

TITILLATING TV TALES

"THE STORE BRIDE"



**AFTER GOING TO LIVE WITH HIS AUNTS,
A YOUNG MAN FINDS COMFORT IN HIS
NEW JOB...IN A BRIDAL SHOP!**

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

TITILLATING TV TALES

Volume 11

“THE STORE BRIDE”

By BJ and ST

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
PUYAL

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

2 - THE STORE BRIDE

THE STORE BRIDE

© 2006, SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING



REWARD!!

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

ALL RIGHT RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any
form

without the express prior written permission
of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

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



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

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

QUOTE BOARD:

There's more to life than lip-gloss. Even when
it's really gorgeous, shiny lip-gloss!

The problem with wife swapping is that you still
end up with a wife.

“THE STORE BRIDE”

By Sandy Thomas and BJ

Inspired and with and with help from Annette...

It was semi-dark under the trees on a warm, cloudless night. Subdued moonlight filtering through the leaves cast a soft glow on the deserted blacktop of the country road.

The only sound...the slow flowing river...a sharp contrast to the squealing tires of a few minutes ago when a deer jumped in front of my parent's car.

They didn't find the car or them for three days.

Barely out of high school...everything I knew was gone. I had been looking for a summer job. I didn't know what I wanted to be and now even where I was going to live.

To my surprise, two distant aunts arrived to take me to their house. I didn't ever remember ever meeting them. Both were well-dressed and proper ladies.

My Aunt Mimi was a really beautiful woman with high cheekbones, tall but with a definitely feminine figure. Of my two aunts, she had the better sense of humor and usually found amusement in most any situation.

Mimi was blonde with long, lovely flowing tresses. Her complexion was beautiful, and she enhanced it with just the right amount of makeup. I

4 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

could see my mother in their features...not unlike my own.

Two years older was my Aunt Hazel. Also very beautiful and very thin.

Both Aunts were superbly dressed. I learned later that they owned and lived in a bridal salon. I suddenly understood why they dressed like they were going to wedding everyday. They smelled like it too.

MY NEW HOME....

As we drove up, the first thing I noticed was the sign in the window.

"HELP WANTED." It was a Bridal Shop in a big old converted home on the edge of town on Rose Avenue.

In small print the sign said:

Salesperson...must have sewing, sales, floral arrangement and decorating experience.

The salon was filled with wedding dresses and gowns, prom dresses, wedding veils, bridesmaid dresses, mother of the bride dresses, flower girl dresses, and all kinds of special occasion dresses and evening dresses.

They also carried a large selection of accessories for the entire bridal party. From the perfect head-piece, veil and gloves to coordinate with a wedding dress, as well as crinolines, bras, shoes, handbags and jewelry.



For the bridesmaids too, they carried a great selection of shoes and gloves available in a wide array of colors to coordinate with their bridesmaid dresses. It was a one-stop wedding and formal shop!

Auntie's Bridal/Lingerie shop was decorated in soft feminine colors with pinks, lavenders, and mauve colored painted walls. To gain attention from street shoppers, the large pane glass window displays had several mannequins dressed in beautiful feminine nylon and lace trim full and half-slips with black stockings.

Another large window had mannequins dressed in breathtaking shiny satin wedding gowns complete with satin high heels, satin purse, veil and bridal bouquet.

Inside was more of the same...plenty of the same

6 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

feminine colored chairs and a loveseat to sit on. There were display cases full of nylon slips, full panties, satin bras, nylons stockings, garter belts, etc.

On top of the display cases were small racks to display a sample of each item.

There was a long clothing rack on one side for lingerie items like slips for customers to browse through and buy. Each display of matching sets of lingerie, like slips, bras and full panties were separated by size, style and manufacturer.

Around the store were display racks with hundreds of satin wedding gowns to choose from; separated by size, style, manufacturer, etc. There were also displays of veils, satin purses, satin shoes, and several dressing rooms for customers to try items on. There were several "fitting" areas so that my Aunt's could take measurements and help with selections and the proper fit.

Several times a year they had sales reps from the lingerie and bridal manufactures in the store to answer questions and help promote their particular products.

I was in a daze. My aunts took me in and showed me around their living area behind and above the store. They had a nice room for me but the house interior was very feminine with mostly soft pink walls. The entrance foyer was white marble containing a rock fountain with a 4 foot marble statue of Venus De Milo in the center.

They had a formal dining room, a large living room, kitchen and a breakfast nook overlooking a

lovely manicured park next door (where they sometimes held weddings).

Hazel and Mimi had separate bedrooms and my bedroom was down the hall with my own bathroom.

After I unpacked, we had a light dinner. I was slightly surprised when they just expected me to do the dishes...something I never did at home. I suddenly felt funny. These strangers had taken me in and were asking for nothing. I took on the dishes as best I could.

"Good boy!" Mimi said. "But easy with those bone china plates."

"Anything I can do," I smiled, "Just ask."

Hazel asked if I would help around the store. "The storeroom is a mess!"

"Of course, I'd be more than happy to do whatever I can to help."

Then Mimi said, "Dana, please don't get upset with what I'm going to say. The merchandise we have is of the finest material with lovely lace and the loveliest imported materials." She took my hand in hers and added. "While you do have nice soft hands they are quite dirty. Now please don't be upset but your finger nails are ragged and could use a trimming and manicure."

"Of course Aunt Mimi, I understand. No problem."

Mimi looked at Hazel and suggested that I would need softer shoes too. They had white carpets and I might, by accident step on the gown hems.

I was learning that, as they said, "It's in the details!" They knew that I was a boy and boys weren't

8 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

expected to know about "absolute cleanliness." But it sounded like I was about to learn.

After dinner, my aunts helped me put my clothes away. I think they hated even touching them. I heard the water running in my bathroom. Hazel said, "Mimi is running you a bath. After you have a relaxing bath, put on your P J's and robe and come down. I'll do your nails."

I looked at her and said, "I usually just sleep in my underwear?"

She replied, smiling, "No problem dear. Wash your hair real good, too. Use the shampoo and conditioner on the side of the tub. "I'll get you something to wear around the house." She looked at me as if studying my size.

"I don't usually take baths," I said.

"Then you are in for a treat," she said. "There is nothing more relaxing then soaking in scented water. Besides, we don't have any showers in the house..."

I didn't think that was such a big deal and went along with her wishes. Or I could be homeless...

When I came out from a most comforting bath, there on my bed was a plush pink, calve length bathrobe.

I put it on and went to meet my Aunts.

"Oh, that looks darling on you, Dana," Hazel stated.

"I feel silly," I was blushing the color of the robe.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 9

"You look fine. We don't want you running around in your underwear. Now come sit next to me and I'll fix your nails."

Hazel spoke up saying, "While she's doing that, I'll blow dry your hair."

I could tell that they loved doing this. Mimi said, "Now hush my sweet, don't argue, just relax." And relax I did. Between soaking in the 'perfumed' bath water and now being pampered by two lovely ladies, I couldn't help but enjoy the pampering.

I almost went to sleep with the warm air from the hair dryer. Mimi filed and tapered my nails and insisted that she put a light clear polish on them.

I wanted to object but they insisted that smooth nails were important. Mimi said, "One snag in a gown and goodbye thousands!"

Hazel agreed, "You'll be in the back stockroom and no one will see you. Plus it will be a constant reminder to you that you will need to be very careful with the fabrics."

That seemed logical. I sat while Hazel finished drying my somewhat long hair. She combed and brushed it back in a side sweep. "I love your full head of hair!"

Since I'd had some problems keeping it long with my father, all I could say was "Thank You."

I had no problem going to sleep that night in my new room. The sheets were "600 count" and luxurious.

10 - THE STORE BRIDE



The room was comfortable enough. "Beggars can't be choosers," my father used to say.

"Any port in a storm," mother taught.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 11

DAY ONE...

I learned that my first job was keeping the place spic and span. I guess my mother had always done the housework because I really didn't know how to clean.

For example, they had a large vacuum cleaner and a small handvac. The white carpet had to be kept perfectly clean and lint free.

If you have not been to many salons yet you might find it strange to see that they ask customers to remove their shoes before entering the dress area. There are a couple of reasons for this. White dresses do not get along well with sand, dirt and anything else that may get carried in on your shoes.

It also helps to keep samples fresher, as well when people wear their shoes; they tend to step on the gowns. Not on purpose, but when they step backwards. Damage can be caused from high heels or rough soles landing on the white fabrics.

I learned that customers were welcome to bring along their own slippers but my Aunts supplied special shoes, which were maintained and washed on a regular basis. My Aunts had a complete wardrobe of shoes just for the store.

I was no exception. I was fitted with a special pair of shoes. Mimi said, "I appreciate your cooperation in this effort to keep our salon clean!" And clean I did...even when things weren't dirty.

My Aunts made a list of things for me to clean. At first they were literally walking right behind me, checking them off as I went.

12 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

At the beginning they supervised me closely but gradually I learned to do the chores by myself.

They had a five-step training program

1. They showed me how to do it.

2. They did it with me.

3. They watched me do it.

4. I did it alone.

5. Then I began to recognize when things needed to be done.

Additional chores were tacked on as I caught on...like dusting the baseboards and shelves, cleaning the countless mirrors, organizing the lingerie drawers, etc.

At first, I felt odd touching all the feminine intimate apparel but even I could appreciate the quality.

The stock was always changing. Daily, my Aunts received samples of dresses and lingerie in the latest new fabrics, decorations and styles. It became my job to organize these items.

The back room was actually larger than the showroom, which was good because my Aunts didn't want me to be seen by the customers.

Thus I settled in...

Each night, I bathed, soaked and relaxed. I dressed and we had a light dinner. The storeroom kept me busy all day. From the lovely satin gowns - to the veils - and the lingerie, I had no idea there was so much to women's clothes and what they wore underneath.

After awhile, I got used to handling the nylon and lace. I caught my fingers sliding across the sen-

sual material on panties, slips and the bras. I was usually brought to my senses with Mimi saying, "Now we can't spend all day with the lingerie. We need to get to work on the high heels and purses today."

THE NEW MANNIQUIN...

It was a crazy day right before a big wedding. My Aunts were ordering each other and me around. "Bring us the bridesmaid dresses!" she yelled to me.

When I brought them out, Mimi said, "You know Dana, it's really a shame you aren't a girl. You are the same height as several of the bridesmaids in this wedding."

Hazel was fighting with one of their headless mannequins. "This isn't going to work. I haven't the time to fix this."

Then she looked at me. "He is just the right height! Come here," she demanded.

I walked over and she put the cloth tape around my chest, hips and waist. "Other than the bust, you have the right figure!"

She excitedly announced, "Dana, I've an idea...go to the store room and get the 34B and 34C La Perla sets in style 24398."

I quickly did what she asked. Hazel was enthusiastic. "I don't know why I didn't think of this sooner. I think this is the only way we'll meet the deadline!"

I had varied reactions as her plan took form...or rather I took form.

14 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

I could now see the lovely pink polished satin dresses hanging there. “Come on, Dana darling; let me show you how to put this on.

Taking the pink satin padded bra from the panties, she said softly, “Nice...aren't they, Dana? Take your shirt off.”

I didn't need to do anything. She was helping me. Taking the satin bra, she had me turn around and then assisted me in slipping it through my arms; about my shoulders then hooked it in the back. It was an odd but secure feeling...a sense of being naughty.

The dress was put over my head but my jeans were bulky so off they came and on went the lovely pink panties.

I was greeted with praises of joy. “Oh Dana, you are saving the day!”

She told me to stand still, and then produced a pair of pink pumps with a two-inch heel to get the hem right.

Mimi was impressed, “That normally would have taken an hour!”

The next dress required the 36C bra. “Dana, you look great in this dress!”

“What if someone comes in?” I was flush with embarrassment.

“We have no appointments...just turn and face the back of the store and we'll get rid of them.”

They moved quickly from dress to dress, changing my bra and shoe heels. The dresses were a shiny soft material with a lavish lace bodice but unlike most bridesmaid dresses, these were truly gorgeous.

I was the right size for four of the six maids. While they made the alterations, I stood there in a bra and panties like many of the brides and other clients. Mimi looked at me and asked, "Are you cold, dear?"

She stepped in back and slipped one of the samples, a shift dress over my head.

She smiled broadly. "Dana, you are a perfect sample size eight! That dress fits you perfectly."

I protested that it didn't (through reddened cheeks.)

I was still wearing the pink three-inch pumps when she sent me to the storeroom for the bride's dress.

I nearly fell on my face but made it there and back.

My Aunts watched me walk and Hazel said, "This is brilliant. Simply fantastic! We can even see how the dress moves!"

She took the dress and Mimi fluffed out my hair. Their mouths were open.

"What?" I asked.

"No one would ever know," Mimi said to Hazel.

"He could use some lipstick."

"After we are done with the fittings." That was odd since even I knew *makeup* was a no-no around the dresses...even for the bride.

"You know I want to help but this is going too far!"

Hazel started to cry, "Mimi I told you that taking a boy into this shop was too much."

16 – THE STORE BRIDE

Mimi said, “Look we love you and you have quickly become a part of our family but we need this store to work...or we are on the street with you!”

My heart sank. I liked my life here and frankly, I had no place else in the world to go.

“What do you want me to do?” I asked.

They both seemed genuinely pleased. “Just do what you’ve been doing and help us like this when we need it...”

Okay one fitting, maybe two. I thought that was it...but it was only the beginning. My very thrifty aunts had found a versatile model.

“Look Mimi, we can pad his figure to any size we want! And with heels, he can be any height!” My Aunt Hazel was acting like she’d won the lottery.

I started to protest and make up excuses not to help.

Mimi pleaded, “Please help us. Please! We have a big wedding and the girl your size is from out of town and can’t make all the fittings...”

I shook my head and said, “This is too much. No way!”

“We’ll pay you more.” Hazel begged. “A lot more.”

Truthfully it wasn’t hard work but I knew boys never agreed to wear dresses, even for more money. So naturally my response was, “How much more?”

But I had principals and they couldn’t just be pushed aside...but “double” when doing fittings did it.”



Suddenly, I was their new mannequin! In the back room, I was often in a bra, slip and panties, waiting for the next dress to be fitted.

18 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

Suddenly, I was their new mannequin! In the back room, I was often in a bra, slip and panties, waiting for the next dress to be fitted. Since customers would come in the front unexpectedly, I would find myself in back, waiting in a gown or lingerie for them to finish.

Wearing a bra was very weird. The straps slip, the band rides up in the back and everything cuts into your skin. At first, I was always adjusting everything. My Aunt Mimi said, "It'll take a while for you to get used to the feelings. In a few days, when we are less busy, we'll fit you for a few bras that mold to your figure better."

During fittings, my aunts had me try many different styles of bras, always asking me which was more comfortable. Surprisingly, I felt more comfortable in the La Perla brand and maybe not surprising was that they were the most expensive line they carried.

Mimi laughed, "You have good taste. Finding a bra you like wearing can be as challenging as getting an A in math, but in the end, it's well worth the effort."

I started to say I didn't LIKE wearing any bra but didn't want to be made to feel like I wasn't pulling my weight around the store.

Since we worked late and early around weddings, I often wore the lingerie to my room. Other times I took to my bedroom what was needed for a fitting first thing in the morning.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 19

My bedroom had not just one set of girl's underwear, but also a complete set with every conceivable bra strap combination and color. Before I knew it, my underwear drawer was filled with many styles and colors of padded bras and panty sets. In my closet were the robes and sample dresses I wore while my aunts did the alterations. On the floor were high heels, in every possible height.

Mimi had the idea to move a lot of the sample lingerie I was wearing to my room, which had a huge walk-in closet with many shelves and drawers. There were some things I didn't understand how to wear but my Aunts insisted that they might be needed in fitting certain dresses.

If that sounds bizarre, let me point out that their whole house and shop was decorated in a most feminine manner and I guess I suddenly was too.

They said it was good for me to know about these things...but I didn't know why. I was learning why one slip was prettier than another, and why a certain pair of panties had to match a wedding gown even though they were hidden under the dress.

I was beginning to appreciate the fabrics and could more than just visualize how they felt to wear. I tried to complain. "Mimi! I don't need all this stuff in my room, do I?" I asked, when she presented me with another armful of sample lingerie to put away in my room.

"Yes," she said, "We are not rich and if we are going to pay you that bonus money for your college fund..."

20 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

I moaned, “Can’t we keep this stuff in the store-room? I feel funny having brassieres and things in my room.”

“You’ll get used to them.”

I found myself the owner of a comprehensive collection of girl's lingerie... and I do mean comprehensive.

After a while, I was mostly wearing lingerie under my boy clothes. They had me in and out of gowns so many times during the day; even I got tired of changing.

Over breakfast, Hazel informed me that my posture seemed to be much “better” when I was wearing lingerie.

Mimi agreed and said I have a very cute figure. Embarrassed (but kind of flattered) I ignored them but after helping them with a fitting, I kept my lingerie on.

Then on the days I knew we were doing fittings, I put on a bra and panties in the morning giving me an undeniably feminine figure under my boy clothes.

My aunts encouraged this telling me how nice I looked even though my chest girlishly bulged outwards underneath my simple white cotton work-shirt.

A couple days later, I noticed some of my work-shirts had all been given “darts”!

I complained but I had to admit, they fit better over my padded bra.

Aunt Mimi said, “Those bras are expensive and comfy, why not get some wear out of them?”

Hazel agreed, "Any girl would give an arm to have a collection of La Perla lingerie like you..."

I began to dig into my growing lingerie collection even when we had no fittings. It wasn't the wearing of bras that was so interesting; it was at the end of the day when I'd slowly unbutton my shirt to reveal my delicate sheer pink, lacy bra. Next I would lower the zipper on my jeans and slip them down to the floor, emphasizing my bra and panty clad figure and my slender, feminine arms and shoulders.

Since my hips and bottom still had baby fat, the panties also looked nice. In the mirror, I made a horrified expression and tried to modestly cover up my bra and panties with my hands (which is impossible).

"You can't see me like this!" I gasped in fake horror.

I began to wear a bra everyday and never thought I was doing anything wrong. They were in my underwear drawers so why not. The only time my Aunts said anything was when I wore the wrong style or color. Like a dark blue bra under a yellow shirt.

Since I was only in the house or back room, who was to know?

Each day, I took the boxes of products, opened them, inspected the items for any damage, checked each garment against the packing slip and purchase order and scanned the UPC code into the store computer.

I then hung the clothing on hangers, and put them in the store in their proper places. I also put out the full nylon slips, panties, and satin wedding

22 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

gowns on the store window mannequins and store displays. The days went by fast.

Soon I was given additional jobs. They began to have me make some simple alterations and fix buttons. I was quickly beyond using the basic stitches.

Mimi suggested, “Maybe you could make a simple little cover up to wear between fittings.”

My Aunts helped me pick out a simple dress pattern; an “A” line dress with the zipper in the back. It actually looked comfortable.

None of these sewing skills were particularly difficult. I could easily learn them if I weren’t so embarrassed by the fact that I’m a boy who needed help making himself a dress.

These new skills made me feel guilty, isolated, and ashamed. Though I had never been explicitly taught not to wear a dress, I knew it wasn’t right. I didn’t know what crime I was committing, but I knew my dad would have been disappointed.

My Aunts and I did not once discuss this. We never talked about why boys seemed to feel uncomfortable around girls’ things. We never addressed why girls love but have to hide their pretty lingerie.

They never tried to make any sense of my feelings. It was something I would get used to.

So if you got it, flaunt it. If you can’t beat them, join them.

My Aunt Mimi did say, “There is no reason why boys should not learn about dresses and there is no reason why girls should not learn about auto mechanics.”

Surprisingly, I was pretty proud of the way the dress turned out. I caught myself wearing it even when we were through doing fittings for the day.

Hazel picked out another sewing project for me...a casual housedress. I couldn't help but love my Aunts. We were so close and I felt a part of their family. They both said how happy they were to have me in their life.

It was comical how quickly I got used to wearing girl's things and helping my Aunts. They said I had a gift in "feminine skills". I could never catch a football but I was now able to sew a hem perfectly.

Hazel was always teaching me how to improve and the secrets of the trade. I must admit I was good at it and there was never a problem finding something that needed hemmed or putting on a little lace that had torn from a gown.

I loved making that really cute zip-front, shift-style housedress. The fabric was blue and white print gingham cotton broadcloth trimmed with white Torchon lace at the neckline and around the skirt pockets and the hemline. I had a little problem with the back zipper but Hazel helped me get it right.

I began to wear it when I was sewing at night. I guess I had lost most of my will because I wanted to learn to embroider and even to knit and crochet.

"It's a wonderful skill," Mimi said, "even for a boy."

I could not see why at all, but I was happy and the days went quickly.

24 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

At some point I wasn't wearing boy clothes much at all. When I thought about it, it made me feel embarrassed so I tried not to dwell on it.

Wearing a dress seemed right for what I was doing. And I noticed I was being paid double for time I spent in a dress.

Also, when I was in a dress, I was more a part of this new family. I noticed the whispering had stopped and I was suddenly being included in the "girl gossip." Some of it was quite intimate; after all, much of the business came from brides.

"Listen and learn," Mimi said as they chatted about a bride who refused to wear a bra under her gown claiming that she wasn't overly developed and didn't need one.

"That marriage is doomed," Hazel said, turning to me and saying, "It is really nobody's business if someone's wearing a padded bra but it is important to look as attractive as one can. Dana, would you like us to add some padding to your bras?"

"But why would I want to wear a more padded one?" I queried.

"For different reasons." Mimi stated. "For one, a dress hangs better. Your figure could use a bit more padding..."

Hazel added, "Having an appropriate looking figure makes some people feel better, the way lip gloss or a pretty hairstyle makes one feel special."

"Oh," I laughed in disbelief. "So you think I need bigger breasts?"

Hazel said, "No. I think you look fine the way you are. Some people have big breasts, some people

have medium breasts, and some people never really develop at all.”

“Like most boys?” I asked, smiling. I loved these conversations.

“Yes, like most poor, deprived boys... But just like bodies come in all different sizes and shapes, so do breasts. It’s fun to try different shapes and sizes.”

She went on and on about the persistent goal of “that flat-chested woman” not being something to admire and aspire to.

They could always wear me down and during the next week, they “enhanced” several of my bras, which quickly became my favorites.

Hazel smiled when she noticed and said, “See?”

“WHAT?” was my immediate response but there was no use fighting them. They seemed to want me in the bigger cups so I ran with it. They insisted that I learn to add the padding myself. The first one was a bit lumpy but Aunt Mimi helped me and I quickly learned to do it perfectly.

The extra padding didn’t embarrass me and I’d never felt more comfortable in a bra.

My Aunts had been in the bridal and bra-fitting business for almost 20 years and I was now getting the benefit of that experience.

“Most women are walking around in the wrong size bra,” Mimi said. “A tape measure just doesn’t do it because all bras fit differently.”

26 – THE STORE BRIDE

As we were talking and working on my bras, she showed me how to add about an inch more “dart” to make my shirts fit better.

My favorite bras were the snug fitting, lace trimmed “everyday” styles.

Catching my reflection in a mirror is my favorite part of each day. I love the thrill it gives me. It’s a small wonder how breast obsessed the whole world is. It was funny how even my Aunt’s eyes drifted to my chest in conversation.

One afternoon the three of us cleaned the house together. When we were done my aunts wanted to work on my method of increasing a bra size by showing me how to “enhance” another of my bras.

“You know,” said Hazel. “I think Dana is much better at padding bras than I am.”

“I hate to say it,” said Mimi looking at me with a glint of humor in her eyes, “but he has a knack for making the bustline look natural. No one could ever tell he has padded breasts....”

I blushed dramatically, making my aunts laugh. Then I saw the expression change on Mimi’s face. “Honey,” she said to me, “Hazel and I have been talking. You know how you always have to run back in the storeroom when clients come over so the girls won’t feel uncomfortable? Would you mind terribly if we asked you to wear a dress during store hours?”

“What are you asking?” I gasped.

“We could use your help in the front sometimes.”

“I don’t want anyone to see me. Guys don’t wear bras and dresses.”

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 27

Aunt Mimi said, "That's the key. No one would know you are a boy! Hazel is a genius with hair. We will teach you to take care of your hair and with some light makeup..."

I really resisted their idea but the truth was, I was practically wearing a dress daily anyway. I could hardly believe this was happening. It was one thing to help them with fittings in dresses but they were suggesting that I start doing my hair and other things like a girl too.

"It'll take some time and won't be easy at first, but it could be fun. Mimi and I will help you. A couple weeks of training, you'll be ready to meet the customers."

I didn't want to hurt their feelings but that was a crazy idea...but I agreed to give it a try. Just for kicks. I guess my life could have been worse.

The first thing they did was give me a box from the store. I knew what they were and exactly how many, what styles and colors we had in stock. I just had never dreamed about wearing them. They were the IMAGE 23498...the most realistic looking reproductions of actual breasts we carried. My aunts giggled as Hazel added, "You will be bigger than with a padded bra and they have the weight to assure proper body carriage."

They were most authentic looking; fleshy tissue colored, with large pinkish nipples.

Hazel said, "Let's go to the bra bar and fit you for some new bras and a few work dresses..."

28 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

I don't know why but I was more worried that I hadn't stocked the bra bar completely. I said. "Are you sure that I should be doing this?"

"I don't think you'll be working the Bra bar for a while."

"No, I mean dressing like this?"

Mimi said, "Why not? That's our job and now yours too!"

I moaned, "I know what we sell but I'm talking about me pretending to be a girl with breasts and all?"

"You already know the difference between a padded, under wired bra, a push-up, and a plunge model." Hazel said. "And you probably already know more what bra will take a lady's bust back where it started. Right?"

It was true, I was beginning to just look at a woman and know they were wearing the wrong size. I could even guess what size and model my Aunts would suggest. Talent?

For the next half hour, I was fitted with the IMAGE 23498. To my surprise, the breasts were attached with special glue...that they used with cancer victims.

Mimi said, "Having your own breasts that don't come off will be a great confidence boost for you as you learn to do things like a girl."

My Aunts were delighted with the result. I was mostly surprised at the weight shift but my bra straps no longer fell off my shoulders.

It was obvious they would now be ignoring the fact that I was a boy. Hazel said they wanted to

make sure I wouldn't make a fool out of myself in the store.

So my training began...

Being dressed, as a girl all the time, was it any wonder that I increasingly began to accept my Aunt's opinions?

Once I'd accepted the idea of wearing a dress everyday, the little adjustments were almost unnoticeable.

First there was my new work clothes...they were like my Aunts', which were light, colorful, and cut a bit formally with a conservative length skirt. They didn't want me to look like an old lady so my dresses were a little different and they were comfortable...except for the body shaper that they made me wear.

Even that, I got used to. With my only family encouraging me, I began to feel there was nothing wrong with a boy becoming a salesgirl at a bridal salon.

I still wasn't allowed on the sales floor when customers came in but I was so busy in back, I barely had time to think about what I was wearing or becoming.

Besides the clothes, there was other training. Nightly I learned to do my hair and apply makeup. It was like being in art class in high school, only my face was the canvas.



Besides the clothes, there was other training. Nightly I learned to do my hair and apply makeup.

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 31

I was now shaving my legs. Yes, I had started shaving when Mimi found one of my leg hairs in a dress. Now it was the proper thing to do since I was wearing nylons everyday at work.

I had become more and more accomplished in moving about like a girl in high heels. My Aunts wanted me to "feel feminine." Their steady observations didn't allow a single boyish expression. When I broke a nail one day, I cussed and got a scolding from Mimi. "A nice girl does not talk like that!"

I was soon sitting like a girl, walking like a girl and had the dainty posture of a girl. With my sewing and all, I guess I had girlish interests too. Basically, there was no place for boy interests in their house so I kept adding new girlish routines to my day.

At night, I did my nails, which had become long, perfectly polished, oval talons. Hazel told me my long nails helped me be gentler handling the fragile garments.

I really noticed how long nails also made me carry my hands differently. My new, weighty curves on top made my shoulders pull back and my lower arms hung away from my hips.

Once I was used to the physical dressing part of being a girl, they began to teach me how to react like a girl.

Yes, I had increasingly adopted the mannerisms of a girl! I was learning what a young lady is theoretically to do and how to react in different situations.

32 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

We didn't watch many television shows but when we did, they were women's shows. Instead of action videos packed with high-speed car chases and rapid gunfire, I learned to love romantic comedies in which a man fights to keep the woman he loves.

It was hard to relate to at first but ultimately I began to watch the heroines, how they dressed and began to imitate how they acted.

I progressed to the point where I involuntarily smiled sweetly whenever my Aunts complimented me. I had become so dependent on them; any cross word would nearly bring tears to my eyes.

I was watchfully being groomed into a modest young lady, proficient in all things feminine. It was my new life and I didn't know how or if I wanted to fight it.

About a month later, over dinner, Mimi saw me get upset about a run in my nylons. She announced, "I think we've done it! Honey, you not only look like a girl, you are acting like one to!"

Hazel smiled, "Tomorrow, you work the floor!"

"With customers? I'm not ready!" I muttered.

Ask about our special products!

Let me know which stories you like the most!

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,

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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

I'm A Shop Girl!

The moment had arrived... I heard the little bell ring meaning a customer arrived. Mimi gave me a little shove. My heart gave a sickening leap at the thought of someone seeing me like this. I tried to control my sudden shivering and failed.

Hazel whispered, "Go for it GIRL!"

A little tingle of excitement surged through my silk clad body. I glanced at my Aunts and we momentarily locked eyes.

Embarrassment flushed my face; nothing in my life was going as I'd scripted it. Mimi hissed, "Young lady...you have a customer!"

I felt little butterflies flirting in my stomach; the tingling swish of their wings...or it was the lacy panties and slip I was wearing.

I was literally pushed out into the showroom. There was a girl about my age looking at sweet sixteen dresses. "Welcome, I said in a high, sweet voice. I wondered if she could read the excitement in my eyes. I tried to restrain the deep blush creeping up toward my pretty cheeks. I felt my curved buttocks move in my skirt and my knees were shaking.

The girl was in her own world. We chatted about what she wanted; a stunning dress that would play up her nice sized bust. She seemed lost in thought while she fumbled idly with the hem of a very expensive dress.

She was treating me like any other girl. My nervous fingers pulled out the dress and held it up to her. "You will look fabulous in this dress. Why don't you try it on?"

34 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

I had to help the girl with the dress. I saw the white of her panties as I pulled up the gown. My nervous fingertips adjusted the neckline and zipped up the dress.

“What do you think of my bust line in this dress?” she asked.

“The boys will love it!” I said, feeling a nervous twitch through my groin. I watched a scarlet glow spread over her face as she adjusted her bust line to show off lush rounded contours.

As I helped the girl, I could tell I was blushing as I fumbled with the zipper. There was a secret delight at being so close to a girl and her responding to me as a girl. I felt a tingle in my belly, like a spring wound to the breaking point.

Embarrassed and almost in tears, my Aunts came out to save me and took over.

“Relax honey... we’ll take it slowly,” Mimi whispered.

“I have no idea what to do...” I panted, “I’ve never...you know. She was getting nearly naked.”

“Shhh!” she whispered. You’ll get used to it. In my heart I know you can do this.”

In the back room, I experienced pangs of shame. I went to one of the big mirrors and looked bashfully at the reflection. It was that of a girl.

After the customer left, Mimi came in the back. “This is so embarrassing for me,” I murmured.

With real tenderness and keeping eye contact, she bent to lightly kiss my forehead. In that magical moment, she whispered, “Just look at that girl in the mirror, relax and let whatever happens hap-

pen..." She reached into a drawer and handed me a gold watch. It was my mothers.

An intense flush of excitement wormed through my belly. I was totally embarrassed as Mimi put it on my wrist. I closed my eyes before tears ruined my makeup.

Mimi's right hand moved up around my shoulder and fluffed out my hair. I saw the tiny sparkle of the delicate, ladies watch on my wrist. My stomach felt weak and my mind was whirling. Through my skirt and panties, I felt myself squirming. "Did I do okay?"

"Yes my dear."

She saw the look in my eyes that asked, "But was I girl enough?"

Mimi whispered in a soft way, "Dear, I think we can safely say, the BOY is gone. We'll introduce you slowly and you'll have to work hard...but you are going to be a wonderful shop girl."

I did as they told me and as I got out of the back room more, it followed that I was more exposed to women. At least judging from the looks of approval, I think they liked me. Hazel said it was because I wasn't "vain" like other girls my age.

Sometimes I just didn't understand women. Like the crying for no reason...what was that about?

Mimi said, "Fake it until you make it! Pretty soon you'll understand what's important to a woman."

My Aunts continued to pester me and encouraged my femininity until I frankly, half expected my period to start on the date marked on my calendar.

36 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

Since I'd moved in with my Aunts, I hadn't seen my buddies from the old neighborhood. If they could see what I'd become, I'd die of embarrassment.

ABOUT BRIDES...

I also learned more about women and BRIDES. Around the big day, they start to feel sad, anxious, and irritable. They were scary to work with. One minute they'd be giddily looking through piles of lingerie, the next, reminiscing about some long-lost boyfriend.

Aunt Mimi called some clients "Bridezilla" — a bitchy, self-absorbed, entitled, wedding-obsessed, perfectionist, stressed-out nightmare of a girl.

There were brides that called several times a day and if we didn't return the call right away, they'd go ballistic. It was all part of the business, my Aunts said.

As the weeks went by, I began to know the clients as they came back for fittings. I'd always been uncomfortable around beautiful women but it was funny how friendly they were to me. As a girl I was not a threat and there was no male ego trying to impress them.

My Aunts said, "These women expect you to know how to dress and take care of your hair and makeup. Women are taught this from birth."

I was learning about beads, cleavage, earrings, bloat, motherhood, PMS, engagements, periods, bust enhancers and monthly cycles...? Oh boy, did I learn. Each time a client would mention something

I knew nothing about, it became the night's dinner topic.

My Aunt's came up with a female monthly cycle for me. Based upon their own, they created a cycle calendar marked with notes of how I would feel, emotionally and physically. They even marked the days I could get pregnant!

For five days a month, I was expected to have the "essentials" in my purse. They did it in such a caring way that I didn't even refuse to go along with the ridiculous endeavor.

"How silly? Why 28 days and not a month?" I asked.

"See," Mimi said, "That's why you need to start thinking about your body and your relationships with other cycling women. You'll appreciate femininity more."

But I really had no choice at this point. I had to please my Aunts and their customers by being feminine and acting like a lady.

For my Aunts, it was not enough to look female, they wanted me comfortable with what constitutes feminine symbols of dressing; make-up, hair, and attitude. They insisted that I think, feel, and act female in order for their customers to perceive and respond to me as such.

I remembered my male friends making fun of tampon commercials. Now my calendar marked my monthly curse. Now I was expected to go to the bathroom's tampon supply and put a few in my purse.

In advertisements, I noticed how they always sold feminine products to be discreet and small

38 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

enough to fit anywhere without being detected. Even that was too big for me.

My Aunts checked, saying, “Menstruation is a natural and integral process in the life cycle of a female...accept that this is an all-important bodily function. It’s something that women don’t hide from one another.”

I certainly knew that from all the women. After breasts, periods were the next most popular subject. A wedding honeymoon and the curse was something to fear.

Mimi always had the last word, saying, “Show them you are a girl. Just do what some of the clients do...!”

I certainly did not want clients to think I was a guy!

At the end of my next monthly cycle, in front of a bunch of bridesmaids, I picked up my purse, pulled out a tampon and headed to the bathroom.

Inside it was all I could do to not laugh out loud. When I came out I expected some different expression but there was none.

One of the girls just chatted to me about a new tampon she was using and gave me one to try. Yeah, if my high school buddies could only see me now...

BEWARE....

Beware of what you think about...it might come true.

I heard the door chime and went out to meet that occasional walk-in customer. By the time I saw who it was, it was too late.

It was a few of my high school buddies who had showed up to surprise me. I guess I was about to surprise them more!

For the longest time, we all just looked at each other. Since I'd had lived hundreds of miles away, I never expected to see any of my high school pals walk in the door.

It was Alan, Bill, Ron and his brother Peter, who was going to college near my Aunts and had driven them over as a surprise.

Ron looked at me and asked, "Does Dana live here?"

My mind raced as I tried to figure out if I could fool them. Right then, Mimi walked in and asked, "Can we help you boys?"

Ron looked at me funny and at his friends. "A friend of ours...his parents died and we were told that he moved here..."

"I'm..." I began to explain I was Dana's cousin when Peter interrupted, "So what's going on here?"

Mimi stated bluntly, "This is your friend Dana...he's helping us out here in our shop for a while. Take your friends in back and serve them drinks. They came a long way to see you."

I served them drinks and told them about my job helping my Aunts. They were all very quiet and mostly just stared at me.

"You really look like a girl," Peter said, "Doesn't he guys?"

They all agreed. About then, Mimi walked in to see that all was well. "Well boys, what do you think of your buddy now? Why don't you show them your

40 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

room? I turned a deep shade of red and stammered, “It’s a mess! You know the fitting???”

But she insisted, I guess knowing that in the future, all my fitting dresses and lingerie would be put away properly.

The guys walked into my room and immediately saw the lacy bra and panties on my bed. Then their eyes went to a lacy nightgown that was obviously laid out for sleeping.

“Are you sleeping in nightgowns?” Ron gasped.

I blushed and nodded. One friend gushed, “My sister would die for a nightgown like that! Hold it up to your chest!”

I held it up and my padded mounds pushed out the bodice.

Another friend said, “You should run away. Isn’t there someplace else you can go?”

I started to agree but that would have been an insult to my Aunts who took me in. “It’s not that bad, I could be working fast food.” I knew he was flipping burgers and about to join the Army.

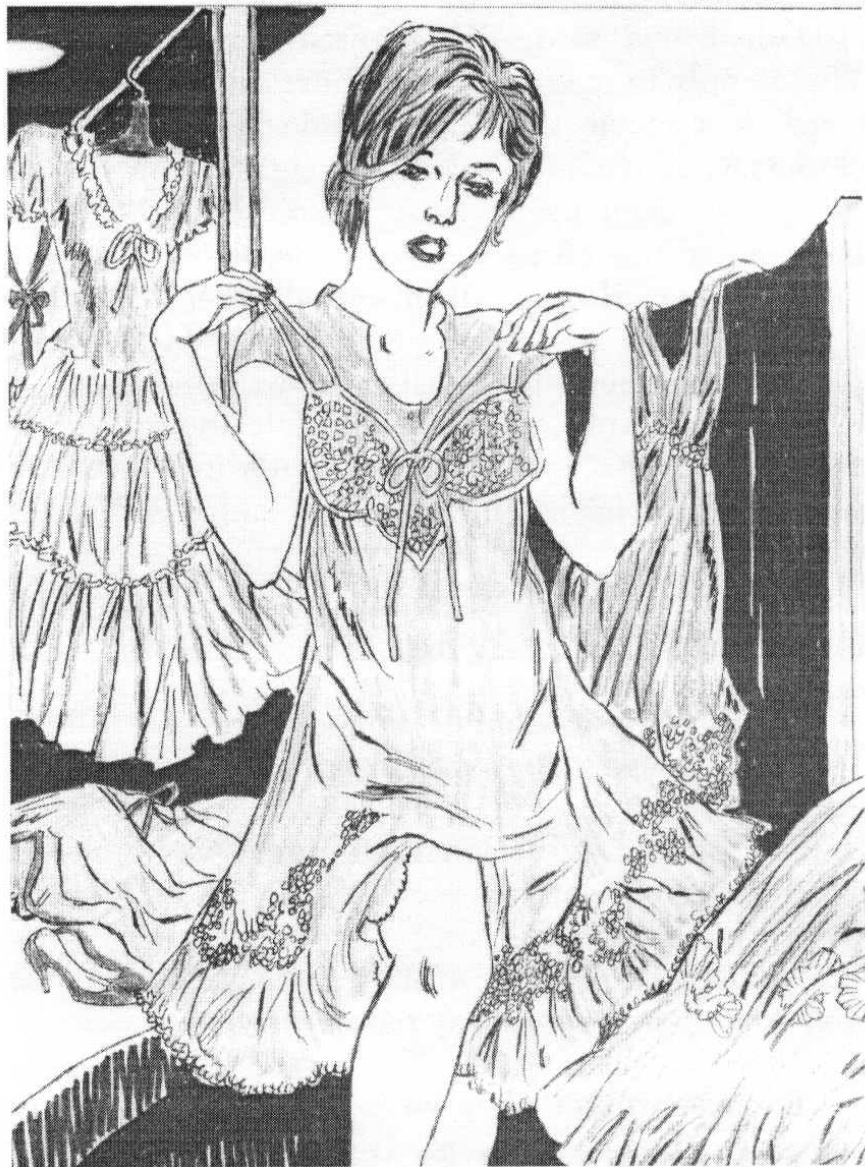
Peter said, “I guess it’s just another kind of uniform...that one looks pretty good on you.”

“Do you really think I look good?” I asked, trying to strike a feminine pose.

“You might have been elected homecoming queen,” one joked.

Then, Ron added, “I would have voted for you.”

I felt much better suddenly. There was nothing to hide anymore.



My friends made me hold the nightgown up to my chest.



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

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

42 – THE STORE BRIDE

One friend said, “We wanted to surprise you. We are only in town for a few hours and hoped you’d come to a movie with us...you do still wear boy’s clothes when you aren’t working, right?”

“We’ve been pretty busy,” I blushed. “I don’t have much time off...”

Just then, Hazel walked in and asked, “So what do you guys think of your ‘remodeled’ buddy?”

Peter laughed, “He’s easier to look at now....”

I served drinks and cookies. I felt uncomfortable as they watched me walk about; it’s impossible to walk in high heels and a narrow skirt without a wiggle.

Mimi told my buddies, “Dana made those cookies...he really is becoming a good cook.” The guys looked at me funny.

“Thanks, Aunt Mimi!” I smiled mockingly at her.

Peter agreed, “These are great!”

Hazel added, “Peter, you go to college here, right? You’ll have to come to dinner. Dana makes a wonderful meatloaf.”

“He’s cooking too?”

I blushed, “As long as I’m doing it, I might as well do it right,” I said way too sweetly.

To my surprise, they were able to talk me into going to a movie with them. It was nice to get out.

Peter was driving them all home that night.

We went to a movie and I could feel the eyes of my friends on my every move...but I couldn’t just turn off my accepted new girlish mannerisms. Not in public.

Later, parked in front of my Aunt's shop, the guys asked me if I had a good time.

"You were wonderful gentlemen... Now let's see if you all can keep your mouth closed about me?"

"What's it worth to you?" Ron teased.

"Don't joke around," Peter said, "Dana's been through a lot." He turned to me, "We were talking while you were in the ladies room. We understand and won't tell anyone...if I find out they do...they answer to me."

Peter was a jock and my friends knew he meant it. "Thanks, guys!" I said. "This is just to earn some college money. Please call me if you are in town again and I'll dress as a boy."

They sort of looked at each other. I wasn't sure that would work either.

Peter said, "Dana, that's okay. You look fine as a girl. Do you think your Aunts would let you go out like this again?"

Fortunately, they had no idea about their combined efforts to keep me in girl's clothes.

"Really?" I asked.

"You are really fun," Peter added, laughing. "And maybe the best looking girl around these parts."

I felt funny all over... maybe like a girl must feel when a guy tells her she's pretty. "Don't tease me," I pouted like a girl so helpless and needy.

"It's not real hard to think of you as a girl...is it guys?"

I blushed and hoped they didn't notice.

44 - THE STORE BRIDE

Peter said, "I live close. It might be fun to take you to a movie or something...if your Aunts would let you go."

"I'd have to check but maybe."

"Guess I'll have to call HER to make a date," Peter joked. "Just like a real chick!"

I looked down to hide my awkwardness.

I was glad they had to go. Within minutes of my return, my aunts had me in a wedding dress being fitted.

REALISM...

Seeing my old friends and being reminded of my old life made me realize how all the feminine activities had changed me. My buddies were the same. As usual girls on the brain. But me? When a woman was hysterical over a bust line, it now made sense to me.

I was beginning to understand women...

There actually was a difference between beige, ecru, cream, off-white, and eggshell.

Sometimes one does need the same style of shoes in different colors.

You can cut your hair to make it grow.

As we prepared the wedding dress, my Aunts asked me what I was feeling.

"I miss having friends and getting out," I said.

"I hope you haven't let those boys get to you. Our women clients just love you," Hazel said. "You are becoming a fine shop girl...you seem to anticipate the clients wishes."

It was true; I was becoming proficient at everything from taking care of the gowns, lingerie coordi-

nation, alterations, inventory and I enjoyed being around women all day.

I frankly didn't mind the little irritations and inconveniences such as wearing high heels.

Working in the salon allowed me to get comfortable and learn a lot about girl things like hair styling and makeup. My own hair was growing longer and my Aunts showed me how it could be fashioned several ways. My Aunts spent evenings after work teaching me new hairstyles.

Pretty soon, I was doing them myself. I guess I must have known what all this womanly know-how was doing to my boy character but my Aunts made me proud of myself.

They talked to me about little other than my life as a girl and the assistance I was giving them at the salon. I was completely accepted as a girl by everyone from the UPS man to the flower girls.

"You need some friends," Aunt Hazel said, "Dana, have you given any thought to going to College?"

"I guess I should," I said. I admitted was enjoying my new job.

Hazel said, "We owe it to your parents to encourage you learn something valuable."

Mimi defended me. "He is...he's learning dress making."

"I know, but I was thinking he could take some classes at the local college in merchandising or art design. Maybe he'd like to go to beauty school? He's very good with hair?"

"Go to college as a girl?" I asked.

46 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

"Of course," Hazel said. "There are several colleges around here. There's the one Peter is going to and a little college just down the street. You could take some college courses there. I'm sure your parents would want you to."

I moaned, "I don't think the college or my parents would approve of my disguise."

"You are not disguised," Mimi stated. "You are practically a girl now. You would go as a coed."

"No way!"

There was an animated conversation that followed. Both Aunts were resolutely against my changing back and forth from girl to boy clothes.

"Look," Mimi said, "Dana is a girl's name too. Even if your records say 'M', they will change the mistake the minute they see you."

Hazel added, "Besides, you'd look awful in boy's clothing."

I moaned, suddenly becoming emotional. "Will I ever get to be a boy again?"

Aunt Hazel put her arm around my shoulder. "After college, when you move out, you'll get used to boy's things soon enough. You'll just cut your long pretty hair and long nails and let your eyebrows grow back in. Before you know it you'll be back to your grubby old boy self."

Mimi sighed, "I'd hate to see that happen. You've been such a delightful niece and shop girl...you'll always have a job with us!"

"As a girl," I whined.

"It's the nature of the business," Hazel said. "Is it that bad to continue to live a little longer as a girl?"

Through my tear filled eyes, I muttered, "I guess not."

Hazel stroked my long curls, "Good! We love having you here! Let's look into those colleges!"

That night when I undressed in front of the mirror, revealing my panties and bra, I sat on the edge of the bed, thinking about my future. I realized going to college would mean I was committing to at least four more years of this girlishness. I also knew the longer I stayed in dresses, the harder it would take to revert back.

Femininity is just as much of an illusion as masculinity.

My Aunt Hazel would say, "Take the make-up off your favorite supermodel, and you'd be shocked to realize she looks just like you. Even if she didn't, put her in some old unkempt boy clothes and you'd be amazed at the transformation; from supermodel to unkempt boy in a day."

With each day I was becoming more confident with myself as a girl. After the outing with my buddies, my Aunts began to take me out to dinner and shopping. I knew I was not only putting myself more at risk of getting humiliated in public, but they insisted I face my issues of confidence, how to handle myself in public.



I had learned that femininity is just as much of an illusion as masculinity.

Mimi said, "If you are confident looking and pleasant with people, everyone will accept you for what you appear to be."

It had worked at the store? Clients were kind enough to tell me that I looked pretty, which was a great confidence builder.

The first few times my aunts took me out as a girl were not pleasant. I just knew someone would laugh at my dress. They did stare but they didn't laugh.

Aunt Mimi said, "Half the world dresses like you are now. There's nothing to be ashamed of."

I felt naked in my little dresses, curves and nylon sheathed legs but my Aunts insisted I work through my embarrassment.

As I went out in public more, I became more interested in escalating my feminization. On one outing, I had my ears pierced and delighted in picking out a wardrobe of earrings. I suddenly "needed" several new handbags and had to have a denim mini-skirt.

My Aunts encouraged me and rarely denied me anything unless they could get the dress I wanted at a discount. They carried everything but the kind of casual skirts and tops a girl my age would wear.

Shopping, one day they asked, "Dana, you could use this cute pink skirt if you go to college in the fall...or would you rather have the tartan plaid skirt?"

In an unwary moment, I even made some suggestions for what I could wear to college. Eventually, my closet was filled with a complete selection of

50 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

sweaters, dresses, miniskirts, frilly blouses, lingerie and other girlish things for college.

When my closet got too full, they suggested tossing my old boy clothes.

“I might need them!” I moaned. “What if some of my old friends from school come by again?”

“Easy,” Hazel said. “Let’s not blow this out of proportion and get all emotional. Look, taking you in isn’t easy on us either. We all have to make sacrifices...”

Mimi added, “I thought you agreed? You should apologize to us this minute. These are beautiful clothes and most girls would love wearing them.”

“Mimi! I am NOT a she or your niece! I’m your nephew... a boy!”

“I thought you were over THAT? You are our family and we love you but this is our livelihood. You would look silly and out of place gallivanting around here in boy clothes...even for a day.”

Hazel added, “If any other friends ever show up, they will understand. Remember what your friends said? Peter thought you were pretty.”

I moaned. That was true. It was a long drive and few had cars. Besides, what do you say to a friend who lost both his parents?

To make it worse, Hazel said, “I guess Mimi and I have taken it for granted that you didn’t mind being a girl. We think you make a better looking girl than a boy. Don’t you agree Mimi?”

“Your figure is soft and your bottom is curved like a girls’.” Mimi said, “That’s why dresses look so nice on you.”

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 51

Hazel started to cry. "What would all of our nice clients think if they knew a boy was lurking around while they were dressing? We'd be ruined!"

So, suddenly I had no boy clothes in my room. Each day, I dressed in lacy lingerie and an elegant work dress with a crisp collar and full skirt; adding nylons and three inch high heels.

I did my hair; the least ornate was pulled back into a high ponytail and tied with a satin ribbon.

Each morning, I spat at the mirror, "You want me to be a girl, and you got a girl!"

I have to admit that the days went fast. My Aunt's kept me busy. Over dinner, I asked if I could wear slacks like other girls who came into the shop?

"You mean girl pants, right?" Mimi asked.

"Yeah!" I said hopefully.

"No," she said flatly. "Women dress for other women. But our shop is all about dresses and being female!"

They instilled in me that a nice girl looked best in a pretty dress, never showed too much cleavage, and never allowed her vanity to show. Putting on lipstick was something I did in the ladies room...never at a table in a restaurant.

Hazel said I made such a naturally good-looking girl. "Just be yourself, Dana... When you start college, other girls and the boys can't help liking you."

I blushed uncomfortably when she mentioned the boys. We didn't talk about it but I had noticed their ravenous, lusting gawking when I walked by

52 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

groups of them at the mall or they came in with a client.

I wanted to talk to my Aunts about it but they wouldn't have the faintest idea what I was feeling. I knew what those guys were thinking and I was now the object of their attention.

To top that off, Peter had been calling me. At first, he asked me to a movie again but I said I was too busy. About once a week he'd call and tell me about his brother and my friends in my old life.

"None of them have said a word!" he stated, one day. "Or you'd be getting an invitation to their funeral..."

"Thanks," I said softly. "You have no idea what I'm going through here. My Aunts want me to go to your college like this...or the all girl's college near here."

"Why not?" he said. "I'd be proud to show you around my school."

IT'S NOT A DATE!

"It's not a date," I stated flatly to my grinning Aunts. "Peter is just showing me around the local college campus."

"But you still have to look nice. I'm sure he will want to take you to a restaurant and introduce you to his friends." Mimi said. "But date or no date, you have to look nice and attractive. A good relationship with a boyfriend or girlfriend is based on mutual respect, shared interests and some attraction."

I moaned.



I was now helping girls find what they wanted. I guess I now knew what made a girl feel pretty!

54 – THE STORE BRIDE

Hazel interrupted, “You don’t expect to act like a boy around him, do you?”

“No but...”

“Let’s see what kind of taste you have when it comes to dressing up for a boyfriend,” Mimi said.

“Peter is not my boyfriend!”

“He is a boy...and your friend,” Hazel teased. “So what dress are you going to wear?”

It was a bright and beautiful day on campus. I looked around and there were students, professors and a few couples walking hand in hand.

Peter was showing me the different Halls. He teased, “You would fit right in here as the prettiest girl on campus.”

I blushed, “Thanks...I guess. My aunts want me to go to St. Thomas College.

“St. Thomas College is an all girls school,” Peter said. “What happens when you put that on a resume later?”

“My aunts say it’s not about the degree, it’s about what you can learn and who you meet...”

Peter looked at me funny. “St. Thomas College is about making housewives!”

“But before THAT, those young ladies will be getting married and having BIG weddings...” I grinned. “THAT is why my aunts are pushing me to go there...besides, I think I’d be more comfortable going to school with just girls. Guys make me uncomfortable.”

St. Thomas College called their curriculum “Practical Living Skills,” that Mimi said *all* women could benefit from. They offered courses in dress-

making and design, fashion merchandising and other courses you couldn't get at Peter's college.

Peter said softly, "An education is an education, but you would have more fun here. I'd introduce you to my friends...guys and girls. Do you still like girls?"

I had never been successful in dating girls despite the fact that all seemed to like me. Now my hope of a relationship with girls was more likely like being their sister. At work girls discussed their dates with me, new clothes they wanted, and their intimate dreams. I must admit that I enjoyed chatting and sharing a girl's feelings.

"I like girls," I told Peter. Peter's brother and I had double dated girls in high school but none had gone anywhere. Girls seemed to like the more manly type of guy...like Peter.

"Okay, I'll introduce you to girls," he smiled and motioned to my figure, "but..."

I was now even less what girls wanted...my gorgeous flowing hair swept down about my shoulders in a most feminine style. My hair impressed girls but not like in my dreams. My figure wouldn't do it either. Where a girl wanted muscular pectorals, I had soft mounds and an hourglass waist that had been assisted by figure training. My lovely long, smoothly shaven legs would only be in competition with theirs and my dresses and lingerie would frankly make most girls envious "not hot."

After Peter showed me around his college, he took me by St. Thomas and we walked the campus. After that, he insisted we go to his local college hangout and he introduced me to his friends. I

didn't catch on at first but everyone thought I was his new girlfriend.

As we drove home, it was dark. I could tell Peter was nervous. He said, "Your Aunts are pretty tough. They made me promise to treat you like a girl today. Has that been okay with you?"

"They want me to fit in and have a good time."

He picked up my hand, and held it up to the light. My red, polished nails glistened in the twilight. "You look absolutely amazing."

A blush swept across my cheeks, matching the glossy shade of red I was wearing on my lips. "Thank you."

Grinning, he stroked his thumb along the pulse in my wrist. I wondered if he was checking my racing pulse. He winked at me and said, "I don't think I've ever been out with a more attractive girl. I can't wait to kiss you good night."

"We'll see," I said coyly. "That isn't necessary. This isn't really a date."

Peter played his palm on my knee and playfully fingered the hem of my dress. "Mind if I ask you a few personal questions?" he asked shamelessly.

"Be my guest," I invited boldly. "I might not answer them."

"Do you have any male clothes on?" He picked at the hem of my skirt.

"Like jockey shorts?" I giggled. "No, my aunts insist I'm all girl around the shop."

His finger felt at the nude stockings that made my legs shimmer. He looked down and used his

imagination to picture what I was wearing underneath.

He smiled and put his arm over my shoulder and pulled me over next to him. My breath quickened as I could feel his body heat through my flimsy dress.

"Have you ever been kissed goodnight by a boy?"

"No," I blushed.

"Me either." With that, Peter pulled the car over into a dark parking lot near the salon.

I suddenly felt hot and anxious. "May I?" he asked.

My mind raced. What did I expect to happen?

"Are you girl enough to kiss me goodnight?" he asked simply and left the next move up to me. Surprisingly I didn't feel like I was compromising anything. My Aunts insisted that I respond in a feminine but virtuous manner but could I kiss a boy and not heave?

I leaned upward and touched my ruby lips to his warm, firm mouth. There was a masculine taste and Peter didn't try to deepen the kiss. I drew back to check his expression.

He smiled, "Okay, I'm reacting to you as a girl and not some little sissy....how was the kiss?"

I was almost insulted but I could tell he was testing me. "That comment didn't make me want to have your babies," I joked.

He started to kiss me again when suddenly the car filled with bright flashing lights. We both bolted upright to look out the rear window. It was a Trooper stopping to check out why a lonely car in an otherwise vacant lot was sitting with its engine running.

58 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

A second later, a Trooper knocked on the window and illuminated the inside of our car with his flashlight. Peter rolled down the window.

“My girlfriend and I were just talking,” Peter explained.

“Sure you were,” he said. Peter showed him his driver’s license. “And you honey?” he said to me.

I was mortified. I started to search for my purse under the intrusive beam of this Trooper’s stark flashlight. The beam of the light was at my legs. I had to stretch over the front seat to reach my purse which had slid into the back seat. There was no way I could reach my purse with any modesty. As I stretched over the seat, my bottom was the centerpiece of the Trooper’s observation. My garter belt and stocking tops took both the trooper and Peter by surprise.

I dug in my purse for a few second before announcing I didn’t have ID.

The Trooper’s light beam never left the bottom of my skirt except to check out my cleavage.

“That’s okay honey,” he responded, “I’ve seen enough.” He smiled and thanked us for our cooperation and told us to move on...”

As he returned to his cruiser and left, Peter sighed and said, “Thanks! I think you saved the day by showing him your legs.”

I blushed, my state of embarrassed evolved into giggling and laughing. Peter said, “That Trooper is going to go to bed thinking of you bent over the seat tonight....maybe me too!”

I remarked that he did seem to spend a great deal of time ogling my legs. Truth was, I found it more titillating than embarrassing.

DECISIONS...

"Well?" Mimi asked over breakfast. "Which College did you like?"

"Peter's campus was huge and offers a lot of great courses!" I stated.

Mimi countered, "St. Thomas College has enjoyed a long tradition of academic excellence too! Are you sure you are ready to go to a coed college? The girls-only character of St. Thomas would provide a wonderful environment for helping you form a strong sense of positive self-esteem and confidence."

"As a girl among other girls, you mean?"

Mimi nodded, "There is nothing wrong with that. After a year with the girls, you could transfer to the coed college and fit right in."

"As a girl," I added. "How far do you think I should take this?"

"Hazel and I think you should start taking female hormones."

"What? To supplement all the estrogen around me?"

"They would change your life," she said carefully keeping her tone neutral. "You would feel more comfortable around the other girls..."

"I bet," I said. I knew what estrogen did to women. The main thing I learned was how important breasts are to women and their dresses. Working in the salon, I'd never seen so many breasts in

60 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

my life before. Big, small, bulging, flat, cups A, B, C, D, DD and even E! Small nipples. Big nipples. Even lactating nipples. Nipples: pink, white, flesh, brown, mocha and all the colors in between. Natural breasts, hormone-inflated, silicone, collagen and some you like to see and some you don't.

In the dress business, breasts were casually flashed anywhere, everywhere, anytime. It was important as we figured out how to pour them into a gown and show them off. Some girls even wanted to compare breasts with me.

Hazel said, "We think you should go to St. Thomas for a year or two. It's closer to our store and being just with girls would be good for you."

"NO WAY!" I stated flatly.

I was wrong again! I could not hurt their feelings. So, I found myself applying and being accepted to St. Thomas College.

My Aunt's had taught me, one's manners and outlook are, in certain ways, controlled by the clothes one wears. A tomboy in a wedding dress becomes all girl! I had obviously been really influenced by wearing lingerie, high heels and the most feminine of dresses. As I worked and lived, the clothes really made me think differently.

When they brought it up again after only token resistance, I found myself taking female hormones every day and getting used to being on a real female cycle... to the point that I felt "funny" if I missed a pill.

Estrogen seemed to do something to the outlook on my future. Several times, I caught myself talk-

ing about designing dresses for the store and saw my Aunts smiling to themselves and nodding with pleased expressions.

Sure, sometimes the realization of what I was doing sent skin-crawling sensations throughout my body and sensitive skin. What used to wake me up at night was gone, shriveled, happy to stay veiled in lacy, little panties.

And as is human nature, after that first surrender to estrogen, acceptance of their effects came more easily. My nipples became sore and sensitive. The next with some mix of anticipation...there was something growing on my chest!

I liked being a girl.

When Peter called again for a movie, I accepted. We had fun and we went out again. And then again. Being with him got to me in ways I never could imagine.

I liked dressing up for our dates. My aunts said that Peter was everything a girl dreams of in a date. I guess we made a nice looking couple. It was weird and so different from anything else I had experienced that I can't completely describe it.

Peter knew that underneath my girlish outfits, I was a boy yet I knew he enjoyed being with me. Our relationship was special--he is every inch a man's man and it was my job to be every inch a girl.

I really began to like the girlish sensations. Peter would open my doors, hold my hand and at the end of the night, even kiss me goodnight. We both knew nothing could really come of it but I did find

62 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

my mind wandering unexpectedly, thinking about what it would be like to be a real girl with a man.

As much as I hate to admit it, I began want to feel more like a girl. I began to wear higher heels and to wear my skirts a bit shorter. When Peter complimented me on a dress, I found myself wearing similar dresses.

On our dates, Peter and I talked a lot. He would tell me his dreams for his life, and he would ask me about mine. I told him the truth. “Growing up, I had no idea what I wanted to be...but this wasn’t it!” I giggled, adding, “If the shoe fits, you wear it...even if it’s a high heel!”

“I’m sure your Aunts would let you work at their shop forever.” he stated. “You could even own it someday.”

“What and be a girl forever?” I asked sarcastically.

My tone instead of making him back down made him laugh, “Frankly my dear, I don’t see you ever being much of a man...but I can see you as a shop girl and even a wife!”

The reality tumbled out. At the store, around the brides, I had been fantasizing about me being a wife, and he saw it. I was shaking inside.

He smiled and asked, “You are so sweet and feminine and submissive...that it really gets me going... So how much of a girl are you going to be? ”

“I don’t know,” I said thoughtfully.

He smiled wickedly at me and asked, “Do you ever think about having a baby?”

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 63

I was honest. "I think it's the female hormones and getting used to having breasts. A mother came in and was nursing her baby. I nearly fainted."

Peter could see the confusion in my eyes. I had never considered going this far into the vastness of femininity. He looked into my eyes and said seriously, "I would love to try making you pregnant!"

I had no idea what he meant. I could never have a baby. That meant the right female hormones, the right part of a female cycle, a man, penetration, sperm, insemination, and nine months! It was silly to even think about.

I began classes at St. Thomas College where I quickly fit in as one of the best-dressed girls. There I learned there was more to being a girl than trotting about in pink taffeta and a train!

I mentioned to my Aunts that I thought the younger women have veered away from ribbons and bows, tending toward simpler silhouettes and on-trend colors. We brought in a line of elegant cocktail dress styles that quickly became our best sellers.

Our bridesmaid dresses could actually be re-worn again for celebrations of all sorts, including graduations, anniversaries, even a jazzy birthday party. My Aunt's gave me a section of the store and I called it "Celebration." It was aimed at 25-year-olds who didn't want their bridesmaids in glorified prom dresses.

At school, I saw that the girls mixed casual and formal. They wore sequin tank tops with blue jeans.

64 - *THE STORE BRIDE*

A no-no my aunts' eyes. But it was a go-go for the store.

As formal (and old fashioned) as my Aunts' thinking could be, they knew they had to give our customers the choices they wanted. The cash register was the final word in taste and success.

By the time of my first college dance, I wore a strapless dress with a fitted top and flared skirt.

"The more understated the dress, the more modern it is," I tried to teach Mimi who still thought brides wanted their bridesmaids to look like a frilly backup team.

As for me, my body continued changing. The cups of my bras were filling and I began to wear some without any padding.

The psychological effect of having female breasts made me feel more contented in my role as a shop girl and college girl. I now understood the sensations of being a woman and having breasts. When I put my bra on, my breasts suddenly felt different. Instead of being loose and wobbly, the bra cups protected them. Seeing my bra cups filled with my own jelly-like flesh has made "girl's clothes" no longer an option.

Without a bra, if I lift one of my breasts as high as it will go, and then drop it... the discomfort that causes means you don't do it more than a couple of times even for the sake of experimentation.

However, when I'm wearing a bra, and put my hand inside a cup and do the same thing to one of my breasts, the cup actually catches it and there's no discomfort at all. I can see why these "bra

things" caught on among women...I learned that they really aren't only for the benefit of men who like to look at them?

In the privacy of my luxurious bathroom, I fell in love each night as I slipped out of my clothes. No matter how many times I'd seen it, I was still surprised by the curved image of a lovely young girl framed in the wall mirror.

Who was this young lady in the bra and panties who resembled the boy I used to see? That boy would never be caught swaying his hips as he walked the way the girl in the mirror walked. What boy would put on make-up and lipstick without even thinking twice? What boy would be expecting to be referred to as "she" or "her" or as "Miss?" In my little dresses and heels, I now sashayed proudly about the salon and campus with a distinctly feminine gait.

I smiled and the pretty fresh-faced girl in the mirror smiled back at me. I was always momentarily mesmerized by the reflection of this lovely creature. I liked looking at her long smooth, shapely legs. Her delicate fingers and toes nicely manicured; the nails polished a conch-shell pink. I had found that wearing panties that matched made me feel lovely and pampered.

As I would reach back and exhale to loosen the snugness of the back-strap, I unhooked my bra. While drawing a new breath, my chest would appear and I would turn sideways to see what the hormones had done that day. They were small but firm saucy up-lifted little mounds... the areolas a light

66 – *THE STORE BRIDE*

pink, my tender nipples firm and provocative in a most girl-like way.

In just panties, I reached up and would hold my long shimmering hair up away from my face. With the motion of my lifted arms, my vivacious little mounds lifted with a delightful gelatinous firmness. I shook my shoulders and watched the gentle oscillation of my nipples.

The notion of really having girlish breasts always created a touch of blush on my cheeks. My sensitive nipples would respond with a familiar tingling firmness.

My options were closing with every little pill and monthly cycle of female hormones. While my breasts and hips blossomed, one little part of my body didn't.

In my silky panties and gaff was my abandoned and stunted maleness. Even silky panties could do the job of keeping me girlish. I had a cute little rounded stomach above the wedge of my smooth thighs. No sign of maleness was evident...neatly hidden between my thighs, not recovering from being "trained" and "restrained".

"Oh my," I whispered to the girlish boy in the mirror, "You are never going to impress any girls with that!" Even if I could find a girlfriend, it would be so embarrassing to show them...I was learning from the brides (and the girls at school), how "bigger" is much better. Not an option for me.

Each night as I start my bath, I look at the mirror and the face of a girl looks back. With a knowing whimsical smile on her pretty face, she softly

whispers, "You have become such a sweet little sissy! Don't forget to take your *girl* pills!"

I take my estrogen and progesterone. The women in my family all were "built" and my Aunts have tweaked my female hormones prescriptions to ensure that they would have their maximum effect.

As the mirror begins to steam up, I lowered myself into the warm bathwater and I pull bubbles over my chest... the very action causes my mind to think about shaving my legs and what skirt and blouse I would wear the next day.

I wiggled my back in the soothing warmth and swish my shoulders side-to-side. The swirl of bubbly warm water washes over my belly and tickles like warm soft fingers across my jelly-like breasts.

Like tiny little pink islands my perky nipples peek out from among the soapy bubbles. My pink tipped fingers began to caress them, causing them to harden...thrilling little feelings come over me. My breasts have a nicely rounded shape and I have passed the point where hiding my curves in boy clothes is possible.

In this world, I will be exhibiting reasonably ample breasts, shapely thighs, and rounded hips...I will wear panties and a bra and respond like a demure young lady.

"Feminine confidence," Aunt Hazel told me, "is not about pleasing a man; it's about pleasing and feeling good about yourself. Never be afraid to express your femininity."

Snuggled in the water... the buoyant feeling of weightlessness, and femininity overwhelmed me. All is well with the world!



Peter looked into my eyes and said seriously, "I would love to try making you pregnant!"

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 69

EPILOGUE:

So I am for all intents and purposes, a young woman now. No more running around without makeup and having spontaneous "I don't care how I look" days.

From the hormones, I will someday be worried about cellulite, wrinkles and saggy breasts. I hope that I will think of them as "badges of honor."

I look at my carefully manicured nails and enjoy spending downtime with my Aunts: chatting, shopping, cooking and more chatting on all "full-on-girly" subjects.

THE END

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

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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

70 - THE STORE BRIDE

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



VOLUME 46
 A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
 P.O. Box 2309
 CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

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



VOLUME 47
 A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
 P.O. Box 2309
 CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING -- 71

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION	TV FICTION SERIES	
.....	HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
.....	WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
.....	WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
.....	MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
.....	PRETTY IN PINK I	10.00
.....	PRETTY IN PINK II	10.00
.....	THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
.....	GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
.....	GIRLS' THINGS III	10.00
.....	A WILLING WIFEMAN	10.00
.....	PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
.....	UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
.....	AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
.....	AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
GIRLFRIENDS	TV FICTION	
.....	SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
.....	HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
.....	DRESSING DOWN #9	10.00
.....	A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
.....	LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
.....	FEMINE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
.....	#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
.....	ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics		
.....	ROY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
.....	AUNTIE GETS TOUGH (er) #92 NEW	10.00
.....	A PROPER LADY II #91	10.00
.....	A PROPER LADY I #90	10.00
.....	GIRLISH #89 NEW	10.00
.....	SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW	10.00
.....	FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #18	10.00
.....	POUNCEY #17	10.00
.....	GIRLISH #87	10.00
.....	PINK SLIP #86	10.00
.....	GIRLS GETAWAY #84	10.00
.....	PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
.....	MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
.....	SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	10.00
.....	GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
.....	CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
.....	JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & #76	20.00
.....	A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
.....	AUNTIE GETS TOUGH (er) #72 & #73	20.00
.....	TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
.....	MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
.....	WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
.....	BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
.....	JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
.....	HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
.....	FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
.....	A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
.....	BECOMING LADIES/GF# 59 & #60	20.00
.....	THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
.....	MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
.....	LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
.....	ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
.....	THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
.....	SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
.....	DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
.....	BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DANC# 46 & 47	20.00
.....	DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
.....	MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
.....	COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
.....	LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
.....	GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
.....	WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
.....	BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
.....	CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
.....	SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
.....	DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
.....	HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
.....	FEMINE APPEAL #33	10.00
.....	PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
.....	LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
.....	HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
.....	WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
.....	ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
.....	PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
.....	MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
.....	WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
.....	THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
.....	TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
.....	NEAR MISS #18	10.00
.....	GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
.....	DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
.....	FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
.....	MAID UP #14	10.00
.....	ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
.....	ALL DOLLS UP #12	10.00
.....	NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
.....	SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
.....	JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
.....	LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
.....	PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
.....	CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fiction:		
.....	PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
.....	DRESS OR CONSCIENCE #72 NEW	10.00
.....	LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
.....	LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
.....	DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

.....	SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
.....	PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
.....	BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
.....	DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
.....	MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
.....	LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
.....	THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61 & 62	20.00
.....	DRESSES & TRASSES #60	10.00
.....	MAKEDUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
.....	HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
.....	BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
.....	PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
.....	FEMINE BUDDY #55	10.00
.....	GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
.....	SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
.....	CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
.....	DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD#49 & 50	20.00
.....	SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
.....	MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
.....	TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
.....	FEMINE DESIRES #44	10.00
.....	SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
.....	JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
.....	HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
.....	METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2000)	20.00
.....	FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
.....	WINDOW DRESSING #27	10.00
.....	HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
.....	A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
.....	TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
.....	JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
.....	JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
.....	CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
.....	CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
.....	FEMINE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
.....	A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
.....	GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
.....	DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
.....	THE FAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
.....	JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
.....	FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
.....	TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
.....	REDTOES #21	10.00
.....	I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
.....	HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
.....	MY BROOM BUDDY #18	10.00
.....	HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
.....	GIRLIES #16	10.00
.....	HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
.....	MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
.....	THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
.....	THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
.....	THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
.....	FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
.....	VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
.....	VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
.....	CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
.....	EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
.....	BIRTH FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
Transvested Fiction Series:		
.....	MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
.....	RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
.....	POOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
.....	FURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
.....	BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
.....	THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
.....	PETHCOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
.....	FEMINE PORTE #16	10.00
.....	MANNQUIN #15	10.00
.....	BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
.....	IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
.....	CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
.....	ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
.....	FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
.....	TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
.....	CRISIS TO CRISIS #7	10.00
.....	CAN'T LIEK EM, JOIN EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION		
.....	QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
.....	TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
.....	TV VACATION #3	10.00
.....	BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
.....	BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
.....	DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
SLIP SERIES		
.....	THE SLIP	10.00
.....	THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
.....	CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
.....	HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
TOTAL ORDER		
.....	STATE TAXES 9.25% (CA. residents only)	
.....	USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	
.....	(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate - up to 10 books)	
TOTAL ENCLOSED		
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: SANDY THOMAS ADV.		
P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA		
VISA or MC		exp. /
NAME	_____	
ADDRESS	_____	
CITY	ST	ZIP
.....	I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD	9-08



DAD! I FOUND OUT ALL SHE WAS INTERESTED IN WAS MY CLOTHES!

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

