

**GIRLFRIENDS TV**

**"SISTERS IN SECRET"**



**ILLUSTRATED!**

**A YOUNG MAN BECOMES HIS WIFE'S SISTER!**

**VOLUME 11**

Published By

**SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING**

**P.O. BOX 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**

**GIRLFRIENDS**  
TV FICTION



**Volume 11**

# **SISTERS IN SECRET**

**By**  
**SANDY THOMAS**

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“Sisters in Secret”

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“Some wives think idea of cross-dressers should not be pushed aside lightly. They should be thrown out of their closets with great force.”

“Crossdressers are preferable to politicians because they sometimes take a rest.”

## SISTERS IN SECRET

By  
SANDY THOMAS

Andy had never won a thing in his life. No one had ever given him anything.

Moving out of the college dorm, junior student, Andy Kelly, couldn't have known what he was getting himself into when he answered the ad for "roommate wanted" in the newspaper.

It read: "Wanted, college student to share spacious, furnished two bedroom cottage, close to the university. Non-smoker, non-partier, quiet and neat: 555-3973"

Andy called the number. "I'm calling about the room," he said shyly.

"I'm on the other line," the girl said in a tizzy, "Just come over. It's on Main and University, the green cottage..." She hung up.

Andy put on a pressed shirt and tie, and then rushed over. He had no problem finding the cottage. When he knocked on the door, he was taken back by the coed who came to the door. She was wearing a little shift mini-dress that showed a lot of leg. He could hardly take his eyes off her smooth long legs perched on high-heeled sandals.

"I'm Andy," he stammered. "I called about the room."

She looked at him. "Oh," she said, "I'm so sorry. I was on the phone and couldn't hear you well. I thought you were a girl. I'm looking for a girl roommate."

"Oh," Andy moaned. "I really need a place. I gave notice at the dorm and..." he moaned again. "I really hate it there."

"I hated it there too," the girl sighed. "Have you tried student housing?"

"I don't want to live with four 'party' guys in a two bedroom apartment."

"You don't party?"

"I don't know hardly anyone," Andy stated. "The guys at the dorm are drunks. When they flunk out, more losers just take their place."

"College guys can be so gross and stupid," she smiled. "I'm Margot! Come in for a minute. Maybe I have a newspaper."

Andy lowered his large dark eyes and entered the charming cottage. "Wow! This is nice," he said.

"I try to keep it neat. My last roommate was a slob. Some girl's are worse than boys..." When she said that, she looked at Andy. "I wish you were a girl. I can tell by the way you dress that you are neat. Most guys with long hair like yours never comb it."

"My mother insisted that if I had long hair, that I keep it clean and neat."

"Do you want to see the room?" Margot asked. "When you see it, you'll know why I want a girl."

Andy's heart was pounding when he walked into the frilly and girlishly decorated room. "No guy would want it," she laughed. "And the landlord likes it like this. She spent a fortune on those lace curtains and canopy bed." The white bedspread was made of lace and the walls were a pastel pink with a floral print for accent. Margot laughed, "It's even too feminine for me! Your buddies would laugh you out of town."

"I don't have any friends here," Andy said. "I just need a quiet place to study."

"Are you serious?" Margot laughed. "You'd want to live here?"

"Anything is better than the dorm," Andy stated. "You wouldn't even know I'm here."

Margot felt sorry for him. She laughed, "I don't know. Do you have furniture?"

"I have five pairs of jeans, and maybe twice as many shirts. All I want is a place to study and I'll be in the library most evenings."

"What are you studying?" Margot asked.

"Mathematics."

Margot wanted to yawn, but didn't. She said, "I'm gone almost every weekend and holidays."

Andy looked around the pretty room. "You'd never see me AND if you don't like anything, just say the word and I'm out of here."

### **GETTING TO KNOW YOU...**

In the first two weeks, Andy and Margot saw each other only twice. He was the perfect roommate; paid the rent and was invisible. Margot knew that he was hiding from her...his way of making her feel more comfortable.

One night she knocked on his bedroom door and said, "Andy, I have linguini on the stove. Want some?"

He came out of his room and they sat down and ate together. "So how's the math going?"

"Good and so is your cooking."

"Thanks, Monday is a holiday, I'll be gone this weekend till Tuesday," Margot smiled.

"Work or boyfriend?" Andy asked softly. He'd wondered why she left with no clothes on Fridays and he didn't see her until Monday.

She laughed. "I work in Vegas on weekends. I even share a little apartment there."

"Las Vegas? What do you do or should I ask?" Andy joked.

"I'm a cocktail waitress at the Salsa. I make in two nights what bankers make in a week."



*Andy was the perfect roommate. Quiet and neat.*

“WOW! I’m impressed. I’ve never been to Las Vegas.”

“You’ve been pretty sheltered eh? You could come over with me some weekend. I work double shifts and sleep during the day. There’s a lot to see.”

After that night, and always at Margot’s instigation, they would sit and watch television together; laughing at the sitcoms. Margot on Thursday would sit and file and manicure her nails to look her best on the weekend. They were always kept painted an attractive color.

By the end of a month, they were becoming friends, asking each other about their feelings and lives. “So why are you taking math?” Margot asked.

“It likes me and I like it,” Andy laughed. “I don’t get along with people.”

“Why? I like you?”

“It doesn’t take a math major to figure out that that is a total of ONE! I guess people want friends that are exciting. I’m an uninspiring guy. So how come you don’t have a boyfriend?”

“I have a thousand of them every weekend...a thousand drooling, smelly, drunk guys trying to put the make on me. I flirt and love their tips. After a work weekend, I’m completely burned out on men. During the week, I study.”

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One evening, Margot said to Andy, “Let me see your nails. Are you still biting them?”

“Gee Margot. I can’t help it,” Andy said. “I guess I’m just nervous about grades and life.”

Margot looked at the mangled nails and said, “Let me work on them.” She filed what little was left.

Every Monday and Thursday, Margot would file and began painting his nails with a solution to make them harder.

It became a routine. Andy would put on his pajamas and sit next to Margot. They would watch a movie and she'd file and fix his nails.

After only a month, Andy's nails had grown out to a nice length. "I wish there was something I could do to repay you," Andy said.

"You do the dishes and vacuum," she said. "Maybe I could teach you how to paint my nails? It's hard to do it right yourself."

She taught him by putting several clear coats of polish on his fingernails. "You should keep them polished," she said.

He held them up and the light shined against them. "Are they too pretty?" he asked.

"No such thing," Margot laughed. "Now you do mine."

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Andy loved the closeness and it sure made his hands look different. His nails grew so fast now it was hard to keep them short.

It became a weekly 'beauty' ritual. After dinner, they would remove any polish, file the nails, soak them in soapy water, push the cuticles back, massage lotion into their hands, and then do each other's basecoat, polish and topcoat.

"I love this," she said as he massaged lotion into her hands. "If math doesn't work out, you could become a manicurist! My nails have never looked better."

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One night after he did Margot's nails, she realized they were out of clear polish. She picked up a soft, sheer pink polish she had bought for Breast Cancer Awareness Month. She had three nails done before Andy noticed the pink crystal glow. He pulled his hands out of hers like they were on fire.

"I'll get some clear polish in the morning. You really shouldn't be without polish. Your nails have gotten so nice and healthy."

When Margot was finished, the pink glow from Andy's fingertips made his hands look delicate and feminine. She took his hands in hers. "Amazing, your hands are as pretty as mine. It's a shame you're not a girl."

Andy blushed. His hands did look like girls'. His fingers were thin and dainty. "Maybe I should get a job in construction?"

"Heavens no," Margot said. "You should be proud of how nice they look. For fun, let's see how long you can grow them."

"Like a girl?"

"Com' on, it'll be fun."

-----

The next morning, Andy had forgotten about the pink polish until he went to comb his longish hair. He went to pick up his brush and realized he was picking things up differently because of his longer, polished nails.

He looked in the mirror and ran the brush through his hair. It was like his hands had been turned into Margot's. He was the possessor of girl's hands for the day.

Later that day when Margot came home with a clear polish, she suggested that Andy let his hair grow. "You

have a very interesting unisex look. You can continue to be invisible or have a modern style.

She was prepared for an argument, but got none. "What should I do?"

"You are thin and slender. I think you'll look cute with long hair, and not that unkempt grungy look."

"Really," Andy said. "You'd like me with longer hair?"

"Having long hair that looks good takes time and I'll help you. We could add hair to our beauty nights?"

Andy was thrilled to have any reason to spend more time with Margot. She was a friend like he's never had. Andy could confide in and discuss anything with her.

"How long should I grow it?"

### **SCHOOL'S OUT....**

When Andy and Margot graduated with their degrees, Andy was proud to have Margot beside him. Everyone knew Andy. His light brown locks were one of his trademarks. His hair was thick, shiny and reached near the middle of his back. He wore it exactly the same length as Margot and the same style. The two spent hours each week taking care of it during their weekly beauty sessions.

When around the house, Andy would wear his long hair back in a ponytail, braided, or sometimes up on his head. Rollers were a basic daily staple. Andy sometimes wore his hair cascading over his shoulders in beautiful curls and waves.

Their bathroom with the large, mirrored vanity was full of hair care accessories including pins, clips, rollers of every size and color, ribbons, hair bands, and barrettes.

Andy asked that evening, "How should we wear our hair tomorrow?"

"Are you afraid of wearing the braids with ribbons again?"

"I'm afraid of nothing," Andy said, taking a brush to his long, shoulder brushing tresses. "People remember your name, when you're strange. But now it's job time. How short should I cut it?"

"Don't cut it," Margot said, brushing his hair with her hand.

"Two words...student loans. I need a job."

"You could wear it in a longish bob. But even that will probably feel like a crew-cut!" Margot laughed. "You could get bangs and we could still play with putting it up, but probably not to work."

Over the years, Andy had learned a lot about doing hair, including setting it, braiding and some fun up styles.

"I'm going to miss doing our hair alike. I feel so close to you," Margot said. "Shall we curl our hair in big rollers and wear it loose?"

"Great, you or me first?"

"You, and change your top."

Andy went to the closet and removed a nightie. Years ago, Margot first set his hair with big rollers and then realized there was no way he could get his t-shirt over the huge rollers. The baby blue, spaghetti strap nightie had frilly lace over the bodice area and was knee length.

Margot sat Andy down and went about putting big pink rollers in his hair. Then he proceeded to do exactly the same on her hair. Andy counted the rollers to make sure that they would both have the same hairstyles.

After he was finished, Margot stood beside him in front of the full-length mirror, making sure they were set alike. "Perfect, dear," she said, "Nails and a movie?"

**SIX YEARS LATER....**

“What now,” Andy said to his WIFE, Margot, over coffee at the breakfast table.

“Bad timing,” I say.

It was May and Margot was a young college teacher who had the summer off. They were planning a short driving vacation when Andy was laid off from his mortgage job.

“I say we still go, in fact extend it a few weeks,” Margot said.

Losing his job had really bothered Andy. He was a good worker, but the real estate business was bad and his wife actually made more money the year before.

“I hate to spend the money,” Andy moaned.

“You are still thinking like a working person. Your mother left us enough money so you don’t ever have to work a slave job again. You can let your hair grow again....”

“You’re right, what good is that money doing in the bank. Let’s make it a longer vacation. There is no hurry to get back. Get the maps.”

**OPTIONS....**

Packing would be light. Other than his outside clothes, Andy had been wearing many of Margot’s clothes for years. They were about the same size and while they were in college, it was also economical.

He often wore her old jeans and shoes. Her nightgowns and robes fit him and worked better with the hair setting.

When he started wearing her panties, she went out and bought him his own. She said, “I like my panties to fit snugly at the crotch so I bought you your own...but I made sure they match mine.”

Although he was not then aware, he was hooked on being like Margot. Each day, they picked out identical

panties and it was obvious that Margot was thrilled to participate in his idolization.

During discussion of the trip, Margot said, "What if we dressed exactly alike for our trip?"

"Okay," Andy said.

"I mean everything, honey. Skin out."

Are you going to be dressing more boyish?"

"No silly, let's dress you as a girl for the trip," Margot said seriously. "We could wear near identical lingerie and dresses; do each other's hair...everything?"

Andy did not fully realize what his wife had in mind until they stood together before the full-length mirror to encounter seeing each other in near identical dresses. He had some difficulty maneuvering in the unfamiliar high heels.

"You'll get used to them," Margot stated.

"I feel strange, but I've always liked your softer clothes," Andy sighed.

"Now you can try being completely like me, inside and out."

"Inside?"

"I wouldn't want you to be a boy in my clothes. You would be a girl in my clothes..."

"I'll try. When do we start?"

"We already have. That is now your dress and heels." She walked over to the closet. "These are yours too."

"They are for me to wear?" Andy said seeing the small collection of dresses and skirts.

"Your very own," Margot answered, "I expect you to practice wearing them...and take good care of them. Some of them are my favorites."

Andy gave her a hug. "You are so fun. I hope I can do this?"

"I found this place that will help. I made an appointment for you in a week. Until then, practice

wearing YOUR dresses and high heels around the house.”

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During the next week, Andy went through feminization training for the vacation. Margot became increasingly aware of how easily he immersed himself into the challenge. When questioned, Andy blushed, “Everything is unique and different. It’s like two plus two doesn’t equal four!”

While, at first, she was okay at the thought of having a “little sister” for a couple weeks, she also found Andy’s feminine side very attractive. He asked her what she thought about life and listened. He didn’t discount her emotional concerns.

“I like this new you,” she said. “I was worried that you couldn’t learn to wear women’s clothes believably. “I think you are going to be able to pull it off!”

“I don’t want to pull it off,” Andy laughed, “Just hide it real good.”

“You are doing great. From now on, I want you to be as girlish as possible, even when we are in bed. I want to see no signs of your masculine self. Keep your voice high and soft at all times.”

With a few setbacks, Andy worked on repressing any indication that he was actually a man. Margot substituted nightgowns for his pajamas. Around the house, she insisted nothing blemish his girl-like appearance even for a minute.

Andy occasionally was overcome by doubts, but realized that they were now too far committed to back out.

### **ALL GIRL ALL THE TIME**

Andy and his wife entered the unmarked storefront in the city’s trendy renewal district that once housed

pornographic bookstores. Andy was concerned they had the wrong address.

Once inside there was a pink door that when opened brought out a glare of pink. There was a little sign that said, "All Girl, All the Time."

Inside, Andy looked at the dazzling constellation of feminine outfits and lingerie. There was a pink beauty parlor chair and wigs in many colors and hairdos. There was a makeup counter, even a catwalk in front of several full-length mirrors for showcasing one's "new look."

It could have been any woman's boutique, but everywhere there were special items, including lots of special lingerie to help boys become girls.

"This place is fantastic," said Margot.

Andy was scared. "For sissies, it's a place of dreams."

"Well then," she replied, "We are in the right place."

He cringed and looked around. "Where do we start?"

"Over there." She pointed to corset looking items made to give the wearer a busty, wide-hipped figure...even if the wearer was a boy.

Suddenly Andy realized that this was a true immersion experience. Boys can shop for dresses, have their nails and hair done, peruse the latest makeup fashion and buy special accessories such as gaffs, special lotions, high heels, nylons and jewelry.

Margot looked at a price tag and said, "Very reasonable."

"Thank you for coming in," a voice came behind them. "We have sponsors to help keep the costs low and encourage many visits."

Behind them was Brini, the blonde shop owner. Brini said, "I know my products because I use my products!"

Brini was leggy, blonde and yet conservative all in the same impression. Andy gasped, "You're a...."

Brini giggled, "Yes dear, I was born a boy, but most would argue that point now."

Brini was wearing a pastel, silk pull-over sweater and a white fitted skirt. His waist was as slender as any girl's, but he had a woman's hips and pert, round breasts. The fit of the sweater was so tight that his nipples stood out clearly. His skirt fitted meticulously over a full rounded bottom and hips.

Margot said, "Wow! You are pretty!"

"Thank you," Brini said sweetly. "When I was a small boy, I loved playing dress up with paper dolls. Now I help boys dress up to take on female roles as college students, cheerleaders, and career women. What can I do for you two?"

Andy looked around at the foam wig heads with frizzy blonde locks, black ponytails, white platinum bobs, and auburn spikes with gold extensions.

Margot stated, "My husband is going to spend our vacation as a woman."

"That will be fun," Brini said matter-of-factly. "What kind of woman do you want to be?"

"I guess like my wife?" Andy said softly.

"At first the main way you will express yourself as a female will be through clothes. It really doesn't matter that you are a boy, blonde, blue-eyed or dark-haired, what we want to do is feminize you between your ears." Brini smiled, "I love it when a husband wants to be like his wife." Brini asked Margot. "You are into him doing this, right?"

"Of course! Give him the works. Half of our college thought Andy was a girl."

Brini smiled. "Great, I like to give boys a complete way of life that is feminine...his toothbrush, bedding, apparel, basically everything. If you want him to be good, he should do everything in a girlish way. Some wives have a problem with that."

“Not me,” Margot said. “I’m not embarrassed by him and want him to have a complete experience.”

“That’s great. Boys need someone close to encourage them, preferably a female. I’ve worked with many wives, mothers, sisters, and girlfriends. Women help ease the process.”

“So where do we begin?”

With a twinkle in his eyes, Brini asked, “What should I call you?”

“How about changing Andy into Andrea?” Margot suggested.

“That works for some, but I think we can just feminize ‘Andy’. Once we get him undressed and into a pretty pair of panties, we’ll take measurements.”

“I’m already wearing panties,” Andy blushed.

“Not like the ones I have for you. Mine are made of an ultra-light mesh that’s smooth but not stretchy between the legs and leaves a virtually smooth look. After you have worn it for a few days, it’s not too bad and will make you feel remarkably unmale.”

After Andy undressed, Brini took some measurements and opened a box that contained Andy’s new panties. “I’ve been wearing this model for years. It’s hand made of an expensive non-stretch satin. The gusset is made of a remarkable material that within eight hours will train everything up and give you a feminine shape.

Needless to say, Andy felt “iffy” about all this the second the garment was in place. It was very tight and it was also very embarrassing to stand in front of his wife “neutered”. Unlike other panties, Andy was now sporting NOTHING between his legs.

“Oh my,” Margot gasped, “Your panties fit better than mine!”

“It’s really uncomfortable.”

"Duh?" Margot laughed.

"I have a desensitizing `set' cream that would help," Brini said. "It's pretty expensive, but really works like a hair setting lotion. Once you have worn those panties for an hour, everything just stays put until you take a half hour bath. It sort of takes the wind out of your sail..."

Before he knew it, the lotion had been applied and the shaper secured again. Andy's skin tingled then went dead and he only felt the tightness of the smoothness of the gusset.

With the gusset back between his legs, there was no longer a noticeable male bulge, but it was totally flat like his wife's crotch. Margot seemed to thoroughly enjoy seeing him bound this way.

"Let me see you walk," Brini commanded. The panties suddenly had strange warmth to them as Andy walked back and forth.

Satisfied with the condition of Andy's privates, Brini helped him into a pair of sheer nylons. They fit snugly over the panties the way nylons should.

"He has a very girlish figure. When I'm done with him, he'll be giving you a run for the money with men," Brini announced before pulling a padded bra over Andy's chest. His whole body shivered as he felt the snug brassiere hooked in back.

"I don't like men," Andy defended.

"Don't say that again. It's not ladylike," Brini said. "Men are part of being a woman."

"Do you have any boyfriends?" Margot asked Brini.

"A lot of them...and so does my wife."

"You are married to a woman?"

"Yes," he smiled and motioned down his figure. "But when you look like this, men are everywhere."



Brini proudly showed off the consequences of the “special panties”. Andy blushed but tried to pose girlishly waiting for Margot to laugh.

“You look adorable,” she said. “Near perfect.”

Andy noticed Brini's perk nipples were showing through his sweater and they looked real. Not too big, just pert and round. Andy felt warmth in his crotch area that normally meant a bulge. Remarkably he was still "flat"...just the way the garment was designed to work. When he walked, his bottom had a new wiggle with a life of its own.

Brini noticed and said to Margot. "I love what I do. Look at your husband. He's already working IT!"

Andy blushed. He'd never felt like that before. There he was in panties and that setting lotion and he was experiencing odd contractions in his crotch area. It wasn't unpleasant. He could tell it would be too restrictive to move without the lotion.

"You're not imagining it," Brini whispered to him with a suggestive tone while his wife looked for dresses. "Why don't you go on and explore..."

Andy hesitated, but his fingers began to feel his panties. His finger slipped between his thighs finding nothing but warm sensations.

"Nice eh?" Brini said softly. "And it only gets better as your body adjusts. How far do you want to take this?"

"I don't know. How'd you get into this?"

"I started wearing my sister's bra, nylon panties, garterbelt and stockings early in my teens. Growing up, my sister was always responsible for doing the laundry, dishes, and taking care of the house. My mother worked the evening shift as a registered nurse so my bossy sister started making me help with the housework. One evening when I was folding all the laundry, the feel of her soft nylon panties was so nice that I couldn't resist the temptation to try them on. My sister found out and started to make me wear a housedress over her bra, panties, and nylons. I was fascinated by her underwear and particularly her girdles. I was already feminine looking and acting and I was lousy at being a boy. I

enjoy everything about living a woman's life; the clothes, the look, the sensuous feel of panties and nylon stockings on my skin, trying things on, the shopping, and the admiring. During college, most people didn't know if I was a boy or a girl either."

Andy said, "Margot taught me to do my hair."

Brini laughed, "Aren't women wonderful? My wife encouraged me to open this shop where I can wear whatever I want, any time I choose. Frankly, I haven't had male clothes on in years. My marriage is strong and she knows that I need to express my feminine side. It has brought a sense of adventure and exhilaration into our relationship that most couples will never have."

"It feels odd to have Margot encouraging me to be completely feminine."

Brini smiled, "There is something here for her too. Don't fight it."

Margot showed up with an arm full of dresses. Some were quite frilly and girlish. Brini said to Margot, "He doesn't have to wear pink dresses or skirts with ruffles to be lady like. This may seem like an odd question, but do you see the feminized Andy as more of a daughter or sister or girlfriend or maybe a maid?"

She laughed, "I guess a little sister. I was an only child."

"Then we want to stick with things you would wear, really smart, well-fitted skirts, fresh looking blouses, pretty dresses, that kind of thing, stylish but nothing that stands out too much. Why don't you pair things up with a pair of heels that fit and go with each outfit? Sometimes to begin with, a 'baby doll' theme can give him a perfect, ladylike look. Experiment and play around until you both are comfortable. He's counting on your experience...like a little sister!"

"This is so fun!" she exclaimed "What about his hair. It used to be long as mine."

"His hair is a nice length. We'll trim it into a nice girlish style. A bob is cute and neat. His hair is already light, but I think we should make him a lighter blonde too. Think Marilyn shade--glamorous, youthful, feminine and vulnerable. He will feel more feminine as a blonde and we'll pick an unmasculine shade of blonde. People will know that he is trying to be feminine and sexy, and open for the opposite sex's attention."

"I don't like men," Andy defended again.

"Nobody does," Brini said. "As for hairstyles, you can do anything, side ponytails, braids, buns, anything. We'll add some matching hairpieces, maybe a fall for that special evening. Then you can use little bows on the side to give a very lady like, sweet appearance."

Margot said, "Andy knows all about hair. I just hope he doesn't bore of wearing skirts half way through our vacation."

"He won't if you keep him in dresses or skirts, always fully made-up and his hair done. I suggest you find a beauty salon along the way to revive his new hair color and keep his nails done. I'll give you the blonde formula. Nothing beats being pampered by the nice ladies at a salon to make Andy feel like a `lady of leisure.'"

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For the next several hours, Andy was plucked, primed, and put in a zillion different outfits. He now owned lipsticks, eyeshadow kits, lashes, nails, polish, curlers and on and on. Finally, while Margot sat in the waiting room, Brini took Andy into the back dressing room for a complete unveiling. He was in bra and panties and still had his hair in curlers with rows from front to back and was still wet from the setting solution.

Shaking with anticipation, Brini went about fixing him up. "You are going to be such a hot woman!"

As the hair in curlers dried, Brini made up his face and quietly attached long lashes, put on light ivory foundation and dark blue/grey shadow eyeliner and mascara. Then lip liner, a dark red lipstick and lastly painted his nails. Finally after the nail polish dried, the dry curlers came out, and after much teasing and primping, hair spray was applied.

"You are going to have to learn to do this yourself," Brini informed. "I'm sure your wife will help you for awhile, but it's your job to learn and take care of yourself... like any woman."

"It's only for the vacation and it all seems so complicated?" Andy said as Brini held up a red knit dress to his chest.

"It is but your understanding will all just snowball from here. Your feminization will gradually progress from understanding panties and lingerie to dresses, skirts, makeup, wigs, jewelry, earrings, perfume, body shaving, eyebrow plucking, and manicured nails. For all intents and purposes, your wife expects you to be her 'little sister' in your relationship. She'll help and protect you, but expect to be fully immersed as a woman."

"I'm starting to get scared," Andy moaned, "and have no clue what I'm getting into."

"Look. Your wife is feminizing you. When you walk out of here, you will look as good as your wife!" Brini said. "But the next step is difficult, but also a crucial one. Be graceful. Don't swagger or swing your hips. It looks exaggerated and weird. Avoid folding your arms too. It gives off a 'loser' vibe. Just practice keeping them by your sides. It feels awkward, but actually looks completely normal. I'll set you up with a nice purse too."

Andy sighed and looked at Brini and tried to imagine he and his wife out together. There were picture of the

two on the wall with various celebrities. Brini was attractive and so was his wife.

Andy asked, "How do you handle guys coming on to your wife? Hit them with your purse?"

"Having a nasty attitude towards men, who are just being men, will drag you very far away from being lady like. Always have a smile on your face, and be nice to everyone, even men who you think are losers."



**Andy walked out from behind the curtain, primed, pantied, skirted and well heeled. His new life began...**

The next day, Andy and his wife spent most of the morning getting him ready for a two-hour comportment session with Brini.

“So, are you having fun being a girl?” Brini asked Andy.

“I guess so,” responded Andy. “It took all morning to get everything together and my makeup right. I don’t know how girls do it everyday.”

“The routine becomes a part of you just like wearing a pretty skirt and panties,” Brini answered with kind of a sashay in his hips. “So how was your first day in the gaff panties?”

“I’ve never felt so silly,” Andy blushed. “Even when I took it off, I looked like I had nothing between my legs! What is that setting lotion stuff?”

Brini giggled, “Did you use it today?”

“I almost didn’t have to, but I did.”

“Good, I gave you a level one. It releases after about 30 minutes of soaking. I’ll give you a level three for use if you are going in a pool or the beach. You don’t want any kind of a quick release then.”

“Oh, I don’t know, I’m not sure I’m ready for anything like that. I don’t know what my wife would think about it either.”

“Oh, come on now, honey, it’s obvious,” countered Brini. “Margot would rather have a little sister than a husband. If she wanted a manly husband, she wouldn’t be picking you out pretty dresses.”

“I guess she does seem to like it,” compromised Andy. “She didn’t want me to soak off the setting lotion.”

Brini had Andy walk, sit, and move about, warning when there was some masculine motion or tone to his voice. Andy watched his image in the mirror as he

walked and learned a fluid stride. He again got that warmth in his smooth panty gusset.

Near the end of the session, Margot entered quietly and watched her husband for a few minutes. He was learning to sit prettily, knees together, his skirt across his smooth thighs.

"Being like a girl, suits you," Brini said. "A few more days of practice and you will be moving about like a lady without thinking."

"That's good, I guess."

"It's good. There is a difference between 'feeling female' and 'passing as a female.' Feeling female will prevent you from walking into the wrong bathroom. That's why I like the gaff setting lotions. When you can't whip it out, sitting becomes easier to remember."

Margot made herself known. "Honey, you are doing great! And I can't wait to go to the ladies room with you!"

"Me too," Andy joked and in an almost lisp.

Brini corrected, "Watch the voice. You are a woman, not a sissy." Brini turned to Margot, "Don't let him get away with doing anything masculine. Even at home, he's to sit to pee."

She laughed, "Andy was never that big, but you should have seen him last night. He was pretty confused."

"That's good," Brini laughed. "After a couple weeks of the setting lotion and the gaff panties, you'll notice a big change in his personality. I hardly give mine a thought anymore. If I want to play with one, I know where to find big ones."

Margot giggled, "Brini, you are so neat! You are practically a girl now."

"I feel like it. I'm wearing a full "B" cup now. They really seemed to take off after about a year of girl shots.

Having curves makes me feel so feminine. Andy, how about you? Want a shot of estrogen?"

"Are you kidding?" Wouldn't that really shrink my thingie?"

"Not for several months," Brini said. "I was a nurse before I opened the store and still work with a doctor. The first couple shots nothing really happens except you feel really feminine."

"You should try it," Margot said.

"Are you serious?!"

"Oh, quit acting like a boy! Girl's love estrogen, right Brini?"

"One shot and you are hooked! Seriously, I've given a lot of injections and it does make a difference. If a boy looks as good as you in a dress, I say go for it."

"No way!"

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Andy met with Brini a few more times before they left for their vacation.

"I'm impressed," Brini said, seeing how feminine Andy had become. You are no longer acting girlish; you are feminine. It's like you have forgotten about ever having a penis."

"What girl would want a penis," Andy joked. "Seriously, I owe it to my wife. Margot has insisted I go about doing everything like a girl. I have to admit, I like the loose feel of some of the dresses."

Brini took Andy upstairs to show him his all-embracing wardrobe of female "work" clothes. "How long have you been dressing completely as a woman?" Andy asked.

"For over two years now. I have work clothes for the shop and a plentiful assortment of both day and evening dresses." He smiled, "I even have a few pant suits, but

I'd only wear them if my wife and I go horseback riding or something."

Andy was also shown Brini's drawers of slips, bras, panties, girdles, even a few garter belts, and silk stockings. Brini held up a sheer, silk stocking with a seam up the back. "My wife doesn't have much of this old time girlie stuff! I probably like being a girl more than she does."

"Wow, from what I see, you make an eye-catching young woman."

"Thanks. I really try." Brini explained that since he opened the shop, he got all the dress samples he wanted, at a significant mark down. "So why buy male clothes?"

"I can only see you as a woman," Andy said, "And I'm beginning to understand the appeal of these exciting clothes."

Brini gushed, "You had panties on when you first came in. When did you start wearing girl's lingerie?"

Andy admitted, "For a few years. In college, I used Margot's clothes and felt closer to her, but I never thought I'd ever make a very convincing girl."

"Keep working on your voice range and that feminine manner of walking I taught you. It will suddenly just be a part of you. When you get back from the vacation, I assume you will be living mostly as a woman?"

"Gawd no," Andy said.

"Why not? You spent a lot of money here and Margot seems to like your feminine life. By the time you return, you will have become so feminized, being a girl will be easy."

Andy suddenly was startled and stared at Brini's figure. The first thing he noticed was he was not wearing a brassiere under his brightly colored top. Andy had never seen Brini without a bra, and the effect on him of seeing cleavage and readily visible nipples was immediate and electric.

Brini saw where Andy was staring and smiled as if nothing was amiss. "You have real titties?" asked Andy awkwardly gesturing toward Brini's small mounds.

"Oh, yeah, they makes me feel so free," he said giving a little squirm which made his bosom jiggle. "They are small, but have promise. They have developed just enough roundness to look completely feminine. I can go bra-less occasionally."

"But what if they get too big?"

"There is not `too big,'" He laughed, "I guess I'll be strapping myself into those awful bone and wire contraptions. I love having breasts...it's a symbol of freeing myself from all the old restrictions and conventions of up-tight maleness."

Later when Margot came to pick up Andy, she had a long private discussion with Brini. As Andy practiced in the studio doing some comportment exercises, he could see them in the mirror talking and gesturing like adolescent girls.

When he changed dresses and came out into the main shop, Margot had bought him several more of the gaff panty garments he was wearing, and several more tubes of the setting lotion.

"I think I have enough of that," Andy informed.

"I wouldn't want you to run out," she giggled.

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Just before they left on vacation, Brini came over to see them off. "Just a last minute, check over," he joked.

Brini was wearing a summery, off-white dress and matching sandals. He asked, "Anything else I can do for you?"

"I think you have done enough," Andy teased as he served coffee in white apron.

"You are one of my favorite clients," Brini said. "When you get back and want a job, I'd love to hire you!"

"My first job offer," Andy said politely.

"Your only job offer," Margot teased.

### OFF ON VACATION...

Finally, the long awaited morning of their unstructured, extended vacation arrived. Andy and Margot took extra time to make sure they had everything and Andy was perfect.

"Gawd, I'm not taking a single boy thing."

"You won't need them," Margot said. "We are going to have a thrilling vacation as two young ladies."

Andy wore a mixed print, cotton dress, and tan high-heeled sandals. Margot said, "By the time we get back, you will have forgotten what being a boy is all about..."

Both Margot and Andy wore pantyhose, but Andy was clad in his little gaff. He was worried about what a weeks of being so compressed would do, but it was too late now. Besides, there was much to put in the car.

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As their wheels hit the highway, Andy's head filled with fear. He was driving away from everything he owned that was male.

The first day was long and they spent the night in a cheap motel along the highway. The day was just sitting, playing with his makeup in the mirror, uneventful stops for food, gas, and bathroom breaks. It was Andy's first time in a dirty ladies room. It was a nine-hour hilarious adventure that went well.

Without alternatives at that point, Andy began to adventure into public. For Andy, there would be the first dining in a public restaurant, shopping, and just responding to life as a woman.

Andy and Margot made a striking appearance as they walked into the best restaurant. They were way over dressed for a one-horse town. They were suddenly afraid they would attract too much attention as they made their entrance to the dining room.

After a day in the car in his tight gaff, Andy was so confused that Margot had difficulty getting him into a dress for dinner. "Com' on, honey, you can do this. Do you want to wear my A-line dress?"

He took a deep breath and put on a clean pair of white lace trimmed gaff panties, a matching half-slip, and sheer nylons. Putting on a favorite dress of his wife's was comforting.

In the dining room, Andy's face blushed from the approving glances they received from two businessmen. "Don't look at them," Margot warned.

"Honey," Andy whispered to his wife. "How do we handle this?"

"Like ladies," she whispered back and smiled at the men.

Margot knew that her husband was not ready for male attention, but thought, "He might as well get used to it now."

Andy didn't look, but heard, "Hi girls... We are in town for a few days. Are you?"

"We are a couple married ladies on the way through town," Margot said sweetly.

"There is dancing across the street at the saloon. If you two get bored, come over and I'll buy the drinks!"

Margot told them they were on the road early, but thanked them.

After they left, Andy whispered, "I can't believe I have to get used to guys looking at you like that!"

"Get used to it." Margot teased, "They were looking at you with the same thoughts. Just take it as a

compliment that they liked your dress! If they get out of line, you hit them with your purse!”

The day had been filled with little first experiences. Perhaps the most odd Andy felt was when he went into a public ladies room with his wife and sat down to pee. It was something that he still had to remind was not a choice since he had started wearing dresses.

It was an outlandish moment when Andy could look down at himself and know his wife was also sitting with her panties down to her knees while holding her skirt and slip up high and bunched up in front of her. Since he was “set” down there, he felt his flow coming from somewhere between his legs. It was definitely something that no husband would be proud of doing.

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The second day into the trip was even more odd...

Margot came out of a crowded ladies room stall. “Darn...Aunt Flo is here,” she said. “Sis, we need to buy some napkins. For now just buy two from the machine. You’ll be needing one soon too since we are on the same cycle.”

Andy knew better than to argue. He bought two light flow day napkins and handed one to his wife before reentering the stall.

Margot gave him that “How sweet and how feminine” smile. With observations like that, Andy always could only just blush. It was a blush inside.

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**Andy was learning about the little tribulations of being a woman. He wanted to run but the high heels prevented even that...**

They had the entire trip planned in detail...mile-by-mile. There was Salt Lake City to Moab and the Canyonlands float tour. Then to the Grand Canyon for a few days then Sedona and Oak Creek Canyon's, Slide Rock then to Zion and Sunset Crater. Then maybe river tubing, horseback riding, Bryce, Sundance, driving the Tetons, Jackson to Yellowstone and then to Las Vegas then back home.

The first days of car travel flew by. There was sightseeing and shopping. The shopping for Andy was all of a feminine nature.

"I probably have enough for our vacation," Andy said, after buying a new black sundress.

"You need more of a choice," Margot said. They bought Andy more dresses, blouses, sweaters, skirts, slippers, panties, and nylons. They bought him some very pretty jewelry.

When they got to the Grand Canyon, Margot and Andy stood on the edge of the beauty, a great chasm carved over millennia through the rocks of the Colorado Plateau. It was an awe-inspiring view. The canyon's beauty and size humbled the couple. Its timelessness provokes a comparison to a human's short existence.

Andy turned to his wife and said, "What a big hole!"

"A big OLD hole!" Margot giggled. "We could wander along the trails and feel the sunshine and wind on our faces...or head to VEGAS!"

As the hot sun's shadows lengthened across the spires and buttes, the depths of the canyon would not be seeing Andy and Margot! They were doing 80 on the 93 towards Las Vegas.

## WHAT HAPPENED IN VEGAS

It was approaching seven o'clock once they were in the hotel and settled. It was a five star casino hotel right on the strip. It was summer and the rooms were cheap. "Or we could be on a donkey," Margot joked.

Once in the room, Andy had a decision to make... what dress he would wear on the town. After a careful review of their wardrobe, it was decided the he would wear a rather short pink lace cocktail dress. His wife would wear blue.

As he was getting dressed, he had the new experience of wearing a pink satin brassiere meant to show. He put his newly acquired silicone filled inserts into place to create cleavage. Watching his wife dress, Andy was almost faint from the idea of wearing such a risqué dress.

Margot laughed, "This is Vegas. Only the hookers don't dress like hookers."

He repeatedly went before the mirror to check that everything was where it belonged. The dress fell to several inches above his knees, showing a generous stretch of nylon-clad legs.

They refreshed their makeup for evening and the two stood back from the mirror. No one would believe that the beautiful ladies were husband and wife.

Andy didn't know it, but Margot was playing down her outfit so her husband would steal the show. Even she found it difficult to believe that the lovely creature touching up his makeup was indeed her husband.

"You are such a girl!" she scolded kiddingly as he kept going to the mirror.

The nightclub on the top of their hotel was very loud and everyone was dancing, mostly girls with girls so Andy and Margot went up on the dance floor and danced together.

There was a VIP section around the dance floor where seated men could see up the back of the girl's skirts and even see their panties.

"Now this is a great vacation!" Margot yelled, her eyes seemed to glow in the dark. "We should do this every year!"

"I guess so," responded Andy with kind of a sashay in his hips. Margot looked stunning in a navy blue, silk dress as she danced with Andy in his lacy pink dress.

"See anybody you like?" Margot asked.

"You," Andy smiled.

"I mean a man," she teased. "You've never had a man friend before...."

"Is that what YOU want?" asked Andy, "A man friend?"

"Relax. We are just having fun, so go with the flow."

On the way back to the bar, several men smiled at the 'ladies'. "I haven't a clue what to say to a man," Andy smoothed his dress down.

"Just be nice. You're pretty, dear. We'll just say we are married and in town for a business meeting. They might be interested, but not too forceful, if you know what I mean."

"Do you see anyone you like," Andy asked.

"You," Margot smiled, "But just let the boys be boys...."

It seemed kind of creepy at first. A handsome man in a business suit got between Margot and Andy and bought her a drink. Then another large, muscular man motioned to the bartender that he was buying Andy a drink and started talking about his business. The chatting and watching his wife made Andy feel mysteriously more feminine. The man asked, "What do you do?"

"I work in a dress store," Andy answered. It was as close to a job as he could make up. Mostly the man wanted to talk about himself.

After a few dances, Andy and Margot met in the ladies room. Margot teased, "I can fix you up with one of Mike's friends and we could all go out together? Or maybe your boyfriend has a friend for me?"

Andy whispered, "I'm not sure I'm ready for anything like that."

"But you are getting close, aren't you, pretty woman?" countered Margot.

"I guess a little bit," compromised Andy. "I guess I'm ready to admit that its fun being a girl. It's like being a celebrity."

There were a lot of ultra tight skirts and plunging necklines shaking their booties and Andy was keeping up with the other girls. Margot was suddenly missing. Andy went to look, walking out on the patio with that man's hand casually on his pantied hip and spotted his wife with another man standing at the guard rail looking at the city lights.

As he did so, a frisky little breeze immediately billowed up the front of Andy's dress and gave him a surprise. "Would you like to sit down and have another martini?" the man asked.

Andy should have been embarrassed, maybe even angry with Margot, but for some unknown reason, he turned in his pink sissy dress, and said, "Why not?"

Andy fought his skirts down in the wind and blushed as the man picked out a little outdoor couch. As they sat together, Andy began to feel so girlish. He crossed his legs and the man checked out his nyloned legs and dainty high heels.

"I know you are married, any children?" the man asked.

"No," Andy said, looking for Margot again. So many emotions ran through Andy; hurt, fear, anger embarrassment, jealousy?

The man sitting next to Andy said, "If I was your husband, I'd keep you pregnant."

Andy felt the wind flutter the hem of his skirt up around his smooth legs and suddenly had that warmth between his legs in the gusset of his pink lace panties. This man was making Andy feel so girlish...like he had nothing of value between his legs.

For the vacation, Margot insisted that Andy stay 'set'. She joked, "Its better you get used to being 'without'.

Maybe that made those 'with' more interesting. Sometimes Margot would point one out. "Look," she'd whisper, "As a woman, its okay to focus as unobtrusively as possible on a man's pants. Look at his fingers and hands. It gives a clue as to how big he is...."

Andy found his small, delicate, pink tipped fingers being held by the man's meaty paws next to him. Andy looked again for Margot then up at the man who'd asked some question.

Suddenly the man's lips were on Andy's pink, glossed lips. Andy was stunned yet a bit curious. His mouth was doing what girls did. There was a tangy, musky taste that was probably just his drink. Andy asked himself, "Why is having a man on your lips something enjoyable for a girl?"

When their lips separated, Andy abruptly found Margot. She was sitting with her male friend and looking right at Andy.

While the embarrassment set in at what he had just done, the man continued to buy Andy drinks and treated him very nicely. When Andy saw Margot being kissed, he motioned to go to the ladies room to meet Margot.

Margot didn't ridicule Andy for what he had just done, but was totally encouraging. "I love what we are

doing...just don't forget you are mine and run off for a quickie Vegas wedding...."

While Andy fixed his pink lips, he whispered, "You be good too. It's been a while since you have had a man."

"Don't worry, it won't be tonight. I'm really enjoying watching you." With that, Margot walked over and put a dollar in a Tampax™ machine. She handed Andy the 'cigar'. "Make sure he sees this in your purse."

Andy felt the virtual nothingness between his legs, inside the gusset of his rippling pink silken panties. He still had the lingering taste of being kissed in his mouth. It would happen again, only this time he knew his wife would be watching and maybe doing her own lip entertaining.

#### **BY THE END OF THE EVENING**

Andy was kissed and so was his wife. At some point, Andy lost count and was already thinking about the next day when he'd be able to put on another pretty dress and go dancing.

The whole scene seemed so surreal after he and Margot went up to their room after three AM. It was suddenly very quiet and his ears were ringing as he took off the dress that he had worn all evening. He and Margot hung their dresses up in the bathroom to get the smoke smell out.

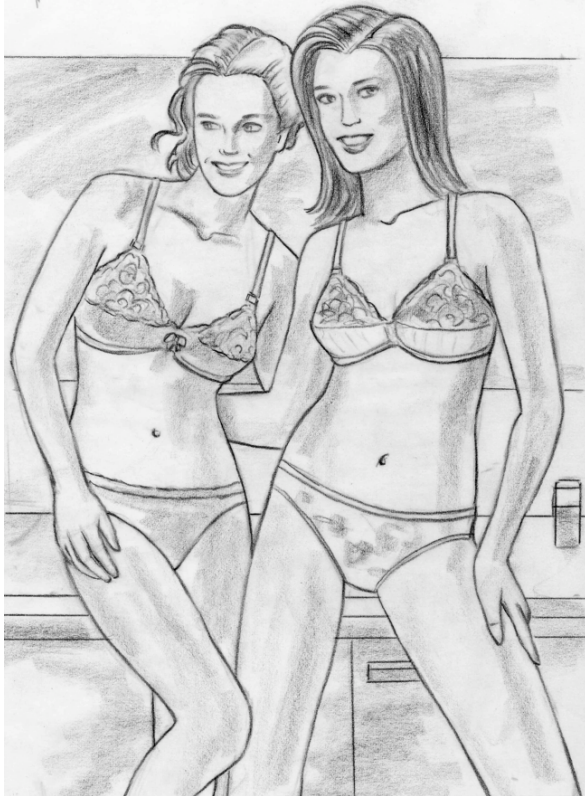
"You did great!" Margot laughed, "Your first boyfriend!"

Andy blushed, "I don't like men."

"What woman does?" Margot laughed. "But men can make you feel feminine and pretty."

"I was just doing what you were doing."

"And I was just doing what women do with men! A little kissing is much cheaper than \$15.00 for a martini!"



**Margot said to Andy, "I'm so proud of you. I just love having a sister to share lingerie and secret feelings!"**

Andy sat on the bed and looked at the white floral lace hem of his little pink slip, which he had worn under his dress. His lips were sore. He couldn't help but wonder, "Gawd. What kind of husband am I?"

Margot was going on and on about how much fun she'd had. "That view at the back of the club was amazing."

"I was worried when you disappeared."

"The club wasn't that big," Margot said, "and you found me outside. Besides, you had your hands and lips full."

Andy got up and took off his slip, then looked at his image in the mirror. In panties and bra, there was no evidence that he was a "husband".

"So did you have as much fun as I did?" Margot asked.

Andy's pink lips were tender and now he was faced with admitting that he liked being kissed. "I admit it, that guy made me feel like a girl."

"What did he say to you?"

"Silly stuff," said Andy. "Like 'I wish you were my pretty little wife' and he wished he was my husband, you know, stupid stuff."

"Stupid, male sexy talk," she laughed. "And you fell for it. Seriously, you did great. You handled that guy in a proper and ladylike fashion. A few more experiences and you'll become skilled at being prey, but not getting eaten!"

"I never thought I'd be kissed by a guy," Andy sheepishly admitted.

"It's nothing. It's just a guy's way of saying you are pretty and you belong in dress."

"I was scared to death."

"Stealing a kiss is a man's male empowerment fixation. Even if you may not feel like kissing a guy, you still have to do it if you are accepting his drinks or a

dinner. You'll get used to it. Think of it being like learning to walk in high heels. Not comfortable at first, but then your body gets used to it."

"I don't think I like it."

"Oh, that was just a nice starter kiss," Margot teased. "Did it make you want to have his baby?"

"Uh.... I don't think so," responded Andy. "What does that feel like?"

"Don't be afraid until a kiss makes you want to have his baby...and you will know!"

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The next morning, Andy pulled the pillow over his head. "Gawd, I can't believe I did THAT last night!"

"The kissing? Its okay, honey, don't be ashamed. Look at you!"

He was lying in his pink baby doll nightgown, pink panties, with his hair in large pink curlers. It was obvious he was doing his best to be girlie.

"You are lucky you aren't waking up next to that guy!" Margot cooed. "Let's get going. I want to see Hoover Dam and hit the pool."

They both wore little day dresses and sandals. The sightseeing went fine, but there was still that little stigma of shame that seemed to hang in Andy's brain, a man had kissed him on the lips. It would not wear off, even with the distractions, although Andy thought about it less and less as the day in skirts passed by.

Late afternoon, they walked to the pool and it was dead quiet. Brini had warned him there was always the chance some teenager would spot the man in the woman's swimsuit. It was hot and the late afternoon desert sun felt pleasant. Margot staked out lounge chairs away from the pool traffic, but next to the pool.

"Here goes," Andy sighed as he removed his cover-up. The one-piece suit from Brini's was specially built to pull in the waist and add emphasis the hips and bustline. Margot smiled and whispered, "Perfect."

Suddenly the pool was filled with brawny young men and Andy began to feel insecure. His wife in her bikini was truly a sight to behold and Andy knew she'd be a magnet for the guys and apparently so was he.

He felt the incredible tightness of his one-piece Lycra swimsuit and checked out that it was doing its job. He had some cleavage from the built-in silicone push-up pads and there was even the impression of dark aureoles beneath the suit top. He wanted to touch them, but didn't.

A couple men came and sat close by checking out Margot and his breasts jutting out proudly from their suits. The men were showing off loudly, doing nothing to hide what was flopping around in their trunks.

"Look at that guy," Margot whispered.

"I don't know why I've never noticed...is that real?"

"Now that they are pointed your way, you notice?" she joked.

"I had no idea men could be so big down there."

"And those aren't even 'enraged' at you," Margot giggled, adjusting her top slightly.

Andy noticed that he also had an inviting amount of soft flesh above the cups of his suit top. His swimsuit was rather old fashioned, but trendy. It had a front stretch lining meant to create a girl's curves out of a boy's silhouette. Andy's slightly protruding nipples were distracting, but there was no indication of anything between his legs. The suit even created an attractive roundness to his stomach before it did its thing between his legs.

"You have a friend," Margot said.



A strapping young man was along the poolside and Margot could tell he was about to move in with a 'line'.

"Excuse me," the man said. "My friends and I have a bet that you two are models?"

"Thank you," Andy said sweetly, "but we're just a couple housewives waiting for our husbands."

"Well done," Margot giggled when the man left. "They are still checking out your figure."

Andy found himself checking out his own full breasts and soft rounded bottom. "Brini was right; the right swimsuit makes the girl!"

Margot moved closer and whispered, "Would you like to be as emasculated and feminine as Brini?"

"What take female hormones?"

"More than just that, you could let your hair grow to the middle of your back. We could share everything like sisters. Brini makes a beautiful girl and so do you."

Andy looked over to make sure the guys weren't listening. They weren't. "Let me do you with the Tropic ESTRO Fem Tan lotion," Margot asked then opened a little sample bottle of lotion.

Margot rubbed the thick oil into Andy's shoulders and neck and down his back. The hot sun made it soak in quickly and Andy sensed that something was different about the lotion. It had the same lavender scent as the gaff setting lotion.

"Is that from Brini's shop?"

"Of course, everything there is for helping boys feel like girls..."

Andy turned over and Margot rubbed the oil onto Andy's legs and thighs. She accidently brushed his crotch then confided, "Nothing to worry about there."

Andy jumped a little, but he spread his legs a little more as Margot started work on the other smooth thigh.

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At the end of the day, they took a nap and Margot wanted to 'dress to kill' and 'hit the town' again. "After what happened last night?" Andy asked.

"Because of what happened last night."

Andy half expected Margot to ridicule him and call him names for being such a pansy; prancing around in a dress and attracting men. But Margot insisted they go to a nightclub again. "It's good for you..."

Wearing panties and bras, they chit-chatted as they did their makeup. Andy could now do his own makeup

and even chat with his wife about frivolous feminine items such as the difference between frosted ice pink and pink dream color lipsticks. Andy was learning the little feelings from Margot and how to be female like her. It was definitely not the kind of subject conversation that many husbands had with their wives.

"Honey, if you wear a darker shade of pink, it will stain your lips and not come off so easily." Margot was cleverly reminding Andy about kissing.

"I don't want to do THAT again," Andy said as he put on a darker shade of lipstick.

"KISS happens," Margot giggled.

At 10:30, the two passed the line of waiting gentlemen and were let into another of Vegas' hottest clubs with no \$30.00 cover charge like men had to pay.

In his dress, Andy again sensed his short rustling skirt and clicking high heels as he surveyed the club. It was early. "There is nothing but men here," blushed Andy.

"It's very early for Vegas. Just enjoy being a girl, honey."

At the bar, Andy could only blush when one of the men in a suit, focused on his pantied bottom, then his dress, and said drunkenly, "How much for a date?"

Margot took over and said, "You are rude. And it would take more than your little mind could ever afford!" Margot took Andy's hand and took him to the other side of the large bar.

Through the thin fabric of his dress, Andy felt the tickle of his slip lace fluttering around his thighs. He had just been offered money for doing girl sex with a man. "I should have asked how much he was offering,"

Margot teased. "Every girl has a price!"

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It didn't take but a few more days of being out on the town for Andy's new feminine charms to take hold. Margot even teased Andy, about being 'boy crazy'.

"I guess I'm becoming girl crazy," Andy joked. "Boys make me feel like a girl."

By then, more men than he remembered had kissed his painted lips. And he was kissing back, collecting the taste of men between his rosy pink stained lips.

Kissing, while at first, so foreign and somewhat humiliating, was now, pleasant, almost routine, and rewarding. Like any other normal girls, he simply kissed boys without much fanfare or even thought anymore.

One night, they went to another nightclub and the same thing happened. Again, it was a late evening with drinks and ending up with kissing men them in front of each other. On the way to their room, Andy admitted, "I feel better tonight."

"Honey, there's nothing like some male attention to really make you feel feminine."

"I'm beginning to get it. I'm looking forward to putting on a pretty dress and wondering if I'll get kissed before the evening is over."

"That is a very feminine view of excitement."

That night, when they were taking off their makeup, he looked at Margot and she was beaming. "That was so fun!" she kept saying.

Andy couldn't help but always wonder, "How did I end up being so like her 'little sister'?" He looked at his lips and they looked fuller, and it wasn't just the stains of lipstick. The men had bruised them.

Margot took off her slip and stood before her mirror in only her black, lace brassiere, and full cut brief style,

lace trimmed panties. She danced a little in the mirror and teased, "That guy I was dancing with was so hot! Put on your nightie, come to bed, and I'll whisper everything he said he wanted to do to me!"

Andy sighed and put on his frilly nightgown. He felt so powerless, so un-male; in the gaff panties, his only option was to be as much like her sister as possible.

This was new. Was he supposed to be excited for Margot when she told him about men who wanted to bend her over and take their big, long, stiff, ejaculating sausages?

Once in bed, Margot rubbed up against Andy and teased, "We were so hot tonight!" Her fingers went down to Andy's panties and checked out the void.

"Should I go soak off the lotion?"

"Heavens no!" She kissed him passionately.

Andy asked, "When a woman is kissing a man, what is she thinking?"

Margot laughed, "Would I like having his seed in my belly? Be his wife? Is he rich? Is he really big? What are you thinking?"

"I don't think I can think that. I just like comparing myself to men when I'm wearing a pretty dress and feeling my frail silken lingerie underneath"

"I like that too," Margot smiled.

Andy had trouble going to sleep even though it was very late. He closed his eyes seeing the close-up faces of the men that evening. Each face had a taste and a smell that he tried to review until they melted into black.

As the days of their vacation came to a close, Margot could see the change in Andy. He gained confidence in appearing in his dresses and skirts. Mostly he gave up the posturing of resisting emasculation. He said once, "I really am almost a girl, aren't I?"

“Aren’t you glad I bought that ‘Estro’ setting lotion? I haven’t heard you complain and it’s making your skin soft.”

“But it never unsets and is always numb!”

Margot got a kick from watching Andy get ready for their nightly adventures. He was more concerned about his dress and lingerie than a teenager going to her first prom.

They even bought themselves pretty garter belts and stockings to wear. Margot said, “Oh, these are really fun, but don’t let any guys see them. These kinds of underwear drive guys crazy!” Then she giggled, “But I’m wearing a short skirt!”

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Andy's dress had soft ruffle trim the V-neckline of his vibrantly patterned chiffon dress that tied at the back waist. The dress was full and floaty as he walked through the casino.

That night, they both spent extra time getting ready. Andy was standing next to his wife, both dressed in only black lace trimmed, soft cupped brassieres, black satin brocade garterbelt, black colored stockings and black high-heeled pumps, and of course, black, lace trimmed bikini panties that had a little lace design on the front.

“Oh wow!” gushed and giggled Margot. “It’s going to be everything we can do to not get laid tonight!”

### LEAVING LAS VEGAS

After leaving Las Vegas, Andy and his wife rode along in silence each occupied with their own thoughts.

Andy finally spoke, “That was a great vacation.”

“The best, I’m going to miss having a best girlfriend and little sister.”

“More than you miss having a husband?”

“Seriously, yes, I didn’t miss the male part of our relationship.”

“So what now,” Andy mused.

“We know you have the confidence needed to be in public. You are dressing, doing your hair and makeup and even move and make a convincing impression of a woman.”

“I am going to miss it,” Andy sighed.

His wife readily agreed, adding, “So why don’t we just extend your stay.”

Andy moaned. “I can’t. Too many friends and family around...”

“We can tell them.”

“Tell them what?”

“Tell them that you are going to be a woman for a while. I’m not ashamed of you.”

“So I just start wearing dresses in front of everyone?”

"Exactly, as long as you have been as feminine as you have been on our little trip, most will understand. Those that don't, bye-bye."

"You are serious, aren't you?"

"Come on, let's continue the adventure."

They discussed it on the way home. Andy confessed to feeling scared as to how he would be received by his friends and mostly Margot's family.

"Once we get my new girlfriend introduced to everyone, you just have to be yourself. I know my mother will love you. My dad, well, he never liked you anyway, but I can handle him."

When Andy realized she was really serious, he knew there was no turning back. His wife assured him that she would stand firmly behind him. "This is for me as well as you. I really love you this way."

After their talk, Andy couldn't believe he was actually considering her proposition.

-----

When they got home, they then had a small dinner, followed by discussion on how it might work. "Look," she said, "You just have to do what you have been doing. Try to look and feel totally female."

Andy was still dressed in the comfortable green, knit wrap dress with the short skirt and 'v' neckline that showed off his bosom nicely.

His hair still held its curl from the previous night's rollers that had been combed and hair sprayed to bring out the waves of his long hair. He looked every inch a most attractive young woman. His wife teased, "Let's sleep on it. If you put on a dress tomorrow morning, we are on!"

While doing the dinner dishes, he stole a glance of his reflection in the window. Being a woman was a lot of

work. Clothes, hair, makeup, and in general, everything required thought. You couldn't just throw on a pair of jeans and a t-shirt. Lingerie had to match what you were wearing over it.

Before going to sleep, they discussed the adventure in more detail. His wife said, "Look, honey, if you decide to try this, how you look and feel for first impressions is most important. Maybe we should have a party and introduce you to everyone at once?"

They awakened early and his wife opened the drapes. It was a beautiful, bright day and the light flashed against Andy's pink nylon nightie.

"Well, Missy? Should we pick you out a dress for a coming out party or cut your hair so you can go to work?"

"I don't have a job," Andy yawned.

"Well, then it's a dress again for you."

"Let me see how I look in my male clothes," Andy nearly begged.

### **BACK TO BEING A BOY**

Andy was determined to see what he would look like in boy's clothes. He soaked in the tub for 30 minutes and unfettered his maleness. It simply just dangled like a little limp noodle. With all the compression and training, it was numb. "Non-use," he muttered to himself. He could not remember having any feeling down there for weeks.

He pulled on it, but it was completely deflated. He pulled on a pair of jockey underwear and there was barely a lump. Less than a sanitary napkin!

"It will come back," he prayed. Margot would laugh if she saw him in male underwear still looking like he had nearly nothing between his legs.

Andy put on a pair of his jeans that fit too tight around his fleshy hips. He went to the mirror and realized he was swishing. His blonde hair hung around

his face femininely and his complexion still had light traces of makeup. His pink tipped fingers went to his lips in a feminine expression.

Andy slipped on a v-neck t-shirt and there was the slight impression of breasts from their constant training in bra cups.

Margot walked in and saw him trying to retransform into a man. "Oh my," she gasped. "You still look like a girl; even in men's clothes!"

"I can do this," he said. "It might take some time and a haircut!"

Margot took another look. "Look at the front of your shirt? You have little titties!"

"I think it's from pushing them up into a bra for a month now...."

"You need one. Your erect nipples are showing though your shirt."

"What should I do?" Andy was very conscious of the way his nipples stood out, almost like they were aroused. Without being situated properly in a bra, Andy was very conscious of the way they jutted outward.

"Lift your shirt."

Andy lifted the front of his shirt. Below the tan line from his woman's swimsuit were two creamy white little mounds with puffed-up, pale cherry nipples. They were like pink sunny side up eggs.

Margot shook her head. "I hadn't noticed. I haven't really seen you without a brassiere and panties. I can only assume that ESTRO setting cream and suntan lotion contained some female hormones?"

"What?"

"ESTRO...estrogen. Duh? Just go put a bra on..."



**The weeks of the “special cream” and push-up brassieres had changed Andy. Could he be a guy again?**

### **DON'T ASK, TELL EVERYONE**

Following through to make plans for a 'tell everyone' party. Andy was wearing a knee length red skirt and a simple nylon blouse with a wide black leather belt to provide contrast, and matching black leather pumps with 3-inch heels.

As the two made a guest list, Andy was suddenly struck by fear. Unlike the vacation, there was no end date to his commitment. He wondered how long he would be painting his lips with his favorite frosted pink.

Margot was chatting about the party and the guest list. "I'm not going to pick and choose, I'm inviting everyone!"

For the next week until the party, the two studied Andy's appearance critically. Anything and everything was done to make him more feminine. Finally they decided he could not be improved upon.

His eyebrows had been plucked into feminine high arches, his hair highlighted, and new clothes chosen. A few days before the party, Margot suggested, "After the party, you should go see Brini and get an estrogen shot."

### **THE COMING OUT PARTY**

Shortly before seven, Andy's in-laws pulled up in front of their house. They were always early. "Gawd, you were right," Andy moaned.

"Mother likes to help me with the kitchen stuff, but now I have you! Put an apron on when you are in the kitchen working, okay?"

No sooner had the car stopped, than the doorbell rang and Margot was at the door to greet them. Andy stood in the kitchen listening, ready to make an entrance on cue. His nyloned knees gently quivered against each other and the whole idea suddenly felt silly.

He was wearing a short black cocktail dress, conservative, but figure flattering. He wore his long hair curled about his face in a most successful manner, while around his neck he had a string of pearls, with matching pearl pendant earrings in his pierced ears.

He heard the voices and his wife say, "Andy! They are here!" His black pumps with four-inch heels suddenly teetered a bit despite the long practice in their wear. He heard, "ANDY!"

"What the heck?" were the next words he heard from his father-in-law. "Is that Andy?"

"Dad, Mom, Andy is going to be a girl for a while."

There was silence as they sized up the femininely dressed figure in front of them? They could see that Andy was obviously deep into this dress up thing.

"Is this a joke?" his father-in-law asked.

"Dad," Margot said, "Take a good look at Andy and tell me he doesn't look better as a woman. He almost looks like that cute secretary you had when I was in high school, what was her name?"

Her father stammered, "I don't remember, but he does look like a woman." He turned to Andy, "I knew that long hair would get you in trouble."

They discussed Andy's 'adventure' and his mother-in-law admired Andy's dress and hairstyle. Margot told everyone about their vacation and Andy's extensive wardrobe of feminine clothes. She bragged, "We went everywhere as two women and had the time of our life! I like him better this way."

One group after another showed up and were basically told, "Andy is going to be a woman for a bit." A couple people left quickly. Most were curious, unsure if they were just being pranked.

A few of the women were taken to the bedroom to see Andy's new collection of dresses and skirts, as well as his housedresses and lingerie. Most were impressed with

the way he was handling himself and praised his manner.

One woman said, "I'm impressed. From what I see, you make a very convincing young woman and I'm sure time will only make you more so...if that's what you both want."

The party got busy quickly and was a buzz with gossip and questions. It was determined that Andy would act as waitress and host, serving drinks and food on a tray. He quickly tired of being in the high heels, but everyone had questions. He served the drinks and took orders and answered questions. Some of his old friends from where he used to work were rude. "Are you having IT cut off?" one asked.

"No, but I know one I'd like to cut off!" Andy smiled and swished away. He could sense the men watching his bottom and his skirt's panty line as his high heels clicked on the hardwood floors.

Part of him was embarrassed to be wearing a dress in front of a bunch of men he knew. They likely would call him names behind his back. But there he was, sporting an attractive bosom, flitting about his friends and family in a dress like the women in the room.

The women nearly all had positive things to say about Andy. The men were mostly standoffish or made jokes. But Andy felt the men's' eyes on him as he moved about the room.

One joked, "Andy, nice little figure you have there. If you OR your wife ever want a threesome!"

That was when he noticed a couple of single men talking to his wife. Their body language said they were 'interested' now that Margot was "manless". Andy wanted to be jealous, but let it go. He wasn't in competition with men anymore. He was willing to just let life happen.

As he served his guests, he watched his wife and the other men. There was a delightful sense of freedom as he watched the sexually obsessed and virile males smell around his wife in hope of getting into her panties. Andy had been in her panties and now even had his own!

For Andy now, his self-confidence had moved away from between his legs and was everywhere else. The creams had made his skin sensitive and sometimes he felt his nipples contract in the soft cups of his brassiere. They tickled and fluttered like little butterflies had landed on the tips. They were more sensitive than he remembered his maleness ever was...even before it had been squished back and hidden in the gusset of his tight nylon panties.

Instead of being afraid, Andy walked over to his wife and two men. One was the guy who asked if Andy was having 'it cut off.

"Gentlemen," Andy said like a cocktail waitress. "Can I get you anything?"

"Sure, sweetie," one said, "Scotch, rocks. That is if you have any rocks left?"

Margot immediately took him by the hand and gave him a big, juicy kiss. "I just love my sweetie. Doesn't he look great in that skirt? It makes me hot!"

"THAT kiss made me hot too," one of the men said softly.

Andy smiled sweetly and went to get the drinks. He knew what those men wanted to put inside his wife and he knew they could perform. Yet he was the one with the beautiful, loving wife. The more like a woman he acted, the more she liked him.

In the kitchen, he put on a frilly white apron and decided to leave it on. Andy consciously delivered the cocktails like a little waitress, swishing his apron's skirt and mincing in his heels.

"Scotch, big rocks..." Andy handed the man his drink, holding the glass in his pink fingertips in a delicately submissive way.

The men didn't know how to react to Andy in a dress. Andy had been living full time as a woman for weeks. One of the men asked, "So are you ever going to wear pants again?"

"Why would he?" Margot answered. "He looks so good in a dress." Andy just smiled sweetly. He liked his wife defending his sissy ways. She added, "I know you boys are laughing inside, but after a few months on estrogen, you'll be begging him for a date."

Andy glared at his wife like she'd just told a big secret. He turned suddenly and sashayed past a couple other guests and into the kitchen. Right behind him was Margot. "Are you okay?"

"You didn't need to tell them about the estrogen..."

"I thought we were not going to hide anything. If we really want you to experience being a woman, you should be on estrogen. And you should be proud of starting an estrogen cycle and like what it will do to your body."

"But those are stupid guys..."

"Just being men. In a few months, you'll be quite accustomed to fluttering around them and their one-sided view on life. But no hiding anything...I mean most anything."

"They just make me so mad..."

"Get even. Before long, being on estrogen will become a part of your personality. You need to work on a positive body image."

"You want me to be like Brini, don't you?"

"If you are going to be wearing bras, wouldn't it be better if you had something to put in them?"

"Won't estrogen mean less sex."

"Less male-female sex," she interrupted.

"Understand that I'm proud of you because you are on your way to being more like a woman."

"I still don't want you telling strangers I'm going to take estrogen and grow breasts."

"But I'm proud of your commitment."

"Ok, you can tell a few women," Andy moaned. Maybe tell your mother, but please don't tell those men. Remember when you got your first brassiere and your mother told everybody about it?"

"Point made!" she laughed. "But at some point... because of actually two points, they will know!"

Andy moaned. "I rather them think I'm wearing a padded bra."

Margot laughed. "Hide`em now, but I bet you'll be flaunting them when you get `em. And you are going to get `em."

"Can we just avoid the subject until the time actually arrives?"

"Don't be embarrassed, honey. There's nothing to be shamed of. This change into real womanhood isn't an overnight occurrence. It will take years for your breasts and figure to mature." Margot knew it was just emotion. "I love you and I'll be there for you. There are so many life events that we will share. Things you'll need a big sister for...bad hair days, run nylons, monthly bloat, dieting, and maybe even your first crush, and worry that you might be pregnant."

"Ha, ha," Andy scoffed.

"I'm joking but you are embarking on another tier of a journey to womanhood. I'm there to share it with you. "We'll talk about it later. You have our guests to serve. They all seem to be drinking a lot and having a good time."

"At my expense," Andy sighed. Andy gracefully carried more drinks out to the party. His skirt moved about his nylon clad legs.

The woman who lived behind them stopped Andy to study his figure. "I would have never believed that you could be such a very pretty, stylish young woman."

Andy actually had butterflies in his stomach. Her comment sort of scared him. When was this going to be over? After more good-natured remarks, she offered, "Would you like a girl job?"

"I have one, but I think its part time?" Andy asked.

"I'd give you a job at my coffee shop as a waitress," she laughed, "Nothing will make you feel more feminine than getting slapped on the butt by a truck driver. Just stay out of their trucks! I wouldn't want to lose you to pregnancy."

"That won't happen," Andy said softly.

The woman said, "I'm serious about the job. If you want to feel like a woman, become a waitress!"

As Andy served drinks and the guests loosened up, there were even more questions. He even entered into a discussion with a woman about what they were wearing in Vegas and he brought down two of his 'clubbing' dresses to show them off.

After a few more drinks, everyone relaxed around Andy. A few of the men asked embarrassing questions. Andy felt a little embarrassment, but was determined not to show any sign of his feelings.

Near the end of the evening, Andy's mother-in-law cornered him. "I'm glad Margot didn't tell us before we arrived. Her dad would have freaked. To my amazement, your appearance and gestures are so convincing, I thought you were Andy's long lost, twin sister and this was a practical joke."

"Sorry, it's not a joke."

"We love Margot and trust her judgment. Is there any chance this is a stage and you'll revert to being a boy again?"

"I've learned anything is possible," Andy smiled sweetly.

"Well, honey, I've been through puberty with one daughter, I guess I can go through it again with you. Estrogen can be heaven and hell all in one! I'm on HRT myself."

"What did Margot tell you?"

"That she's working on making you even prettier! All about your trip, Las Vegas, and how you got kissed by a prince and don't want to be a frog again."

Andy sighed.

After the party, Andy and his wife were lounging in bed. She said, "So that's that. See how easy. Everyone knows and will only be surprised if they see you in pants."

Andy moaned. "What have I gotten myself into?"

"Freedom. You can let your hair grow to your waist. Your nails will grow out and you can paint them pretty colors. You can be girlish and treat yourself to all the little pleasures of being a real woman."

"What's next?"

Margot said, "I want you to go see Brini."

## DECISIONS

"See I told you!" Brini laughed after hearing all about the vacation. "The purpose of my life is to fight unnecessary masculinity! Another notch in my gun."

"So it looks like I'm going to be living as a girl for awhile," Andy said. "Margot said I should see you."

"First," Brini said, "I was serious about offering you a job. It's really fun work! Just listen to the women. If they want their son or husband to wear lipstick, you

teach them to wear lipstick and make sure they go home with gaff panties and the lotion.”

“Hook them, eh?” Andy said.

“Absolutely. Like you, once you get a boy used to wearing a brassiere, he realizes that it’s pretty neat to be like the woman he loves. Margot is so proud of you.”

Andy realized that was true. Margot was actually proud of him.

“At the party, Margot told some of the guys from my old work about me going on estrogen and they laughed...but she defended me.”

“Nobody’s going to laugh at you,” Brini consoled. “I’ve been dying to show you. Tell me if those guys would laugh at these?”

Brini took off his business-like jacket and was wearing a strapless, tube top with a built-in, shelf bra. Brini pulled down the top and his delicate, creamy white breasts spilled out.

Andy gasped and stared at the milky white skin with tiny freckles and the two pink, puffed up nipples. Not big double D’s, but unquestionably female.

Andy gasped, “They look real, just like my wife’s....maybe even bigger.”

“They are real,” Brini said cupping them in his hands. “I feel what Margot feels and you will too. Feel.”

Andy touched the creamy soft budding breasts and Brini’s pinkish brown nipples swelled up only the way a woman’s nipples do. They were shaped like little baby bottle nipples.

“They feel great on the outside,” Andy teased. He felt them like he was checking fruit.

“And they feel even better on the inside and they go so great with a low cut dress,” Brini giggled. “Growing breasts is such fun. They can get a little sore at first but it’s worth it. Sometimes I wish I could have a baby and nurse...”

"You are talking about taking estrogen?"

"Margot thinks you are ready for a little shot of girl juice and to begin having real monthly hormone cycles."

"Whoa! Slow down!" Andy interrupted.

"It's up to you," Brini giggled and pulled his breasts away and fixed his top. "If you like wearing dresses and prancing around like a girl, you'll love growing titties. Margot told me to prepare an injection for you. Ready?"

"If I got bigger than Margot, she'd kill me." Andy sighed and playfully ran his hands down his own chest line. "You can stop at any time, right?"

"Sure," Brini squealed with pleasure, "Lift up your skirt and lower your panties."

Andy removed his musky gaff panties and lifted his skirt, assuming it was going to be a shot in the buttock.

Lean way over the table," Brini said, "and spread your legs a bit. Brini knelt between them.

"What the...?" Andy gasped as Brini took some lotion and sterilized the little sack set up in the pubic hair.

Andy was starting to get worried. But Brini was quick. Andy was pressed up against the table as a short needle was first pressed into the still compressed sack. Andy really couldn't believe this was happening.

Brini stopped just long enough to say, "Almost done. Done!" Brini had injected the little sack with a special blend of 'girl juices'.

With a shriek, Andy let loose a little whimper then felt a little painless spasm after spasm. "Do you have a sanitary napkin for your panties or should I get you one?" Brini asked.

"I have one," Andy moaned, still feeling a pulsing. "Oh, my, what did you do?"

"I just put you on the track to be more like Margot," Brini smiled.

Andy pulled a napkin out of his purse and dexterously put it in his panties and pulled them up into

place. "What am I going to tell Margot? She's going to kill me."

"She ordered it. If you don't like feeling like a woman, your body will recover to its old self in a month. Till then, you are going to be feeling like a teenage girl getting her first puberty surge."

At home, Margot greeted him with a glass of champagne. "Did Brini fix you up?"

"I think so," Andy nodded, "I had no idea what Brini was really doing. It's going to affect our sex life..."

Margot smiled. "I had a long talk with Brini. This is going to work out better. It will make it easier for you and me to think of you as my sister."

Andy moaned. His male confidence seemed to have 'shot' away along with his ability to perform as a husband.

Margot said, "Look, honey, time flies when you are having fun. In another month, a layer of body fat will be at your bottom and upper thighs. Maybe you will want another shot because your bottom plumped up and your skirts look great. A few more months and..."

### **NEW JOB....**

It was Andy's first day of work. It wasn't like before. He was looking forward to his new job. He decided to wear a white, translucent blouse, along with a blue fitted skirt, which he had worn the first day in Vegas. It was nice and conservative, but professional and sexy.

Margot was still off for the summer, but was supervising Andy. "Use a little darker eye shadow and a deeper shade of lipstick."

Andy didn't want to invite any criticism from new employer, Brini. He put on a matching set of pearls and earrings.

"WELL?" he asked with a smile on his ruby lips.

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“I wish I could go to work with you,” Margot sighed, “I’d love to help you turn boys into girls! Maybe we could open a shop in Las Vegas?”

THE END



After several months, there could be no turning back for Andy. Margot and Andy moved to Vegas and opened a shop to help boys become girls....

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