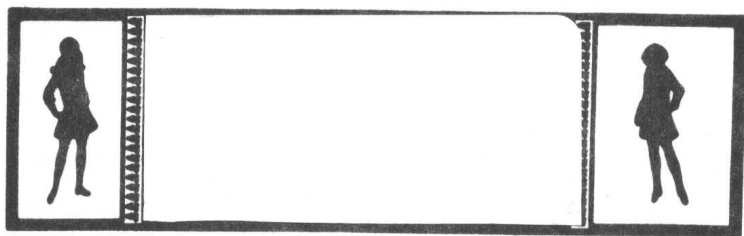


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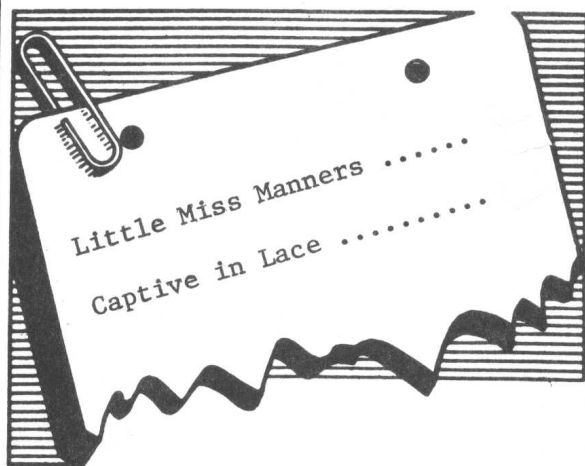
by

Sandy Thomas





contents



Little Miss Manners

Part #1

Tommy Collins was only nine years-old, but he had ambition. He could see himself as the next hero of the movies. Being a macho screen idol was his greatest burning desire. Mrs. Collins had encouraged his active imagination and flair for play acting from his toddler days. She had once had similar aims, but marriage and motherhood had diverted her. Since her husband's death three years past, she had devoted herself to her son's career, and had landed him some spots in commercials.

Recent attempts at getting the big break by securing a part in one of the nationally televised "sit-coms" had all failed. Tommy had been especially interested in one particular part where he could have portrayed an ex-boxer's precocious nine year-old son. He had been informed that he was too "tiny" for the part. It was true, he was not of large stature, but he had been insulted by the insinuation that he was too small. The director had added injury to insult by suggesting that his big brown eyes made him too pretty for the part. The woman didn't seem to like him.

So it came as a real surprise to Tommy when his mother told him that the same director, MS. Sawyer, had called, offering him a tryout for a different part. His elation was only short-lived; however, because the part was that of Little Miss Manners on the "Little Miss Manners Show."

"But Little Miss Manners is a little girl!" he exclaimed.

"Well boys have been playing female parts for centuries. You knew that," his mother retorted.

"But they can find another girl. Why would they want a boy to play it."

"Because the original Little Miss Manners is getting too big. She's almost 13, and the director says you bear a very strong physical resemblance to her."

"But. . . but I've seen the program. I'd have to wear dresses, and Little Miss Manners wears the most sissy clothes of all. She looks like she's about four or five years-old," he moaned.

"No, no dear, she's just supposed to be an old fashioned little girl who brings back grace and charm to modern young ladies," mother corrected.

Tommy's mother finally prevailed. She appealed to his great desire for an acting career, and thus he agreed to the audition. Ambivalence pulled at him. Having wide exposure would be a dream come true, but he really wanted it as an actor not as an actress. Mrs. Collins got the movie "Tootsie," where Dustin Heffman portrayed an out of work actor who achieved stardom as a female soap opera star. Instead of calming his fears, it only added to his anxieties. He couldn't really imagine being seen wearing skirts in public.

On arriving at the studio the next morning, he found himself in the company of a number of girls who eyed him curiously. He was the only boy in the group, and he stood out like a sore thumb. Most of the young ladies were done up in the Little Miss Manners style with short frilly, full-skirted dresses fluffed out by billowing petticoats. Lace trimmed anklets, Mary Jane style shoes, curly hair trimmed with dainty bows, were also part of the typical uniform. A wide-eyed Tommy shuddered at the thought of donning similar girlish garments. They all looked like nursery schoolers to him, and he didn't particu-

larly want to join their ranks.

He and his mother were directed to a dressing room where a wardrobe assistant, Miss MacKenzie, awaited him. The lady seemed enthused by her orders.

"Ms. Sawyer says were to make a proper little lady out of you. Have you ever worn girls' clothes before?" she asked sincerely.

"Of course not!" Tommy replied indignantly.

"That's not quite true dear," Mrs. Collins corrected. "Remember at Cousin Christie's birthday party when you were four, you spilled Koel-aid all over your suit, so we changed you into one of her dresses. You didn't seem to mind so much."

Tommy blushed. "Ahh, that's different, and I did mind. I just had no choice."

"Well you certainly have a choice now young man," Miss Mackenzie remarked. "Do we put you into a dress or not?"

Tommy paused for a moment, somehow he couldn't picture himself in a Little Miss Manners costume, especially in front of all these girls. Even so, he answered in the affirmative.

He was directed to go behind a screen in the corner of the room and to remove his clothing. Once on the other side of the partition, Tommy began to strip off his things. He was down to his underpants when his mother handed a little pink bundle around the corner.

"Your new under things!" she called cheerily.

He just stared at them; there was a pair of pink nylon panties with lace detail and tiny bows on the front and ruffles on the seat and around the leg holes. There was also a matching vest similarly adorned with lace, ruffles, and bows. He discarded his own skivvies, and then he closed his eyes and stepped into

the panties. The smooth material sort of glided up his legs. It was a totally unique feeling. Still not daring to look down, he pulled the dainty vest over his head. It certainly didn't feel like any of his old t-shirts. The ruffled straps caressed his shoulders. Little bows decorated his chest.

No sooner were the pretty undies in place than the wardrobe lady was calling for him. "Hurry young man or you'll be late for the auditions. Don't forget, it takes a little girl more time to get herself ready than it does for a boy."

"Now don't be shy Tommy!" his mother chimed in. "Let's have a look at you in these sweet undies."

Tommy just peeked out at first, and then he bravely presented himself. They smiled their approval.

"That's a good start," Miss MacKenzie stated. "But now for the main course. Here let's slip into this petticoat."

She held up a mass of pink and white ruffles made of crinkly taffeta and net.

"You gotta be kiddin'!" he objected. "I'll look like somebody's little sister in that thing."

"That's pretty much the idea," the lady replied.

He sighed and raised his arms. She pulled the frilly garment down over his head. Delicate straps which were attached to the satin bodice were then carefully adjusted, and the skirts were fluffed up with an expert's touch. A stealthy look in one of the many mirrors told him that he looked like a recruit for ballet lessons. A strange recruit indeed; a male dressed up for female lessons. His panties were barely covered by the dainty billowing mass. Not really understanding little girls' fashions, he hoped that the dress would do a better cover up job. Of course, it would not.

Once again the women nodded their approval of his appearance.

"With the right clothes, I could take any rough neck boy and make him into a Shirley Temple clone," Miss MacKenzie boasted. "And it would probably do him a great deal of good to experience a girl's life for a change."

"I don't think most boys would go along with this like I am," Tommy answered. "It's sort of a chance for a career for me, and that's different."

"Well who knows, maybe you'll like your new clothes so much, you won't want to take them off," his mother teased.

He only gave her a dirty look. But his look changed to one of anxious concern when Miss MacKenzie brought out his dress from one of the large wardrobe cupboards.

"And here's your dress, Tommy," she purred. "Guaranteed to make any little girl's heart race."

It definitely made his heart race too, and he wasn't even a girl. At least not yet; but he was certainly on his way to that end.

"My dress?" was all that he could mumble in a dazed sort of way.

"Yes, it's your dress okay," Miss MacKenzie replied. "Isn't it something!"

Tommy was in a very unusual situation; a boy getting a glimpse of his very first dress. And it was something alright; a feminine delight made of pink satin and generously trimmed with delicate white lace. The short sleeves were big puffs that ended in gathered elastic. A little rounded collar surrounded the neck-line. On the bodice, embroidered flowers were inlaid in the intricate smocking. The three tiered ruffled skirt would have been exceptionally full even without petticoats. The creation reminded him of something his little cousin had worn as a flower

girl in a wedding. She had been the epitome of little girlhood, and now he was destined to become the same thing.

"That dress is a little much isn't it?" he questioned. "The other girls. . . er. . . I mean the girls out there aren't done up quite so fancy. Everyone will notice me."

"Just what we're after," his mother pointed out. "After all you are really a boy, and you need all the help you can get to create the proper feminine image."

For the first time it really dawned on Tommy what was happening to him. He was being made into a little girl, a real little girl, the ultimate little girl, and not just some boy playing at being a girl.

The dress came down around him like a gentle pink mist. It rustled loudly as it settled over the puffy petticoats, which held the skirts up and out like a billowing cloud. Miss MacKenzie did up the pretty pearl buttons, securing him completely in the dress's sweet caress. Next the wide sash was tied in a big prominent bow in back. Now there was no way he could escape his new dress on his own. Lacy white anklets and black patent leather shoes were secured on his feet, and little white gloves were pulled onto his hands.

"Well what do you think?" Miss MacKenzie inquired.

"Oh he looks just charming!" Mrs. Collins offered.

But Tommy wasn't so sure as he glanced into the mirror. "Look how short this dress is," he complained. "It barely covers my bottom. My panties are practically in plain sight. If I bent over the whole world could see them."

His mother set him straight. "Tommy that's what is so sweet and charming about a frilly little girl. She, or you in this case, shows off occasional peeks of panties and petticoats.

Remember, Little Miss Manners is supposed to be the most feminine of little girls."

"If that's the case, what am I doing here? I'm a boy. And I still look like a boy in a dress. Everyone will laugh."

"We're not quite finished with you yet," Miss MacKenzie pointed out. And in a flurry of rustling petticoats she sat him in front of a vanity, and started to erase the last traces of masculinity. A blond wig covered with gorgeous springy curls was fitted to his head. The woman fussed over him and finally attached a big pink satin bow in his new tresses. With just a dab of blush on his cheeks, he was ready for his debut into girlhood.

Miss MacKenzie stood him in front of a mirror, and Tommy gasped at his appearance. There was no sign of a boy anywhere. He looked like all girl from the top of his hair bow to the tip of his party shoes. He reminded himself of his little cousin in her flower girl attire. It was an odd sensation just to know that he could look this way. Somehow it had never dawned on him that a boy could be made over into a complete girl. He was certainly the proof that it could be done.

Miss MacKenzie then showed him and his mother a picture of the original Little Miss Manners in the very same dress. The reason for Ms. Sawyer's interest in him was now obvious. He was almost an exact replica of her. They could have been twin sisters.

"Oh Tommy!" his mother exclaimed. "Maybe you would have been better off being a girl. I would have liked having a daughter."

"It doesn't matter," Miss MacKenzie pointed out. "We can make him into a girl, and hopefully a successful little actress."

"Me. . . an actress," he mumbled.

Next he was given a script to practice in preparation for his

audition. He read it over with a great deal of self-consciousness:

Hello, and a good afternoon to all my girl friends. This is your special friend Little Miss Manners here once again to talk with you about the many joys of being a girl.

Today I'd like to discuss the very feminine art of dressing up prettily. We girls are so lucky because we get to wear such frilly and dainty dresses. It's the one thing boys can't do, unless of course we let them play dress up with us, which by the way, a lot of boys like to do even though they won't admit it.

A pretty dress can make a girl feel so very special. And who really wants to be just like boys in their dingy old sweat shirts and blue jeans. As you can see, I like to wear pink; it is such a feminine color. It announces loudly and clearly, in a lady-like manner of course, that I am "all girl". Lace trim is a nice touch; the more the better, I always say. I'm also partial to short puffy sleeves, I guess because it gives me a little bit of a baby doll look.

Now there are some of you who'll say that full skirts with puffy petticoats are just old-fashioned. I totally disagree, of course. Being a feminine girl will never be out of date. Wearing a frilly dress puffed up with perky petticoats is a fantastic experience, a real celebration of girlhood. So I urge all you little ladies out there to put away those jeans for a day, better still, give them to your brothers, and dress up like a real girl. . .

It went on for a bit more in the same vein. Tommy couldn't help but cringe just a little as he read the closing statement: "And remember, a happy girl is a dainty and well mannered girl, like me."

"You're definitely going to need some more enthusiasm," his mother pointed out.

"Little Miss Manners is a happy little girl, and not a gloomy Susan," Miss MacKenzie added.

"This is hard to do!" Tommy groaned. "I'm not a real girl, and I feel strange completely dressed up like one. I'm afraid everyone will be able to tell that I'm really a boy in a dress."

To ease his fears the two women gave him a crash course in girlhood. They showed him a number of tricks including how to

move his hands in a feminine manner; how to toss his skirts when he walked; how to give a little curtsy; how to sit with his legs together to insure modesty; and how to carry a little purse. When they felt he was ready, they moved him toward the door.

"Rehearsal time!" Miss MacKenzie announced.

Tommy gulped as he left the security of the dressing room. His heart raced, and all of his senses were totally activated. With every move he made, the noise of rustling petticoats filled his ears. The skirts gently caressed his upper thighs and made him acutely aware of his bare legs. A wave of utter vulnerability swept over him as he thought about how close to public scrutiny his lacy panties were because of these short skirts and voluminous petticoats. He didn't dare to make one false move for fear of exposure.

For an instant he had an image of himself as a little pink rose standing alone in a big meadow. But his reverie faded quickly as he heard the voices of the girls, his competitors for the coveted role of Little Miss Manners. There was a curious combination of excitement, self-conscious embarrassment, and even a trace of humiliation in Tommy as he entered the ranks of girlhood.

They all stared at him; some with surprise and some with amusement. Despite his feminine exterior, they all remembered him as the boy who had entered the wardrobe room nearly an hour ago.

He heard some of their whispered comments: "He must be a real sissy." "Golly, they did a real job on him!" "I'd like

them to do that to my brother." "No more baseball for him."

"Why would he want to be Little Miss Manners?" His face flushed despite his best efforts to remain calm.

As Tommy settled down, he noticed that his costume was much more elaborate and frilly than any of the others. This fact bothered him, especially when he realized that a lot of the girls were not even wearing dresses, let alone one so completely feminine.

A very forward little girl brought it clearly to his attention. "This is a real switch, me in pants, and a boy in a dress. And if you're not good, maybe I'll flip up your skirt so we all can see if you're wearing pretty panties underneath."

To the girl's great amusement, Tommy jerked his arms down to his side to protect his skirts and petticoats from an unwanted invasion. He remembered with true remorse and regret the several times he had done the same stunt to girls at his school. He was glad that they weren't there to witness his predicament. Somehow with the shoe on the other foot, or in this case, the dress on the opposite gender, the joke didn't seem so funny anymore.

There wasn't much more time for Tommy to consider his dilemma, because Ms. Sawyer started the auditions. He was required to sit off stage with the other young actresses anxiously awaiting his turn. His mother encouraged him to study the feminine style closely.

As he sat through the auditions, it dawned on him that the differences between girls and boys were more than just plumbing and clothing, and hairstyle. Girls moved, talked, stood, and sat in their own private way, and he would have to learn that style if he was going to make a convincing girl. It suddenly seemed so strange that he was trying to make himself into a totally believable girl. He knew he looked the part.

His turn came last. All the real girls had gone when he stepped out onto the stage with trembling legs and rustling petticoats. He tried hard to adopt a soft feminine style. He

read slowly, even delicately, sometimes tessing his skirts as he had seen the other girls do.

Ms. Sawyer ran him through the script several more times. When she was satisfied, she conferred with her associates briefly. Then she called him over.

"You make a very lovely girl," she said as she gave him a thorough up close inspection. "No one would ever guess that there's a boy inside that frilly costume."

"Th . . . Thanks," he stammered, undecided if her comment was truly a compliment or an insult.

"However," she continued, "You still need lots and lots of practice perfecting girlish behavior. Little Miss Manners is a total girl, and you are still a little boy in a dress . . . Now tell me this, do you want the part? It will make you a star, but you'll have to make lots of changes in your life; lots of sacrifices."

"Oh of course he does!" Mrs. Collins offered excitedly. "It will be such a good break."

"I knew that, and you knew that, but I still want to hear it from Tenny." She stared at him in anticipation.

"Um . . . Well I want to be an actor," he answered. "I guess even if it means starting out as an actress. But why don't you pick a real girl?"

"Very easy!" Ms. Sawyer replied. "You look almost exactly like Cyndy Fare, our original Little Miss Manners. Using you will preserve real continuity in the character. It will almost be like she never left if we play it just right."

"I guess that makes sense," he agreed.

Then Ms. Sawyer dropped a real bombshell on him. "Tomorrow I want you and mom to come by and we'll discuss some of the other

things you will have to do. But right now I'm going to put you to the test so you can show me you are serious about the part. Are you up to a test?"

"Well I think so," he answered.

"Good, because all I want you to do is to go home now. But I want you to leave your boy's clothing here, and stay in your dress. I also want you to make a couple of small stops along the way. Any little errand will do."

Tommy was horrified. "You mean leave the studio dressed up like a little girl? I look like I'm four years-old in this costume!"

"I know dear," Ms. Sawyer was very matter-of-fact. "You have to get used to wearing dresses. And you have to find out how little girls are treated out there. Then you'll be able to play the part perfectly."

Her logic was sound, but he wasn't too sure he wanted the part this much. While he was still deliberating his mother grabbed his arm and headed for the exit.

"I feel so silly!" he whined. "Just look at me. This dress is so short, everybody will see my panties. I feel like I'm almost naked, instead of dressed. What if people can tell I'm really a boy wearing girl's clothes? They'll make fun of me for sure!"

"Oh hush!" Mrs. Collins reprimanded. "No one could possibly guess you're a boy unless you tell them or start to act up. And we'll call you Tammy instead of Tommy. Just be sure you answer to that name so you don't give yourself away."

As they left the parking lot, Tommy slid down in the car seat. He felt like hiding. Things had moved awful fast for him. A few hours ago he had come here wearing pants and answering to the name, Tommy. Now he was leaving encased in feminine finery

with the new name of Tammy.

For their first stop, Mrs. Collins chose her sister, Carol, who had two daughters, Tonya, age 4, and Christie, age 8. As they pulled into the driveway, Tommy felt a flock of butterflies flapping in his stomach.

"Oh mother de I have to get out? I'm not ready for anyone I know to see me like this, not even Aunt Carol and the girls. I'll feel real dumb prancing around dressed just the same as Christie and little Tonya."

"You have to get over this stage fright," his mother admonished. "You'll feel comfortable in no time." She opened his door and motioned for him to get out, which he did in a noisy rustling of skirts and petticoats.

When Aunt Carol answered the door, she greeted her sister, and then noticing the "little girl" by her side, she started to ask, "And who is . . ." But she never finished the question.

"Somehow my nephew has become a niece!" she commented instead with a broad grin on her face. "Tell me is there some magic fairy going around changing boys into dainty girls, or is there another explanation for this transformation? And by the way, you look very pretty Tommy," she added as an after thought.

Mrs. Collins explained to her sister how her son had become the new Little Miss Manners, and how he was now receiving some basic training in girlhood. She added that Christie and Tonya might be helpful to Tommy in showing him the ropes, but she emphasized that his identity had to be kept a secret. Under no circumstances could anyone find out that Little Miss Manners was really a boy. Aunt Carol assured her that her girls were trustworthy and could keep a secret, even little Tonya.

The girls were called in from their play in the backyard.

Tommy wasn't pleased to see that they were in pants. It made his role reversal even more uncomfortable. He didn't like the idea of appearing more feminine than real girls. To make matters worse, Christie was a real tomboy, and she was bound to make fun of him.

His cousins gave him a long wide-eyed stare, but neither one had a clue as to who he was.

"Don't you know who this is?" their mother finally inquired. They simply shrugged. "But her dress is real real pretty!" Tonya offered enthusiastically.

"Well believe it or not girls, this is your Cousin Tommy," their mother stated.

They gasped in amazement, and then they giggled. "Who turned you into a girl?" Tonya asked sincerely.

"And how do you like wearing a dress?" Christie added with a smirk.

"I'm not a real girl like you and Christie," he replied to Tonya. "I'm just dressed up like one to learn a part for a television show." And then turning to Christie, "And I don't really enjoy wearing this stupid dress, but at least I won't have to wear one for the rest of my life like you will."

"How do you know? Maybe your mother will keep you that way forever. You make a lovely little sissy!" she taunted.

"Girls! Girls! Er . . . I mean Children! Children! Stop that bickering at once!" Aunt Carol stepped in to nip the inevitable fight in the bud.

When things had cooled down she explained the situation fully to the girls. Tonya thought it was great, while Christie was pretty condescending.

"Well I sure can't understand how any boy who doesn't have

to in the first place, would allow himself to be dressed up like a little girl half his age. He looks like he's Tonya's age all decked out like that!"

"That's just how Little Miss Manners dresses," he replied defensively.

Mrs. Collins suggested to the girls that they show Tommy how to play with dolls. Tonya was all for it, but first, she wanted to get decked out in her Sunday best so she would look like her cousin. Christie refused to play any "sissy games," and she wasn't about to give up her pants for a dress.

In ten minutes, Tonya was changed into a delicate white taffeta dress she had worn a few months earlier as a flower girl in a wedding. She too sported full petticoats. So Tommy found himself sitting on the carpet surrounded by his voluminous skirts, cuddling a baby doll. Tonya took her teacher's role very seriously. She showed him how to change his dolly's diapers, how to feed her from a bottle, and even how to rock her to sleep. Gradually, Tonya began to talk to him as if he were just another one of her little girl friends.

As he sat there in "little girl land" his thoughts drifted to his own friends. Boy they would sure laugh at him if they could see him now. Doing anything girlish was the greatest taboo. It was totally against their code. It was approaching noon; they probably would be out playing baseball on this pleasant summer's morning, never suspecting that their missing third baseman was taking instructions in femininity.

Tonya interrupted his reverie. "I'm so glad you're my girl cousin today! You're even better than a real sister!" she complimented him.

A little while later it was time for lunch. Mrs. Collins announced that they would all be going into town to a nice rest-

aurant. Tommy was terrified at the idea.

"But what if someone notices that I'm really a boy in a dress! Or what if we see some of my friends! I'd just die!"

Aunt Carel led him and Tonya to a full length mirror. "Just look at yourself and Tonya," she instructed. "Now don't both of you look like sweet little girls all decked out in your Sunday best? Could you possibly tell that one of you was really a boy if you didn't already know?" He stared for several moments at both their reflections, and he had to admit that they both looked like sissy females from head to toe.

Christie was furious when she learned that she was also expected to wear a dress to lunch. But at least her outfit was not nearly as juvenile as Tonya's and Tommy's. She gleated as she pointed out that she looked like the big sister to both of them.

"You might have been a nine year-old boy, but you've become a five or six year-old girl. And you'll be expected to listen to your big sister or else I'll tell everyone that you are really in masquerade."

Actually the lunch went pretty well. They had gone to the dining room in one of the large department stores downtown. Tommy was getting used to the name Tammy, but he was getting a little sick of being told what a pretty little girl he was, and how pretty his dress was.

No one really noticed, but Christie was getting tired of it too. She might have talked tough, but down deep inside she resented

Tommy getting so much attention as a girl when she barely got mentioned at all. Finally, she reached the boiling point as one lady was going into raptures over the two "dainty little angels." She reached over and grabbed a handful of curls on Tommy's wig. With a forceful yank the delicate locks became

airborne, sailing over a nearby balcony. The wig was gone.

For just a moment everyone stood in a stunned silence. The five year-old girl was completely gone. The nine year-old boy was back standing in her clothes for everyone to see. With his short hair there was absolutely no doubt of his true gender, despite the dainty apparel. Tommy caught his reflection in a nearby mirror; he whimpered in embarrassment as he realized he was on display as the ultimate sissy.

"Just look what you've done to me!" he hissed at Christie.

"Well you deserve it!" she replied. "You think you're so smart pretending to be a girl. But now everyone can see you're just a big boy fake dressed up like a little girl."

He gave his mother a look of panic. "What'll I do?"

A crowd was forming around them. Everyone seemed amused. Both boys and girls were giggling at his predicament; a lot of them were pointing at Tommy who desperately wished he had the power to become invisible.

Mrs. Collins kept her composure as she addressed the curious onlookers. "He's being punished for meanness to his little cousin here. He continually makes fun of her for being a weak little girl and having to wear pretty dresses and play with dolls. After this experience, I'm sure his behavior will improve."

There was some laughter, but a few mothers nodded their heads in agreement. One mother even gave her own son a long hard stare, probably imagining how he would look in girls' clothing. He stopped laughing immediately.

Poor Tommy was finally allowed to escape as the crowd broke up. The journey back to the car was long and humiliating with the noise of rustling petticoats and giggling passersby echoing in his ears. He kept his eyes riveted to the ground as Aunt

Carel led him along. Mrs. Collins, in the meantime, went searching for the missing wig. When she rejoined them at the car, Tommy was hunched down in the seat and Christie was sobbing following a well deserved paddling from her mom.

Even though the wig had been replaced, Tommy felt a wave of relief when he finally got back to his own home and discarded the Little Miss Manners costume for his own clothes. That night before he went to bed, he told his mom that he didn't really want the part after all. She would hear none of his objections. He was told to "sleep on it."

And that's exactly what he did. His dreams were invaded by themes of enforced girlhood that mirrored his anxieties. In the first one, he is at Aunt Carel's house. It's kind of strange because Christie is really decked out in an elaborately feminine dress. It is made of shimmering satin with generous amounts of lace trim around the rounded collar and puffed sleeves, as well as down the bodice in a yoke pattern. The skirt is very full which allows her to wear a number of frothy petticoats done up with ruffles and bows. White patent leather shoes and ankle socks complete her very girlish ensemble.

The peculiar part is that Christie doesn't seem to mind being immersed in her frills. That is, until Tommy makes the mistake of teasing her about being a sissy. He even gives her skirt a naughty flip which momentarily yields a view of her fancy silk panties with lacy ruffles along the seat.

She warns him to stop. He ignores her. (As the dreamer, Tommy starts to realize he is getting himself into hot water, but as the character in the dream he doesn't stop his teasing.) Christie warns him that he will be taking her place if he doesn't stop immediately. He still will not pay heed.

Suddenly she is upon him in one swift assault she has him pinned flat on his back, her knees firmly planted on his biceps, her billowing skirts covering his face. He can't believe her strength. He is powerless to resist. His body just won't respond; even his screams get stuck in his throat. In another instant, she has him positioned across her lap. His pants are pulled down, his bottom is arched in the air receiving smack after smack from her hand. He is as helpless as a baby in her grasp.

In no time he is completely vanquished by his eight year-old girl cousin. The spanking ceases, but he is commanded to undress. Once again he tries to resist, and he is quickly brought to heel by her unbelievably superior strength. With no choice left, he peels off his clothing. He watches in dreadful anticipation as she does the same. When they are finally both standing in their birthday suits, the inevitable order comes for him to array himself in her clothing. Thoughts of disobedience and escape have vanished. He knows he must comply. So her panties now become his panties. A matching lacy vest comes next; and he still remains compliant as the layers of petticoats are drawn down around him. The dress is the real crowning glory of her victory. She has him buttoned into it in no time. The bow is tied with great ceremony, and the delicate shoes and socks are replaced on their new wearer. Her justice is indeed swift. He has become the sissy as she now lays claim to his pants and shirt.

Just as the wardrobe changes are completed, Aunt Carol enters the room. She takes Tommy by the hand and begins to lead him away. He begs to be set free from his feminine costume. She tells him to be still. He hears with horror that he is being

sent to the Little Miss Manners Chara School. He is so frustrated because she doesn't seem to recognize him. She acts like he is her real daughter. When they pass a mirror he begins to understand the true nature of his dilemma. Not only is he dressed in Christie's clothing, but he now looks exactly like her. By some devious magic, she has taken over his body, leaving him in hers in the process. As he is being propelled toward the car, he looks up at the bedroom window and sees his own face smiling down on him. He sebs, "I'm Tommy!" over and over. And that's when he woke up with a real start.

It took a few minutes for Tommy to settle down. He even got up to check the mirror. Satisfied that everything was in place, he drifted back into slumber land.

His dreams continued in the same troubled vein. It is morning, and he has just taken a bath. His mother's voice is urging him to hurry or else he will be late for practice. Upon entering his bedroom, he sees two very different uniforms laid out on his bed. The one he is intending to wear is his little league football suit, but he is surprised to also find a girl's ballet costume complete with a little pink tutu, matching satin slippers, headpiece, and even a little cape..

He gives the girl's outfit a disdainful glance as he begins to put on his football uniform. He wonders why the ridiculous tutu is even there on his bed. He is quickly dressed, but as he is placing the helmet on his head, he begins to have second thoughts. Football doesn't seem so appealing all of a sudden. The tackling and blocking are so rough. Some of the other boys are real bullies. He is completely overcome by a distaste for the game. Impulsively he begins to remove his uniform, not really thinking what his next move will be.

When he is down to his skin, his gaze is drawn to the feminine apparel. He realizes it was the proper uniform for him all along. So instead of pants, pads, and jersey, he opts for the tutu with its pink satin bodice and little puffed sleeves. The multi-layered skirts of taffeta and net stick out from his hips in a horizontal direction, exposing the frilled built-in panties. He gives the headpiece a final adjustment, wraps the cape around his shoulders, and then bashfully heads downstairs.

Mother is not at all surprised by his choice of costumes, but she scolds him for dawdling so long. As they are leaving for practice, she reminds him to gather up his old football uniform, which she put out on the bed so they would remember to drop it off at his cousin's so she could get some use out of it.

This dream was even more disturbing because it suggested that Tommy was choosing girlhood over boyhood. He would never ever do such a silly thing in real life. All the same, he couldn't fall back to sleep.

The next morning, Tommy and his mother said very little to one another. Sensing his mood, she did not pester him to talk. She tried to get him back into the dress from the day before. She made the point that it would demonstrate to Ms. Sawyer how much he really wanted the part if he showed up already dressed for it. However, she didn't even press the issue when he refused.

On the way to the studio Tommy was confused. Having a big television part was quite important to him, but having to wear dresses on a regular basis made him pause. Somehow he felt he would actually be choosing to become a girl while giving up his boyhood. So when Ms. Sawyer popped the question, "to be or not to be . . . Little Miss Manners," he still wasn't sure what his answer would be. . . .

continued

"CAPTIVE IN LACE"

The sweet click clacking of high heel shoes broke the silence in the Library where I sat reading. Looking up I almost whistled aloud, for walking past was a dream girl, out of Exotique it seemed. She was exquisitely beautiful. Her make-up was perfect, eyebrows delicately arched, lips painted seductively curvy and red and the tight fitting white satin sweater blouse she wore brought out her figure to the forefront. Her waist was incredibly small from whence her sky blue full skirts overflowed over her swinging wide hips as she swayed past, her nylon clad legs wobbling precariously on her 6 inch high heel shoes.

Stopping before the loan counter, she handed in her books, turned round and caught me gaping up at her like a landed fish. She smiled at me, her face lighting up so enchantingly sweet and before I had recovered, she was gone, books under her arms, hips aswaying. My heart was pounding with excitement. Never had I seen such a beauty before. I got up hurriedly to follow her. But I was just a little too late. All I saw of her as I reached the pavement was a pair of lovely stockinged

legs disappearing into a waiting car that slid away before I could even scratch my head.

"That's your blinking luck Ronny boy," I said to myself. Isn't she a beauty? Oh! How I wish I were in her super high heels, wearing the same dress, lipsticks, earrings, stockings, and all without anybody raising an eyebrow. I wish I could but I can't because I'm a man. What a life!

I sighed as I turned my steps homeward. As I pushed and jostled my way through the crowded pavement, I was thinking of the girl I had just seen. Oh, to be able to dress up like her, it would have been just heavenly.

I do not know why but I simply loved to dress up as a woman ever since I was sixteen. That was after I took part in my high school concert where I was dressed up in frilly skirts and laces. After that experience I was never the same. I literally craved for dresses and all feminine apparel. In the limited privacy of my home, I often experimented with my sister's dresses and make-up but the constant fear of being discovered left me highly frustrated and dissatisfied. Today at twenty this desire had greatly intensified and I simply longed for the Day when I could discard these hated clumsy trousers and put on those soft heavenly dresses again for the rest of my life. Why was I born a boy and not a girl. Why can't I wear dresses, bras, panties, and put on lipstick, stockings, and super high heels like those office girls hurrying by. Suddenly, I stopped short, as an idea popped into my head sending my blood shooting up. My heart began beating fast and hard, thumping and thudding.

Yes, why not! What is there to prevent me. Mother is leaving for Maine next week to

stay with my Grandma. She had suggested my staying with my married sister. I'll do better. I'll rent a room in a hotel and there live the life of a woman in dresses and lipsticks. Yes, a splendid idea. The more I thought of the idea, the more I loved it. I reached home in a daze, a dreamy look in my eyes.

That night I could not sleep. I was busy planning "Operation Feminity." When morning came, I had my plans cut and dried, only waiting for the signal to be launched.

I got out my scrapbook wherein I had pasted pictures of models wearing exotic tight fitting dresses and spiked high heel shoes, dress patterns, photos of female impersonators and transvestites like myself, newspaper clippings of men who had changed their sex, etc. I took off the pictures I required and locked the rest away.

Today would be a busy day for me. I sent off my leave application to the bank I worked in, pleading illness. I had hurried breakfast, after which I took a bus. I was on my way to Brown Dressmakers. "Operation Feminity" had begun its first phase.

My heart was pounding with fear and excitement as I neared my destination. I wondered what the sales girls will think of me, a man coming to order dresses for himself. Will they accept my story I had rehearsed the whole night. As I got off the bus, I felt weak all over. My legs refused to move but something propelled me along. At the last moment, my courage failed me. Instead of walking straight into the shop, I walked past it, then stood cursing myself. Too many people inside was my own excuse. I determined to try again. Again I walked past. By

this time I was literally sweating and decided to call it a day. Just as I was about to turn back, something took hold of me and I walked right into the shop.

An assistant came forward. I felt like bolting out again but instead stood rooted to the spot. 'Good morning, can I be of service to you, Sir?' she asked sweetly.

'Good morning,' I replied 'Er, can you make dresses,' then suddenly realized how foolish my question was.

'Yes, of course,' she smiled, 'What kind and for whom?' At this I nearly panicked. 'Er, for me,' I stammered out and before she could say anything, I began stammering out my explanations, my face getting hotter and hotter with each word uttered.

The assistant was most co-operative. 'Yes, I understand, for a concert. You want two dresses just like these,' she indicated to the two dress patterns I had pulled out of my pocket.

I nodded without much ado, she began taking my measurements, calling out the figures to her assistant. She measured my chest, or to be more exact, my breast, my hips, shoulders, and was very much surprised at the smallness of my waist. 'Sixteen,' she called out. The girl looked up from her writing in surprise. 'Yes, waist sixteen,' she reaffirmed and smiled at each other. I was so embarrassed I scarcely dared to look at them. Next she discussed skirt length, materials, and finally wrote out a receipt. 'Ready on Friday,' she said. I thanked her, pocketed the receipt and simply fled.

Next stop was Paramount Departmental Stores. As I edged my way to 'Ladies' section

I felt so self conscious of myself. Quickly I made my purchases, a make-up kit, a manicure set, clip-on earrings, imitation pearl necklace, scarfs, a handbag, gloves, and perfumes, all the while blushing like anything. But the salesgirls were most helpful, as they thought my purchases were for my heart throb. If they only knew who these feminine accessories were for.

At the theatrical section I had a fitting for a feminine wig and ended up by buying two very glamorous coiffeurs, real and natural looking.

With the packages under my arms, I made my way to Avon's Footwear, a block away. By this time, I had already lost some of my fears but the moment I entered the establishment, my heart again started pounding. I asked the assistant for a private room. She led me into one. I pulled out a photo showing a model wearing the highest, high heel shoes ever seen, the heels pencil thin and at least 6 inches high. I showed it to her. The girl looked at it and her lovely mouth opened wide--No wonder! The model wearing the shoes had her feet prac-

tically straightened out and perpendicular to the floor, while her heels were elevated high up, supported only by those slim 6 inch heels.

"Can you make a pair like this," I asked her.

"Heels that high?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, "at least six inches high."

"Oh!" her mouth hollowed out again as she looked keenly at the photo. "But it would

be impossible to walk in such high heels," she insisted, "even I find it difficult to walk in these," she indicated the high heels she was wearing, with heels about 4 inches high, and to demonstrate her words, she began walking to and fro in front of me. I had to resist my impulse of getting down on my knees and carressing those lovely shoes of her.

After considering the photo again and looking at me now and then which did not improve the temperature of my face, she said at last. "Yes, we can make a pair for you. But it means a new 'last' for which it'll cost you \$50 a pair or \$80 for two. She added, "And please bring her in for measurement."

I smiled at her in relief then suddenly realized the significance of her last sentence. I began blushing profusely and quickly sat down on the nearest chair. "The shoes are for me," I blurted out, scarcely daring to look up at her. She must be opened her mouth wide again for the third time. My thoughts ran as I bent over and began taking off my shoes. But she did not say anything. She simply got out her writing pad and pencil and kneeling before me she placed my feet on the pad and began tracing out the outline. She measured my calf, ankles, instep, while my eyes roved lovingly over the high heels she had on display, shoes with wedge heels, tapering heels, opened toes, closed toes, strapless and with ankle straps, all very pleasing to my eyes though the highest heels were only 4 inches high.

"Stand up on your toes please," the girl was saying. Clutching the nearest chair for support, I stood up on tip toes, while she measured the distance between my heels and the floor.

"Five and three quarter inches," she announced. "Please make it 6," I pleaded, "please," and at the same time, I strained with all my might to elevate my heels further up. The girl shook her pretty head, "No, I am very sorry, I can't make it higher," and seeing how earnestly I was pleading with my eyes she at last conceded. "All right, 6 inches if you like, but I warn you, walking in such high heels will not be easy," she said, a smile playing at the corner of her mouth.

I sat down and waited while she wrote out a delivery order. I took it and glanced at it. Ready on Friday, that's good, same as my dresses. I thanked her and quickly took my leave.

I reached home, the packages under my arms. Mom was in the kitchen. Quietly, I stole in and locked my purchases away. I told my Mom that I'll be shifting to a friend's house on Friday. He had invited me, yes, my old school friend. She did not say anything, just nodded her head.

The rest of the day was spent in making arrangements. I visited some of my friends and informed them casually that I would be leaving for San Francisco to stay with my uncle. I closed my bank account, tendered my resignation to the bank I worked in, and passed the days, a wistful look in my face whenever I thought of the Day when my ardent wish would be fulfilled and I, Ronald Lyn, would be a girl in all aspects but one, dressed up in (a boy of twenty) frilly laces, lipsticks and high heeled shoes. When Mom was out I began practicing my feminine voice till I was perfect. I was a pretty good mimic at school so I had no difficulty. At last the Day approached. That very eve I never slept a wink. My whole body was

shaking all over, heart pounding like anything that I wondered whether I could even survive the night.

The Day came. Even before the cocks began crowing, I was out of bed and getting my things ready. I already had my personal belongings packed into a small trunk. My masculine apparels were packed into another bigger trunk. My plans were dispose of them later. Over an early breakfast Mom was giving me last minutes of instruction, how to keep myself warm

and not to go out with rowdy friends and to avoid hard liquor. I smiled inwardly as I imagined how horrified she would be if I tell her that her son is now going out to become her 'daughter.' With many hugs and kisses and promises and promises to write to her, I took my leave dragging the two trunks into the waiting taxi.

At the local veteran Charity Club, I handed over my trunk containing my masculine apparel and received a token of thanks. "Operation Feminity" on its second phase.

I dropped in at Brown's and there collected my dresses blushing profusely when the assistant asked me to try them on. In front of her! Nothing doing, I'd die of shame. The same procedure followed at Avon's. Without even verifying whether the shoes had been made according to my specifications, I simply paid for them and scrambled back to my taxi.

One more stop. I dropped in at Venus Beauty Saloon, and there I paid \$5 just to have my masculine eyebrows trimmed to feminine ones. My eyelashes were similiarly treated.

Luckily the cabbie did not turn around when I got back. What would he have thought of me, a

man going into a beauty salon just to feminise his eyebrows!

At last I reached my destination, Regent Hotel. The clerk at the desk looked up. I covered my brows with my hand and explained that I wanted a single room for my sister who will be coming in very soon. He noted down the particulars. I paid him a month's rent in advance. "Room No. 104," he said handing me the key. "You can give her the key when she comes in," he said.

I took the key in my trembling hands and made my way to the lift. The liftman took me up to second floor. Room 104 was on the other end of the corridor. As I placed my trunk on the floor besides me and inserted the key, I found I was shaking all over. The key was rattling in my hands. At last I unlocked the door and stepped in.

Ooooo! What a delightful little room. I had to check an impulse to cry out. Such a neat cute little room with a bedroom and bath room adjoining it. The floor was highly polished, the walls were of a cream color with chocolate floor bordering. The single bed was neatly made up with clean sky blue bed sheets. There was a full length mirror on the other side of the wall. A writing desk, a wardrobe, two chairs and a triple mirror dressing table comprised the remaining furniture and fittings of my first feminine room.

Quickly I closed the door and turned the key. Alone! And free to do what I like. I was trembling all over. My limbs felt rubbery, my knees were knocking together so I quickly sat on the bed to recover myself.

I got up after a full minute and began

laying out my feminine apparel and accessories. I arranged my beauty preparation on the dressing table and took up the package containing my dresses, yes my dresses, my very own. My fingers were shaking with excitement as I untied the strings and removed the wrappers.

Wheeeeow! I whistled aloud. The dresses were real cuties. I held them at arms length admiringly. One was a sheath dress of clinging

sky blue silk, cut low at the shoulders with an incredibly small waistline. The other one was a tight fitting satin white blouse with extremely low cut shoulders and laced beautifully, also with an incredibly tiny waistline, to which attached a flared out pleated skirt of pink. I buried my nose among the frillies and hugged them to my breast lovingly.

I laid them aside and took up my shoe boxes. I had ordered three pairs. I was simply itching to see all of them. I opened the boxes and took them out one by one. Oh, how pretty they were, a pair of white, a pair of black and a pair of deep red, all with pencil slim thin high heels and all at least 6 inches. I laid the shoes on the dressing table. All at once twenty seven pairs of high heels appeared in the triple mirrors. I gazed at them lovingly, all so beautiful and all with such high heels. I bent over and kissed them all one by one. Oh, the leathery smells were just so nice.

Now for my transformation. I stripped and entered the bath. I had a perfumed bath. As I dried myself before the full length mirror, smelling so fresh, so sweet and so femininely scented, I saw that my body was not unlady-like. I had sloping rounded shoulders, a tiny waist line and wide hips. With a two piece covering, I can easily pass off as a female I assured my-

self happily.

I took up my bra and my falsies. The falsies were made of foam rubber covered with a plastic covering that was a marvelously accurate imitation of the human skin. The edge of this plastic was feathered out and was to be attached to my skin with a special adhesive. Soon I was busy with it. After I had blended the edges with cream make-up already supplied and powdered the traces, the illusion was just perfect. I cupped my bra over my new breast and snapped the elastic catch at the back. The bra was tight and the two flesh colored globules protruded over it very realistically, so naturally looking - deep valley in between and two lovely mounds on either side. I gazed at my own breasts in rapture and finally had to tear my eyes away from the mirror.

Next I took up the panties, cute little things, so absurdly tiny. But they were of elastic nylon, flowered and lace edged. As I slipped it up my thighs, it molded itself snugly around my anatomy intimately, so tight against my bottom so that all my 'curves' were brought out so to say. The lacy edges looked so feminine against my bare white thighs. I donned on the slip and looked lovingly at my dresses awaiting me on the bed.

Both of the dresses were equally desirable. I just could not make up my mind which one to wear today. At last I decided on the tight fitting satin blouse and flared out skirts of pink. I pulled the dress over my head and had to struggle like mad to clear my head as my hands got mixed up in the frillies. The dress was tight, just as I had ordered, clinging to my breast like my skin bringing out my protruding breasts as I had expected. I squeezed my waist to almost nothing by lacing tight the wide red ribbon belt

I wore around my waist, tying it finally in a bow sash at the side. The full flare-out skirts of pink hung down gracefully and as I walked over to the dressing table, the hems of it caressed my bare thighs and back of my knees delightfully. I pivoted on my heels, the skirts swirling around me giving me intense pleasure at the feeling that I am now really dressed up in skirts.

I gathered up my skirts and sat down on the seat facing the mirror. I took up my feminine wig and clipped it onto my hair as per instructions, combing in the strands and patting them into place. I took a silk white scarf and tied up my hair up from the back, into a bow sash. The effect was startling, it was so feminine. I fluffed the hair at the back as I often see all women do and the feeling of my hair against my nape was not unpleasant.

Now for my make-up. I surveyed the beauty preparations on the dressing table with intense pleasure. My heart was singing so happily at the thought that I would be soon made-up like all other women. I opened the make up kit and was soon busy smoothening my face. How smooth and cool my face felt when I had finished. I brushed a little rouge on both cheeks and spread it evenly and lightly with the small pad provided as I had done in the privacy of my old home. I had by this time become quite an expert at make-up. Soon two rosy cheeks flushed with excitement.

My eyebrows had already been treated. I penciled them a shade deeper.

Lipsticks. How I loved the smells and taste of lipsticks. I took my clear red lipstick and unscrewed it to its full length, reduced it back to a point and with my face close to the

mirror I began applying it evenly on both lips, slowly and with pleasure. With a lipstick brush, I sharpened the outline of my lips then repainted it deeply. The result was a pair of curvy seductive lips, so red, so shining bright, and looking so kissable. I smiled at myself in the mirror, my lovely face lighting up so sweetly. I nearly swooned with pleasure at the lovely sight I presented that I quickly averted my face from the mirror and gazed at the wall till the moment passed.

Next I put on my clip-on earrings. The earrings were shell shaped, of gold color, and studded with imitation precious stones. They felt heavy since I was not used to wearing them. They sparkled and shined so beautifully whenever I shook my head against the background of my feminine wig.

I glanced around the room feeling so very happy in skirts and make-up. Only the stockings and my high heels left - I left these last so that I could enjoy the slow process of being dressed up as a woman to the fullest extent. I took my tiny hanky, dabbed a little perfume on it and placed it in my handbag along with my compact, gloves, and some loose changes. I poured a little perfume onto a cotton wool piece and began dabbing it under my armpit, back of my neck, underneath my hair, and finally placed it in between the valley of my breast. The next moment was spent in painting my finger nails with a special manicure liquid. Soon ten false finger nails appeared at my finger tips, so tapering slim and looking so red and feminine. I allowed them to dry up and harden before I continued with my operations.

Now for my cheesecake legs. I sat on the edge of the chair and pulled up my skirts,

revealing the flowered lace edged panties I wore. I began pulling my stockings up my legs savouring with relish the touch of my fingers on the gossamer thin and smooth stockings as they slowly crept right up my thighs. I attached them to the girdle I wore and stood up, my legs feeling so smooth and so utterly feminine.

I reached over for my super high heels. I think I'll wear the red shoes to match my pink skirt. I took up the shoes in my hands. How lovely they looked, so shining red, and the heels standing up so high. I kissed them again and again before I placed them on the floor.

Bending down I inserted my feet into the shoes. I had to get down on my knees because the shoes were standing up so upright. I wiggled my toes in; in they went until they peeped out of the opening in the front. But the heels refused to settle down. Panic welled up. I was breathing hard with excitement. What if the shoes had been made too small for me. Quickly I took a shoe horn, placed it behind my heels and slowly and surely guided it down. At last the heels settled down tight, real tight. I took the ankle straps and strapped the same around both ankles tightly. Now I am ready. I stood up stiffly, a little bent forward, unbalancingly. From the table I picked up my lady handbag and hung it across my arms. I took my first steps towards the full length mirror on the other side of the wall.

Ohooooo, my feet pained like anything as I walked forward, the arch of my feet straightened out and almost perpendicular to the floor, straining like hell. My heels were elevated high upon my 6 inch red high heels. I smoothed my skirts and with a brave smile, I walked tottering forward. After the first two steps, I

got the hang of it and walked gracefully right up to the mirror, my hips swinging of their own accord on account of my high heels, skirts swishing from side to side, feet painning like hell.

Gee! Is that me in the mirror? I gasped for breath for walking towards me, her hips swinging and skirts swishing around her, was the most beautiful lady I ever saw this day. Her face was skillfully made up, bright eyes shining underneath her arched feminine eyebrows, cheeks slightly flushed with pleasure, lips painted so seductively curvy and shining so red. 'She' was wearing a tight white satin blouse, lowly cut at the shoulders and her full grown breasts were straining to get out of its enclosure as they quivered with every step she took on her high heeled shoes. 'Her' waist was so tiny, on account of the red ribbon belt she had laced tightly around, which ended up in a bow sash at her side. 'Her' skirts of pink rayon frilly, pleated, and flaring out so beautifully, swished and swayed as she walked. Look at 'her' smooth stockinged legs, clad in sheer mylon stockings, the seams so straight in the back. 'Her' feet were shod in red super high heels at least 6 inches high, the heels clicking as she neared the mirror.

I could scarcely believe my eyes. I was that beautiful lady in the mirror. There was not a trace of masculinity left in 'her.' I looked and felt so utterly feminine, in appearance and in spirit. Thus dressed up, my heart felt so airy and light. I began humming to myself as I paraded and poised before the full length mirror for nearly an hour admiring myself.

I smiled at the lovely lady in front. She smiled back at me, her red lovely lips parting so sweetly, in between which her gleaming

white teeth sparkled with loveliness. I started practicing how to hold the hem of my skirts and curtsy, how to walk more gracefully and swing my hips more effectively, all my movements duplicated in the mirror so clearly.

Walking on such high heels was sheer torture. But it gave me all the more pleasure, the feeling of pain I was suffering on account of my wearing such feminine high heel shoes. I glanced down at my beautiful legs every now and then, noting with pleasure how straight the seams were, and how lovely my high heels looked.

Such freedom when walking in skirts. None of that closed suffocating feeling when wearing those hated trousers. I minced to and fro feeling so good and smelling so feminine, too. My masculine apparel was still lying on the floor where I had discarded it. They must be removed. I minced quickly over to pick them up and I nearly toppled over as my high heels caught in the shirt I was pulling up. I bundled all of it together for disposal at a later time.

Walking over to the window, my skirt swishing around me, I pulled up the blind letting in the light. I looked out onto the streets. People were walking on the pavement each busy with each work. Anyone looking up will surely see me, but they would not know that I am not a woman. I smiled happily and turned back to my room.

I took a deep breath, and gazed around the room, humming softly to myself. Life is sweet, yes life is indeed wonderful. I began clearing up the mess I had made, hanging up my remaining dress in the wardrobe which now contains this only dress, my panties, stockings,

spare bras and falsies. I promised myself that as soon as I have settled down with a permanent job, I will fill up this wardrobe to my heart's content. I paired the black high heels together with the remaining white pair of white high heels on the shoe rack and closed the wardrobe, still humming to myself.

I arranged my books on the book shelf, rearranged my make-up and beauty preparations neatly on the dressing table, and every now and then gazing into the mirror that reflected my image, so flattering that I thrilled everytime my eyes fell on myself. I looked at my tiny lady wrist watch. The time was 11:00, still early. How am I going to spend the rest of my day. I am now a woman all dressed up but nowhere to go. How about a picture show I asked myself. Yes, a good idea! But first I must submit myself to a test whether I can pass off as a woman. I strolled over to the service bell and pressed it.

I waited, my heart pounding with excitement. At last a knock came at the door. I minced over and opened it to admit a bell boy, who, the moment he caught sight of me, sent his eyes roving all over my body with admiration written all over his face. Suddenly, I found myself blushing at this open male admiration.

"You rang, Miss?" he inquired politely. Oh! He had called me Miss. I could have kissed him for calling me that. This means that he suspected nothing - good!

"Yes," I replied with a smile, "Please bring me a glass of orange juice," I said in my feminine voice. He bowed and soon returned with a glass of icy cold orange juice on a tray which he placed on the table I indicated. I gave him a dollar and said to keep the change. He thanked me and asked what other things I want-

ed. Then he bowed himself out.

Quietly I closed the door and leaned back, my heart beating with joy at this first meeting with a man, who did not suspect that I am also a man, dressed up as a woman. Yes, I am accepted. My heart was a thousand times lighter. I felt like shouting to all the people in the street that I am now a woman and not a man. Still humming softly and feeling so happy, I got up onto my bed without even taking off my shoes. I arranged my skirts and laid my head on the pillow, my feminine hair spread all over my head. I crossed my legs, one leg hanging across the other, the red super high heels dangling so attractively before my eyes. All around me was my feminine aroma of perfume. I sniffed the air with a wonderful feeling of pleasure and gazing lovingly at my high heels in front of me, I began thinking back into the past, how I had become a transvestite and how I have become a woman in dresses and make up today. I took a sip at my glass of orange juice every now and then noting with delight the stains of my lipstick on the rim everytime my lips touched it.

After some time, I got up, threw my feet across the bed and stood up, nearly toppling over again as I forgot that I was wearing such high heels.

Yes, I'll go to a picture. I minced along to the full length mirror again, for a last assuring look at myself. Yes, there can be no doubt about my femininity. I looked the same, the same lovely woman that I had become after my transformation. I patted my hair which had got a bit disarranged when I got into bed, the lovely lady in the mirror also did the same. I smoothened down my skirt, took a back glance at my nylon clad legs. Yes, the seams were straight. I

laced up my ribbon belt again, nipping my waist an inch smaller. Wonder what my measurements are. I decided to measure and see. Taking a piece of string, I measured my breast, and then placed the length of the string I had marked against a foot rule I had with me. But that will not do. Then I remembered that I also possessed a tape measurement. Panting with excitement, I began going through my trunk. At last I got it. With eager fingers I measured my breast again. Ohhhh! 37 I cried out with excitement. Next my waist. I encircled my tiny waist with the tape. I could scarcely believe it, but there it was - 14. How about my last statistic. I encircled the tape again, pressing it against my skirts. Let me see. I looked down. My! Perfect, the tape showed 36. What a figure 37-14-36. Not bad. I looked at myself again, for the last time and taking my handbag, I smiled at myself, waved an affectionate farewell, and walked to the door, mincing gracefully on my high heels.

There was nobody about when I stepped out of my room. I minced over to the lift, then turned back again to lock my door. I pressed the button. The lift came up and then stopped. There was a lift man inside. Hell! I had forgotten that the lift was not an automatic one. I thought of making some excuse, but the lift man had already opened the gate and was waiting for me. I stepped boldly in and pressed myself against the wall, very conscious of the feminine scent I had brought in with me. The gate clanged and we descended. I smiled inwardly and felt like giggling. I saw the man sniffing the air appreciatively. As we passed the first floor, I saw him stealing a sly look at me out of the corner of his eyes. Then we grounded.

I stepped out, my high heels clicking, my hips swaying. I looked back. The liftman

was leaning against the wall, looking at my re-treating back, and stroking his chins.

There were some people sitting and reading newspapers. All looked up and gazed after me. I felt so conscious of their stares that I did not know how to walk. But I overcame myself and with that swinging style of walk, I minced to the door, my skirts swishing around me. Suddenly, I stopped short. There were three young men in air force uniform standing in the doorway chatting. One of them happened to glance back. He caught his breath and yelled out to his companions 'Gangway.' His companions turned around and quickly stepped aside. I felt like bolting out into the streets. But that would be very unlady-like. Bravely and clutching my gloves tightly in my hands I stepped through them, and as I passed the young man who yelled out, I smiled at him, tuning in my 400 watt smile. I do not know why I did it. But it had an effect. He smiled back at me and as I stepped out into the street, he let out a whistle, Whooooee! That nearly blowed me over as I realized that the wolf call was for me, and I missed a step in sheer ecstasy. My first day out in public and my first wolf call within a few minutes, enough to give me confidence in my femininity for the rest of the day.

I got into a taxi and got off at the Royal Theatre. The film was a romantic comedy and I forgot myself twice, laughing out loudly.

Throughout the show, I was very conscious of me femininity, I played with the hem of my skirts, and caressed my smooth legs. My feet were paining delightfully like hell, while everytime I licked my lips, the smells and taste of the lipstick just sent thrills through me. I sniffed at the air surrounding me for my perfume had spread out enveloping me all around.

After the show I made my way to the cafe across, mingling with the crowd, I was just one of the girls in the street. I smiled at myself as I remembered how I had wished I was one of the girls hurrying by in the street on the day that I saw my dream girl. Today I am one of the girls in dresses, bra, panties, skirts, lipsticks and mincing along in high heels.

As I neared the cafe, I suddenly caught sight of a young woman going into the cafe. She looked remarkably like my Dream girl I saw that day at the Library. I hurried in. There were so many people inside the cafe, I looked everywhere but she was not there. I supposed I was mistaken.

I made my way to an empty table facing the street and ordered a light lunch. I sat eating and watching the people passing by. Male glances were thrown in my direction but I disregarded them all and went on eating. Suddenly, I was very conscious of a young man who sat next to my table. He had been gazing into my direction for the past two minutes. I turned around and stared into his face. That was to discourage him. But instead he took that as an opportunity and got up from his table to join me. He sat on the chair opposite mine.

"Hi!" he greeted me, "Haven't I seen you before," he asked, trying the old game of self introduction. I shook my head, the feminine hair of mine tickling my neck very pleasantly. "No," I said. He was not discouraged. Maybe you worked at the Strand Beauty Salon?" he prompted me.

"No!" I replied, "I'm just out of college and looking out for a job," hoping that would end the matter. But instead he slapped his

thighs and said, "That's fine," and from his pocket took out some cards and handed one to me.

I took it and read, "Kelly Exotique Agency-Artists and Models." I looked up and caught him admiring my super high heels. I smiled mischievously, "You like my shoes?"

He nodded, "Yes, very much. I wish all girls would wear the same kind of high heels. But how about a job at my place, you look all right to me."

I could scarcely believe my ears. Here I am, a man dressed up as a woman and on his first day as a woman, he was offered a modeling job. I felt like laughing aloud. Instead I smiled at this impossible situation and said, "I am very sorry, Mr. Kelly, I can't take on that job, you see. . ." but before I could proceed further, he stopped me with his hands.

"Don't worry about experience, we'll teach you," and so saying he got up and turned towards someone who had come forward at his signal. "Here's my secretary, she'll give you all the ropes," he said.

Everything was so impossible. I opened my mouth to protest further. My mouth stayed opened as I saw who his secretary was. I thought I must be dreaming. I rubbed my eyes in disbelief. The secretary was my dream girl! Yes, the very same girl I saw at the Library, the one who had set my mind whirling and made me decide to become a woman.

Hurriedly I got up to offer my seat and then remembered that I am also a woman, sat down again. I looked at her, my heart beating with excitement. Yes, she was as beautiful as

before, more lovely than I had thought. Her make-up was faultless and immaculate, eye-brows so delicately arched, lips painted so scarlet and curvy which parted as she smiled at me. She sat down beside me.

My eyes were roving all over her. Last time she was wearing a tight fitting blouse and a flared-out skirt like the one I had on today. But today she had on a clinging skin tight sheath dress of sheer nylon, cut low at the shoulders. The dress was tight, fitting her like a second skin, bringing out all of her curves prominently. I looked down at her feet. Yes, she was wearing one of her 6 inch high heel shoes, this time of white kid leather, with no straps.

There was no more to say, I just nodded my head and got up. I followed them to the waiting car, my high heels clicking in unison with hers.

In the car my dream girl introduced herself as Shirley, a lovely name that suited her perfectly. She said that Kelly's a good agency and offers better prospect than the others. I said something about not having any experience and she smiled as she said that so long as she is there, she'll help me along. My heart was beating so furiously that I wondered whether she could hear it. She was sitting so close to me, her thighs pressing close to mine. At last we reached our destination.

Kelly's agency was a well-to do one from the richly furnished studio we entered soon after. Suddenly, Mr. Kelly looked at his watch, started, and said that he had an appointment with someone and with a murmur of apology he left saying that he would be back in half an hour or so.

I was left alone with my dream girl. I looked at her with admiration in my eyes. She was hanging up her coat. How lovely she looked

in her white clinging sheath dress. She minced over to me and said, "Well, how do you like this studio?"

I looked at her smiling face and thought how impossible the whole project was. I decided to confess my story to Shirley.

Shirley looked at me puzzled as I did not reply. Then I took courage and said, "Shirley, I'd like to tell you something about myself. But before saying so, please look at me carefully and see if you detect anything out of place," and so saying I began walking in front of her, my hips swaying, skirts swishing from side to side, high heels clicking. She watched me, a puzzled look in her eyes. She was wondering why I had asked her to watch me. I came back to her and said, "Well, anything?"

She shook her head and said, "Nothing that I don't expect, You have a pretty face, a good figure and you know how to carry yourself, why?" she asked.

"That's good," I said. "Now for a bombshell - Shirley, I am not a woman, I am really a man, yes, a man," as her mouth opened wide in disbelief. I took hold of her right hand boldly and placed it inside my blouse. "Fell it," I told her. She did and remained silent.

She was dumb-founded. Surprise and incredibility was written all over her face making her face so enchantingly sweet. I felt like kissing her and then I took this opportunity to explain everything, starting from my childhood experiences right up to the day I met her at the Library and how I had come to be dressed up today as a woman. She listened attentively and when I had finished, her eyes were shining with

excitement for no apparent reason, she was also visibly trembling all over.

She caught hold of my hands in her own. "Ronald, I am glad you explained everything. When I saw you at the cafe, I was much enthralled at what I saw of you. You looked so sweet and adorable but at the same time I was wishing that you were a man also. Yes, don't be surprised. You see, I simply love transvestites. I have seen many of them, but you are the only one that had me completely fooled and at the same time, thrilled me with your beauty the moment I saw you." She pressed my hands and smiled at me sweetly, her lips parting so invitingly.

I was no longer shy. I caught hold of her hands and looked into her sweet eyes. As if some magnetic influence was at work, she came closer to me, my arms encircled her and before she could protest, my lips were on hers, pressed hard. We kissed and what a kiss, our lipsticks mingling together, as we sucked each other's mouth, her tongue darting in and meeting mine in a dual clash, our breasts pressed together and the aroma of feminine scent swirling around us. Time stood still for a full half minute, our lips pressed hard against each others, our bodies trembling with ecstatic pleasure as we quivered with excitement unbalancingly on the super high heels we were wearing.

At last we broke apart, both of us panting with excitement. Shirley's eyes were bright with anticipation, her breasts heaving up and down. I smoothened down my skirt. She did the same. I took out my lipstick and compact to repair my lips at the same time she took out hers. Our eyes met and we laughed out loud. We repaired our lips in silence.

She again took hold of my hands, both our hands still trembling. She said, "Ronald, or shall I call you Pam, let's tell Kelly about the whole thing. Nothing changed. You can model. I'm here to help you. What do you say?" she asked sweetly.

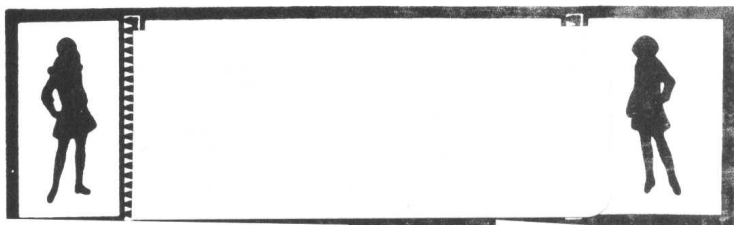
I smiled back at her. "Shirley, I don't know how to express my thanks for your understanding of my problem. I feel so happy that you have accepted me for what I am." I encircled my arms around her waist and we walked over to the sofa, both of us mincing on our high heels. We sat down together still holding hands.

"Pam, darling, you still have not answered my question," Shirley was asking me, as she bent forward to tuck in a strand of hair back into my hair.

I did not say anything. There was no need to. I looked deep into her lovely eyes and slowly pulled her down on the couch. She did not protest when I pressed my hot lips down on hers for another long, long kiss. She responded eagerly, giving all she had, the whole lot that set our two bodies quivering for a full ten minutes and our high heel shoes rocking and rolling in sheer ecstasy.

"Operation Feminity," completed I said to myself, as we laid in each other's arms exhausted and fully relaxed

. . . THE END.



contents



LITTLE MISS MANNERS

PART 2

As the reader will remember, our hero, Tommy Collins, stands facing the television director, Ms. Sawyer. She has a difficult proposal.

"Golly, I sure do want a big television part," he replied. "But acting like a girl all the time...and dressing up like one...Gee, it's such a hard decision to make."

"Well you need to make it now; one way or the other!" Ms. Sawyer was growing impatient.

"I think he's just a little gun shy because of a bad experience he had yesterday." His mother explained about the incident in the department store.

Ms. Sawyer listened and she was sympathetic. "I'm sure that was difficult, appearing in front of all those people as a boy in a dress. I bet they really laughed at you. But remember, we won't ever let that happen, because we can't allow anyone to find out that Little

Miss Manners is really a boy. Now you must make a decision, and it will effect your life for at least the next 3 years."

He looked down at the floor and then over to his mother. Her eyes were pleading. He didn't want to let her down. After all, it wouldn't kill him to wear girl's clothes for a couple of hours a day, several days each week, while they were making the shows.

"I guess you're right," he stated thoughtfully. "No one will ever know. I'll be your girl, but it will take some getting use to. Bring on the dresses!"

"That's more like it!" Ms. Sawyer said approvingly. Now you run along to Mrs. MacKenzie's wardrobe room, and let her perform her magic on you. She has something real special in mind. In the meantime, your mother and I have some papers to go over, and some details to discuss."

Tommy left them to their business. As soon as he had disappeared, they began. The first concern was the signing of the contract. Mrs. Collins eagerly placed her name on the dotted line, which legally bound her son in girlhood for at least the next 3 years. After

that, it would depend on the whims of puberty.

"I'm sure Tommy doesn't quite realize just how big a commitment he is making." Ms. Sawyer stated.

"It would scare him off I know. We need to proceed slowly at first," his mother cautioned. "He'll get used to the idea of his new role."

"The first objective is to get him to feel natural in dresses. We're giving you an expense account so you can purchase a complete wardrobe of feminine clothing. In fact, later in the morning we scheduled it so you can go on your first so called mother-daughter shopping spree."

"It'll be kind of fun," Mrs. Collins said with a smile. "I've never gotten to buy all those frilly clothes that mothers of girls get to buy."

"Perhaps by the end of the week you can even dispose of all his boys' clothing so he has to remain in a dress all the time."

"Oh, he'll hate that!"

"Yes, because it will mean a total change in his life-style." Ms. Sawyer acknowledged.

"Obviously he won't want to face his friends. And he can't very well say that he's decided out of

the blue to start living and dressing as a girl, and he cannot tell them the real reason."

"They probably wouldn't let him play with them anyway." Mrs. Collins added.

"This means that you'll have to move to a new home, somewhere, where you're not known. You'll definitely have the money to do this. In the meantime, I think it would be best if you let his hair grow out so it can be cut in a feminine style. That way nobody will ever have to worry about wigs coming off at the wrong moment."

"I sort of figured that you would suggest that," his mother said agreeably. "Oh it would be so much easier if boys still wore longer hair styles. But in a way it doesn't matter because if he's dressed up like a girl all the time, he just might as well have hair like one too!"

"We might as well face the fact that we're making a complete girl out of your son for the next three years. On top of that, we're regressing him back about 4 years so he's a little girl. I hope you both are up to the challenge."

"Well I sure am, and he will be, whether he knows it now or not! I'll start looking for new places to live right away."

While the two women were discussing the long-term plans for his switch in gender, Tommy was being immersed once again into total girlishness. When he stepped into Miss MacKenzie's domain, she was waiting for him with a big smile. And that's not all. Hung from the top of the partition was an elaborate frock of white satin and lace. The neck was high and ornate; the sleeves were short and puffed, the skirt was quite short but full, made from four cascading tiers of ruffles; and the bodice had little rows of bows in between the lace trim. It reminded him of a miniature bride's dress. In a pile nearby was what looked to Tommy like an absolute mountain of petticoats. It gave him a strange sensation to know that he would be the one wearing that dainty costume, not some real little girl.

It was with great hesitation that he parted with his own clothes. For a moment he stood in his nakedness staring at the little pile on the bench. It was

almost like losing some real close friends. But in an instant Mrs. MacKenzie had whisked them away, leaving dainty replacements. The panties were more like bloomers, adorned with the same lace and bows as the dress. Tommy quickly realized they were meant to peek out from beneath his skirts. The frilly vest was also part of the completely matching ensemble.

He slipped into his dainty underwear. There was definitely something strange about putting on girls' clothing. It was almost like entering into a completely new existence. It wasn't an unpleasant experience, but things just didn't quite seem the same when you were up to your neck in frills and soft shimmering materials.

And that's just what he was in a matter of minutes. Those "mountains" of petticoats were bulging out all around him like a soft fleecy cloud, and they held the satin dress up and out like a circus tent. Mrs. MacKenzie zipped him securely into it, and she tied the sash into a nice pretty bow that perched strategically just above his pantied bottom. He had been gowned once again. Little white anklets and white patent leather

shoes prettied up his feet in girlish splendor. He looked into the mirror. His reflection seemed so strange; his boy's face and head arising from the neckline of such a totally feminine creation. But Miss MacKenzie came to the rescue. With a pretty wig that had bangs and long sausage curls and a sweet hair bow, she erased the boy and made him a complete little lady.

"You make an adorable girl!" she exclaimed. "With those big dark eyes and high cheek bones, you would have been a real beauty. It's almost a pity we can't keep you this way."

Tommy didn't much care for her very sincere compliment. "Well I'm a boy, no matter what you think!"

"There, there, Tommy," she said in a soothing tone. "No need for you to get all out of sorts. All I meant was that if we could shrink you back down into an infant again, and start you off in pretty little baby dresses and bonnets, you would be an adorable girl, and you'd be very happy about it. And that's just how you'd look," she said pointing to his reflection in the mirror.

"Well I'm just glad you can't make a baby out of

me, because you'd probably do it!" he replied angrily.

"The way you're acting, it wouldn't be such a bad idea!"

Tommy had entered the room looking like a typical 9 year-old boy, but he was leaving it as an exact replica of a dainty little 5 year-old girl. He was led back to his mother and Ms. Sawyer by a very proud Mrs. MacKenzie. She clearly took delight in her work. He was busy trying to keep his rustling skirts quiet and in proper order. At first he didn't see the pretty teenage girl. She was standing with the women. What a knockout in her tank top and short shorts. When he saw her, Tommy felt a sudden funny twinge way down in his little penis buried beneath his panties and petticoats. He was simply awe struck. Then reality came crashing back. He was in a dress. He looked like a little girl. He wanted to run away and hide. What would she think of him if she saw him? But it was too late.

"Oh isn't she sweet!" he heard the girl exclaim.
"Oh I remember that dress, my little bride dress. It used to make me feel like a fairy princess, and it

sure makes her look like one. She'll make a perfect Little Miss Manners, and you're right, she does look like she could be my real little sister."

Tommy could feel his face flush. He had an instant crush on this beautiful girl, and she thought he looked like her little sister.

Ms. Sawyer spoke up. "Well Cyndy, you've met Mrs. Collins, and this is her son, Tommy. And Tommy, this is the girl you're replacing, Cyndy Fare."

Cyndy had a puzzled look on her face. "She's a boy?" she asked in disbelief. "But she, I mean he, looks like a perfect little girl. Goodness, you've done a good job on him. But can a boy become Little Miss Manners? I mean with all..."

"Of course dear!" Ms. Sawyer interrupted Cyndy abruptly not wanting her to say too much about her past duties.

"We've decided that he'll go by the name of Tammy," Mrs. Collins put in.

"Of course he'll need some tutoring to perfect his girlish behavior," Ms. Sawyer explained. "That's where you come in. You'll be his coach for awhile.

You can train him in the Little Miss Manners style, can't you?"

"Sure, but I just never thought you could make a believable girl out of a boy. One look at Tommy has changed my mind though. It'll be fun; when do we start?"

"Oh, right away! We have a publicity photo session planned. We're going to get some shots of big sister and little sister together. And then the very first show will feature both of you, with Cyndy passing the Little Miss Manners title on to Tommy, er I mean Tammy."

Tommy's experience with the photographer gave him a good dose of how cute little girls are treated. The man didn't know his true gender, and you would have thought he was a China doll the way the guy carried on, calling him cutie, sweetheart, doll baby, and other sickening names. He was frustrated by his very boyish feelings for Cyndy, because he knew his costume made him the epitome of girlishness. Besides that, he was put into little sisterly poses that continually drove home his new feminine status.

In one of the pictures Cyndy was trying the sash on his dress while he looked up and over his shoulder with a sweet smile of gratitude. Next, she fussed with his hair bow, while the camera clicked away. The worst set of shots, as far as Tommy was concerned, found him seated on the floor at Cyndy's feet, while she presented him with a big baby doll very similarly dressed to the way he was. It was a little difficult for him to register the proper degree of excitement and animation which everyone expected from him at such a moment. Somehow, getting his first doll was not a proud milestone in his life. Never in his wildest dreams did he ever figure that he would end up playing the role of someone's little sister.

The photo session ended with pictures of Tommy sitting on Cyndy's lap. He liked being close to her, but the rustling and crinkling of his skirts and petticoats didn't permit him to have any illusions about how he looked to her, especially when she made comments about how much fun it was to finally have a cute little sister.

The next item on the agenda was a shopping trip.

It was decided that Cyndy would accompany Mrs. Collins and Tommy to buy a new wardrobe. Of course Tommy was suspicious. Why wouldn't his costumes be provided when he came to the studio like for any other part? He was reminded that he would have to practice his lines at home, and the proper clothing would be essential to his rehearsals.

"You mean I have to wear dresses at home?" he exclaimed.

"Being in girls' clothing won't be such a chore as time goes by," his mother assured him. "Any way you have to have experienced a shopping spree of your very own. It's a real part of being a girl."

At first, Tommy thought that he would be allowed to change back into his boys' clothing. He was informed otherwise.

"You just don't go into a store and buy a new dress off the rack. You have to try on a number of them before you find the perfect one for you," Cyndy explained. "And you probably don't want them to know you are really a boy do you?"

Still clad in white satin and lace, Tommy left

the studio. Cyndy held his left hand while he was made to carry a little white patent leather purse in his right hand. His mother had wanted him to bring his baby doll for added effect, so it was wedged under his right arm.

After a brief car ride they were there. It seemed like such a long journey from the parking lot to the store. He was done up so prettily that passers-by ohhed and ahhed as he went by. They passed close to a group of boys who eyed him curiously. Tommy heard one of them make some crack about "a sissy little girl." That's exactly how he felt.

The sign on the store read, "The Sweet and Dainty Boutique." Tommy had never been in a clothing store for girls. He was immediately taken by the array of pretty pastel colors. Life size mannequins sporting frilly dresses stared at him. On one of them the hair piece had fallen off giving the illusion of a bald-headed girl. This created some anxiety in him. He didn't want to lose his own wig again and suffer the public exposure as a boy in a dress.

They made their way through the aisles of clothing

until they reached the little girls' department. Mrs. Collins told the sales lady that she needed some outfits for her little girl to wear to kindergarten.

The woman turned to Tommy and smiled. "My aren't you a big girl. How old are you sweetie?"

Tommy stood tongue tied for a second. His mother had to nudge him. "Now don't be shy, tell the nice lady how old you are."

"I...I'm 5½ years-old," he stammered.

"And what's your name?" the lady continued.

"Tammy," he replied.

"Well Tammy you are a pretty girl. I bet all the little boys will want to sit by you in school."

He grimaced.

"Of course, you probably don't like boys too much. But I can see that you like to wear pretty dresses. Where did you get that lovely dress you're wearing?"

"My mom bought it for me," he lied.

"Did you wear it someplace special?" the lady continued.

"Er...Well...I was a flower girl in a wedding," he had to think fast.

"I'll bet you were adorable walking down that aisle. But now we have to find you some new clothes. And don't worry, they'll be simply charming. We'll see to it that you are the daintiest and frilliest girl in your class."

He couldn't stop blushing. The ordeal seemed to go on forever. He was in and out of dresses, blouses and skirts, and jumpers. He was forced to put on a real fashion show. Each new outfit had to be modeled. The self-consciousness never left him, probably because of his deep feelings for Cyndy. He wanted to impress her in a boyish way, but she was treating him just how he looked, like a little sister.

After a rather extensive wardrobe had been selected, Tommy was put back into the satin and lace confection in which he had arrived. Actually, he would have preferred to remain in one of the less ornate frocks, but his mother and Cyndy would simply not hear of it. He was afraid to raise a fuss for fear of calling attention to himself, so he obeyed without a peep.

He had just plunked down on a bench waiting for

a clerk from the shoe department to wait on him, when a curious thing happened. A mother and her two children came by. There was a boy who looked about 6 or 7, and his sister who was probably a year younger.

The saleslady who had helped Tommy with his purchases approached them.

"Good morning!" she began. "And how may I help you today? Perhaps a new dress for the little lady?"

"Oh no," the mother corrected. "A new dress, but not for her. We want one for him!" she stated. Pointing to the boy who was turning a deep shade of crimson.

Tommy's ears tuned right into the conversation.

"Actually," the boy's mother continued, "We would like him in girl's clothing from the skin out. We'll need some pretty undies, shoes and socks, as well as a nice dress. You see his pranks ruined the birthday party of a little neighbor girl. To make up for it, he's going to hostess another one. Since it is an all-girl party, he'll have to be in proper attire."

"I see!" the saleslady responded. "I'm sure we

can find just the right outfit for him. We have such a large selection. And occasionally mothers do bring their sons in for a dose of what used to be called petticoat discipline. We're more than glad to be of service.

"Oh mommy what a splendid idea," the boy's little sister bubbled. "Let's put him into full petticoats. You know, the stiff noisy kind I wear on very special occasions. Let's make him dress up like that little girl over there."

Tommy realized he was being pointed at. He sat still like a statue trying to remain inconspicuous.

The little girl wouldn't allow it. She came skipping over to him. "Oh that's such a pretty dress!" she exclaimed, picking up the hem of his frock with her fingers. "We're going to dress up my brother like you. Won't it be fun to see a boy in such a cute dress. He always makes fun of girls, so it will serve him right for being so mean."

"Yes, I'm sure he'll look kind of silly in a dress," Tommy agreed.

The hapless boy was guided into a nearby dressing

room by his mother. A few minutes later the saleslady brought an arm load of feminine clothing for him to try on. About 10 minutes later the lad emerged done up in pink taffeta and billowing petticoats like Tommy's. He wasn't crying or fighting, but there was a look of total bewilderment on his face. His little sister danced around him gleefully. She flipped up his skirts exposing delicate pink panties.

A look of jealousy crossed her face. "Hey those panties are prettier than any of mine," she moaned.

"Well don't worry," her mother soothed. "You may finally get some hand-me-downs from your brother that you really want."

The boy was led over to the shoe department where Tommy was still sitting. He gave a pleading look to his mother. "I don't want that girl to see me like this," he whispered. "It makes me feel funny to be dressed up like a girl in front of a real girl."

"Nonsense, she'll think you're adorable," his mother replied. "Besides, you have to get used to the idea of people seeing you in your pretty new dress,

because you're going to wear it home."

The boy was sobbing in protest when Tommy left the store with his mother and Cyndy. A quick stop back at the studio allowed them to drop off Cyndy before they swung by Aunt Carol's to announce the signing of the contract. Again Tommy was reluctant to go in.

"I'm gonna get teased by Christie again," he argued. "She's bound to rub it in about me being a big sissy wearing girls' clothes."

"You have to learn to deal with it," his mother retorted, giving him a gentle nudge out of the car.

Aunt Carol was "so happy" for him. She gave Tommy a big hug to show her enthusiasm. After a bit of conversation he was told to go play with the girls.

"Christie's out back with her friends, and Tonya's upstairs. On second thought you better play with Tonya; you don't want to get that lovely dress dirty."

So Tommy trudged up the stairs. At least he knew he would get a favorable reception from his littlest cousin. She and her friend, Mandy, were

busily playing with their dolls. Each of them wore cute little play dresses, but nothing in comparison to his own. He stood unnoticed for several moments watching them at their girlish play. It seemed funny that a few days ago he was a normal boy playing ball with his buddies, and now he stood ready to join some little girls as they got into the fantasy of playing house. A look down at his puffy sleeves and billowing skirts told him he was in the right place. His costume wouldn't make it on the ball field.

Tonya remembered to protect Tommy's real identity. He was introduced as cousin Tammy. Both of the little girls were very complimentary over his clothes. They each expressed the wish that they could have a dress like his. It kind of bugged Tommy when Mandy actually lifted up his dress so that she could examine his petticoats, but she was so effusive in her praise of the frothy garment, that he couldn't really be annoyed for long. He reminded himself that as far as she knew, he was another little girl. She was absolutely awe struck when Tonya told her that Tommy would probably be the new Little Miss

Manners.

"Oh you must be the prettiest girl in the whole world," Mandy exclaimed. "You're so lucky cause you'll get to have all those pretty dresses."

Tommy tried to match her enthusiasm. "I never dreamed it could happen to me," was all he could come up with.

He was invited to enter into their play. He was given the role of the little sister, which meant that he was expected to follow all the commands of the mother and big sister. Their happy little tea party was only just beginning when Christie and three of her friends came barging into the room. Two of them were boys.

Tommy was petrified. Would Christie give him away? What if the boys could tell that he was really one of them? That turned out to be the least of his problems. They all treated him like the little girl he resembled. In fact one of the boys began to tease him and he even took a playful swipe at his skirt so that it flipped up.

Tommy didn't retaliate, but he stuck his tongue

out at the boy. Unfortunately this angered Christie, who with her friends' help, pulled Tommy across her lap. She then pulled up his skirts and petticoats, exposing a vulnerable pantied bottom. It happened so fast, Tommy was stunned. And even when he got a better grip on himself, he didn't put up much of a struggle. He told himself that he couldn't risk losing his wig in a fight; yet if he had been completely truthful he would have admitted that he felt he was no match for Christie. She looked absolutely powerful in her jeans and sweatshirt, especially compared to his satin and lace. The clothing was actually eroding his boyish confidence, making him all the more fit for the role of Little Miss Manners.

After Christie finished giving him a dozen well placed swats, she let Tommy loose. She was surprised to see big tears in his eyes. But they were more tears of humiliation rather than tears of pain. After all, his younger girl cousin had handled him as if he were a little baby girl.

"Go run to your mommy!" Christie sneered.

"I'm gonna tell!" was all he could think to say.

And he ran out of the room. His mother and Aunt Carol consoled him as he broke down and balled his eyes out.

"She spanked me like I was some naughty little baby!"he squeeled. "I couldn't fight back because my wig might have come off. Please mom, take me home!" he begged.

His mother granted his wish, and they left with Aunt Carol promising that Christie would be corrected for her mean behavior. For Tommy, being able to shed his dress came as a great relief. Once at home he retreated to his boy's clothing, and suddenly he could breathe easier. The rest of the day was spent moping around the house. Somehow he couldn't bring himself to face his friends. What if they could somehow tell that he had crossed the line into girlhood?

That night, his dreams once again mirrored his inner concerns. Never before had they seemed so realistic. Miss MacKenzie, his enthusiastic wardrobe assistant, was cast in the role of a fairy godmother. Christie was his opponent in a series of tests that involved running, jumping, and feats of strength. The prize for the winner was having one wish granted

by the fairy godmother. The contest turned out to be a tie, so each of the children got a wish. Tommy said that he wanted girls to think that he was cute; he wanted members of the fair sex to have barely controllable urges to hug and kiss him. Christie's desire was more simply stated. She wished that she could be able to beat Tommy in any sport or physical contest without a struggle.

The fairy godmother thought for a moment, and then with a mischievous smile, she waved her wand. Even in dreamland Tommy could feel his world develop a blurry quality; he seemed to fade out for just an instant, and by the time he had refocused, he was lying on his back in a tangle of cloth. Everything seemed distant and out of perspective. He flailed his arms and kicked wildly to free himself from the material that encircled him. His movements lacked coordination, but all the same he freed himself.

His body felt funny, and gazing down, he realized that it also looked funny. The lean, sturdy all boy physique had been replaced by a soft pudgy cherub shape. Panic replaced alarm as his penisless crotch

came under scrutiny. Instinctively he reached down but there was no maleness to be found, only the two soft rounded lips of his new vagina. He realized that the tangle of cloth he was lying in was his clothing. It would no longer fit his now tiny body, and even if it did, it would be inappropriate because of his new femininity.

Tommy tried out his new equipment and found it to be limited. He couldn't stand up on his own or walk; all he could manage was a crawl. His voice was soft and babyish, but he could lisp words in an immature manner. The only thing that was really intact was his mind, which told him that he was a 9 year-old boy stuck in a baby girl's body with no apparent way out.

Suddenly, he realized he was not alone. A very giant-looking Christie was gazing down at him from a corner of the room. A triumphant smile arched her mouth.

"Well, well!" she cooed, "What a pretty little baby. And if I'm seeing right, a nice little baby girl."

"Don't make fun of me!" Tommy squealed in his babyish voice.

"I wouldn't do that," Christie said with a smirk. "I'm going to treat you real good, just like I would any little baby I had to care for."

She came over to pick him up, and even though he tried to get away, she easily scooped him up. Nestled tightly in her arms, he felt totally weak and helpless (which he really was). His first experience as a baby was to receive a bath. Christie was careful with him, sponging him gently with the warm and fragrant soapy water.

At one point, she reminded him of the important changes that had occurred between his legs. "Now aren't you glad you don't have that nasty boy thing anymore. You're just like me and Tonya, except we're bigger."

"But I don't want to be like you girls," he squeaked. "How can I be a boy if I look like you two down there."

"You can't!" she replied emphatically. "No more boys' stuff for you. You're one of the girls now!"

After drying the new baby off, Christie deposited him on a bed and left the room. There was no escape, he couldn't even reach the floor, so he was left to

ponder his fate. After what seemed to be an eternity, Christie returned, her arms loaded. She immediately went to work on Baby Tommy powdering him in preparation for his diapers. They were thick and bulky, completely engulfing his crotch in downy white. Crisp plastic panties added to the growing bulge as did a pair of lacy rhumba panties of girlish pink. This latter item made it quite clear to Tommy how he was to be dressed in his new role as a baby girl. So it didn't come as a shock to him when Christie brought out a matching pink dress with a smocked bodice, delicate lace trim, and a high waist line that would leave lots and lots of room beneath the full skirt for a nice frothy petticoat. Little baby shoes and white lace trimmed anklets were his new footwear. The final article of apparel was a wide-brimmed pink bonnet that Christie placed on his head and fastened in a large bow beneath his chin.

All the while she was dressing him, Tommy begged Christie to help him get changed back into a boy.

"No way! I don't want to give up my very own human doll baby. I am going to have lots of fun

playing with you. You're stuck like this. Besides when you were a boy, you thought you were so much better than me... Let's see how you like being a girl for a change; a baby sister at that."

Reason just wouldn't prevail over her. She held him up in front of the mirror so he could see his new appearance. He realized that he looked like all the other little infant girls he had seen done up so sweetly in ruffles and bows, a real ball of fluff. Unlike them, he had once been a normal boy, who was now forced to think about the good old days and how they didn't prepare him for this change in status.

Lots of new sensations awaited the dreaming Tommy: being fed while strapped into a highchair; sitting in a playpen full of dolls and other baby toys; going for a buggy ride in the great outdoors where everybody could observe him. But the most realistic sensation of all came when he felt himself wetting his diapers. It made such an impact on him, that he awoke to find himself lying in a soaked bed and pajamas. He anxiously grasped at his groin, and he breathed a deep sigh of relief to find that all his

body parts were present and accounted for even though they were damp.

Mrs. Collins was a little concerned about her son's obvious regression; he hadn't wet his bed in years. Yet she knew she had to continue to prod him along the path toward complete girlhood. For almost a week, he went to the studio and rehearsed, but on coming home he would resume his regular identity, and the boys' clothes that went with it. Then his mother decided it was time to take the next step. Actually it was a pretty big leap.

One afternoon after having taken his usual shower, he returned to his room where he witnessed some rather unusual changes.

"What have you done with my things?" he bellowed. "Why have you made my room look like a girl's? This is going too far! Those curtains on the window and that bedspread are covered with ruffles and lace. What will my friends say?"

And suddenly a look of panic crossed Tommy's face. Dropping his bath towel, he dashed to his closet without a concern for his nakedness. "Dresses!

Skirts! Blouses!" he exclaimed as he yanked open the door. The bureau drawers were checked next. Nothing but matching panty and vest sets, baby doll nighties, slips and petticoats were to be found.

"A girl's room! A girl's clothing! Do you want me to live like a girl all the way?" he sobbed. "Then you could have a daughter instead of a son."

"Yes, I suppose you are right after all," his mother conceded. "I do want you to live like you're my daughter...for awhile."

"But how can I face my friends in a dress? What will they say when they see dolls on my dresser and bed? I'll have to start hanging around with the girls in the neighborhood, and even they get to wear pants sometimes!"

"You won't have to worry about that because we are going to move," she replied in a cheery voice. "No one will suspect that my daughter is really a boy. You can make new friends."

"But the way you dress me, the only ones I'll fit in with are little girls like Tonya. I'm a nine year-old boy, you can't expect me to act like a baby."

"Hardly!" she replied. "I expect you to act like a big girl at all times. But if you continue to wet the bed at night, I may add diapers and plastic panties to your wardrobe."

"That's not what I meant," he said blushing deep crimson. "I can't help that, I just don't think I can get all excited about playing house, having tea parties, and playing dress-up."

"Well it's a good thing you're an actor," she countered.

"OK, what about my hair? I can't try to keep a wig on all the time, can I? It's bound to come off some time, and then the masquerade would be over."

"You're absolutely right," mother agreed. "That's why you are going to grow your own hair out to a nice long girlish length, and then we'll take you to the beauty parlor for a feminine styling."

"Long hair...The beauty parlor," he gasped. "But... but..."

"You might as well get used to the idea, you are going to have your own long curly locks."

"But what about school? I'll have to get a tutor

at home or something. He thought he had her there.

"Nonsense! That's all been taken care of. You'll be going to a private girl's school, called Lilac Wood Academy for Young Ladies. It's where Cyndy Fare attended, so they'll be familiar with having a Little Miss Manners in their company."

"Please don't do this to me. I wasn't born to go to a girl's school. It'll be terrible being the only boy in an entire school," he was pleading.

"Who knows; Perhaps there'll be another boy there. It could happen. As you know, sometimes mothers use petticoat discipline on naughty boys, and in extreme cases, I've heard of them packing off their sons to girls' schools. Self-control is sometimes best learned from the inside of a dress."

"At this school I'm probably going to have to wear some stupid uniform, aren't I? Do pants come with it?" Tommy asked hopefully.

"Of course not!" Mother dashed his budding hopes. "No uniforms at Lilac Wood! No pants either! There is an emphasis on formal dressing in the most feminine tradition. It will give you a great opportunity to

learn lots of things for your shows."

During the next several weeks the first two "New Little Miss Manners Shows" were taped. The premier was the transition show where Cyndy and Tammy relived some of their sisterly memories. In one of the segments Tommy had to don baby clothes, complete with bulging diapers and a frilly dress and bonnet while Cyndy was costumed like a little girl. Tommy was perched on her lap with a pacifier stuck in his mouth while she rocked him and told him how one day he would grow up to be a beautiful girl. The second show dealt with the new fall fashion for the "proper little lady." Tommy modeled over a dozen new outfits.

It was between the second and third shows that Tommy had to make his first public appearance as Little Miss Manners. When he first learned of it, he was horrified.

"You mean you want me to go somewhere outside the studio and act like Little Miss Manners?" he asked in a quivering voice. "Would any of the people know I'm really a boy?"

"Of course not dear," Ms. Sawyer was reassuring.

"You play your part very convincingly. No one would suspect your true gender."

"But there won't be a script or direction to help me!" he argued. "I'll have to act like a girl all on my own."

"That's absolutely right," she agreed. "And I think you've become girl enough to do it just fine."

The next day found him at a large bridal show. His job was to model flower girl gowns. His first ensemble was stunning feminine. It was in the southern belle tradition made of white satin and lace. The sleeves were short but quite puffy. The skirt was extremely full with rows of cascading ruffles. It was supported by a wide crinoline. When Tommy looked down, he could see pert bows on the bodice of his dress. His underwear consisted of a dainty chemise and old fashioned bloomers. White patent leather Mary-Janes were on his feet, and delicate white gloves were on his hands. His head was decorated with a wig of bouncy sausage curls and a tiara of flowers and ribbons.

As he waited in nervous anticipation for his

turn to be put on display, he couldn't help but study his reflection in the mirror before him. Six weeks ago he had been "all girl" image, a little princess from head to toe. His mind flashed back to the tale of Cinderella. He could visualize a picture book from his younger years, which showed the transformed girl in a ball gown not too dissimilar from his own. He had never dreamed that one day he would go through a similar Cinderella transformation. There was no magic wand, but the results were almost as unbelievable, especially considering that he had started out as a normal boy.

A funny feeling came creeping over him as he studied his image. He was totally immersed in girlish ribbons, bows, and lace. Voluminous skirts surrounded him. He was dressed up little doll from head to toe. He was beginning to feel feminine. A strange sense of being delicate and dainty overcame him. He could imagine himself entering the ballroom in a flurry of skirts as Cinderella had done. His reverie included a handsome prince taking him by the hand and then whirling him around the dance floor. But this

was too much!

What was happening to him! He was beginning to think like a girl. Even though no one was around to witness it, he blushed from head to toe. But Tommy didn't have any more time to worry about his feminine fantasies, because it was show time. A cute little basket of flowers was put into one of his hands.

The other arm was free so that he could manage his rather cumbersome hoop skirt. Before he knew it, he was gliding down a runway in the midst of an audience of women and girls whose oooh's and aaah's told him that he was as pretty as a picture. Tommy repeated this walk a number of times that afternoon; on each occasion he was gowned in the most elaborate of flower girl fashion. Everyone seemed to just adore him, and they fussed over him constantly. He got tired of hearing how he was going to grow up to be a very beautiful woman. He wondered what fate had in store for him...

A Happy Birthday

"Good Morning! Stephen! Happy Birthday!" My father and three brothers cheered when they entered my room. Oh! Disaster! I had forgotten that today is my birthday and that they would come to my room and congratulate me early in the morning. And here I was, Stephen Wilcox, in my bed dressed in a girls nightdress. For more than a year now I had secretly been sleeping in the nightie, but I had always been careful to wear a pyjama whenever I thought there was any risk that I would be found out. And yesterday night I just forgot about the birthday congratulations. What was I to do? I could hardly receive my presents and the coffee and birthday cake in a pink and white cotton nightdress, could I? And even worse, under it I had my new bra on, the one I bought so secretly only last month using that clever trick I had found out. I had shyly given a handwritten little note to the shop-assistant together with some money. The note simply said "I'm sending my son to get a bra for me since I am to busy to go downtown today. I want a 36C "wonder-bra" in white Lycra, the short model with back fastening. Please wrap it up carefully so my son won't get embarrassed. Many thanks. Mrs Wilcox. The shop lady was helpful and didn't suspect anything. And why should she? She didn't know that our mother died many years ago.

So here I was, in my nightie and a bra stuffed with towels, in my bed pulling the sheet and the blanket over my head and trying to hide. "Wake up, Stephen. Don't lie there but see what we bring to the birthday child." "Let's pull the blanket off him!", shouted George, one of my brothers. "No! No! Wait!" I screamed desperately. "Leave

me alone! Please! Leave me for a moment only. I have something I must do first! Please!!"

This was really disastrous. Nobody was supposed to know that I wear girl's nighties and bras. What would they think about me, Doctor Wilcox' youngest son. It should be my own deep secret for ever and ever that I wanted to dress like a girl. For several years now, maybe since I was nine or ten, or even earlier, I have had this strange feeling deep inside that I ought to be a girl, and not a boy as my body suggested. I always liked much better to play with the girls on our street than the other boys. The girls had so many fun games, dolls, playing house, dressing like fine ladies and so on. The boys were so noisy and tiresome, and they always played football, when the didn't play with their stupid model aeroplanes of course. And the boys were so nasty sometimes when I played with the girls, teasing me and calling me "sissy". My brothers were all right, they didn't tease me, but I think they were a little ashamed of their little brother.

And at home, also, I always liked to play girlish plays, baking, cooking nursing my old teddy bear and even

sewing. I always liked to help to set the dinner table and also to do the washing up, although our father said that we all should share the household work since we didn't have a mother.

"That can wait til later! Now let's open your presents," said Mike, and with a powerful jerk he pulled the blanket and the sheet away. Too late, I couldn't hide, they saw everything. Desperately I crossed my arms over my chest, but I couldn't even hide the "bust". "What is that you are wearing,

Stephen!" he exclaimed "you look crazy, just like a girl! And look at those tits!". Don't tease your brother, Mike" said my father, "I think Stephen looks pretty in his night dress." I felt like I wanted to sink through the floor, I was found out being a real sissy, dressing in a bra and a nightie. But what could I do? "Daddy," I said, "I am so sorry. It was not my intention that you should find out. I was just playing a little last night, and then I fell asleep and forgot to put on my pyjama. Can you forgive, please? I know this must be a shock for you all. If you give me a moment, I'll hurry up and change back."

"Don't you worry, Stephen", my father said, "I think the night dress suits you very well really. Don't you, boys?" "Oh, yes. You are really quite cute in pink", said my eldest brother, John, "it suits you. But that bust of yours is ridiculous, too clumsy and bulky. You ought to do much better!" "But . . ." I said hesitantly, "are you not angry with me? I feel so ashamed, having been caught in this stupid way, dressed like a girl." I tried to pull the blanket over my head again, but John stopped me and put a heavy parcel on the bed in front of me. "Open your present now!" they all said.

I began to get a funny tingling feeling of excitement. Here were both my father and my brothers seeing me as a girl in my nightie and bra, and they didn't seem to mind. They rather looked amused and appreciating. I looked down on myself, the nightdress really was pretty. I remember exactly how thrilled I was when I bought it. I had been walking around Marks and Spencers many times, watching all the lovely girl's clothes on display. Eventually I took the courage to pick out the prettiest nightie I could find. "It is for my sister's birthday" I said quickly and silently to the girl at the cash counter, while I looked around to see if anybody I knew was in the shop. "That's a good choice" said the girl "I am sure your sister will be happy for it". Then she wrapped it up, took the money and gave me the bag.

It felt like Christmas ten times over when I left the shop with my bag.

When I tried it that evening, for the first time, it was almost the right size, maybe a trifle too big. But that was a year ago. It still looked pretty, although not as fresh as when new. My bust was another matter. John was right, it didn't look real at all. The bra was all right just a normal white bra, about the right size for my chest. But I had stuffed it too much, with one crumbled towel in each cup. They were too big and bulky, and their shape was anything but that of a young girl's breasts.

I started to unwrap the parcel with trembling fingers. What could it be? It was a box, almost like a shoebox, but it felt so heavy, and there was no noise when I shook it. "What is it?" I asked eagerly. "Open for yourself and find out!" Both my father and my brothers were watching eagerly. The parcel was well wrapped in lots of sticky tape, but eventually I got all the wrapping off. It was two boxes. "Silicone Breast Prosthesis" it said on the lid. I felt utterly confused. "What is it?" "Open up, and see for yourself!" Now I really started to feel excited, I could hardly control my hands. It really was breasts, one in each box, they looked incredibly like the real thing, at least as far as I could judge with my limited experience, mostly from "Playboy" magazine. They were made from some flesh coloured, soft and heavy material. When I took one up from the box, it felt so smooth and almost wobbly. And there were even nipples on them, each surrounded by a darker area. I was dumb, just sitting in my bed with one breast in each hand. What was I to say?

"Don't you like them?" My father asked nervously, "We thought this is what you really wanted for your birthday." "But, but," I could only say "Did you know before about this thing with girl's clothes and breasts?" "Of course we knew, dear little Stephen! We have known for a long time. A father notices such things about his children. It was many years ago I found out about your feeling for breasts. I once found you cuddled up in your bed, with a sweater stuffed up

in your pyjama, as a bust. You were sleeping so sweetly, but you had kicked your blanket to the floor. I covered you up, but decided not to mention anything." He gave me a loving look and continued "You see, that was the first time I suspected you had an inkling towards transvestism". "Trans-what?" I asked. "Transvestism. It means that a person likes to dress like the other sex."

"I didn't know that. Is it dangerous?" "No, not at all, not if you don't feel guilty about it. Some people have some oldfashioned ideas and think it is bad. But it is just a natural variation of our human behaviour. And I believe it is much more common than many people think. Some transvestites are happy just to sleep in a nightie, like you do, but others really want to live as the other sex all the time". "I didn't know all this" I said, "Are there also girls who dress like boys?" "Yes, there are. Haven't you noticed? It is much easier for girls though, they just put on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt. Go down to the riding stable and watch all those boy-girls with their horses. They are really boys at heart. For boys it is more difficult, most people still find it a bit ridiculous with boys dressed in skirts". "Why don't you try your present," my brother Mike interrupted, "We would like to see if they fit you!"

"Do you really want me to?" I was still hesitant, but at the same time I began to get a feeling that my fourteenth birthday was going to be something very special. I quickly tore those bulky towels from my bra cups and put in the new breasts. They fitted rather nicely, but the bra was clearly too big and deformed after all the stuffing it had suffered, so the cups were not quite able to keep the new breasts snugly in place. George helped me to adjust the bra straps, which made the fit a little better. Suddenly all my shyness and hesitation had gone, and I said proudly "Don't I look nice? They feel gorgeous, really gorgeous. Thanks a million dear Father and brothers. I love you so much."

"That bra of yours is too big, a sixteen year old should wear a little

"beginners" bra, not a grown-up woman's model like the one you have on. Where did you get it by the way?" I told the story of how I bought it. "that's clever! You really must be eager to wear girl's clothes to think out tricks like that one. Seriously, Stephen! Is it so that you really would like to dress like a girl? Don't feel ashamed to tell us what you really want, we just want to help."

"I, I don't know", I felt hesitant again. Do I? It certainly feels nice to wear a nightie and have a bust, and somewhere inside I feel really satisfied and relieved that my family knows and accepts me in this way. But dress like a girl all day? Thinking about it, it suddenly dawned on me that it is possible "I don't know" I said again, "Maybe I'll want to try it for some time just to see how it is." "Little Stephen" my father said tenderly "I know you have already tried many times. After that first time, I've found you in your nightdress many times. And don't get angry with us, me and your girlfriends Suzy, Anne, Linda and Cathy, but I have talked to them and know about your dressing games." How could they!? I felt cheated.

It was true of course that I had tried their clothes many times when we played in one of their houses. But that was supposed to be secret, and now they had gossiped! One of our best plays was to play house, with me as the mummy, Suzy as the father. Of course we changed clothes then. It felt so nice with the stockings in their suspenders and the elastic knickers. And Suzy always had such lovely dresses. "Oh, how could they!" I exclaimed, "that was supposed to be our most secret secret of all."

"Calm down", my daddy said, "It is not their fault. I happened to see you when you were careless enough to play in the garden. You played as five girls all the day, first I was a little surprised, but you looked and sounded so happy that I realized that you really enjoyed being a girl. Later I had a chat with your friends. First they didn't want to tell me anything, but then they told me that you had been

playing girl for a long time. In fact they said that they consider you as their best girlfriend and not as a boy at all. And both your brothers and I have been aware for some time now that you are really our little sister. You are softer, sweeter and tidier than your brothers, really more feminine. And you were never interested in playing with your brothers, neither football or with their model airplanes. So putting all the pieces together we began to realize that our sweet little Stephen maybe is a Stephanie in disguise" "Stephanie!" I never thought of that. When I played with the girls I used to call myself Emmy-Lou after my favourite singer Emmy-Lou Harris. Stephanie. What a nice name. I liked it immediately.

I was so happy! It was so nice sitting here with my new breasts jutting out under the nightie, having my birthday morning coffee in bed with my family all around. The sun was shining through the curtains, the summer holidays had just started, and it was going to be a birthday I would never forget, I was certain. I soon began to feel a little cheeky and decided to act as a girl the best I could, just as when I played with the girls. I still have not got my dark voice although I'm sixteen. (It is strange really, all the boys in my class have, I must be very late. And I haven't got any beard or hair on my chest either, I wonder why?) I stepped out of the bed, went to my father and kissed him right on his mouth and said, "Thank you so much! You are all so lovely. I am so happy!" I walked around, feeling the breasts move in the bra and the nightie slosh around my legs. I soon began to be a little annoyed with the bra though. It was all right to sleep in, stuffed with towels, but it didn't fit my new cute little girl's titties. They were slipping around in the most unbecoming manner. I pulled the back in place, but it was no good, the bra cups were too big.

"That's no good" daddy said, "why don't you dress properly with a bra in your own size. It is time to go downstairs and make breakfast

anyway". "But this is the only bra I've got" I said. "Is it?" asked John "Have a look in your undie drawer!" "What do you mean?" I was confused again. "I don't have any other girl's clothes than those you surprised me in." "Just have a look. You haven't had all your presents yet. Look in the top drawer!". "And in the wardrobe too." Mike added. Hesitantly I pulled the drawer. I didn't believe my eyes. All the old underpants and socks had disappeared, and instead there were both bras, suspenders, stockings and knickers. "We thought you needed some nice new bras with your new breasts," Mike said, "so we sneaked in here with some new things when you were still asleep. We hope you like them." "And now the wardrobe," George added. I did, and not another shock. Beside my old jeans and shirts, two of the most lovely dresses were hanging. One was a short sleeved summer dress in a lovely white cotton with small blue flowers all over it. The other one was a green silk dress that looked very expensive. There was also a white denim skirt. And on the floor, I almost screamed when I discovered them, were a pair of the cutest little white high-heeled sandals.

"Boys." Daddy said, "Look at Stephanie! See how her eyes sparkle! Now I am absolutely convinced we were right when we agreed on giving her this kind of birthday." "Her" I was struck by the word, my father had talked about me, his youngest son Stephen as "her". It felt wierd and wonderful at the same time "Yes!" I exclaimed "I do want to be a girl, your own little Stephanie, all day today. I will dress immediately, the white and blue dress looks so beautiful". "I hope it's the right size. We've measured your old clothes secretly, and we hope we got it right. Now, boys, let's leave Stephanie alone. You know it is not proper to watch a lady when she dresses: Breakfast is ready in an hour". "Take you time to dress, maybe you are a little unaccustomed to knickers and nylon stockings". They left and closed the door, and I sat down on the bedsie with the dress in

my hands.

I still couldn't believe what had happened, but I had to! the facts were there. I had a pair of beautiful tits on my chest. I did have a new dress in my hands. There was a pair of high heel shoes in the wardrobe. The drawer was full of the loveliest lingerie. I took up a bra. It was skin colour, made in some very thin silky material, and it felt so soft and nice. I quickly took off the nightie and the worn-out bra. The silicone breasts really, were lifelike. Now I had the time to inspect them closely. I was wondering why such things were made at all. Is it so common with men: who want to become women? But then I read on the box and realized that they were made for women who had lost a breast in some way, or were unhappy with the size of their own busts. Whatever the original intention was, they were certainly just perfect for me. On a sheet in the box there was a table of all sizes and shapes they made. Apparently it was possible to buy such breasts in sizes up to 42C, and mine were 36B. Maybe someday . . .

I put on the new bra carefully. It was a little tricky to fasten the hooks first, behind the back, but soon I learned the trick. You will have to do this every morning in the future". I thought "so you have better learn it properly." The bra felt so good to have on, it fitted exactly around the back, tightly under the arms, with the two lovely lacey cups covering my tiny nipples. Very carefully I then slipped the breasts into the bracups, first the left one, then the right. It was perfect. The bra, although flimsy, held them firmly in place, and they filled the cups just perfectly. I walked a few steps and then I made some small jumps. I could sense how the breasts jumped and wobbled, and I could see the nipples poking out under the material. What next? Knickers they looked so small I wondered how I would ever get them on, but no worry, they were so elastic they slipped up easily. And now a suspender belt. I had never tried one before, so this was exiting. It was a tiny suspender belt.

Now stockings! For somebody who

had never tried, it is impossible to describe the feeling of pulling nylon stockings up your legs. After some attempts, I managed to fasten all four suspenders. It was so lovely to feel them stretch and pull in the stockings. So the dress. It was just the right size for me and looked so pretty. I stood in front of the mirror for a long while. With another hair-do and some make-up I would be an almost perfect girl! It was unbelievable to look in the mirror and see a pretty girl instead of old Stephen! I had to sit and calm down for a while, I was so excited my cheeks were blossoming and my hands were wet with perspiration.

"Breakfast is ready. Come down boys! And girl!" I rushed to the stairs and realized I had no shoes. "Just a



moment, I'll be right down. I just have to put on my new shoes!" "Take your time, and be careful so you don't stumble! High heels are difficult if you are not used to them." "Don't worry!" I shouted back "I've tried Anne's so many times I am quite good at it." It was strange. Once I got dressed I really felt like a girl. I felt no guilt or shyness whatsoever to appear in a dress, it just felt natural. My bust was bouncing and the dress was swirling when I rushed downstairs. I ran on my high heels as if I had been doing it for years. The others were already sitting at the breakfast table, when I entered the room. "Hey, little sister, come and sit down. That dress really suits you" "So, Stephanie" Daddy asked with a glimpse in his eye, "how do you like being a girl? Is it better than being a boy?" "Oh, yes, it is" I answered, and I was surprised to notice that even my voice sounded more female than it used to. "I feel very happy. In some peculiar way I don't feel strange or embarrassed at all, just natural as if I had been a girl all my life." "That's what we thought" my father said, "We were quite right that our little Stephanie in reality has been a girl all along. And today she had come out as her real self. I have lost a son and got a pretty daughter instead. And you have got yourselves a new sister." "Do you mean I should be a girl always from now on?" I asked. "If you feel like it, and I believe you do. You just try it and make up your mind."

It slowly dawned on me, I could really be a girl from now on. It was really true, I could be a girl. "But what about school?" I asked, "what about my friends? What about the neighbours?" "The school can be solved, we can always find a girls school where nobody knows your background. And your friends know you as a girl already, I'm sure they will be delighted. The neighbours will understand, I'll talk to them. In fact, I believe they already know. Even if you think you have been secret in your plays, you have been too careless a couple of times. The Sandersons, Cathy's parents have asked me, and I

have not exactly denied their suspicions. "I don't know if I can", I felt a little worried. "It is such a big change. I don't know how to behave as a girl. It will be so complicated. Can't I wait a while, and just dress secretly here at home, to get used?"

"Impossible." George said, "Suzy, Anne and the other girls will come and congratulate you at one o'clock. And they expect to see Stephanie, I've already told them about our presents to you!" "Naughty George." I exclaimed "How could you?" I tried to be angry, but I couldn't. Deep inside I felt satisfaction and relief. It is too late now, it is out! I am a trans- (whatever that word was). I began to look forward to their visit.

The closer to one o'clock it was, the more nervous I was. The girls were coming to see me, and I would be dressed as one of them. Would they accept me, or would they laugh? Suddenly the bell rang. "You open, Stephanie." With trembling knees and sweaty hands I opened. "Congratulations, Emmy-Lou." the four girls shouted in unison. "Oh, what a pretty dress, did you get it for your birthday." "Yes," I said, "but I am not Emmy-Lou any more, I am Stephanie" "Stephanie, that's a nice name," Anne's mother said. I hadn't noticed, but some parents had come also. So they knew too, then. "Hello, Mrs. Sanderson" I said shyly, "Excuse my dress, it's just a game". "Don't worry, you look so pretty. And you have even got some curves, I can see. How delightful. Oh, Dr. Wilcox", she turned to my father. "Excuse us for turning up like this, but I heard from Anne about your plans for the birthday. We just want you to know, that we all will be happy to welcome Stephanie to the area. Stephen has always been such a friendly and cute little boy. If he feels like changing to a girl, we would be delighted to help make the transition as painless as possible."

"Thanks for your concern", my father replied. "We were not quite sure until recently about Stephens feelings, but now there have been so many signs that we decided it might be a good idea to give Stephen his new

identity and our full understanding on his birthday. I am sorry I didn't talk to you earlier, but there just was no time." "I know, it's a big step, and you want to be quite sure before you do anything. To tell the truth, I was delighted when I heard from Anne about the plans." "We've been expecting something like this for some time. You have not been too successful in hiding your secret games, girls. But I shouldn't be talking like this. It is your day, Stephanie."

The girls gave me their presents. It was several small packets, in elegant gold or silver wrappings. When I had opened them I was really well supplied with everything needed for make-up, both lip-stick, mascara, eye-shadow, nail-polish and anything one could wish for. "We'll help you to do your make-up immediately, so you look proper for the party." "Yes, let's do that," I said. I felt delighted. Everybody seemed so keen that I should be a girl. It was funny really, it seemed as if everybody but myself had known for a long time that I was not a normal boy, but a transvestite wanting to be a girl. And now my most secret dream suddenly was coming true, in a much easier way than I had ever imagined possible, even in my wildest dreams.

We went upstairs to my room. It felt so pleasant with the suspenders stretching the stockings, and the bra fitting tightly around my back. We started with the make-up at once, with lots of giggling. First I overdid the lip-stick, but after a while we were all happy with my looks. "We must do something to your hair, though," Linda said. "My aunt is a hair dresser and she can do you properly later, but for now we just have to try another hairdo". My hair was blonde, soft and rather long, so with some combing and some spray Linda could make a reasonable hairstyle. "We need a little cutting and perm" she said, "but my aunt had better do that. This will do for today" My brother came in. "Now you stop this giggling, girls and come downstairs. We are starving for the birthday cake." We all went

downstairs. "How pretty you are, daddy said. "If I didn't know you were born a boy, I could never have guessed. And you look so radiantly happy! I am sure now that you will never want to go back to boy's clothes, will you? Stephanie?" "No, daddy. It is so lovely to be a girl. "that's what I've always wanted. I realize that now, even if I didn't understand earlier what was the matter with me. I am so grateful that you understood it. Now, afterwards, I am happy that you discovered my nightdress and bust. Many times I decided to stop my habit, I had some fears that I was discovered. But since you never mentioned it, I couldn't resist continuing. It was like a compulsion." "Well, you don't have to worry about that any more, Stephanie! Now you are our little sister, and we expect you to dress in skirts and nighties. On Monday you can go and do some shopping, as a girl, to complement your wardrobe. You certainly don't need those tricks at Marks and Spencers any more."

Meanwhile I had noticed that my birthday cake had been changed. The lettering between the candles said "Stephanie 17". I blew out the candles and cut the cake. We had a very pleasant afternoon. The boys soon got tired of all the giggling and girl's talk and soon disappeared, but we girls went on all afternoon. After a while Suzy said "Come let's go home with me. I got a new dress yesterday, for my cousin's wedding. Let's all go and have a look at it. It is fantastic."

We all ran away. It was so exciting to run out on the street as Stephanie. the dress swirled and I heard with delight the "clit-clit" of my new high heels. the neighbours waved and cheered. "Welcome out, Stephanie!" they shouted. Suzy's new dress was a dream, all in white tulle. "May I try it, please!" I exclaimed as soon as I saw it. "Yes, but be very careful. I'm not allowed to use it before the wedding." I took off my dress and stood there in bra, knickers and suspender. "Let's see those tits of yours!" Anne said, "we are curious to see what they are like." She took one out of the bra. "Look

girls, it's just like a real tit. Amazing! Feel it! You can compare with mine, Stephanie" she continued and took her bra off. "Isn't it amazing what they can do?" It really was. Annes tit felt almost exactly like my silicone breast, maybe a little bit firmer. But then hers were smaller. "We have no time with tits now!" said Linda, "let's see the dress instead!" It really was a dream. Very carefully I put it on. I'm the same size as Suzy so it fitted perfectly. I looked in the mirror and felt like a princess. It was so beautiful, Suzy's new dress, with a tight bodice and a wide skirt, all soft and white and lovely. "Imagine that I will be able to dress like this for real in the future." I thought, "How wonderful." Carefully I took the dress off again, Linda also wanted to try it. She looked ravishing. We continued to try everything else in Suzy's wardrobe. She had so pretty clothes. It was fun to try them on, and we changed clothes and chatted so I forgot the time. We were going to have a small birthday dinner at home at eight, so I had to rush. "But I'll see you tomorrow" I said. "Promise then that you come as Stephanie!" Anne replied "We don't want to know Stephen any more." "Stephen has disappeared for ever" I laughed. "Come to my place tomorrow and we can burn his clothes."

At dinner we continued to talk about my new life. My father told me lots of facts about changes of gender, hormones and operations. I listened

tensely, it was apparently possible to really become a woman in all aspects, even if it wouldn't be possible to have babies. "Can I do it?" I asked. "You could," he said, "but let's take one step at a time. I suggest you dress and live as a girl for a year or two, then, if you still want, you can go further and maybe start taking hormones." I felt a bit dizzy, there were so many things to think about, so after the dinner I wanted to go to bed and be alone. It was a pleasure to undress now when I had girl's undies. But the bra had to stay on, I wanted to have my breasts also at night. I put on my old nightie, and rushed downstairs again. I gave my father a big hug, "Thank you ever

so much for the most wonderful birthday of all my life. I am so happy." And I didn't have to worry about being caught in nightdresses any more, I won't have to use my pyjama in case somebody would see me.

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

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ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

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

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LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

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BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

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

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

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

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

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)
Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

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

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

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

THE SISSY SERIES

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

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

THE SLIP

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

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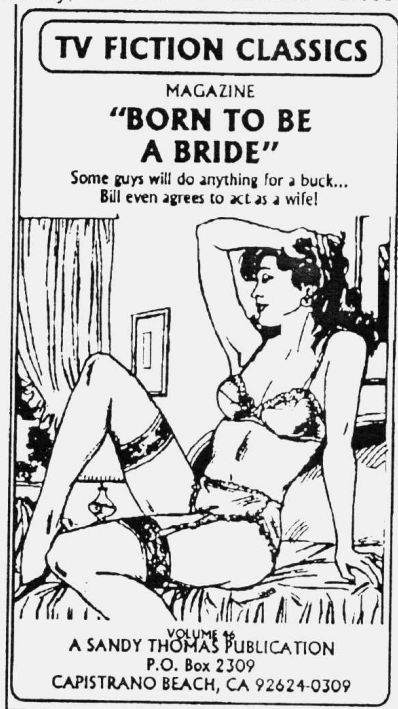
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