a slow process that progressed over months. After shows we’d sit and gossip, sometimes sewing and repairing our costumes. Their conversations and thus mine were always feminine oriented. The girls spoke of makeup, men, and feminine hygiene freely in front of me.

Connie was teaching me
how to act like a sexy woman...
actually the many different kinds
of sexy women.
And all of them were about
being un-male!



Of course, these were young, beautiful girls and I couldn't add much to the discussion about men. In most cases, when the subjects got to be totally female sex oriented, I would sit there and listen until the discussion went back to something like hair or fashion or

manicures. I understood those things and my hair and hands now were as girlish at any of theirs.

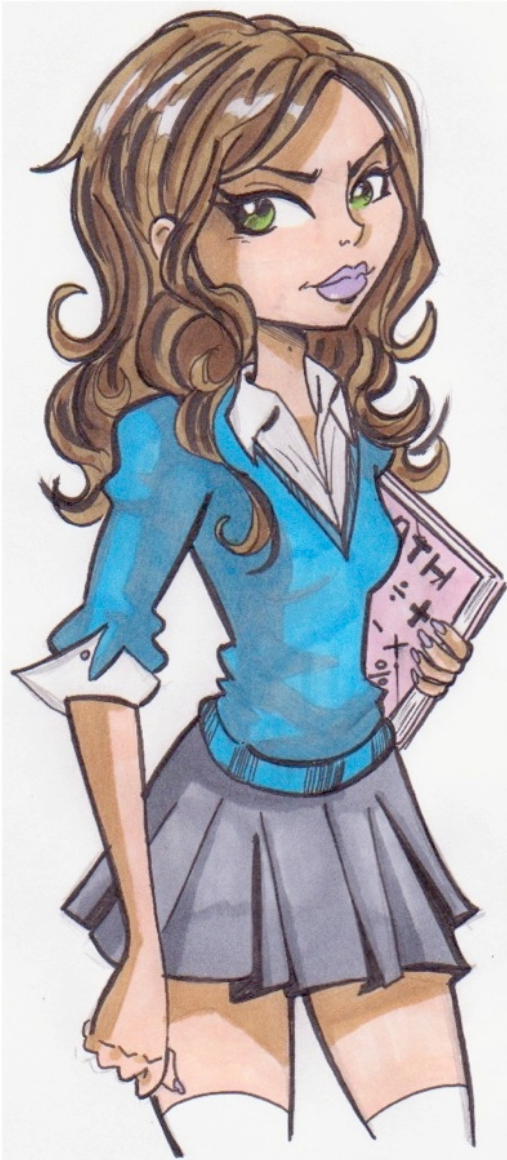
Occasionally Connie would ask me how I felt being “one of the girls.” I suddenly realized I didn’t always feel like I was acting like a female. Wearing a dress and pretty outfits felt lovely. Sometimes when I looked in the big stage mirrors, I felt pretty and feminine. It was like it wasn’t just “dress-up” anymore. I felt female.

I was getting used to seeing my smooth legs in short skirts and felt naked without lipstick. If you get used to seeing yourself as “pretty”, you are hooked.

I missed mom, but I talked to her on the telephone. Aunt Effie persuaded her to let me stay for “my job,” so that fixed that problem! I had one year left to finish high school, as did Connie. Aunt made arrangements for me to attend a showgirl's academy where Connie and many young people with weird show schedules attended school.

I appeared as a young, dress-wearing girl to the neighborhood and to assorted people I ran into daily at the supermarket, drug store, and even beauty salon that Connie and I went to at least once a month to get our hair and nails done. But I had to keep my little secret hidden and tucked away in my panties.

When not studying the R’s, Connie studied dancing and it was decided that I would do so too. We were soon working hard at developing new dance routines. For us “girls”, it was work, work, study and more work.



Like the other girls in my class, I proudly showed off my breasts under fitted sweaters. I had Connie's assurance I looked good in curled hair, bright lipstick, and short skirts.

I began to help Connie sew and repair costumes. Most were like bathing suits or leotards covered with sequins that I had to hand stitch where they were loose. On a couple of my costumes, I added a little bit of fringe, since I was a little concerned about being naked around the thigh areas.

Connie worked up a “fantasy” sister act. My lower pitched voice blended with her clear soprano in a pleasing harmony. A booking agent heard of our act and soon we were booked for additional weeks in various casino show lounges.

By this time, I was thoroughly at home as a showgirl, and never thought of myself as anything but feminine. Like Connie, I went to school wearing very short mini-skirts with high heels. I carried my books, and flipped my hair with my slender hands with their perfectly rounded ruby nails.

I thought about the other boys in my old school being pressured by the headmaster to chop off their unkempt, long hair. My long hair was set in hot rollers, flowing about my shoulders and fluffed about my delicate, makeup enhanced facial features.

I laughed at the thought of my life vs. what it would have been if I'd gone home. I was sure the boys there would have noticed that dress wearing had changed me. I would have been called “sissy” at any display of my emasculation. I liked being pantied, petticoated, and made up like a showgirl, and surrounded by half naked, beautiful young femmes.

I saw the advantages of being a sissy and did my best to be as much like a girl as possible.

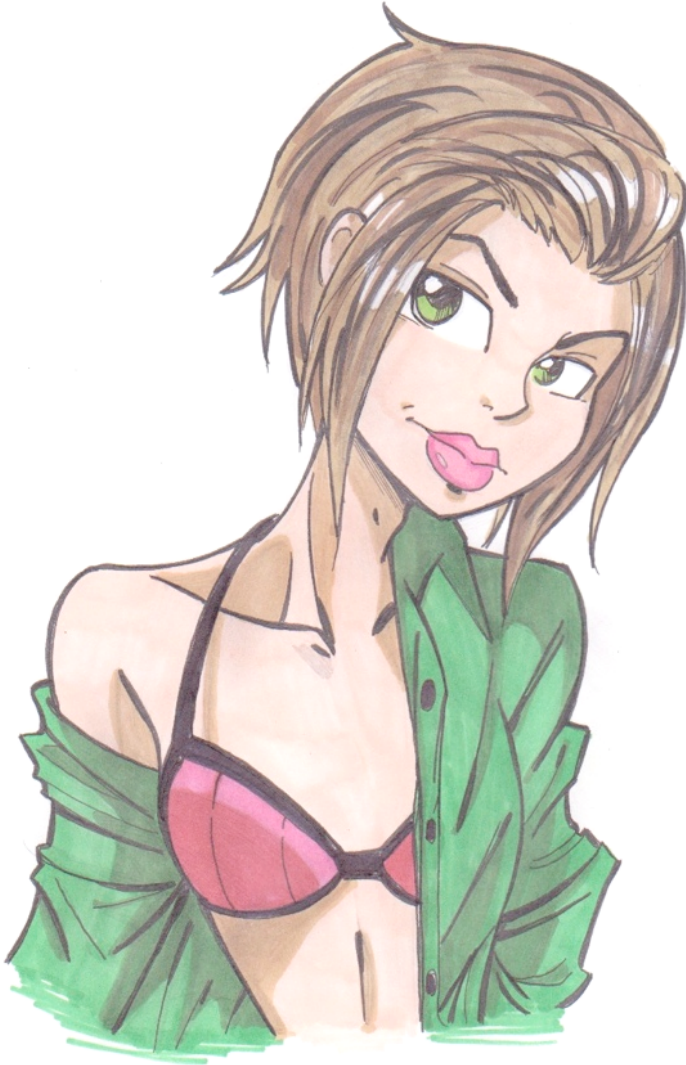


I love stockings. I have come to know the pleasure of bare-naked legs under my skirts. But stockings...beautiful hosiery makes my legs shimmer and glisten and feels even more wonderfully sensual!

As my hair grew out and makeup became every day, I became more confident in myself being seen in skirts.

I was even comfortable in the most female of places like the beauty salon and dress shops. It happened slowly. It was like one morning I went to my closet and saw only feminine dresses and skirts and blouses and shoes. In my drawers were only panties, slips, girdles, half-slips and brassieres with my stockings and other feminine things.

Connie spotted me getting dressed after a show. She saw me standing before the full-length dressing room mirror with my dress and my slip up in front and checking my panties. I was standing out of costume, making female poses with my legs and thighs as if I was in a sequined g-string and preparing to go on stage.



I was wearing fancy bras with padding like most of the other showgirls...(and even many real girls.) It enhanced my figure and was one of the many girlish tricks I went about each day.

“Very pretty. You *like* wearing pretty panties, don’t you, honey?”

I blushed as I tried vainly to smooth down the front of my dress. She laughed, “It’s okay to like pretty panties, brassieres and be girlish underneath a dress. I understand, dear.” Connie re-assured me that it was perfectly okay that she was my role model.

Of course, I couldn’t wear Connie’s kind of low-scooped sweaters that displayed the tops of her breasts almost obscenely. “You like my top?” Connie asked, doing a little shoulder shimmy.

“I do,” I said, copying her shimmy almost unconsciously. She had me mimic her every move, her dress style and comportment nearly every hour of the day. I was like her mirror and I could not take my eyes off this attractive girl as she sat opposite me. As we both sat knees and ankles nicely together, she talked about her mother’s dislike of breast augmentation. “It has its place,” she said, again shaking her chest. “What do you think? Want breasts?”

“That would be a BIG step,” I gasped, but if I could not be a man with Connie, I wanted to be just like her.

That was when a terrible problem arose. A light beard on my chin started to grow in! Connie read up on the problem and came to me with a 28-day packet of birth control pills. Most of the showgirls were on them to clear up their skin, regulate monthly cycles and do what they were designed to do. “We’ll get you fixed up. We are showgirls, not a carnival act. No bearded ladies need apply.”

As I took the first pill, Connie began to educate me on female cycles and what it all meant for fat distribution, shape and attitude. Since I had a female job, female sex characteristics would not be a problem, they would be an asset!

I began a monthly cycle of female hormones. Connie had me take that first pill on the first day after her cycle. She wanted us on the same rhythm.

I was concerned, but I trusted Connie. She said, “It’s no big deal.” I knew that breasts were important and very visible aspect of “womanhood.” Bras and breast forms and padding were an essential part of my daily life. It is fair to say I’d already developed some “breast envy.” Most showgirls were well endowed or knew how to make the most of what they had, like me.

The first thing I noticed was a growth just below my nipples. Connie said, “That’s called breast budding. It means that the estrogen in your body has started to work.” She teased, “That would normally mean you should start wearing a bra, but you’ve been doing that!”

I noticed the room temperature more. I got hot and cold, taking off and on clothing within minutes. My skin was sensitive and air conditioning could turn my whole body into goose bumps as my body started to transform. My hips got fleshy and wider as body fat moved to new places. My shape had already been feminine enough and having a “booty” and bottom flesh was bewildering. At one point, I began to have trouble accepting my changing body shape.



Connie was sexy and in all ways!

Some of my favorite skirts didn't fit and I felt like gravity was pulling me in wrong directions as I walked.

Connie laughed, "Diet time! Everything a woman eats ends up on her hips."

It wasn't all-bad. My skin became clear and soft, cheeks pinker, and my padded brassieres didn't ride up. I felt movement in my chest and my body vibrated if I ran or moved fast. The men watching the show appreciated that and the stage manager was always handing me men's business cards. A clear indication I was doing my job well.

I began to not simply feel more confident on stage, but as my hips widened and breasts flourished, I realized it would be difficult to be a boy again.

Not just the shape of my body changed, but my mind changed too. Tears would come to my eyes if I ran a nylon or couldn't get my hair right. My outlook and behavior was like the other showgirls. I had monthly bloat and could become bitchy as I cycled through estrogen. At some point, I knew that the girl essence had taken over. Surrounded by half-naked showgirls getting dressed, I was more engrossed in getting my lip liner on straight.

My small breasts were like pointers as they responded to heat, cold, time of month. The development of breasts gave me a tremendous confidence boost. They powerfully identified me as one of the showgirls. It is also impossible to ignore that breasts are immensely female symbols, and I enjoyed being both the owner and showing them off as a job.



Bras were
a part of who
I had become.

Bras became more than just a decoration. My bust line developed quite quickly and Connie quit called me her “late bloomer.” When I caught my reflection in the dressing room mirror, I hardly recognized myself. My body was a series of curves and my center of gravity had lowered to below my navel. I could hardly believe it was my body.

Of course, our costumes were very low-cut and I had no trouble pushing my jelly like flesh up to display ample cleavage. Sometimes when I danced, I could feel my nipples tingling in the tight embrace of the costume. That caused a teeny, pleasant but uncontrolled tightness that went down to my panties.

After that happened, I asked Connie in a trembling voice, “When you are dancing on stage, do you feel kind of tingly down there?”

She laughed, “Dancing is fun. A lot of the girls wear mini-pads. Are you showing? Let me see.”

I lifted my skirt and showed her my smooth silky smooth inner thighs with NOTHING showing. Embarrassed, I squeezed my thighs tighter and wiggled my hips involuntarily. She said, “I see nothing. Let me feel you.”

I squirmed my hips with a little whimper of protest, but loosened my knees and her fingers checked the arch of my pubic bone and cupped over my little flat mound. My breath quickened and I blushed, “That’s it.”

“Dear, nothing is showing. Don't be ashamed, some sensations are a natural response to ‘acting sexy.’ All us girls get a little excited sometimes.”

“But I might show?” I whimpered.

“Take your pills and if you need to, drop your skirt a bit...and enjoy.”

Stimulation seized me everywhere. My whole body was suddenly alive. It was like the new expanding parts of my body fed on any jiggle or exposure to air. I felt aroused, but the knoll of my pubic bone and panty crotch remained “female.”

At home alone, I experimented. I wiggled my hips, danced and felt my breasts respond, even pressing fingers against nylon fabric of my panty’s gusset showed no male response, only an internal excitement like a nervous excitement in my belly.

A fascinating new intrigue was added to my showgirl dancing. I was enthralled with my ability to keep it all inside. There was something wondrously thrilling to dance around showing off my female parts. At times I came off stage practically shivering. Being a sexy “female” was a wondrously sensual world. I had created between my legs, a perfumed little package of eye-candy for the men. They would stare at my smooth legs, their eyes, minds and wallets paying for a good shot of my panty crotch.

With my long lashes teasing, I danced, giving them a memory by holding up my skirt for an extra second before turning to wiggle my sweetly rounded bottom cheeks. Was it the estrogen? I liked to undress in front of other men and show off my curves.

Connie saw it and joked, “If they close the showroom, you can always get a job doing lap dances.”

“I wouldn’t want men to touch me but I don’t mind them looking....”

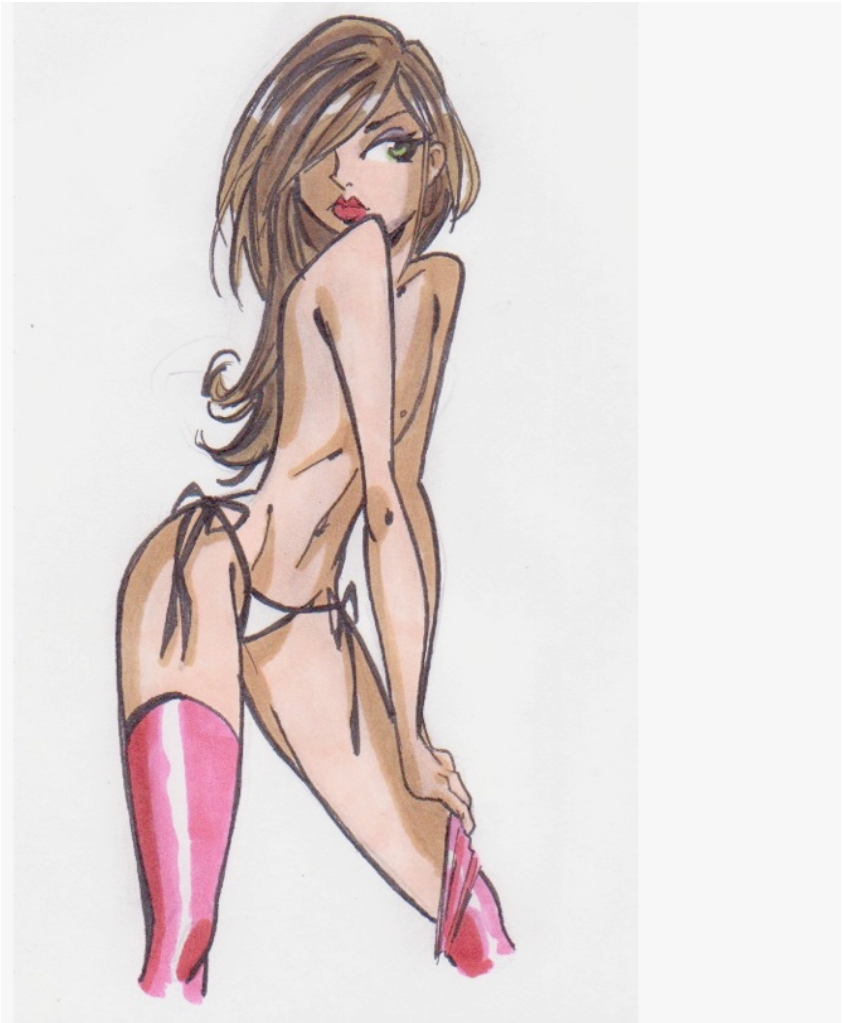
I guess all showgirls are basically exhibitionists and I now had the curves to show off. Under the tight crotch of my panties was the stretchy elastic gaff keeping everything tucked away so enticingly between my smooth fleshy thighs.

But with each passing month as a showgirl, it got more exciting to get all dressed up, near naked and be gawked at by men. I was proud of the tiny, flat nubbin in the crotch of my panties. I knew it was providing pleasure to the ruggedly handsome businessmen.

The hormones plus a process of waxing and plucking, gave me a clear, soft girlish complexion. Eventually estrogen conquered the beard problem. I became quite accustomed to Vegas life, the nightlife, even the long hours and last minute demands for special shows.

Fun, but something was terribly confusing in my life. As a showgirl, everything was about the men. As the estrogen did it's work, I could wear less and the men looked me over pretty good both in the show (good) and on the street (less so). At first, I didn't like men staring at me and I was absolutely terrified of being read by them as a sissy.

Connie explained that men were simply looking at me as they would any female and it was something that I simply have to encourage and enhance to be a good showgirl. "You will learn to turn it on and off, but when on stage you want them fixated on your breasts, bottom and between your legs."



The daily reflection of being “without” was leaving a sweet imprint on my psyche. I found myself staring at my curves. I was looking “female” in a g-string! The gaff had done its job.

On stage didn't seem to bother me so much anymore. I just let them look and acted interested. But Connie warned me, “After the show, always let a doorman walk with you and be careful. Some of men can be dangerous.”

I was developing a kind of sense about men, like a real woman except that my female sex urges were all an act and/or controlled by the cycles of female hormones.

I knew that the other showgirls were having sex with men, some had boyfriends, and a few had more than one. While I was naïve and the showgirl rule was: “Never give out your phone number,” or “accept a date”, these young women were young, fertile and human. Sometimes they were very attracted to customers and had dreams of becoming the wife of a rich man or a musician or bartender or “bad boy.”

Late-at-night attraction worked in sinister ways. I learned that some men are good at picking up all girls. Even I had to admit, a few men I met were funny, charming and flirty. Was it their male pheromones, cocky confidence, or the way they made a woman feel?

Jeff, the doorman at the club was one of those men, skilled at scoring with the showgirls. He had chewed through many women, including many millionaire heiresses tipping him a handful of hundred-dollar bills. He had them all: secretaries, waitresses, and college girls. Jeff was interested in anything wearing a skirt, but his passion was married women.

Jeff, of course, knew me BEFORE and while friendly seemed to shy away; almost scared or confused.

The showgirls talked and I listened in on them. My goodness...some of the personal things showgirls talk about. While it was frowned upon, some of the girls “dated” or were “escorts” during the dark times (no shows).

Sometimes, it was like a bunch of high-pitch stevedores talking about sex. Some seemed to think a

woman's body was only made for sex. Made to please, if possible, the entire male race.

You normally wouldn't be a showgirl unless you enjoyed the idea of being attractive to men. I was different, but most of the girls were looking for the right man. There was the near impossible goal of the guy being rich...and able to take the girl further sexually than any other man has ever done. With each man, they needed to reach new heights physically and emotionally.

I, of course, didn't have any innate craving to have a "real man" use me sexually. But I was willing to be converted on stage into a schoolgirl, a princess, or slut or any of the thousands of male fantasies.

Connie told me, "Being a showgirl can be roller-coaster. It's what showgirls do...#1 goal, rich husband. Besides spoiling the girls, some of those men can get rough and some of them are really big down there, if you know what I mean. They make the girls fall in love and then dump them for a younger body. Men can be absolute beasts." She seemed to be speaking from a bad experience.

Time passed and we were both now twenty-one and I was terribly in love with Connie. I found something strange welling deep inside me when we were doing our act and even just doing our daily girlish grooming. I had a kind of excitement; the kind that gives you goose bumps.

Little things Connie would say such as, "Honey, that dress would be perfect for you." made me realized that I was her creation and I was in love with my creator.



Looking nearly the same, Connie and were different!

By now I appeared to be completely an attractive young woman in the eyes of others. My hair was long, below my shoulders, it's natural light brown color now a dark auburn. My hands were smooth, my nails long, gleaming ovals.

I had a very complete feminine wardrobe. My long legs were accustomed to high heels and silk hose. I had the art of makeup down to perfection and feminine walk and mannerisms were completely natural to me.

My breasts blossomed from the effects of the hormones and my rounded hips and bottom became soft and full. My skin was soft with extra layers of softness. What muscle I had was completely covered up by my new femininity. My hair had a softer texture, and I never had much body hair.

My narrow shoulders, and slight build were now assets rather than an embarrassment. My small hands and feet had always been very feminine. My natural nails, now long and pretty, looked much nicer on me. I was finding a new confidence.

When I talked to my mother on the phone, I occasionally had second thoughts about what I'd done. But I liked being a showgirl. That meant wearing dresses and thinking like a girl. She wanted me to visit, but I knew that there could be no breaks or pauses in my dress wearing or male mannerisms might return. Connie said, "This is the best way and only way for you now. Besides, I doubt if you could walk like a boy anymore!"

As long as I appeared and felt like a girl and not a sissy to the public, I felt good about all the changes. There was more to being a woman than carrying a purse or even having breasts. I was part of a club, a female

member, and that entitled me to coo, gossip, and giggle over men and their antics with total girlish amusement.

The “club” uniform was short skirts, girlish panties, slips, and brassieres for my developed chest. With each estrogen pill I was getting closer to never being male again.

On stage and off, I had gotten used men looking at me. On stage, I wiggled and shimmied and tried to get the men “going.” Off stage, Connie told me to just be feminine and not pay attention to men and their stares.

I’d find them following me at the supermarket or mall even if I just had on a conservative pleated skirt and blouse. Sometimes, they’d trap me and ask questions. I’d flash my fake wedding ring and be polite like any housewife out shopping for things for dinner.

Sometimes, they’d ask me out on a date. Connie laughed, “Happens all the time. Just say you are happily married or if they are cute...accept.”

I became at ease about being out in public and being “social” with men. Sometimes they really did only want to know how to pick a ripe melon. Other times, the conversation turned sexy quickly like, “Can you help me pick out a ripe melon? Yours are sure ready for eating.” Sometimes it was direct and to the point. “Hey, honey, come to the car and give me a nice BJ!”

Connie said, “Those guys are looking for a reaction like a flasher. Ignore them completely and show no emotion or they get a total male empowerment rush.”

The more time I spent in skirts and dresses, the more at ease I became with my emasculation. I learned tricks to discourage men.

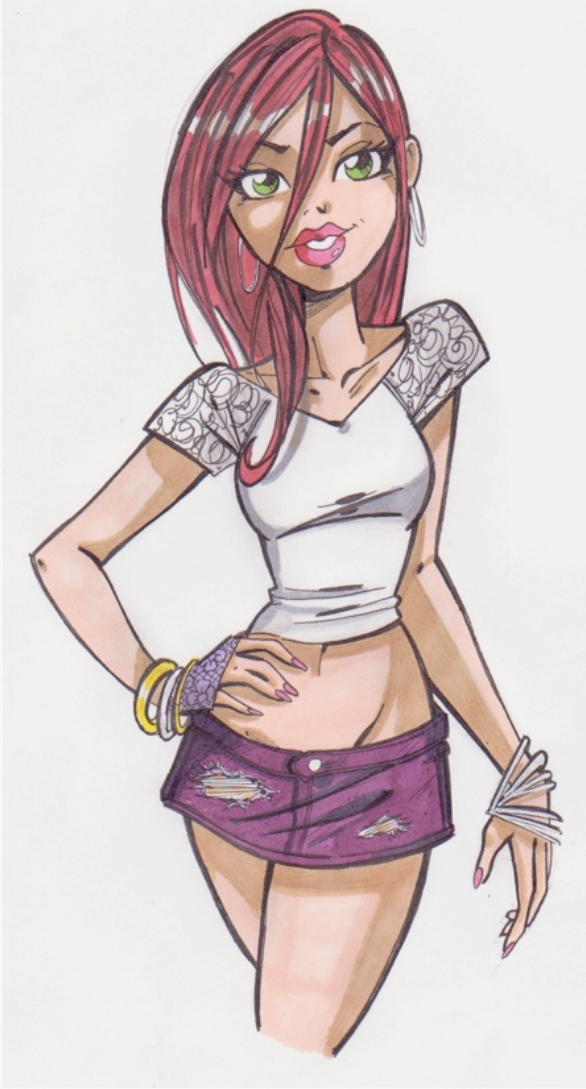
At the supermarket, I would put a box of tampons up high on my basket in prominent view, then leave them in the show's dressing room for the other girls to use. I bought them without embarrassment. I was on a 28-day cycle of female hormones like all women. I understood the feelings and learned quickly about monthly emotions even though I didn't have to buy myself tampons. I bought them, nonetheless, for the other showgirls. I got to know their cycles as well as my own emotional ones.

I carried a few tampons in my purse for Connie, who insisted I always go into the ladies room with her. That seemed like a good idea. Connie giggled, "You'd get killed or worse trying to use the men's room."

I just did what other women did in the ladies room. I relieve myself, perhaps fix my makeup or adjust my dress, and then go about my business. She laughed, "You are not a threat to any woman except to take up a stall."

I learned what irks women is when at a concert they have to stand in line for a few stalls to pee, especially when we'd see the men's room not busy at all. At a Tom Jones, Connie pulled me into the men's room. We commandeered the stalls because we couldn't wait in line. That was the last time I saw a urinal.

Sitting was something that dress-wearing required. I just went in and out of the ladies rooms without hesitation or guilt. It's just one of those things that I had to become accustomed to...like a real woman.



Taking estrogen was so wrong for a boy, and I knew it. But I was unable to resist the delightful curves. Like winning a lottery...something nice that I didn't deserve. I loved the way panties clung delicately around my fleshy soft bottom.

Of course we had disposed of all my male pants, shirts, and underwear. They wouldn't fit, so I had no choice now in manner of dress.

I was now a woman, in all but one instance! I had a man's attraction for a desirable woman. How could I tell Connie of this, me, her dearest girlfriend! I longed to hold her in my arms. Being just girlfriends had become living torture. We shared most everything and were so close, almost like sisters.

Whenever I mentioned the idea of being a male again, Connie would laugh and say, "That bridge has already been crossed and burned to the ground. You are very pretty, too pretty for a boy."

I tried to agree. I would be mistaken for a girl now even in boy's clothes. I was not very tall, slender and of small stature. My facial bone structure, hair and lashes were as feminine as Connie's as was my behavior and mannerisms. I had enjoyed learning to dress up, do hair and felt naked without makeup. So why was the desire of a man still between my ears?

When Connie said to me, "We should go out?" my heart raced. But she went on to say, "You have become just one of the girls. Some of the men come just to see you?"

I blushed, "Pretty silly, eh?"

"Sweetie," she stopped me, "I love the way you are. You and I know how hard it's been on you. I think it's time you started having some fun too."

"Fun?"

"You've seen the guys taking the showgirls to dinner. I think you should go too."

"I'm not sure about that," I said. "What if..."

“Oh, don’t be a spoilsport. You are one of the sexiest showgirls in Vegas. All they want is to be with a showgirl and buy her dinner. It’s fun being wined and dined.”

“I guess, but...I don’t know.”

“Don’t worry, sweetie. I’m sure you will be fine. I’ll set up an early double date before our late show. It could be a chance to check it out without it getting serious.”

“Like that’s going to happen?” I thought.

So I agreed to a dinner. We bought really pretty evening dresses, new high heels, and even new earrings to match. I was very hesitant, but agreed and we had a blast getting ready.

The two men were out of town businessmen and probably married. Connie knew them and it would only be dinner before our show. She promised me it would be fun and light. While we got ready, my mind was so confused. While she talked about our dates being tall and handsome, I was looking at the girl of my dreams.

“How do I look?” I asked.

“Terrific,” said Connie sincerely. We had really gone out of our way in getting ready that evening. We both wore our new, low-cut dresses and highest heels, even some new perfume. My problem was that I was beginning to feel a tingle looking at Connie as she dressed to impress.

I shifted uncomfortably as we walked to the casino bar where we were meeting the men. The barman placed our drinks before us just in time for the men to pay. “Hi Connie!” one of the men said and the two of them embraced. “I’m so glad you two could go to dinner.” The man put his arm possessively around Connie’s shoulders

and she introduced me to the other handsome young businessman in his 20s.

“Wow,” he said to his friend. “I thought you were lying about knowing showgirls.” He gave us both a slow once over before he took my hand and squeezed it just enough to show me he was strong, but without causing me to wince in pain.

The two were very handsome tall men in their mid-20s with athletic physiques. I allowed his gaze to take in my figure in a very leisurely way. I was used to being looked at, but being so close made me blush.

I was inexperienced, but these men knew how to flatter girls with champagne. After all my dancing, wiggling and shimmying, I knew what men liked to see. Still as a man rested his hand possessively on my shoulder, it made me jump slightly. I watched Connie and she did nothing to discourage her companion. Instead, she crossed her legs and turned toward him slightly, rubbing knees. It felt funny to be so close to men who couldn't take their eyes off me.

Dinner was great and after dessert, we had to go to the showroom. Their faces moved slowly towards ours and I knew they expected a kiss. It seemed like an eternity before my date made contact, and all kinds of things went through my mind. I hated that Connie would see me like this and when his lips made contact with mine, it was too late to resist. There were plenty of people in the restaurant, so I knew it would be quick. When I felt his tongue probing my lips, I shrewdly opened for him and felt it enter my mouth and intertwine with my own tongue. I heard Connie moan quietly as she began to fully participate in her kiss,

pressing her mouth closer against his mouth, opening wider, and accepting his tongue fully. This was a girl's "payment" for dinner. Seeing and feeling these men kissing us so blatantly and in front of everyone was very embarrassing.

I didn't like the way a man seemed to take it for granted that he could just kiss me that. I was annoyed at myself and at Connie. I couldn't believe that she was going along with this and seeming to enjoy it and my squirming. When their kiss came to an end, I was almost breathless from apprehension. I had breasts and hips and female hormones flowing, but I shouldn't be kissing men!

Later after the show, I screamed at Connie. "Jeez," she laughed, "You haven't seen anything yet. I think it's time you learned what being a sexy woman is all about!"

"Gawd, do I have to?"

"Shhhh, you are one of the girls now. Free drinks and dinner for a kiss. That makes you a showgirl officially. Showgirls have to humble themselves in a lot of ways, but there are benefits!"

I suddenly started sobbing and crying. Connie asked why I was crying and I said it was because I had kissed a man and I had never even kissed a girl.

She told me not to be silly. "Why would you want to kiss a girl? Look in the mirror, you're a beautiful young lady and once you get used to it, kissing boys is fun."

She made me admit that I liked getting all dolled up for our dates, and dinner was tasty. She said, "So you got kissed by a man. I bet you feel different about men after being kissed?"

“Gawd,” I moaned, I could detect little differences in my mannerisms. I seemed even more swishy and giddy.

“You’re not just a boy in a dress anymore,” she said. “You’re a girl and men can make you feel more feminine than you ever had before.” Inwardly I knew she was right. I could almost still taste my date’s big muscled tongue that he had fully in my mouth.

But even after we even started regularly double-dating, I had second thoughts. It only accented how unmanly I had become. As we made preparations for the dates she had arranged, we shared girlie understandings. We picked out our outfits and our highest pairs of stilettos. She teased, “Wow! Even in these heels, the men will be taller than us.”

We curled each other’s hair and accentuated our cheekbones with extra-special care before choosing a lipstick that was medium-red. We worked equally hard on our appearance and looked fabulous for men that would leer continuously at our breasts, thighs, and high heels. This was not a good position to impress Connie that I could be her MAN?

We did together what women do before a hot date. We wore hot lingerie with lacy slips that might show if we sat improperly in our short skirts. It felt wonderful wearing a dress and having breasts while adding a spritz of perfume to my cleavage. My voice seemed to take on a higher feminine pitch around men.

But the more feminine I became, the more attracted I was to Connie. Our separate hotel rooms were torture to me, the nights not with her, lonely. I became moody and distressed. Our act suffered from my moodiness.

Connie was distressed too, not understanding my reluctance to double date with her. “Please?” she’d plead after our show. “They are devastatingly handsome young men....”

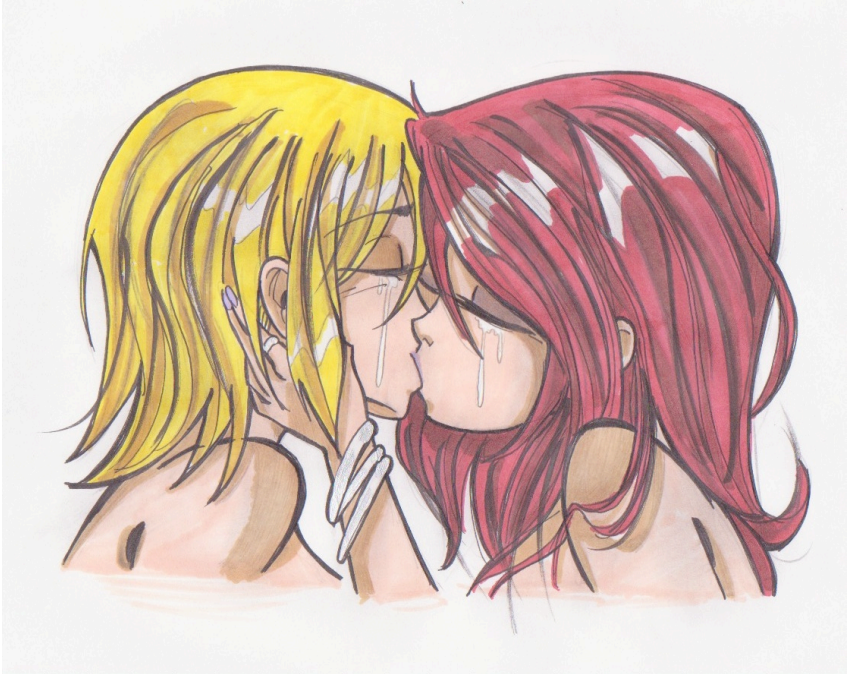
I didn’t know how to tell her as I sat in panties and bra, removing my stage makeup. A blush crept onto my pretty face, as she tried to convince me how manly and gorgeous they were. She had no idea that seeing her while another man’s lips found her pretty mouth was torture. And being part of her evening meant my lips would be subject to the musty taste and salivary fluids of a man’s craving lips.

My evenings always ended with my face bathed in a hot blush of shame, the elusive taste of another man still lingering on my pink lips. With dark lashes lowered, I listened to Connie gush about “our men.” I swallowed back the guilty shame, and tried to smile.

Finally, I could stand this terrible situation no longer. We were going down to the dining room before the theater when Connie came into my room that winter night. She wore a little fur hat and a fur-collared coat, her perfume filled my nostrils. I was standing before the mirror putting the last touches of my makeup when she came close to me. “Darling, what’s the matter? What have I done to make you avoid me?” she asked.

I turned to her and forgot that I was just a sissified male! I grabbed her in my arms and kissed her beautiful mouth, tenderly, almost girlishly at first and then my male longing made me forget! I kissed her deeply with desire like I’d seen other men do.

She drew away from me, holding me at arm's length, but I was not to be denied having tasted the lips of my longing...and then my heel caught in the carpet and I fell headlong to the floor, dragging her with me!



She struggled to a sitting position and tried to remove her coat that had twisted about her hips. I caught a look at us in the large wall mirror and suddenly started to laugh! At first amusedly and then hysterically. “Look at us!”

Connie smiled, but said, “Oh darling,” she cried, “I thought you would NEVER get around to kissing me like that!”

“I love you, dear Connie,” I said soberly. “I have always loved you! But HOW could I make you love me?”

Like a girl with another girl! It just wouldn't be DECENT!"

"You silly darling," she exclaimed! "You're a male to me," and she then giggled, "even though you really don't look or act like one! I hope you still have a bit of maleness remaining?"

I blushed at her presumption of my virility. She said, "My lovely, pretty, adorable little boy-girl! I dig you!"

She fell into my arms, kissing me in wild abandon! Our breasts pressed together and hands roamed over each other's curves.

"I love you," I blushed at how I was responding. My nipples were erect. I could feel the excitement of chills running through my feminized body. My restricting pantyhose lovingly hugged my smooth soft legs and fleshy full hips. Their silky softness unaccustomed to my newly born male itch. I had been bewildered as I developed the soft roundness of a woman, a softness I could now feel from within as well. It felt out of place telling a woman I loved and desired her, but I felt heartache, a deep sense of concern and a lack of male self-confidence.

I had become a woman to the world, accepted in every way. I began to realize that there was one level of my life that had remained adolescent. I had never been involved sexually with anyone. I had never had a close relationship with a person who loved me for what I was.

I couldn't very well expect Connie to love me, could I? What woman would want a man who was as feminine as herself? What was I to do with my hourglass figure? My breasts were full and stood out prominently from my feminine chest. My entire body was shrouded in feminine

softness. I walked and handled myself as a female now, with curved hips swaying, hands held elegantly, easily keeping my voice in high, soft girlish tones. I doubted if I could change back into a boy if Connie wanted me to!

“I love you too,” she cried. I beamed as she continued, “I have been living in misery since you became so distant to me. I thought you didn't love me!”

“Seeing you with men bothered me,” I sighed. “I can't be like them.” It was a breathless moment, my mouth was on hers, capturing her lower lip and gently drawing it into my mouth, suckling and stroking it with my tongue.

“Nice lip action. I don't want you to be like other men,” she said as starved little moans rose from deep in her throat. The kiss was long and sensual. It was unhurried.

Connie slid her hips closer to mine, her hand slipping between our bodies, fingers cupping over the swell of my left breast. My tender pink nipples firming under my thin blouse, puckering against the palm of her hand.

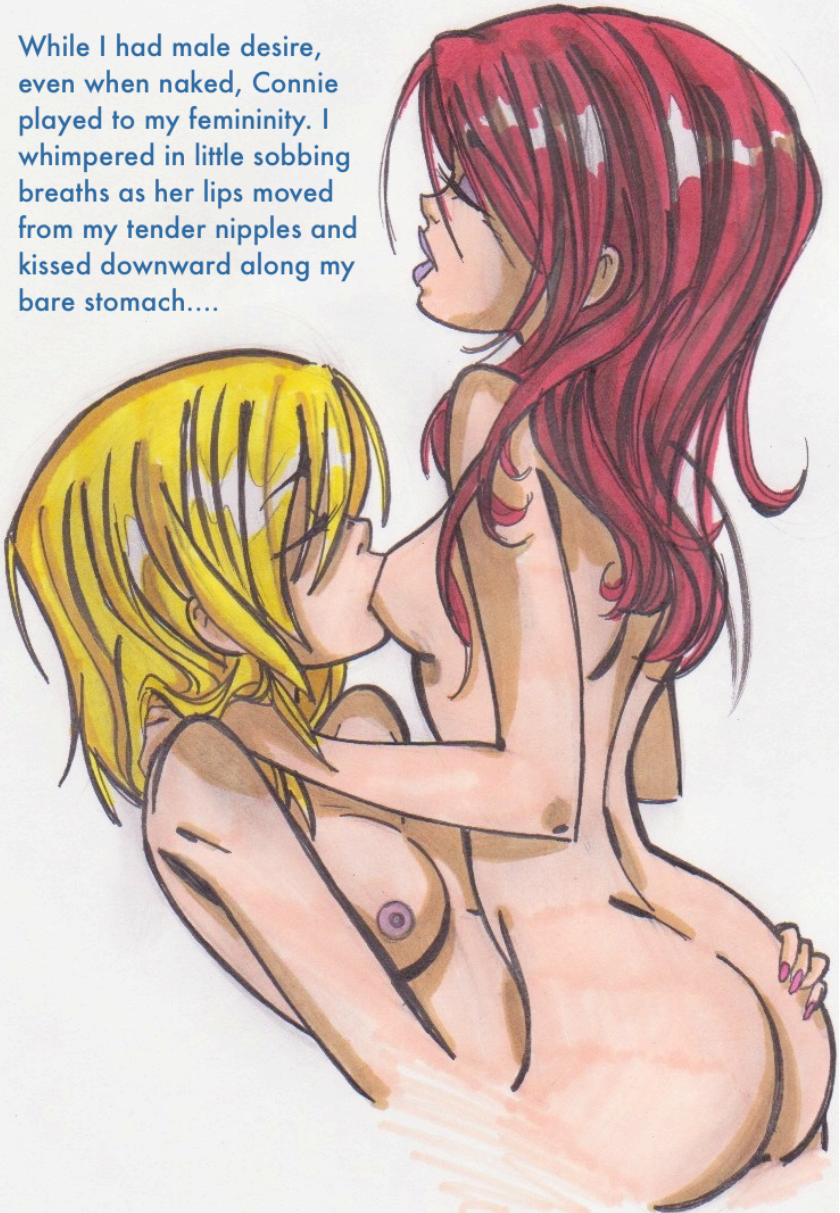
When the kiss ended, Connie looked into my pretty face, hot and blushing and whispered, “What wonderful thrills! I love feeling your breasts. I can feel your excitement.”

“Oh yes...yes. I've never felt such a breathtaking feeling, much more exciting than I could have ever imagined...” The flush deepened on my cheeks, as I blushed so prettily and lowered my lashes innocently.

“I know what a girl likes,” she giggled and my heart skipped a beat as her fingers knowingly unhooked the front clasp of my brassiere and the palms of her hands

brushed over my warm, freed bare skin. Her fingers found sweetly puckered, pink nipples.

While I had male desire, even when naked, Connie played to my femininity. I whimpered in little sobbing breaths as her lips moved from my tender nipples and kissed downward along my bare stomach....



What a strange feeling as I displayed my femininity to impress my love, offering her my warm bosom for the first time. The emotion was like nothing I'd ever felt, a touch of shame and guilt flushed at the back of my neck, yet my heart was thumping, the wash of excitement rushing to my groin.

Connie's hand cupped under my naked breast, her thumb lightly brushing across the nipple. "I love your girlie titties," she whispered and leaned so her tongue could graze then close over my tender pink nipple.

She suckled my sensitive nipple, drawing it in against her tongue. "Oh Connie," I shuddered and gasped, "I never knew it would feel like this...."

"Of course, the estrogen has feminized your body and your brain too, so I know exactly what feels like...like it does on me!"

She slipped her hand onto my hip, her fingers feeling my buttocks and the waistband of my panties through my thin skirt. Connie eased still closer, pulling me onto my side, face-to-face, breasts to breasts. "Gawd," I moaned. I don't know what to do?"

"You'll learn," she whispered, and a new long sensual kiss ended in a tangle of bare legs, the bottom of our skirts twisted up around our pantied hips.

As she took control, my awakened maleness pressed against the thin gusset of my gaff and panties.

Her bent knee pressing against my legs, pressing insistently until I lifted my upper knee and she slipped her knee between my thighs to press against my panties crotch.

I innocently didn't know what to do. My hips responded with a little rocking against her bare leg.

Her hand slipped around my buttocks, pressing her knee between my legs. Most men would have hated that, but I was well secured and flat.

“My little sweetie,” she whispered. “You are a beautiful girl.” She rolled me onto my back, as my long hair spread across the pillow. I blushed like a new bride as her finger explored my exposed breasts.

“Should I take my panties and gaff off?”

While Connie watched, I began the hip twisting necessary to get my tight skirt up, revealing the flat, but a bit puffy mound between the crotch of my nylon panties.

Connie’s fingers went to feel the smoothness, her warm fingers were brushing the sensual nub. “It’s not real big,” I whispered.

“It’s perfect...” she whispered in an encouraging voice.

“I know just how to make love to you....” I was hers to do with as she wished.

All this seemed to be happening in a crazy dream, but it wasn’t a dream. By being the girl, I had gotten the girl. My heart was thumping with a wild irrational excitement.

“Oh Connie, I feel so...so feminine with you. Is that okay?”

She whispered very softly, “Sweetheart, don't be embarrassed. I love you as a woman.”

We kissed again. Both softly and passionately for hours it seemed, sitting together on the floor! Then we both looked into the mirror and started laughing. We saw a gorgeous blonde girl, her furs on the floor around her, embracing a handsome red haired girl, with lipstick

smearred on both their faces. Our lovely hair badly messed, our dresses sadly askew, and our skirts well above our smooth knees!

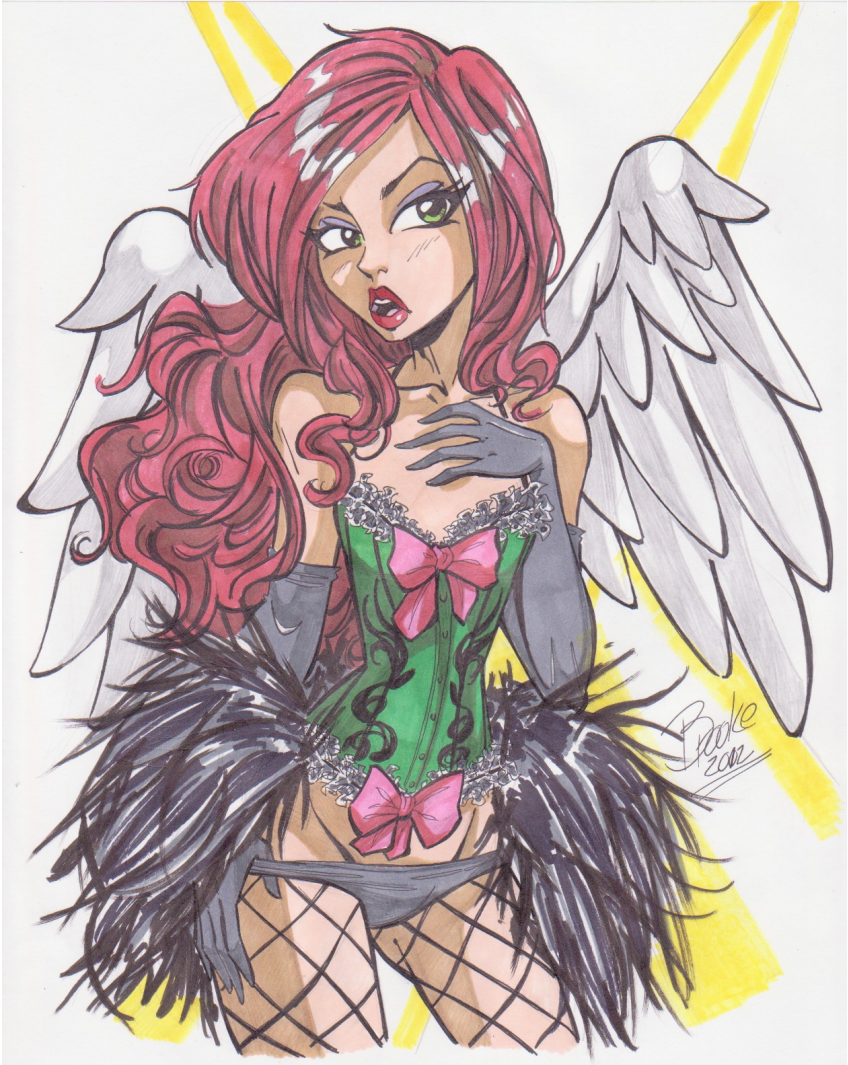
“You know what?” laughed Connie, “the door is unlatched! If anyone should come in here, they would never understand!”

We struggled to our feet, embraced again, and walked to the mirror to repair our makeup and arrange our hair. Then, arm and arm we headed for the elevator. Our act that night was one of wild abandon! I think we were both so turned on by our budding relationship that the shows exhibitionism added to the aphrodisiac.

That was years ago. I purchased a man's suit “for my brother” and tucked my hair under a man's hat. Without makeup and with a pipe I looked rather like a man, enough so that we obtained a marriage license the next day. A half blind, half deaf old judge in northern Nevada married us. I gave my occupation as “impersonator!”

We engaged the “bridal suite” at a resort hotel, phoned Uncle Jim (now daddy?) to cancel our two remaining bookings of that series, and retired to our room.

My lovely bride wore a chaste white gown, her long blonde hair hung down to her waist. She stood before the fireplace waiting for me. I wore a jet-black gown, floating around me in a misty cloud, my auburn hair falling free in the firelight. We embraced tenderly, kissed again and again and arm in arm we walked to the enormous bed. Two girls in a dream world of love. Man (using the term loosely?) and wife, never to part!



Connie and I became pretty, dress-wearing, working wives. We worked together, even tried to have dinner at home a couple nights a week. I was becoming an excellent cook, trying many recipes from simple but gourmet hamburgers to pork roast to chicken to casseroles to roast beef. And on Mondays, the usual “dark” day at the showroom, we dressed up in our pretty

dresses and I made a traditional, old-fashioned family dinner with wine and a pies or cakes that I baked.

But Monday night aside, we were hardly the traditional husband/wife. Sure, I kept the house immaculate like a classic, old-fashioned wife, but during the week we were showgirls working on our figures and dance moves. While all the other showgirls constantly talked and complained about men and either the lack of sex or too much sex, Connie and I had a perfect, but unanticipated relationship.

With all the estrogen, I tended to follow Connie's lead submissively. After a show, she'd say, "Let's go home and watch a tear-jerker movie." Or "Let's go out for a late dinner with those men in the front row."

I didn't like double dating with Connie. It made me blush at what I knew I must do for her. A normal "demanding husband" would never allow his wife to date other handsome men, but I was not ordinary. I was right there with my own attentive male, submissively tugging downward my short skirt about my knees with my delicate, painted nails.

For Connie, seeing me like this was an acceptance and confirmation of my total feminization. No male jealousy was allowed. To her, I was to be the average, everyday Vegas Showgirl. I was flashy and sexy at night; the everyday suburban housewife at the supermarket shopping for melons. I was just a normal female at the shops at the mall, one with the hem of my pretty dress fluttering about my smooth legs. No one but men gave me a second glance. To them, I was just another pretty, young wife to stare at and fantasize about making a baby in my tummy.

How can I complain? There is no culture that exploits women more than Las Vegas and as a showgirl; I am a female sex object, wearing the most revealing costumes. When not on stage, I do not dress like a Quaker woman, but I do consider what sexual aura I am giving off. I know that in Vegas, men are constantly thinking sexual thoughts about women.

Even though estrogen had emasculated my male drive, I understood that “boys would be boys” and I’m okay with it if a man does it in a respectful way. They can stare with the attention that my curved bottom deserves, but if I catch them, they should avert their eyes and do their best to show that they appreciate all the effort.

I had given up a lot to look attractive for men! With all the ups and downs of estrogen hormone cycles, dieting, hair care, makeup, and worry about dresses that look hot but not too slutty, it can be really quite exasperating being a woman!

Connie understood, saying, “Who knows what gets men randy? I think men are always horny. That’s why we get paid so much.”

She loved being a female sex object, and somehow, she just loved seeing me in a pretty dress, flitting and sashaying about town as equals. To her, dealing with men and their desires was something that I had to get used to. She’d tease, “Men. They are only good for one thing, picking up the check. You wouldn’t believe what it’s like to be intimate with one. That might be good for you?”

I laughed at the suggestion. “I don’t have what they want....”

“Jeff, the doorman would do you in a second,” Connie teased, adding, “no, he’d probably do you all night.”

“You and he had a little fling, right?”

“You and I are the only showgirls he hasn’t bent over on a regular basis. I know he likes you....”

“Yeah,” I joked. “I have what he wants...a wife!”

Jeff had come to accept me as one of the girls even though he knew what I was hiding tucked away in my panties. It was a non-issue. To Jeff, I was nothing more than a showgirl with nice legs, nice breasts, and a fleshy curved bottom that looked like it would be comfy and accommodating in bed.

Jeff was what most would consider an “alpha male.” He loved the ladies, most any lady, especially ones that were not looking to settle down, or find financial security. Connie said that for a guy like Jeff, it was more a mental rush than physical. He loved getting married women because it is “naughty.”

As the doorman of a sexy show, opportunity presented itself nightly, and he used his sexual power in naughty but fun ways. He would take these young wives “places” no husband would dare even ask. He never asked permission, just assuming forgiveness would come with exhilaration.

I heard Jeff once say, “The most sexy woman is a good wife and mother who has had a few drinks and can become insatiable for someone other than her husband. She doesn't want to marry me, no love, only lust and she NEEDS to have me everywhere.” I would sometimes see his “dates” leaving the hotel the next day, hung over, walking funny and every void filled with his seed. But, they always had a smile on their face.

I asked Connie what was Jeff's appeal. She said, "Jeff is not a one trick pony. He likes to surprise women. Once they submit to him, they are in for the entire tour. He takes them everywhere, every place, and more than once." This was Vegas, not Salt Lake City...men AND women have sexual urges to be encouraged and fulfilled. Was Jeff servicing wives any different than the married businessmen waiting after the show for the showgirls or seeing "girlfriend" escorts leaving the hotel at 3 am?

Connie and I would laugh at his exploits. It was as if Jeff just saw a big, diamond wedding ring and he'd get excited...same reaction as some of the showgirls.

While the showgirls were looking for a rich husband, Jeff saw the wedding ring as a challenge. Like waving a red cape in front of a bull. Jeff wanted to charge in and see if he could gore her.

Connie told me, "Nothing makes a woman more desirable to some men than knowing she belongs to someone else. Jeff does not want a wife, he just borrows one, gets her hot and unleashes her unfilled fantasies. All women have them locked inside and few husbands know that their wives also have wild sexual daydreams."

The more female I became, the more I seemed to have to learn. I learned that a woman's shape was designed to be enjoyed by men. I now consider my curves to be art and it must be displayed with confidence, poise, and grace.

But there were new urges. I sometimes NEEDED a new dress. I needed to have my nails done. When I couldn't get my hair right, tears would come.

Connie would laugh, “The ravages of estrogen. It is what makes a woman beautiful, sexy and gives her a female attitude about her sensuality. Maybe you need a man?”

“I am one,” I said.

She laughed, “I love YOU. I love who you are and who you have become. MAN is not the first word that comes to mind when I see you nor do I want it to be.”

“Do you need a real man?” I asked.

“Men are good for only two things,” she giggled.

“I thought it was one?”

This was Vegas and we were showgirls. Connie and I began to double-date more often. A date meant a reason for a new dress, a wonderful night out, and money spent. She was right; it was nice to be desired, taken out in public and a chance to show off our feminine charms.

This was Vegas and no one judged. Frankly being seen by my Aunt and Uncle, Jeff and the others that KNEW where I came from just added to my excitement. Connie and I were turned on by the naughtiness of it all.

After the show, we’d get ready for our double dates. Jeff would stick his head in and say, “There are two handsome gentlemen waiting for a couple HOT showgirls. Should I tell them to leave?”

We’d giggle and say, “Thanks, Jeff. Could you please tell them that we’ll be right out.”

One thing Connie had taught me about dating men...you can be thrilled that they asked you out, but you never want them to know. We always make them wait in a traditional act of teasing. Connie and I slowly check everything and each other, one last time. We

check our dresses, bust line, lip color, fingertips and hair before dabbing just a touch of lavender perfume behind our ears and between our breasts.

I love getting dolled up for dates with Connie. We had shared so many things and besides being husband and wife, we were best girlfriends. When we went to dinner alone, we had to put up with many men trying to pick us up. Going on a double date with two nice men, we only had to worry about one each. We were just four people out for the evening in one of the most exciting cities in the world.

Since we only dated men from out of town, it made for mostly light, fun evenings. From my continuing to take estrogen, I could only become more emasculated. I didn't worry since I started to really *love* being like a girl.

Connie certainly noticed my confident teasing and taunting ways. She'd tease, "My darling little sissy, are you beginning to wish that you had a real vagina in your panties?"

When I was first sissified by Connie and learning to be a showgirl, I was worried about what would happen to my male parts, but not after all that estrogen. In fact, I hardly even thought about IT anymore. IT was more like just an inconvenience that I tucked out of the way and hid in my panties every day. I've learned that true feminine beauty comes from a person who embraces her femininity and makes no excuses.



I was a boy but could never imagine living as one.

The way I now walked, sat, and moved was completely naturally like any dress-wearing woman. Plus on stage in my skimpy costumes, I danced and minced around, jiggling my plump pantied bottom. Being an object of desire for men had become second nature to me. Now dating men had made my outlook even more feminine. Connie says, “Women all want to be admired. We enjoy the attention of men and they make us feel special, attractive, sexy, and wanted.”

Connie was right. I loved the contrast I felt being next to a handsome, muscular man in a business suit. It made me feel so “femmy” and exposed, sensations I learned to relish.

In fact, my euphoria got so obvious at times that Connie sometimes remarked, “I swear, I think you like being a girl more than I do?” I would blush and she’d tease, “I wonder what the boys would say if they knew the swishy showgirl was actually my husband? My guess? They would DO you anyway.”

Maybe she was right. On our double-dates, being kissed in public was a special treat. It showed that the man was attracted to me as woman and I liked the male possessive gestures such as hand-holding. This helped dispel any self-doubt I had in my own desirability and to prove I was beautiful. Beautiful enough and confident enough and sexy enough to wear revealing clothes on stage and in public. I appreciated the thrill of men looking at me with lust in their heart.

I worried about what the few people who knew my past would think. But I learned most didn’t care. Even

the “manly” doorman Jeff admitted to me, “I’ve been fooled a couple times. One time I thought I had a couple really hot wives. We three went out, drank, danced and when one invited me into their hotel room, the other suddenly was getting strangely possessive....”

I asked, “YOU were turned down?”

Jeff smiled, “Seduction is a slow, step by step process, like chess. I let them think I’d be happy with a simple goodnight kiss...after a nightcap in their room. Once in the room, that’s when the ‘brunette’ admitted that the ‘blonde’ was her husband! They were husband and wife out playing...thinking they were just teasing some silly doorman. Again, I was nice and supportive, telling the husband honestly that he made a most attractive lady. Then wife winked at me and I knew I was on the right track.”

“Being fooled was okay with you?”

“Well, the husband had shoulder length hair, showed some cleavage and had obviously spent a lot of time in high heels. I wasn’t sure what I was getting into but lets just say, I hoped the next day they’d both have a new wiggle when they left the hotel.”

“Oh, you are so bad!” I gasped. “In front of his wife?”

Jeff laughed, “Trust me, this wife was helping me. That was a turn on, thinking that I’d actually be doing her in front of her feminized husband. I suddenly had a jolt of sexual energy, from the feeling of dominance. I am an Alpha male and her husband in the cute pencil skirt and high heels, was far from a jock type threat. I learned that he liked women’s clothes and when his wife caught him, she spent a year planning this Vegas

`outing'. He'd made a fortune in an Internet start up and they had lots of money to do him up right."

I giggled, "And I thought I was the only sissy husband you knew?"

He laughed, "I knew what to do with the wife, and nothing makes a woman more attractive than knowing she belongs to someone else. But with a `husband' sitting there...looking every bit as doable, I was hot. `He's practically a girl now,' the wife said proudly.

I gasped, "So what happened?"

I'd never seen Jeff blush but he did. He half joked, "As a virile man, I was put on this earth to spread my seed and give pleasure. I find it stimulating when a wife accepts my seed clandestinely in her husband's sacred property. And I love knowing that there's some chance of making her pregnant."

(But that is another book.... Write to me if you'd like hearing the sexy tales of Jeff's conquests. sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

So I had everything, right? I had met Connie's ultimate goal of me being completely "feminized and emasculated." I was perceived by my wife as a showgirl, girlfriend and lived like a woman...so what was next?

The next time Connie and I were at the drugstore picking up my prescriptions, she teased, "What do we need? Lip-gloss? Toothpaste? Deodorant? I need Mini-pads? Do you?"

But when we were picking up her needs, she stopped next to the pads. “How about a box of condoms? Jumbos?”

A funny thing was happening to me whenever Connie teased about men being attracted to me. I was no longer shocked or mortified at the thought. When first feminized, I would have flashes of rebellion; worried about my emasculation. But that train had left the station. I had been totally and permanently “feminized” in appearance and mannerism.

The estrogen and constant wearing of my panties and gaff had worked to take the edges off any lingering masculinity. Like Connie, I wore sleek nylon panties about my full hips, a constantly reminder that I was now a complete disappointment as “male role model.”

Was I a total sissy? Yes I wore panties and a dress and even sat when I went to the ladies room. But when Connie asked, “Condoms? Should we get some condoms?” I wasn’t completely shocked.

One measurement of how positively I’d been “feminized” was not really about being able to walk around in public as a woman. It was more about how I was perceived by Connie, my wife. I wanted her to identify with me as a woman. That was erotic and exciting.

It was rather exciting seeing her talking and flirting with other guys while I did the same. I like pretending that I had no ties to her other than being “girlfriends.” And my body was reacting to her body differently now. I would have flashes of receptivity as my blossoming areolas and nipples would become erect and aroused, but not much else was.... It was really a strange sensation

that Connie took in stride. She'd joke, "We can't have everything. But we can get what we don't have. Condoms?"

Connie was not a virgin when we first started dating. I was too late for that. There was Jeff and unknown other big guys whom she'd always made sure used condoms. She did not want a child until she was married.

After we married, I went on "the pill" until there was really nothing down there but a thin, flat little bean. So it was really very simple for me. I'd go into the dressing room with the showgirls; we'd help each other dress. I would get in and out of costume wearing only panties and looking just as female.

In the condom aisle, I told Connie that if she wanted to date like she did before we met, it was okay. I would understand, thus the condom discussion and maybe even letting nature take its course. She tried to test me by asking, "What if I find a guy who is a real hunk? How far can I go?"

I told her, "I would not be against you dating him a couple of times. I just don't want to lose you?"

"There is no one else like you," she said. "I love our relationship and no male can ever come between us. Would you be jealous if I went on a date and didn't come home?"

I admitted, "It's sort of a turn on when we are acting like two girls totally unattached and flirting with guys."

Connie eyes sparkled, "How fun! To make this really work, you have to agree to act and be totally my girlfriend. Can you be excited for me like a girlfriend when I tell you how far I go?"

I reminded her, “You were dating four guys when I first came to Vegas and you were dating two hot guys and Jeff when we first got together. I might need an extra shot of estrogen to not be threatened.”

Connie gave me a naughty grin. “It would be fun, but don’t be threatened. We’ll go on first dates together and you can approve the second and third dates. On the first date, if you like him, I’ll give him a warm good night kiss and let him know I could see him again.”

“Oh my,” I gasped. Had I really become that effeminate? Yet I was excited for Connie. There were also the feelings and sensations that I got from being her girlfriend. I loved to hear our high heels clicking through the stores, our short skirts swishing about our nylon-clad, pantied bottoms. I belonged in a dress now. How could some big guy threaten me when I was so happy wearing a tight skirt?

Eventually the topic came back to the condoms. I asked, “So Jeff and I were the only guys to not use a condom? Can’t you ask them to pull out?”

She laughed, “If a guy is really turned on, the chances are zip that he will pull out, especially if he is really into it. Even then, I’d use a calendar.”

We walked to the checkout clerk, Connie and I in our high heels, clad in figure skimming dresses. We were relaxed, composed and confident young females. We heard the clerk make a throaty growl. Why were buying condoms more embarrassing than maxi pads? Maybe it was that we were buying three sizes?

“Did we forget anything else?” Connie asked me. “Maybe some of that perfumed personal lubricant?” I

didn't know exactly what Connie was thinking. It wasn't like we were going to use them anytime soon.

At home, Connie opened my purse and shoved a couple condoms inside... She smiled, “For flashing, girlfriend.”

I asked Connie if she was serious about her dating and us living like single, hot show babes.

Connie and I know the Vegas show circuit will have its day for us. Bookings will become more infrequent and hard to find. Younger girls will take our place. It's what keeps Vegas young and jaded and the planes full of money flying in.

Connie and I have started a shop selling girlie stuff to the showgirls. The markup on pasties and g-strings is amazing and we know what the girls (and some boys) want.

We have also started a few of our own girlie shows that we hope someday will play in a main showroom.

Our most successful show so far is the “BOYS IN BIKINIS” review. Ten boys and one girl; beautiful showgirl costumes and I challenge you to pick out the real girl! It has had rave reviews...yes, that was my idea. I don't have a clue where it came from! Smile.



REVIEW: The **BOYS IN BIKINIS** review at the Strip Hotel is for those who want something totally forbidden. Eleven sweet and innocent looking young ladies on stage, dancing and showing off near perfect figures. But who says you can't have two sides to a personality? Ten of the rounded, bikini clad ladies are boys! But you never know until the end, which one is the real girl. The show is fun, flirty, and very sexy. Perfect for a Vegas bachelorette party or for a romantic night out on the town!

THE END

If you liked this story and would like to see a sequel, write to me!

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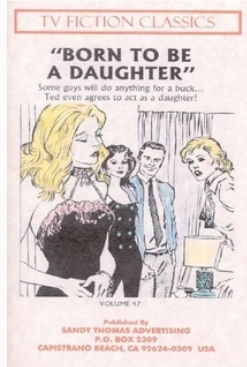
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By h7742h35

May. 27, 2011

i just couldn't love this story more than i already do. If your "ultimate fantasy" is to become the beautiful, sexxy wife of a rich Man, then this story is for you (and don't miss part one, "Born to be a Bride"! You'll need to read it to truly appreciate the story here)!!

The outfits are lovely, the writing is first-rate, and the story is engrossing. The chemistry between Karen, the story's main character, and her new "husband" Bob is absolutely enthralling! Although the ending isn't too difficult to predict, it is still so emotionally satisfying that it can't be put into words.

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