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TV FICTION**

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**“THE BOY  
WHO BLOSSOMED”**



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**by D. Crease**  
Illustrations by C.J.

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"HEELS WOUNDS ALL TIME."  
&  
"THE BEST COSMETIC IS. . .  
FINDING JOY IN LIFE!"  
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# THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED

By: **D. Crease**

In the wee hours of the morning, Rene laid awake on a hard cot in the huge dormitory hall. Sorrowfully, he, pined, "What's to become of me, now?"

The Juvenile Center was an awfully scary place. He had been there two days, after the police pick him up for violating curfew.

Rene Savard, orphaned at 17, was an only child. His parents, Babette and Maurice died in a terrible traffic collision. The family had lived in Boston for as long as Rene could remember, coming down from Canada when he was but an infant.

The Savards barely eked out a living. His father, a factory worker, was tall, handsome and strapping, while his mother, a full figured beauty, was a chamber maid.

They died, leaving no insurance or savings. Hearing horror stories about children in foster care terrified him greatly. Rene felt he had nowhere to turn but the streets.

Dropping out of school, he desperately tried making it on his own. Sleeping in parks or in open basements, he took odd jobs for pocket money, yet most of his meal came out of trash dumpsters.

As a frail lad, with low self esteem, Rene barely stood five feet, seven inches tall and weighed a meager 125 pounds. Having slender hands and small feet, his wavy, shoulder length, sandy brown hair framed his delicately featured, hairless "angelic" face.

Sleepless, he tossed and turned, dreading his worst fears. "They'll surely send me to a foster home," he softly moaned. "Then I'll be passed from family to family, like an unwanted old shoe!"

The next morning, Rene appeared before old Judge Adams. Peering down from high above his elevated bench, the judge kindly asked, "Tell me, son, do you know of any family?"

"N...No, sir," Rene whimpered, tears flowing down his gentle face. "I'm on my own for nine months, now. I've...no family."

As the boy shamefully bowed his head, a woman hurriedly entered the courtroom. "Excuse my intrusion, your Honor," she urgently panted. "But I'm from Youth Services. We've just located one of Rene's family members."

Baffled, Rene abruptly looked up, wondering, "Family? Mama and Papa were the only family I know. Who is this person?"

Suddenly he was met by an attractive, well dressed, petite, middle aged woman. Staring bewilderingly at this stranger, he confusingly shuddered, "Should I know her?"

As the woman approached the judge's bench, she peered discerningly at the scared boy. "So, this is Rene," she thoughtfully noted.

"It's been years. . . I'd believed he'd be more like his father. Yet, he's the spitting image of. . . Babette!"

"Good morning, sir," the woman said, turning her attention to the judge. "My name's Monique Martin. I'm Rene's aunt."

"Ms. Martin," the judge commented, "Your nephew requires a good home environment, away from the streets and riff raf. Are you willing to take him in?"

Smiling at Rene, she replied, "Of course, Sir. But I live in a small town, in Iowa. If you'd allow me to take him out of state, I'll provide the home he needs."

Things were happening so fast, Rene's mind whirled out of control. "Now I remember Aunt Monique," he confusingly shivered. "Mama spoke of her. . . Yet, does she really want me?"

Apparently, she did. By noon that day, Rene and his long lost aunt were on an airliner, flying westward. All the documents were signed and approved and Monique became the boy's legal guardian.

"You'll love Acadia, dear," his aunt assured. "It's quite a lovely town, especially now, in May."

Yet, despite her pleasantness, Rene remained sadly sullen. With arms crossed and eyes downcast, he anxiously sulked, "I'll miss Boston. . . What'll my life be like in Iowa?"

That evening, they arrived at Monique's home. "It's been a very long day," his aunt remarked, opening the front door. "Come, I'll fix you some dinner."

Rene could barely eat, his nerves stretched to their limit. As his stomach churned, he tensely asked, "I know you came a long way to get me, Aunt Monique, but do you really. . . want me?"

"Of course I do, sweetheart," she endearingly insisted. "I realize we don't know each other from Adam, but we are, after all, family. I'm certain we'll learn to love each other."

Monique then told stories of growing up in Canada. Monique had married an older, wealthy man and moved with him to Iowa, while his mother and father went to Boston.

"After you were born and your parents left Canada. Then, my sister and I lost touch," Monique explained. "I wish I made a more of an effort. We could've been together, sooner."

Wanting to know more, Rene bashfully asked, "Where's your husband, now? I guess he'd be my uncle."

"I'm afraid he's passed on," she sadly replied. "Your Uncle Henry was a good man and an excellent provider. But he was older when we married and has been gone for many years."

Gazing about his new surroundings, Rene was awe struck by the palatial size of his aunt's home. "Uncle Henry must've been very rich," he figured. "Aunt Monique must be quite well off."

Yet despite the comforts, the boy remained anxious. Everything was so strange and different. Life on the streets was hard and cruel. Even

when his parents were alive, the family forever wanted for money just to survive.

The unfamiliar bred suspicion and, in turn, lead to contempt. "So, I'm to live in the lap of luxury," he sarcastically quipped, in his naturally soft voice. "Do you suppose I could handle it?"

While he sounded ungrateful, Monique understood his underprivileged life was source of his disparaging attitude. While not holding it against him, she had to set things straight.

"Believe it or not, I work for a living, Rene," she kindly advised. "Uncle Henry's money ran out many years ago. All I have is this house and my business."

"Business?" Rene meekly asked. "What do you do?"

Smilingly, Monique explained, "I own a florist shop in town. It's not much, but it pays the bills. If you'd like, I'll show you around the store tomorrow."

Humbled, Rene shamefully blushed. Noting his embarrassment, his aunt gently caressed his arm, grinning, "Don't be sorry, dear. Just remember, things aren't always as they appear."

That evening, Rene was shown to his new bedroom. "Gosh!" he surprisingly gasped. "It's nearly bigger than our last apartment."

"It's all your's now," his aunt lovingly assured. "Yet, I'm sorry it's furnished so girlishly. But since I've lived here all alone for so long, I never considered it'd be used by a boy."

Just happy to have his own room, Rene didn't think twice about the frilly lace curtains or the ornate canopied bed. However, one piece of furniture did raise his curiosity.

"I've never seen a desk with a lighted mirror before," he eagerly mentioned. "I suppose it's a good place to sit and read."

Humored, she laughingly corrected, "That's not a desk, dear. It's a vanity table. Women sit there to pretty themselves up!"

"Oh," he meekly gulped, realizing is drastic error. "Pardon me, Aunt Monique."

Encouragingly, his aunt offered, "I suppose it'd be a fine desk. . . But we'll talk more later. Now, you get some rest! Where's your bag. I'll help you unpack."

"D. . . Don't you remember? I don't have one," Rene humbly stammered. "All I've got are the clothes on my back."

"Oh dear!" Monique pouted. "I've never had boys stay here and all of Henry's belongings are long given away. What shall we do?"

As his aunt pondered, Rene recalled street life. "Well, it's better than a park bench," he sighed. "Heck, I'd even sleep nude!"

"That won't be necessary," Monique smiled, "Wait here a moment, dear. I'll be right back."

Without a thought, Rene inspected his new room, while awaiting his aunt's return. The brilliantly polished, matching cherry wood furniture greatly impressed him.

"I'm back!" his aunt chimed, reentering the room. "Try these, dear. They're not exactly for a boy, but it's only for a night."

Taking the silky garments in hand, Rene ran his slender fingers over the soft, shiny material. "I've never seen pajamas like this before," he amazingly shivered. "Are they your's?"

"Yes, dear," Monique grinned. "Actually, it's a two piece satin lounge suit. I have quite a few of them, in all sorts of colors. This powder blue one's the least frilly. You don't mind?"

But Rene did. While balking at wearing women's clothing, he was nonetheless taken by his aunt's generosity. Since his parents' death, no one had been so giving, as much as Monique.

"They're. . .ah. . .fine," he hesitatingly choked, admitting, "I sort of like how it feels. . .Kind of soft and sleek."

"I'm glad," Monique sighed with relief. "Go take a shower, now. I'll come back and tuck you in when your ready for bed."

When Rene emerged from his own bathroom, his aunt was smilingly awaiting him. Dressed in the powder blue satin lounge suit, his longish hair was a tangled mop.

He was about to hop into bed, when Monique urgently cried, "Wait, Rene! Your hair's an utter mess. Until you get it cut, we must keep it neat, to avoid split ends."

"I haven't had a haircut since Mama's and Papa's funeral," he blushed. ". . .Living on the streets, I couldn't afford one."

Removing a brush from the vanity drawer, Monique pointed at the thickly cushioned chair. "Come here, dear," she requested. "We'll put off using it as a desk, for now."

Obediently, Rene sat. Tenderly stroking his long hair, his aunt removed the unsightly tangles, exposing the nasty split ends.

"You have quite lovely hair, for a boy," she earnestly commented, running the brush through his locks for the 70th time. "Many women would surely envy you!"

Deeply shamed, Rene blushed bright red. Realizing the effect of her innocent remark, Monique profusely pleaded, "I'm terribly sorry, dear. I didn't mean to hurt you feelings. . .But you're hair's so nice, I couldn't help myself."

"I'm okay, Aunt Monique," he assured. "It's just that Mama often said the same thing, when I was very young." Tensely, he laughed, "She'd even joke I was pretty enough to be a. . .GIRL!"

"She did, aye?" his aunt whimsically replied, continuing to gently brush his hair. Yet, as she peered at the boy's reflection in the lighted mirror, strange notions suddenly filled her head.

"Do you suppose?" she anxiously wondered. "He's such a frail boy. . .quite mild and meek. . .But it'd be so wrong. . .Yet, Henry couldn't give me any children and I so much wanted a. . ."

But her bizarre notions were abruptly interrupted, as Rene softly asked, "I'm sorry to bother you, Aunt Monique, but are you done yet? I'm awfully tired."

Tensely dropping the brush, Monique smiled, "Of course, dear. But let me fix it, so your hair won't suffer anymore damage."

Drawing the thick, wavy strands back to the nap of his neck, she secured them together in a neat ponytail. "I hope you don't mind," she earnestly apologized. "But it's the only way to . . ."

"It's okay, Aunt Monique," Rene eagerly assured. "Lots of guys tie their hair back these days. It's the macho thing to do!"

Yet as he bounded toward the elegant canopied bed, there was nothing macho about Rene. The freshly groomed ponytail femininely fluttered and bounced in time with his every small footed step.

Clutching her chest, Monique felt faint. "Babette was right," she dreamily shuddered. "But if it's a sin, I'll pay for it in the hereafter. But for now, I shall have my. . . DAUGHTER!"

The next morning, Rene was awoken by his aunt, singing, "Good morning, sweetheart. Rise and shine!"

Stretching his weary, slight frame from the luxurious bed, Rene smiled, "Good morning, Aunt Monique. I've haven't slept so well in a very long time."

"I'm glad you're enjoying yourself, dear," she chimed. "I'm sorry it's so early. But, I must open the shop by nine o'clock."

As her nephew headed to the bathroom, Monique thrilled over how well her lounge suit fit him. "Hmm, we're both about a six," she estimated. "Lose some weight and he'd be a perfect size four!"

When Rene returned, he anxiously scoured the room. "Have you seen my blue tee shirt and jeans, Aunt Monique?" he urgently asked. "I left them on a clothes hook last night. Now I can't find them!"

"Forgive me, dear," she pretentiously apologized. "They were so dirty and smelly, I was forced to discard them. But, don't fret. . . I'm sure we can find you something of MINE to wear."

Substituting a lounge suit for pajamas was one thing, but wearing his aunt's street clothes was quite another. Panicking, Rene whined, "I really shouldn't wear anymore of your things. I'll just stay in the house. . . Until I get new boys' clothes."

"Nonsense, dear," Monique kindly insisted. "I really want you to see my shop, today. I'm certain my wardrobe includes SOMETHING suitable. . . Come, help me pick an outfit!"

Reluctantly joining her, Rene was astonished at the massive size of his aunt's bedroom. Decorated similarly as his, it's deep walk-in closet had more clothes than he had ever seen before.

"How about this set, dear," his aunt offered, holding out a pair of navy blue pleated slacks and a plain white rayon blouse, with Peter Pan collar. "It's as about unisex as one can get!"

Ashamedly, Rene admitted, "It's sort of sissyish, but okay, I guess. . . Still, I'd rather wear blue jeans and a tee shirt."

"We'll see about that," Monique put him off. "But let's try these on first. I really hope they fit."

"I hope they DON'T!" Rene silently grumbled, following his aunt. "This is going to be AWFUL!"

Walking to her dresser, Monique opened it, explaining, "I'm sorry, Rene, but your nasty underwear just had to be ditched as well. But for the time being, you can use my unmentionables."

"Women's UNDIES!" the boy frantically gasped, stammering, ". . . I can't. . . I shouldn't. . . I. . . I WON'T!"

Smirking, his aunt gently calmed, "Relax, sweetheart. While they don't have a fly, they're very much like those skimpy bikini briefs men wear these days. Come here. . . I'll show you."

Haltingly, Rene stepped toward his aunt. The closer he got, the more sick to his stomach he became.

"See," Monique smiled, placing a pair of creamy white silk panties in her nephew's hand. "There's really no difference. Be a good boy and slip them on. We must be going. . . And soon!"

Shamed, Rene took the clothing, returning to his room. Alone, he removed the lounge suit. Sitting tensely at the edge of the canopied bed, he agonizingly debated with himself.

"I know Aunt Monique gave me these things out of kindness," he anguished. "But it's all so WRONG!"

Yet, while holding the lingerie, he gently rubbed the silky material between his slender fingers. "It does feel nice," he admitted, then rationalized, "I guess it'd be alright. . . one time?"

Slipping them up his light fuzz covered legs, Rene drew the panties over his boyish hips. "They're sort of loose in the rear," he softly muttered. "But terribly tight in the crotch!"

"That's because women don't have anything between their legs," his aunt giggled, entering the room. "But they'll do fine for now. Hurry please. We must leave in the next fifteen minutes!"

Blushing profusely, upon his aunt seeing his scantily clad body, Rene quickly donned the rest of her clothes. Dressed, he stood nervously still, awaiting her inspection.

"You look delightful, Rene!" she gushed, circling at every angle. "I'm quite pleased. My things fit you remarkably well!"

Ashamed, the boy bowed his head. "They feel awfully strange, Aunt Monique," he whimpered. "The shirt buttons backwards and the pants. . . well. . . they zip up in the back!"

"They're called blouses and slacks, dear," she kindly corrected. "But that's just how designers style women's clothes. Other than that, there's not much else different, aye?"

But there was and Rene sadly knew it! The slacks' waistband came up quite high about his waist, pinching him far too snugly, while there was much too much room in the seat.

The blouse, while seeming to fit, peculiarly sagged in the front, down from his sight shoulders. Yet, he was too embarrassed to share these grave concerns with his aunt.



Rene's manner was delicate and very soft. In his aunt's clothes and his hair pulled back, he was easily mistaken for a girl.

Just as they started to leave the room, Monique abruptly stopped. "I nearly forgot," she cried. "Rene, you've no shoes!"

"I left my sneaker by the door," he advised. "They're brand new. Youth Services gave them to me at the Juvenile Center."

Shaking her head disappointedly, Monique remarked, "I understand, but they're so big and bulky. They simply won't match the rest of your outfit."

"Why is she so concerned with the way I look?" Rene nervously shuddered. "I'm just wearing her things until I get some clothes of my own. . . Aren't I?"

Leaving him at the door, Monique returned, carrying a pink shoe box. "I haven't worn these in years," she explained. "So, I hope they'll fit."

Opening the box, she removed a pair of two tone white and navy blue moccasins. While appearing as men's shoes, their long instep and white stitching made them unquestionably feminine!

"Slip them on, dear," his aunt gently insisted. "Let's see how they look."

Over his bare feet, Rene reluctantly stepped into the shoes. He was more astonished than his aunt at how well they fit him. Not only that, they were remarkably comfortable.

"Oh, Rene!" Monique gushed. "They look absolutely wonderful!"

Blushing, the boy nervously whined, "Thank you, Aunt Monique. But. . . Ah. . . Well. . ."

"What is it, dear?" she earnestly asked. "Is something wrong?"

Nervous, he stammered, "It's just. . . Do you think this. . . ah get up. . . Well, doesn't it make me look like a. . . girl?"

While delighting on the inside, Monique consciously hid her pleasure. "Not really," she kindly lied. "You're very attractive, as a young person should be. You've nothing to worry about!"

With his hair still tide in a flouncy ponytail, Rene scampered after his aunt, as she headed for her car. After a short ride, they arrived at her florist shop, in the center of town.

"Here we are, my dear," Monique proudly chimed. "Martin's Flower Emporium. My pride and joy!"

Unlocking the door, she entered, with her nephew in tow. "Have a seat in the back room," Monique suggested. "I'll skip out and get up a couple of cups of coffee at the diner."

After she left, Rene glazed about the room. Big refrigerators stored an array of fresh flowers, while decorative notions and arranging tools were neatly stored along a long work bench.

"I wonder what it's like being florist?" the boy pondered, peering more closely at the supplies. "But I guess I'll never know. It is, after all. . . a woman's profession!"

Just then, his aunt returned, carrying two Styrofoam cups and a small brown bag. "Here's your coffee, dear," she sweetly announced, handing a cup to Rene. "I also got us a little treat!"

"Cookies!" the boy gleefully cheered, as his aunt gave him a peek into the bag. "It's been so long since I've had one."

Smiling sadly, Monique thought, "Poor baby. Life's been so hard. . . all alone in such a cruel world. He'll be so much happier with me. . . especially as a GIRL!"

After their quick breakfast, Monique smilingly chimed, "Time to open! Come, I'll give you a tour before Angie arrives."

"Angie?" the boy curiously asked. "Who's she?"

Blushing, his aunt grinned, "Sorry, dear, I forgot to tell you. Angie's my assistant here at the shop. She's an excellent flower arranger. I wouldn't know what to do without her."

But before the tour began, the shop's back door opened. Through it walked a young, attractive, athletically built girl, with clear white skin and beautiful shoulder length blonde hair.

"'Morning Boss!" the girl sang, donning a long pink smock. "I'm a bit early, but the Peterson wedding order's due out TODAY!"

“Hi Angie,” Monique winked. “Glad you’re early. I’d like to introduce you to my nephew. Angie. . .Rene Savard. Rene. . .Angela Nelson.”

Extending her hand toward the wide eyed boy, Angie merrily grinned, “I’ve very pleased to meet you Rene. But you needn’t be so formal. Call me Angie. . .Everyone does!”

Angie Nelson was indeed stunning. Standing five feet, ten inches tall, the 20 year old, lithe, statuesque girl towered over poor Rene. Born and raised in Acadia, she lived with her father, the local pharmacist, who had been a widower for many years.

A recent junior college graduate, Angie was recruited by the famous Olds Modeling Agency in New York. However, she declined their offer, content to live quietly in her small, midwestern town.

The frail lad endlessly gazed into the girls vibrant blue eyes, totally enthralled. “I’ve never met anyone this pretty,” he shivered, blushing self consciously. “She’s SO beautiful!”

“Rene? . . .Rene, are you okay?” Angie earnestly asked. “You seem to be in a trance!”

Blushing even more deeply, the boy bashfully looked away, admitting, “Gee, I’m sorry, Angie. I don’t know what got over me. Please forgive my behavior.”

“That’s okay,” the girl smiled. “It happens to the best of us. . .now and then.”

Yet, Rene’s head over heels reaction didn’t go unnoticed by this aunt. “Hmm! It appears my nephew’s developed a crush,” she whimsically thought. “I just might use it to my advantage!”

As Angie worked, Monique guided Rene on her promised tour. His interest heightened, the boy felt compelled to consciously suppress it. “I could never like doing this!” he silently urged himself, “. . .It’s girl’s work!”

Rene had been in the shop all morning long. While his aunt waited on the customers, he remained in the back, watching Angie create beautiful flower arrangements.

At noon, Monique sweetly asked, “Rene, dear, would you mind tending the store for a short while. I’m visiting a new customer and need Angie to accompany me. We shan’t be long.”

“Sure Aunt Monique,” he readily agreed. “. . .But what do I do if someone comes to buy flowers? I don’t know a thing about them.”

“Just have them look and point, sweetheart,” she suggested. “The prices are all clearly labeled. . . .Have fun!”

In a flash, his aunt and her assistant were gone. Stupefied and desperately alone in the florist shop, Rene prayed, “I hope no one comes. Boy’s shouldn’t be seen selling flowers!”

But bad luck came his way! Moments later, the front door chimes rang, as a lady entered the store. “Afternoon, dear,” an older woman greeted. “Are your daisy’s fresh today?”

Nervous and not knowing what to say, Rene softly stammered, “.I. .I. .guess so. Just point to the ones you want.”

“My word!” the woman declared in a huff. As she abruptly left the shop, she turned back toward Rene. “What a shame,” she disappointedly scolded. “Such a lovely girl, ignorant of flowers!”

At once, Rene seized his chest, short of breath. “I can’t believe it!” he morosely gasped. “She really thought I’m a GIRL!”

Fortunately, no other customers came while Angie and his aunt were out. But upon their return, Rene couldn’t wait to complain.

“I got to get out of these clothes, Aunt Monique!” he urgently whined. “Some lady mistook me for a girl. . .It’s not right!”

Gently caressing his neck, Monique gleefully played with his bouncy pony tail, calming his frazzled nerves. “Relax, darling,” she sweetly soothed. “I’m sure it was an honest mistake. But you must admit. . .my things DO fit you quite well.”

Just as the boy began protesting, Angie cut in. “I wholeheartedly agree, Rene,” she insisted, knowingly winking at Monique. “If I were you, I’d stay dressed as you are!”

“I can’t. . .It’s not right,” he whimpered. “Please, Aunt Monique, can’t I get some boys clothes. . .I’ll do anything!”

“Anything?” Monique whimsically considered. “Gracious! My plan’s gelling far better than I’d hoped!”

Taking advantage of the situation, she proposed, “Let’s vote. All in favor of having Rene wear boys clothes raise their hands.”

Aghast, the startled boy stared bewilderingly at his aunt. But all he got back was a smilingly insistent glare. In the face of her determination, he simply cowered, meekly raising his hand.

“Very well,” she chimed, noting her nephew’s sole vote. “All in favor of Rene remaining dressed as he is, raise your hands.” Enthusiastically, both her’s and Angie’s arms shot straight up.

“I guess you’ve been out voted, dear. . .Two to one!” Monique too ecstatically observed. “But I’m sure you’ll get used to them in time. In fact, I’ll. . .”

But before she finished, Rene cried, “It’s not fair, Aunt Monique! I’m a boy. . .I should wear my own clothes. . .Not women’s stuff, for goodness sakes!”

Her mind racing, Monique was way ahead of her panicking nephew. “I’ll tell you what,” she slyly, yet kindly proposed. “If you really want to, you can buy your own clothes.”

“But how can I do that?” he tensely whined. “I’ve no money!”

Pursing her lips, his aunt suggested, “You could work here at the shop. Angie and I’ll teach you flower arranging. With the money you’ll earn, you can purchase whatever you’d like!”

His mind whirling, Rene didn’t know how to reply. Only the day before he had been an unwanted orphan in Boston. Out of nowhere came his long lost aunt to his rescue. . .But some rescue! Now, he sorrowfully discovers, she wants him to dress as a girl!

“What are my options?” he strained to think. “Run away? . . . But where would I go? Iowa might as well be a foreign country! I love Aunt Monique. . . But what’s she asking me to do?”

Yet, as he fidgeted, the smooth, cool silky panties gently rubbed his tender behind. As waves of pleasure exhilarated him, he rationalized, “Well. . . they’re really not THAT bad. I guess I could live with it. . . Until I get myself MEN’s stuff!”

“Oh, all right,” the boy reluctantly moaned. Then adamantly added, “But only until I earn enough money to buy my own clothes!”

Smiling broadly, Monique gaily gushed, “Excellent, dear! We’ll begin your training first thing tomorrow morning!”

For the rest of the day, Rene attentively watched, as Angie arranged flowers. At closing time, Monique had her nephew wait for her in the car, while she spoke to her assistant in private.

“Rene will make a very lovely girl, Monique!” Angie enthused, during their secret conference. “He’s delightfully small and slender. . . And his face, it absolutely beautiful!”

“Isn’t it?” his aunt eagerly agreed. “I’m very pleased with you’re support, Angie. But we can’t be overly anxious. Rene must be lulled into femininity.”

Nodding, the girl offered, “I’ll do anything you ask, boss.” Winking slyly, she added, “It’ll be loads of fun having a NEW girlfriend!”

“Angela Nelson!” Monique laughingly admonished. “You ought to be ashamed of yourself. . . Such naughty thoughts!”

Smilingly shrugging her shoulders, Angie whimsically replied, “Sorry. . . I can’t help it. I’m just a sucker for a pretty face!”

Poor Rene watched as the two giggled their way out of the shop. “What’s so darn funny?” he pined. Paranoid, he shuddered, “They were probably making fun of me dressing up in girls clothes!”

As Angie road away on a three wheeled cycle, Monique joined her nephew in the car. “Oh dear!” she merrily sighed, starting the ignition. “Angie’s such a joker!”

“Tell me her joke,” Rene angrily challenged. “I could sure use a good laugh myself.”

Sensing his coolness, Monique gently brushed him off. “It’s just girl-talk, sweetheart,” she excused. “It wouldn’t interest you. . . Or would it?”

“I. . . ah. . . suppose not,” Rene nervously whined. But as the car pulled onto the street, he gazed over his frail body, sheathed in his women’s clothing. “At least I’m not now,” he fearfully shivered. “I hope wearing my aunt’s stuff won’t change my mind!”

After dinner, Monique took her nephew to her room. Scouring her closet, she found an array of outfit for Rene to wear.

“This should be plenty,” his aunt remarked. “At least for now.”

Shuddering, Rene whimpered, “Aunt Monique, they’re all SO girlish!” Pointing at a flowered blouse and pink short set, he moaned, “Especially THAT one!”

"Now, sweetheart," his aunt tenderly soothed. "The colors are all quite bright, but they are, after all, women's clothes."

Pouting, Rene whined, "Can't I just buy some of my own things. Please Aunt Monique. I promise, I'll pay you back every penny!"

Embracing him, Monique gently caressed his quivering body. "I'm sorry, dear," she kindly reminded. "But we took a vote. . . And the majority won." But then she humbly added, "Besides, I really can't afford to front you the funds."

"You can't?" he confusingly asked. "But why?"

"My business's very small, she earnestly explained. "As it is, I must take on more work, just to pay your wages. . . "And then, I'll expect you to help out with the household expenses as well."

"Gosh, I never knew my aunt has so little," Rene shamefully realized. "Guess I ought to be grateful for what she's giving me!"

"I'm sorry, Aunt Monique," the frail boy embarrassingly admitted. "I'll do my part. . . I promise!"

Smiling lovingly, his aunt soothingly assured, "I know you will, darling. As for the clothes. . . Well, they'll grow on you."

But as Rene humbly nodded, Monique gaily thought, "Indeed, they'll grow on him. Or rather. . . he'll grow INTO them!"

Before bed, Rene took his shower and donned a creamy white satin lounge suit before joining his aunt back at the vanity table. Again, Monique dotingly brushed his flowing, shoulder length hair.

Running the brush through the shiny waves, she silently noted, "We must do something about these awful spilt ends!"

"All finished, dear," Monique sweetly announced, moving away from her nephew. "How do you like it?"

Glaring into the mirror, Rene was aghast. "You've given me a braid!" he fearfully cried. "Now, I really look like a girl!"

"Relax, sweetheart," his aunt calmed. "You need only wear it to bed. I fear you're hair's worse than I thought. A braid will prevent any more damage. . . Until we can do something about it."

Gazing more intensely, Rene shuddered, noting the delicate lace, accenting his lounge suit's neck and sleeves. "Gosh," he sadly sighed. "I can't wait until I can afford my own pajamas!"

"Come, Rene," Monique kindly offered. "I'll tuck you in bed. You've quite a busy day, tomorrow. You'll need your beauty sleep!"

Gulping nervously, the frail boy headed for his canopied bed. Sliding between the cool sheets, he nearly jumped with fright.

"You've changed the linen!" he excitedly quivered. "They look and feel just like my. . . lounge suite!"

"That's because they're satin, dear," his aunt gently advised. "Just like your lounge suit!"

Too afraid to ask why, Rene slid between the silky bedding. "Sweet dreams, my dear," she soothingly whispered, pecking him endearingly on the cheek. "I'll see you in the morning."

Laying awake, Rene sorrowfully gazed at the lacy canopy, hovering above his weary head. Sliding his hands across the silky smooth sheets, he tragically moaned, "First women's clothes. . . Now satin bedding. Where's this all going to lead?"

Meanwhile, Monique retired to her room. Humming merrily, she readied herself for bed. Donning a long, flowing, silk nightgown, she wondered, "How'd my dear nephew look in this? Time will tell!"

The next morning, Monique awoke early, yet purposely waited to awaken Rene. At the last moment, she hurriedly entered his room, fibbing, "I'm sorry, dear, but my alarm failed. We've only 20 minutes to leave the house!"

Groggy from a restless night, the boy strained to lift his head off the satin sheathed pillow. "I'm SO tired," he wearily moaned. "Please, Aunt Monique, can't I sleep a little longer?"

"Absolutely not!" she urgently rebuffed. "I must open the shop. . . Besides, you're starting florist training today!"

Pulling her lifeless nephew from bed, Monique handily dressed him. In less than 10 minutes, they were out the door, heading to her shop.

During the drive, Rene miserably complained, "Of all the outfits, why did you pick THIS one, Aunt Monique. The waist band is SO tight, it's cutting me in two!"

"We're in a hurry and it was the first one handy," she kindly explained. "But I must admit, you're adorable in it!"

Bowing shamefully, Rene silently moaned, "How could a guy look adorable wearing a pink blouse, pink slacks and pink shoes. . . Everything PINK!"

A bit farther along the drive, his aunt mentioned, "By the way, there's not much I can do about the waist. In fact, all the outfits are cut just about the same."

Arriving at the shop, Rene reluctantly got out of the car and only after his aunt's incessant urging. "There's nothing to be embarrassed about, dear," she assured. "You look splendid!"

While the pink outfit haunted him, it was the shoes which caused the boy the most heartache. There was no excusing the low heeled pink pumps. They were definitely all women's!

"I can't be seen in this get up, Aunt Monique," Rene begged. "Especially by Angie. . . She'll surely laugh at me!"

Crossing her arms, Monique sweetly scolded, "Don't be ridiculous, darling. She'd never do such a thing. Angie really likes you!"

"She does?" Rene excitedly asked, his interest peaked. "How do you know?"

Grinning, his aunt assured, "She told me so, herself. In fact, she really thinks you're cute!"

"Gosh!" he dreamily sighed. But just as quickly he tensed up, whining, "But she'll hate seeing me in women's clothes. She'll. . ."

Simpering, his aunt shook her head. "Stop being silly, Rene," Monique kindly admonished. "Remember, you wore women's clothing yesterday, too!"

"You're right," the boy bashfully blushed. "I forgot."

Taking his hand, Monique lead her nephew into the shop. It was a good thing she did, as he nearly tripped several times, trying to maneuver on the pumps' low, one inch heels.

A short time later, Angie arrived for work. Taking one look at Rene, she enthusiastically gushed, "Dear, you look fantastic! I simply love that outfit on you!"

Startled by her reception, he meekly asked, "You do? . . . You mean you don't think I'm a sissy or anything like that?"

"Absolutely not!" she endearingly countered. Grinning whimsically, she earnestly added, "I especially like your darling braid. It'll keep your hair out of your eyes while you work!"

Aghast, Rene frantically reached behind his head, shouting, "The BRAID! I meant to undo it this morning. But we were so rushed, I forget. Quick! Give me a brush, I must. . ."

"But why?" Angie tenderly interjected, gently taking Rene's hand in her's. "There's nothing to be ashamed of."

"Really?" the boy bewilderingly whined. "Don't you think it makes me a swish?"

"Not in the least!" she smiled. "In fact, it's positively cute on you!"

Angie's calculated complements worked like a charm, puffing up the boy's fragile ego. Rene confidently grinned, pleased that his dream girl believed him to be handsome, despite his utterly feminized appearance.

The rest of the day and the remainder of the week, Angie taught her charge the in's and out's of flower arranging. While Rene had difficulty at first, he soon admitted to himself, "It's not so bad doing a woman's job. As long as Angie's with me!"

While he still hated wearing his aunt's clothes and keeping his hair neatly braided, he rationalized, "At least Angie like it. . . Soon, I'll have enough saved to buy my own men's things!"

The following week, freshly delivered carnations arrived from the wholesaler. Rene's chore was to separate them, as they were tightly bunched. "Gosh, this is harder than I thought," he complained. "It looked so easy when you did it, Angie."

Placing her pruning sheers down, Angie looked over at the feminized boy. "Let me see," she suggested. "We'll figure out what you're doing wrong."

Watching him try to pull the stems apart, she discovered his problem. "You're doing fine," she kindly observed. "But the problem's with your hands. They're not in the right condition."

"Condition?" he asked, perplexed. "How should my hands be?"

“Well, it’s not exactly your hands, Rene,” Angie smilingly admitted. “Actually, it’s your fingernails. If they were longer, like mine, you could do the job in a third of the time.”

Nervously, the boy whined, “I should let my nails grow? Is that what you mean?”

“It’ll certainly help,” Angie grinned. “And if you take very good care of them, they could look exactly like mine!”

Glancing at her slender hands, Rene anxiously gulped, “But your’s are SO long. . .and POINTED! . . .And you’re wearing nail polish!”

Taking his hands, she tenderly squeezed them, causing the boy’s heart to skip a beat. “Oh, Rene!” she laughed. “You’re so silly!”

As the boy tensely grinned, Angie offered, “I’ll give you a manicure after work. But don’t worry, we’ll use a clear nail hardener on your’s. . .Unless you want them rosy red, like mine!”

“Well. . .Ah. . .That’s okay,” he nervously stammered. “Clear hardener will be just fine!”

After the close of business, Monique locked up the shop. Stepping into the back room, she saw Angie busily working on her nephews dainty hands.

“A MANICURE!” she gleefully cheered. “Oh, darling, that’s wonderful!”

Teary eyed, Rene fearfully gazed back at her. “I tried to say no, Aunt Monique, but Angie’s so very insistent” he attempted to explain. “Could you please make her stop. . .Please!”

“Why?” his aunt kindly quipped. “It’s high time you’ve had it done. You’re dressed so lovely these days, it’d be a shame not to have pretty nails to match!”

Quivering, Rene yelped, “But I’m dressed in your clothes!” Not getting any reaction from his aunt, the poor boy silently sulked, “What is she trying to do to me? . . .Make me a GIRL!”

That evening, in keeping with his strict, weight reducing diet, Monique served her nephew only a small tossed salad. Seeing him not eating, she earnestly asked, “Is something bothering you, dear? You’ve hardly touched your dinner.”

“It’s my fingernails,” he miserably whined. “Angie promised to use a clear polish, but I swear there’s a pink tint to it!”

Smirking, his aunt gently scolded, “Is that all? Come now, Rene, it’s not so bad. In fact, I really like how bright and shiny they look. Just wait until they grow out. You’ll be so pleased!”

Her last remark was the straw which broke the camel’s back. Poor Rene broke down, crying his eyes out. As tears streamed down his delicate face, he sobbed, “I can’t take it, Aunt Monique. I. . .I don’t want to wear your clothes anymore!”

Coming to her agonizing nephew’s side, Monique tenderly caressed him. “Easy, sweetheart,” she gently soothed. “There’s nothing wrong with how you’re dressed. I’ve told you, you’re. . .”

But Rene urgently cut her off. "But it's more than just clothes," he sorrowfully whimpered. "It's every little thing since I came to live with you. It's like you want me to become a girl!"

Monique realized a catastrophe was at hand. Not replying immediately, she gave her nephew a chance to calm down.

After several long, silent moments, she finally suggested, "I think we need to talk about this, Rene. Come with me to the parlor, we'll be more comfortable there."

Seated on the plush sofa, Rene bewilderingly gazed at his surroundings. Of the all rooms in the house, the parlor was decorated most femininely of all, exceeding even Monique's bedroom!

Drawing the gossamer lace curtains closed, Rene's aunt poured herself and him snifter of brandy. Sitting beside him, she took a sip, disappointedly asking, "Don't you like living here, Rene?"

Confused and embarrassed, the frail boy didn't know what to say. Ashamedly bowing his head, he hesitatingly muttered, "I . . . ah . . . I like it. . . I guess. It's just wearing your clothes. . . Boy don't dress the way I do!"

"You're absolutely correct, dear," she thoughtfully replied. "Boys definitely don't dress as you do. But let's talk about this."

As Rene listened attentively, Monique proposed, "Tell me, darling. Is there anything **WRONG** with being a girl?"

Startled, the boy shivered. "What does being a girl have to do with me?" he bewilderingly pleaded. "I . . . I'm a boy!"

"Yes," his aunt tenderly noted. "But how about giving life as a girl a try? Who knows, you may like it!"

"Me. . . A GIRL?" he gasped, trembling. "B . . . but how? . . . No . . . I mean, that's plain silly! . . . Isn't it?"

Hugging her shuddering nephew, Monique gently whispered, "It's not so silly, sweetheart. If you'd give it half a chance, I'd bet you'd love it!"

Monique's bizarre proposal was too much for the frail boy to take. Desperately thinking, he looked down, only to see his slender legs, encased in his aunts pastel blue slacks. It was worse when he shifted his feet, as her matching skimmers were all too evident!

Seeing his mind wrenching confusion, Monique gently lifted her quivering nephew to his feet. "Let's go to your room, darling," she kindly suggested. "I know a trick to help make up your mind."

Blindly, Rene followed. With his aunt leading the way, the boy's emotions were shot, as he felt only empty nothingness.

Glancing back, Monique secretly smiled, ecstatic over the manner her nephew's walk had subtly changed, since wearing her shoes. "He sways most delightfully," she thrilled. "Just wait until I get him into three inch pumps!"

When they reached Rene's bedroom, his aunt directed him into the bathroom. "Please undress, dear," she kindly requested. "I'd like you to bathe."

"But it's only 7:30, Aunt Monique," he whined. "I don't usually shower for at least another couple of hours."

Pursing her lips, his aunt countered, "I didn't say shower, darling, I said bathe. You're to take a BATH!"

Confused, Rene slowly removed the egg shell silk blouse, exposing a shiny white nylon camisole. "Are. . .ah. . .you going to watch me undress?" he nervously asked.

"You ought not be ashamed of, sweetheart," his aunt grinned. "But if you're embarrassed, I'll leave. But just wrap yourself with that bath towel. I'll be back in a few moments."

After removing all his aunt's clothing, Rene neatly hung them up on a padded hanger. Following her instructions, he wrapped the towel around his waist, as Monique returned.

"Oh, dear!" she simpered at her nephew. "Not like that! Here, let me help you."

Carefully loosening the towel, Monique raised it along her nephew's torso, securing it across his chest, just below his arm pits. "That's better," she advised, more satisfied. "This is the proper way we girls wear a towel."

"But I'm NOT a girl!" Rene sadly whimpered. "Why are you doing this to me, Aunt Monique?"

"So you can see how you'd like it, dear," she smiled. "You must trust me, Rene. I've only your best interest at heart!"

Shuddering, the boy didn't know what to say or do. "How could I go against her?" he bewilderingly wondered. "After all she's done for me. But. . .Why does she want me to be a girl?" He hated to think of where he'd be without her.

Directing her nephew to sit, Monique picked up a porcelain jar, she had brought upon her return to Rene's bathroom. "Extend your legs, sweetheart," she requested. "We're going to pretty them up!"

"D. . .do what?" he anxiously quivered. "Wh. . .what's wrong with my legs?"

Smiling, his aunt assured, "Darling, they're beautiful, but we agreed. If we're to see how you'd look as a girl, we MUST remove your light fuzz."

"Remove my hair!" Rene cried. "Please, Aunt Monique, not that!"

"There's nothing to fear, sweetheart," she promised. "If you don't like it, it'll grow back. Stop worrying your pretty little head and just RELAX!"

Yet despite his aunt's assurances, Rene was as jumpy as a cat on a hot tin roof. Painfully, he watched, as Monique gently spread a white, pungent smelling, lotion up and down his slender legs.

"Wh. . .what is that stuff?" the boy tensely asked. "It smells awful!"

Showing him the jar, his aunt explained, "It's depilatory, dear. It'll rid you of all this nasty hair."

“Nasty?” Rene pined. He had always been proud of the little boy hair he had. Being of slight stature, it was his only truly masculine asset. “Why’s she so insistent I be rid of it?”

After covering his legs and thighs, Monique gathered up another large dollop of lotion in her hand. “While we’re at it, we might as well do your arms, too. . . For a FULL affect!”

Sadly, the boy extended his narrow arms, as his aunt creamed them, including his arm pits. “Now you’ll be silky smooth, dear,” she grinned. “I can’t wait!”

Sealing the jar, Monique left the room, but not before running the bath for him. As the tub filled, Rene’s nostrils filled with the fragrant aroma of bath salts his aunt added to the water.

As the boy waited, his skin ached and burned from the drying depilatory cream. “What am I doing?” he frightfully wondered. “Boys aren’t suppose to be HAIRLESS!”

Twenty minutes later, Monique returned. Helping her nephew into the tub, she smiled, merrily thinking, “Take it slowly. . . I’ve nearly got him!”

Soaking in the sweet smelling water, Rene didn’t move a muscle, his heart beating frantically. “Why am I doing this. . . Why am I doing this!” he miserably repeated, over and over.

Sometime later, Monique gaily announced, “Time to get out, sweetheart. We can’t have you turning into a prune!”

Yet Rene balked, seeing his aunt holding a fresh bath towel, smiling brightly. “I. . . I can do it myself, Aunt Monique,” he stammered. “It. . . it’s not right for you to see me nude!”

“You needn’t be so modest, dear,” she kindly advised. “After all, it’s just us GIRLS in here, now.”

Cringing, Rene’s first thought was to fight her and refuse to get out in her presence. But as he gazed into her loving eyes, his temper waned. “I’m not a girl,” he meekly insisted. “But since you’re staying, I guess I’ve no other choice than to get out.”

But as he stood, terror gripped his injured soul. “My hair!” he agonizingly moaned. “It’s all GONE!”

Seeing his pain and not wanting the moment to slip away, his aunt quickly wrapped the towel around the boys narrow, lithe frame. “There, there, dear,” she soothed. “Aunt Monique will make everything right.”

Holding the trembling boy in her arms, Monique gingerly patted him dry. As Rene began to calm down, she informed, “I’ve something a bit different for you to wear this evening. What to see it?”

“It. . . it’s not a lounge suit?” he nervously asked. Then he silently anguished, “What on earth could it be?”

Leading back into his bedroom, his aunt displayed a filmy, layered nylon garment. “These are baby dolls, darling,” she enthused. “They’ll help you see how you’ll look as a girl.”

“A nightie?” Rene whined, not believing his senses. “Not that!”

But his aunt was not taking no for an answer. Having Rene lift up his hairless arms, she slipped the frilly nightie over his head, watching it gracefully drape down it his thighs.

"Oh how beautiful you look, sweetheart," Monique gushed. "I can already see, you'll make a stunning young lady!"

Poor Rene's sad, tear soaked eyes narrowed, sorrowfully gazing at his mirrored reflection. "This is awful," he morosely whimpered. "My pink fingernail lacquer even matches the baby dolls!"

"Come, dear," Monique smiled, not giving her nephew time to reflect, "Sit at the vanity. You'll love what's next!"

Seated, his aunt immediately began brushing back his long, wavy hair. But instead of her usual one hundred strokes, she merely ran it back a few times, then tied it off in a ponytail.

"We'll come back to your hair later, dear," she sweetly advised. "But first I want to clean up you face."

"My face?" Rene nervously wondered. "I just took a bath."

Turning him away from the mirror, Monique started to tweeze her nephew's bushy eyebrows. "I know it hurts, daring," she soothed, as he twinged in pain. "But they need a bit of shaping."

Rene was greatly relieved when his aunt finally placed her tweezers down on the vanity. He was about to turn around to survey the damage, when she admonished, "Not yet! I've still more to do!"

The poor boy tensely sat, with bated breath, as his aunt doted over his face with all sorts of sticks, creams and lotions. "What's she doing?" he cringed. "I think I'm getting sick!"

Finally, Monique brushed the last wisp of hair on her nephews head. As he stared aimlessly, she backed away, gaily admiring her handiwork. "All done!" she enthused, as joyful tears clouded her eyes. "Want to see the finished product?"

"I. . . I'm scared!" Rene anxiously panted. The unknown utterly terrified him, especially after seeing his aunt's admiring glare. "What if I look ghastly?"

Simpering sweetly, Monique slowly shook her head. "You've nothing to fear, Rene," she tenderly assured. "You're stunning!"

With his aunt's encouragement, the boy slowly turned to face the lighted mirror. Every inch he moved, his palm perspired more and more, while his mind conjured up the most hideous images.

"Oh my lord!" he shrieked, in his naturally soft voice. In his wildest dreams, Rene never believed he'd look as he did. "Aunt Monique, What have YOU done to ME!"

Gently caressing his slight shoulders, his aunt endearingly replied, "Isn't it wonderful, darling? I've made you beautiful!"

Wondrously gazing at his reflection, Rene attentively studied his altered face. While desperately wanting to deny the obvious, the harder he stared, the more he had to admit, "I am pretty!"

"You are, aren't you!" Monique thrilled, lovingly hugging her feminized nephew. "I get goose bumps just looking at you dear!"

Still disbelieving, Rene continued to glare at his image in the mirror. His focus was so intense, he didn't hear his aunt say, "I'll be right back, dear. There's something I want you to see."

When Monique returned, she carried with her a dusty, old photo album. Finding the exact page, she tearfully sighed, "Those were wonderful days! If only Babette were still alive today..."

"What is it, Aunt Monique?" Rene whined, breaking from his trance. "Are you alright?"

"Indeed," she sweetly grinned. "Look here," she requested, holding open the album. "Tell me if you recognize anyone."

Running his palest pink tipped fingers over the photograph, Rene's heart skipped a beat. "Th. . .that's Mama!" he exclaimed. ". . .And you beside her. She was so young and pretty, then."

"Wasn't she?" his aunt smiled, reminiscing. "That was taken many years ago, at Christmas. Your Mama was about your age, then. Look very closely, Rene. Don't you look EXACTLY like her, now?"

Staring at the photo, the boy quickly glanced back at the mirror. Back and froth his head bobbed between the book and the vanity. "I DO! I DO!" he anxiously cried. "What've you done?"

"Just what I told you, darling," Monique soothed. "I knew it the moment I laid eyes on you in Boston, you are the image of Babette. You must try life as a girl. I'd be a crime to hide such exquisite beauty!"

Again, Rene peered at the photo of his mother. "It so remarkable, it's SPOOKY!" he tensely shuddered.

Lusciously full lips were coated a matted crimson, while blush enhanced his high cheek bones. Darkly mascaraed lashes, subtle shadows and highly arched eyebrows framed his sparkling, doe-like green eyes. Even his loosely arranged hair was styled the same!

The longer he looked at himself, the harder it was to tear his eyes away from his feminized image. Monique, gaily observing Rene's enthralled, kept still, not wanting to disturb the bait.

Meanwhile, the confused boy's mind whirled. "I can't deny it," she shivered. "I am beautiful!" But when he did finally glance away, his attention was quickly drawn to his filmy nightie.

"What's happening to me?" he agonized, gently running his fingertips his nylon clad chest. "I say I hate wearing women's clothes, but they're SO nice. I can't bear the thought. . .They make me feel. . .PRETTY!"

"Oh Aunt Monique," Rene sadly pouted, "What am I to do?"

Coming to comfort her withering nephew, Monique consoled, "Just be yourself, darling. . .Be the girl you're meant to be!"

Yet as Rene laid his sorrow filled head upon her bosom, his aunt's thoughts were less than soothing. "Success!" she silently thrilled. "I'm have my sweet, little girl, yet!"

Before bed, Monique showed her nephew how to remove his makeup. "Make sure it's all off," she advised, wiping his face with cold cream and cotton. "Or else you'll get ugly pimples!"

But as she tucked him in bed, Rene had desperate second thoughts. "Aunt Monique," he whined with uncertainty. "Maybe I should only pretend to be a girl around the house."

"Why's that?" she tenderly asked, gently stroking his brow. "I thought we agreed you'd try it out?"

Haltingly, the boy admitted, "Well. . .ah. . .yes, I did. But. . .ah, I'm afraid of the reaction I'd get at work. I sort of like Angie. . .I don't want her to think I'm a TOTAL sissy!"

"I think you're wrong about her," his aunt assured. "But if that's what you want, I won't fight you. . . Goodnight, dear."

The next day at work, Monique excused herself and Angie, leaving Rene alone in the shop. Heading to the diner, they shared coffee, talking in private.

"I've got him hook!" Monique excitedly exclaimed to her loyal assistant. "You should've seen him last night. He was gorgeous!"

"I could imagine!" Angie gleefully chimed. "But why isn't he all prettied up, today?"

Once Monique explained Rene's hesitance and the reason for it, Angie cooed, "He does, does he? Well, I bring him out of his shell!"

"I knew I could count on you, dear," Monique smiled. "But remember, go slowly! If you're too aggressive, you'll spook him."

Simpering, her assistant coyly giggled, "Me? Aggressive? Boss, you know me better than that! Look, I've a vested interest in your plan, too. I'll take good care of him. . . Trust me!"

Later that afternoon, Angie was helping Rene with a floral arrangement, when she mentioned, "You wear such lovely outfits, dear. You really ought to make yourself more attractive."

Confused, the boy nervously asked, "What do you mean, Angie? Attractive? Boys are suppose to be handsome. . . Aren't we?"

"True," she saucily agreed. "But you're not any boy, Rene. You're pretty!"

Aghast, he tensely exclaimed, "Angie! What are you saying?"

After admitting she knew all about his previous night's escapades, the girl encouraged, "Come on, dear. It'll be a lot of fun. We could pretend to be sisters. . .I've always wanted one!"

Rene couldn't believe his ears. He desperately wanted Angie to like him as a boy, but she, too, wanted him to be feminine. "Who's crazier?" he dreadfully wondered. "My aunt, Angie or ME?"

Although not saying yes, Rene didn't say no, either. For the remainder of the day, his mind was clouded with emotion wrenching thoughts.

At closing, the three exited the front door, as Monique locked up. Winking at her assistant, she asked, "Say, Angie, if you're not busy this evening, how about coming over for dinner?"

"I'd be delighted, boss," she eagerly accepted. "It'll give Rene and I more time to get to know each other!"

While thrilled to have the girl he coveted a house guest, Rene nonetheless worried. "She's bound to see me room. . .And all the cosmetics on my vanity. Then, she'll really insist I wear makeup!"

All though dinner, Rene was so tense, he bare ate a thing. Not that he was given all that much to eat in the first place, as his aunt relentlessly enforced his weight reduction diet.

Afterward, the retired to the parlor. Seeing her charge seated open legged on the sofa, Angie kindly scolded, "Rene! You really shouldn't sit like that. It's utterly boorish!"

"What do you mean, Angie," she bewilderingly asked. "I've always sat like this. What's wrong?"

Sighing, she replied, "You're wearing such a lovely silk slack outfit. Honestly, you ought to carry yourself more daintily!"

"She's right, dear," his aunt chimed in. "After all, we're home now. You promised to be a girl, after work."

Devastated, Rene softly whined, "But Aunt Monique, I simply can't, now. . .Not with Angie here!"

"Don't mind me," she girl cooed. But then offered, "If you'd like, I could help you be feminine, Rene. I used to take modeling lessons. I know all the ways a proper young lady carries herself."

Coerced from all sides, the frail, meek lad shamefully bowed his weary head. His desire for Angie to like him forced him to give in.

"Oh, all right," he surrendered. "But only at here, at home. I couldn't bear to be girlish at the shop!"

As Monique and her assistant traded gleeful, knowing glances, they readily agreed with Rene's demand. Yet, they both were certain they'd overcome this minor obstacle. . .And soon!

Taking Rene's hand, Angie had him lead her to his room. There, she discovered his vast array of cosmetics, which his aunt had bestowed upon him, only the night before.

"This is fantastic!" the girl cheered. "Every girl I know would die to have a fully stocked vanity like your's!"

Still tingling with delight over the thrill of having Angie's hand in his, Rene blushed, "I guess it's nice. . .But I haven't a clue what everything's for. My aunt did all the work, last night."

"Don't you worry your pretty little head, dear," Angie assured. "I'll be honored to help you learn. . . .Say, we can make a game of it!"

While wearing makeup frightfully haunted him, the notion of having beautiful Angie's undivided attention outweighed the shame. Although begrudgingly, he agreed, "Well. . .I guess it'd be okay. But like I said before, ONLY in the house!"

An hour later, Angie had her charge in tow, leading him back to the parlor. As they entered through the lace curtained French doors, Monique gasped, "Rene, darling! You're stunning!"

Ashamed, the boy looked away from his aunt's radiant stare. Pouting his shiny pink glossed lips, he gave the impression of being demure, not embarrassed.

"That swept up hairdo is simply elegant," his aunt thrilled. "And the makeup. . . You did a wonderful job, Angie!"

Filled with pride, the girl boasted, "Thanks, boss. But you ought to complement Rene, too. While I showed him what to do, he applied most of the cosmetics himself."

"Is this true?" Monique wondered aloud. As her nephew meekly nodded, she gushed, "That's splendid, sweetheart. I knew you were a natural!"

Fluttering his long, curled, richly mascaraed lashes, the boy confusingly shuddered, "Natural? . . . What?" But when he finally realized his aunt's meaning, he cringed, "A natural GIRL!"

For the rest of the evening, Angie took command over Rene's activities. She had him walk, stand, and sit, all in proper feminine fashion. She even taught him to curtsy!

"My, it's getting late," Monique noted, sorry to end such delightful festivities. "Wasn't this fun, Rene?"

Allowed to relax, for the first time in hours, the boy kicked off his beige skimmers, agonizingly rubbing his aching feet. "I guess it was," he moaned. But shivered, "But not for me!"

"Oh, Rene," Angie cheered. "You did marvelously, for the first time. With practice, you'll prance about as if you'd been born a girl!"

Shuddering, he silently wailed, "PRANCE! That's the last thing I want to do! What've I gotten myself into?"

"Well, Angie, why don't you stop by tomorrow evening," Monique slyly suggested, winking at her loyal assistant. "Rene enjoys your company and you could help him some more."

Panicking, the feminized boy froze in his seat, awaiting the answer he dreadfully feared. "Please, Angie," he silently begged. "I like you and all, but no more girlish stuff!"

"I'd be delighted, boss!" she gladly accepted, returning the wink. "In fact, I want step up Rene's training. He's just about ready for heels!"

"Oh NO!" he painfully whined. "Not THAT!"

Yet, neither women took heed to his anguished complaint. Seeing Angie out, Monique kindly told her nephew, "Get ready for bed, dear. There's a pretty green nightgown in your top drawer."

Over the following weeks, Rene found himself bound in a tightly regimented routine. While wearing his aunt's pants suits and such to work each day, Angie filled his evenings with more and more lessons in femininity.

Soon, he expertly mastered his own makeup, even exotic and outlandish techniques. While his hair had grown longer, still needing professional help, Rene was quite adept at neatly braiding its below the shoulder length.

Yet, the constant pressure from his aunt and her assistant to be girlish took a heavy toll. Rene didn't spend an evening or Sunday not wearing pumps, with at least three inch heels!

As Monique predicted, his walk and gait dramatically changed. Even when wearing flats or skimmers, Rene took daintily minced steps, while his hips loosely sashayed from side to side.

Although he steadfastly refused to wear makeup, beyond his aunt's home, Angie made certain his fingernails were always nicely lacquered. Employing the excuse it'd help him at work, his nails grew long, while she lovingly manicured them to pointed tips.

While Rene believed his training occurred only after hours, once again, Angie's subtle suggestions feminized him, even at work. Whether arranging or stocking flowers, she insisted he hold his arms and wrists limply.

Yet, the poor boy was no fool. Realizing the changes, he was powerless to stop them. Under his strict diet, he lost at least ten pound. Down to 115, his aunt's slacks were no longer tight, but he feared he was losing more!

Often, he wished Monique never "rescued" him from the streets. Even a foster home, at times, looked good. However, he'd always return, thinking, "But if I hadn't come, I'd never have met ANGIE!"

After all, it was Angie's attention and his aunt's loving kindness, which compelled Rene's submission to such a bizarre transformation. "At least Angie likes me like this," he'd rationalize. "But why's she always wanting me more feminine?"

"Please, Angie!" Rene begged. "Don't ask me to do it. . .Not at work. You know how I feel!"

"Yes dear, but your doing it at home," Angie reminded. "Besides, you look wonderful in a dress!"

Poor Rene sadly pouted, demurely glancing away. It was true, his aunt and her assistant intensified his training, having him wear lovely skirt sets and dresses after hours.

Initially, he had fought this further stage of feminization, but eventually caved in. Like everything else, he was simply unable to withstand their incessant pressure to be more girlish.

Seeing his despair, Angie soothed, "There's no shame being feminine, sweetheart. Admit it. You love how a skirt's hem flutters about your silky smooth, nylon clad legs!"

"Well. . .ah. . .I. . .I guess so," the boy stammered, confessing. "But not. . .not HERE! What if a customer sees me?"

"Okay, have it your way," the girl backed off. Satisfied, she new in time, she'd bring him around. She always did!

Little did Rene know, his aunt had heard every word of his discussion with Angie. "He'll be working in skirts by the end of the week," she assured herself. "Or my name's not Monique Martin!"

That evening, Rene was exhausted. He had had an especially harrowing training session as Angie made him speak into a cassette

recorder, over and over. Her mission, to raise the pitch of his naturally soft voice at least an octave, or more!

"You did famously tonight, darling," his aunt grinned, lovingly brushing his lengthening hair. "But keep practicing. We mustn't have your voice slipping down low!"

"Yes, Aunt Monique," he breathlessly pouted. "I'll try."

Frowning, his aunt kindly corrected, "Now, now dear. Remember what we discussed last week? What are you to call me?"

Quivering, the frail boy whimpered, "I'm sorry. . .AUNTIE!"

Humming a merry tune, Monique finished brushing. Braiding his tresses, she noted, "We must definitely do something about your hair, Rene. It's long overdue for a proper styling.

"Does she mean a haircut?" he excitedly wondered. "I'd love to have short hair, again!"

But his joyful hopes were thunderously dashed, as his aunt gaily announced, "We'll make an appointment for you at my salon, tomorrow. My beautician will do wonders with your gorgeous mane!"

The next day, Rene was on pins and needles all morning, dreading his 1:00 p.m. beauty shop appointment. "Relax, dear," Angie soothed, gently patting his shoulder, "You'll be beautiful!"

"But I don't want to be BEAUTIFUL!" he miserably squeaked. "I'm a boy. . .And boys are HANDSOME!"

"Not every boy," she tenderly countered. "You, for instance, are pretty and dainty. I wouldn't want you any other way."

Aghast, Rene anxiously ran his gently pointed fingernails over his lacy silk blouse. Sadly, he softly whined, "You wouldn't?"

As he sorrowfully gazed into Angie's big blue eyes, awaiting her answer, his aunt entered the back room. "Time to go, darling!" she happily chimed. "We mustn't be late for the salon!"

Leaving Angie in charge of the shop, Monique took her pretty nephew in tow for his very first hairdo appointment. Tensely shivering, Rene was a bundle of nerves the entire way there.

"Come dear, please get out of the car," his aunt kindly coaxed, upon their arrival. "You've nothing to fear."

"Please, Auntie," his morosely moaned. "Don't make me do it!"

Taking his hand, Monique gently pulled Rene out. "This is just another facet of life as a girl, sweetheart," she assured, hugging him. "I promise, everything will be just fine!"

Calmed by her loving kindness, the boy padded with his aunt toward the salon. But no sooner had he entered, the uniquely feminine aroma of hair spray and nail polish caused a relapse.

"I can't. . .I CAN'T!" he fearfully whimpered.

"Yes you CAN!" Monique soothingly encouraged. "Come, I want you to meet a good friend of mine."

Gently pushing her docile nephew forward, she forced Rene deeper into the salon. "Smile prettily, dear," she urged. "We would want people to think you're unhappy."

Obeying his aunt's request, the frightened boy's full lips spread into a wide, yet obviously nervous grin. "Why am I doing this?" he anguished. "What am I doing HERE!"

"Well hello, Monique!" an attractive, middle aged woman enthusiastically greeted. "You're right on time, as always!"

Pecking the woman on the cheek, Monique replied, "Good afternoon, Betty, dear. May I introduce my darling nephew, Rene!"

"Nephew?" Betty confusingly gasped. "I'd swear this pretty young thing was you NIECE!"

Cowering under pressure, the meek boy shamefully blushed. As he demurely looked away, his aunt kindly insisted, "Say hello, darling. Betty's a dear friend. There's no need to be bashful."

"H. . .hello, Ma'me," he anxiously stammered. "P. . .pleased to meet you acquaintance."

"Goodness!" Betty excitedly gushed. "I see why you've brought him to me. He's not only dressed divinely feminine, he acts. . .and even speaks like a girl!"

Crushed, Rene blushed bright red, again. Shuddering, he agonized "What's my aunt doing to me?"

Listening, the sad boy tried to make out what his aunt and the beautician were talking about. Yet, his ignorance of womanly things just caused him more confusion and pain.

"Come with me, honey," Betty smiled, gesturing for Rene to follow. "When I'm through with you, you'll be STUNNING!"

Brokenhearted, he gazed at his aunt with pleading eyes. Yet, he received no salvation. To his chagrin, she mused, "Go ahead, dear. . . I simply can't wait to see you all prettied up!"

With nowhere else to turn, Rene shamefully bowed his head. Slowly mincing toward the awaiting beautician, he tragically pined, "What'll become of me, NOW?"

Hours later, nephew and aunt returned to the flower shop. The moment they walked through the door, Angie's mouth dropped in shock. "Rene?" she exclaimed in disbelief. "Is that really YOU?"

Fighting to hold back tears, he softly whimpered, "Y. . .yes, it's me. . .LOOK what they've done!"

"Now, now, darling," Monique sweetly admonished. "No crying. We don't want your lovely makeup to run!"

Pouting miserably, Rene couldn't take anymore. Fleeing to the shop's rear, he scurried into the bathroom, locking himself in.

"I can't believe I've let this happen," he sobbed, glaring at his feminized reflection. "I look more like a girl, than ever!"

Reaching for a tissue, Rene blotted his tear soaked eyes. But seeing his exquisitely manicured, long, oval fingernails, polished a brilliant rosy pink, he sorrowfully cringed.

Yet, it was his hair which really haunted him! After washing, conditioning and trimming away the split ends, Betty styled his wavy tresses in an uniquely feminine, updated "flip."

"Why did she use that henna stuff?," he sadly moaned, flicking at his long bangs. "It's made my light brown hair look. . .RED!"

But then his sulking solitude was abruptly interrupted by urgent pounding on the bathroom door. "Rene, are you alright?" his aunt's concerned voice called. "Oh, dear, please come out!"

Reluctantly, the aching boy opened the door. Immediately, his aunt and her assistant rushed in, enveloping his frail frame with tender hugs.

"Rene, dearest," Monique soothed, caressing his pained brow. "There's no reason to be so unhappy. You're beautiful!"

Angie tenderly added, "I adore you're new look, darling. You were born to be girlish!"

"But I was born a boy!" Rene wept, unconsciously fluttering his hands in a most feminine manner. "Not a GIRL!"

Embracing him tighter, his aunt cooed, "Nature makes mistakes, now and then, sweetheart. Admit it, you're far more attractive as a girl, than you were ever as a ratty old boy!"

"I agree!" Angie swiftly joined, "The prettier you are, the more I like you!"

Uplifted by the girl he adored, Rene haltingly asked, "D. . .do you really mean that, Angie? I. . .I mean, you like me pretty?"

"I wouldn't say it unless it was so," she sweetly insisted. "Come on, dear. Let's fix your makeup. I've a lipstick that'll exactly match your lovely fingernails!"

At closing time, the three feminine figures emerged from the flower shop. But instead of going right home, Monique suggested, "Let's go to a restaurant. We'll celebrate Rene's coming out!"

"A. . .a restaurant?" her pretty nephew stammered, his rosy pink lips quivering. "A. . .a public place. I can't be seen!"

But Monique wouldn't be denied. She needed the town to see her nephew for what he was becoming. . .an elegantly, cultured girl!

"But dear," she sweetly reminded. "Betty's salon is a public place. Many town's women saw you there. Remember their admiring compliments on how lovely you are?"

Cringing, Rene only wished he could forget. One woman was so impressed, she even offered to fix him up on a date with her with her son!

Yet, when his beloved Angie wrapped her adoring arms around him, all his fears went away. "Relax, sweetheart," she lovingly whispered. "Everything will be fine. . .Just FINE!"



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Seated at a quiet corner booth, Rene's pulse frantically raced. "I shouldn't be here," he shuddered, paranoid the other restaurant goers were suspicious of him. "I'll be found out!"

A pretty, young waitress soon came to their table. "Hello!" she sweetly greeted, listing the menu specials. After his aunt and Angie ordered, the girl turned to Rene. "And for you, MISS?"

Gulping hard, the petrified boy meekly squeaked, "I. . .I'll have the garden salad. . .And a diet soda. . .Please."

Back home, Rene was certain he had dodged a bullet during his restaurant excursion. Pleading, he begged, "Don't make me do that again, Auntie. Sooner or later people will discover I'm a fraud!"

"Nonsense, dear," she kindly countered. "You're so femininely refined, no one doubted for a moment you weren't a girl!"

"Indeed!" Angie earnestly added. "Even the waitress was convinced. Remember how she simply loved your hairdo and nails!"

Again, Rene's evening included intensive training on the tape recorder. But he was terribly shame when his aunt insisted he wear a tart, short, mini dress, sheer nylons and four inch pumps!

At the session's conclusion, Monique served her nephew and assistant tea in the parlor. "You've done excellently tonight, Rene," she smiled. "But, we must discuss a very urgent matter."

"What is it, Auntie?" the feminized boy gasped. "Have I done something wrong?"

But after Monique explained, her nephew quivered, "I beg of you, Auntie. . .Not THAT! I can't wear dresses to work. I'd DIE!"

"Please, Rene!" Angie earnestly pleaded. "They make you look so very pretty, especially now that your hair and nails are so girlishly styled. I'd love seeing your lovely legs everyday!"

The poor boy shuddered, glancing at his long, slender, nylon clad limbs. Yet, the pumps were what grieved him most. Elegantly arching his narrow instep, they made his legs positively feminine!

"Listen, darling," his aunt kindly advised. "With all our extra business, I need your help with deliveries. August's nearly here and in the heat, you'll be far more comfortable in skirts."

Sadly, Rene bowed his head in misery. "What am I to do?" he silently groaned. "What am I to DO?"

Monique's prophecy was self fulfilled. The very next day, she and her pretty nephew glided into the flower shop, both wearing fashionable skirts and heels!

In the end, Rene surrendered under vigorous pressure. It wasn't for lack of trying. But how could he resist his aunt's and Angie's apparent heartfelt love and admiration for him?

Yet, in time, the docile boy overcame his grave apprehensions of the world seeing him dressed as a girl. In fact, wearing pretty skirts, dresses and high heels eventually became second nature!

It is said, "Clothes make the man." But they made Rene more demurely feminine! Not having pockets forced him to hold his arms and hands looser and more limply, adding to his girlish persona.

Wearing skirts also effected other habits. He had no choice but to keep his shapely legs free of hair. Shaving them bi-weekly, along with his underarms, they always remained silky smooth.

Remembering to daintily cross his legs or modestly squeeze his thighs was harrowing at first. But under Angie's loving tutelage, Rene's behavior swiftly adjusted, causing his further feminization.

Rene's stature, too, significantly evolved. Constant wear of high heels, shifted his weight to the balls of his feet, forcing his narrows shoulders back, while thrusting his pelvis forward.

However, the redistribution utterly ruined the line of his skirts, resulting in an unsavory bulge! "My oh my," Monique announced, "We can't have any of that!" To remedy it, Monique insisted her nephew wear a gaffe, saying, "The sooner you get used to it, the better."

Snugly squeezing his appendage, deep into the recess of his loins, this contraption miserably confounded the poor boy. Yet, it had a quite apparent effect on his walk. His manhood displaced, he stepped more sensually, while his hips wiggled most coquettishly!

While his adjustments thrilled Monique and her loyal assistant, they left Rene empty and bewildered. "Auntie and Angie adore the girlish me," he'd often morosely wonder. "But where's it all leading? . . . Oh lord!?"

On a particularly hot afternoon, Rene returned to the shop, after a round of deliveries. Unlicensed to driver, he rode Angie's three wheeled bike, carrying the flowers in its large basket.

"It must be sweltering out there, darling!" Angie exclaimed, noting how terribly flushed and perspired the pretty boy appeared. "Come to the back with me. I'll fix your hair and makeup!"

Sullenly, Rene followed, padding along. His hips saucily swayed, with every mincing step, as he limply clutched his purse.

"C. . . can you wait a moment, Angie?" the pretty boy demurely stammered. "I. . . I must use the facilities."

As his aunt's assistant gleefully nodded, Rene entered the powder room. Without thinking, he sat upon the toilet seat. But then he pouted, "These gosh darn skirts AND THAT GAFF! I don't stand anymore. . . Even when I'm alone! Oh, how will I ever become man?"

After readjusting everything, he emerged and was met by Angie's brilliant smile. "The sun's really bleached your hair, dear," the girl doted over him. "You're becoming a gorgeous strawberry redhead!"

Blushing, he quivered, "It. . . it's the henna. Betty uses it every week when she does my hair. I. . . I can't help it!"

Ignoring his shame, Angie blotted the beads of sweat off her charge's brow. After teasing his tresses, she freshened his makeup, reapplying mascara and glossing his lips a radiant red.

"Stand and let's get a better look!" she grinned, resealing the lipstick cap. As Rene meekly stood, Angie enthused, "Now you're your old self, again!"

"I may never be my old self," the feminized boy silently pouted. "Angie likes me this way and all. . .But at times, I don't even remember who I used to be!"

Just then, Monique entered through the back door. "They've arrived!" she gaily announced, carrying a large box. "I know you're all just dying to see them!"

Angie gleefully joined her boss in opening the box. Yet, Rene bewilderingly stared, wondering, "Why are they so excited?"

"They're beautiful!" the girl gushed, removing a long lavender coat-like garment from the box. "Our names are even embroidered!"

"I ordered them especially for us," his aunt explained. Turning to Rene, she sweetly smiled, "Here's your new smock, dear."

Watching his aunt's assistant do her's, the boy noted the words "Martin's Flower Emporium" embroidered over the left breast pocket and her name, "Angie," over the right.

Drawing the soft cotton smock through his thin arms, he gently smoothed it over his sleeveless, blue, rayon shell. When Angie and his aunt beckoned him toward a mirror, docile Rene obliged.

"Wha. . .what's this?" he shuddered aloud, glaring at the stitching above the right breast pocket. "It. . .it's all wrong!"

"Let's have a look," his aunt tenderly replied. "Oh, I'm so sorry, darling," she apologized, winking at Angie. "It seems they've added an extra E!"

Pouting sadly, Rene moaned, "I can't wear this thing. . .Not like this! People will really think I'm a girl. . .named RENEE!"

"I love it!" Angie thrilled, hugging the frightened boy. "Besides, the way you've been dressing for the past month, everyone already believes you're a girl!"

Shamefully bowing his head, Rene knew she was right. Yet, he wouldn't readily admit it to himself. "Could you order me another one?" he begged Monique. "Pay for it out of my clothing fund."

"Don't you dare, boss!" Angie adamantly countered. The kindly smiling at her charge, she insisted, "You're so utterly girlish now, dear. You really ought to start calling yourself, Renee!"

Meanwhile, Monique merely sat back, enjoying her assistant's playful manipulations. "My nephew's so wonderfully pliable," she gaily thought. "He's like putty in her hands!"

But once again, and to his continuing despair, Rene gave in. Although refusing to change his name, he agreed to leave it's feminine variation spelled boldly on his new smock.

"I just hope no one notices," he cringed, tensely guiding a long, red fingernail along the large, purple, swirling script letters. "I'd simply DIE if they did!"

Yet, his pleas were ignored. Switching duties with Angie, Rene stayed in the shop, while she made deliveries. To make her customers fully aware, Monique had Rene tend the front counter. Soon, the whole town was well acquainted with the lovely "Renee!"

It was late September and the Iowa weather was becoming cool. Taking a day off, Monique towed her nephew all around on a shopping spree.

Arriving home in late afternoon, Rene was exhausted. "I never knew shopping's such hard work," he complained. "And I still don't understand why you didn't buy me any boys' clothes, Auntie!"

"I've told you a thousand times, dear," she gently admonished. "We're saving your funds so you'll have enough for an ENTIRE wardrobe. You can't dress as a boy one day and a girl the next!"

Reluctantly agreeing, Rene accompanied his aunt to her room, helping her put away the purchases. Yet, as he placed the new fall wear on padded hangers, he noticed, "Gee, I wonder why some outfits are size six, while others are size four?"

But opening another box, Rene became even more confused. "Why did she buy these?" he bewilderingly shook his head. "Isn't Auntie too old to wear TRAINING BRAS?"

The following morning, the boy emerged from his bathroom to find one of his aunt's new purchases neatly draped over his vanity chair. "She wants me to wear this?" he wondered. "It's brand new!"

Lifting the pleated green and red plaid shirt and white ruffled blouse, Rene gingerly ran his long, red fingernails over the elegantly soft fabric. "Mmm, girl's clothes feel so different from boys! Sort of nice," he lusciously delighted. But then he anguished, "Oh lord! What am I saying?"

"Has wearing women's things actually changed my thinking?" he painfully shuddered, abruptly dropping the outfit on the bed. "I can't wait to have enough money. . . I must get boys' clothes soon!"

"Good morning, darling!" Monique warmly greeted, entering her pretty nephew's room. His agonized thoughts disrupted, Rene meekly smiled, as she gaily chimed, "Don't you adore YOUR new outfit?"

As his eyes widened in surprise, Rene nervously stammered, "M. . .MY outfit? . . .But Auntie, it's your's, isn't it?"

Picking up the blouse and skirt, his aunt thoughtfully showed him the labels. "I haven't worn a size four since I was your age, my dear," she lovingly advised. "No, it's all your's! I thought it was a sweet idea for you to have your own."

"B. . .but why, Auntie?" Rene bewilderingly whined. "I'm supposed to save my money for my own BOYS' clothes. . .Not spend your's on girls' things!"

Simpering, Monique tenderly asked, "Have you checked your weight lately, dear? I'd bet you weigh less than 110 pounds. If you haven't noticed, my things simply don't fit you, anymore!"

Aghast, Rene urgently scampered to his bathroom. Returning with a sullen pout, he sadly admitted, "You're right, Auntie. I barely tip the scale at a hundred and eight!"

Ignoring his pain, Monique fetched a panty and camisole set, along with matching sheer white panty hose from his drawer. Placing them on his bed, she kindly insisted, "Please hurry, dear. We mustn't be late for work!"

Dressed, Rene sorrowfully gazed at his mirrored reflection. Perched high atop three inch, red pumps, he twisted to and fro. As his wavy, shoulder length strawberry hair bounced with his every move, he moaned, "I'm more girlish than ever!"

At the shop, despite being covered by his long, lavender smock, his new outfit didn't go unnoticed by his beloved Angie. "You're gorgeous, my dear!" she gushed. "That skirt really looks nice on you!"

"D...do you really think so? I feel so silly," the pretty boy nervously asked. "Auntie bought it especially for me...She says her things don't fit me right anymore."

Immediately, Angie had Rene slip out of the smock. Standing back, she silently gazed over him, with an evaluating stare.

"Renee, darling," she, too, now called him. "Your aunt's absolutely correct." But then a curious glare enveloped her face, as she slowly drawled, "...And yet, I wonder?"

Anxious, the feminized boy's pulse rapidly quickened, as his aunt's assistant urgently called, "Monique! Please join us in the back...And hurry!"

"What is it?" Monique breathlessly panted, padding into the back room. "Is something wrong?"

With a knowing wink, her assistant earnestly advised, "It's Renee. The new outfit fits much better, especially around the waist, but I'm still concerned. Look...It just hangs!"

"Indeed!" his aunt eagerly agreed, with an acknowledging grin. "The blouse's darts sag awfully...While the skirt definitely needs some filling!"

Panicking, the boy shook his head in wonderment. "Wh...what are you saying?" he tensely gulped. "What's wrong with me?"

"It's not necessarily you, dear," his aunt tenderly explained. "But rather your body. Simply put, you have NO curves!"

"She's right," her assistant quickly added. "While the smaller skirt and blouse fit better, they're quite lifeless."

Even more confused, Rene frantically whined, "I...I can't help it. But boys aren't suppose to have curves, are they?"

"Generally speaking, no," Monique gently replied. "But then again, you're not like every boy, Renee."

Tenderly caressing his back, Angie lovingly added, "Most boys aren't as pretty and graceful as you are, darling...And most boys don't look right in elegant feminine fashions, as you do!"

His head dizzily spinning, Rene anxiously ran his slender, quivering fingers through his luxuriously long tresses. "What's happening?" he tragically shuddered. "What does this all mean?"

On the verge of a breakdown, Angie and her boss gently sat him down. Giving him a cup of water, to calm his nerves, the two women gleefully watched, as he sipped most daintily!

Retrieving the empty, rosy red lipstick smeared cup, Monique lovingly noted, "It's a shame your clothes don't fit better, dear. Especially since the entire town knows you as a girl."

"You're aunt's quite correct, darling," Angie insisted. "Besides, I'd love to see a more luscious YOU!"

Nervously crossing his sleek thighs, the boy tensely glanced over his femininely clad sheath. Sadly pouting, he painfully whined, "H. . .how would I get curves? Padding?"

"Oh no!" the two women countered in unison. Then, his aunt assured, "Padding simply won't do. It just wouldn't be natural and could be forgotten in a hurry. No, it must be something more reliable. . .More permanent."

Shivering, Rene gulped, "More PERMANENT! . . .But what?"

"Female hormones!" Angie immediately answered. "Estrogen will do the trick!"

Totally baffled, the poor boy agonizingly stared at his aunt and her assistant. "What are they?" he pined. "What'll they do?"

As each women took one of his hands, they explained all the effects of estrogen on his body. With each added reference, Rene frightfully heaved more and more.

"No way! My hips might actually round out?" he confoundedly whimpered. "I wouldn't develop a beard. . .and my skin would soften?"

"Indeed!" his aunt gleefully acknowledged. "But even more amazing. . ., you'll could have your very own breasts. That would truly be WONDERFUL!"

Shocked, Rene frantically clutched his flat, narrow chest. "B. . .but boys don't get breasts, Auntie!" he miserably whined, trying to inform the obvious. "It. . .it's all so very wrong!"

"But not for you, darling," she most lovingly assured. "In these last few months, since you've come to live with me, you've become more and more girlish. . .we really must get you to try some hormones. A nice bosom would be divine on you!"

As tears flooded his delicate cheeks, messily dissolving his pretty makeup, Angie tenderly wrapped her arms around Rene's petite frame. "Don't cry, sweetheart," she soothed. "Just try it. Don't worry, I'd love you with a cute little girlish figure!"

"Y. . .you would?" he stammered in disbelief. "B. . .but why?"

Smiling kindly, the girl gently explained, "Because I abhor big, hairy, brutish boys. Yet, Believe it or not, dear, the more dainty and feminine you've become, the more I like you!"

"This can't be true!" Rene bewilderingly insisted. "You're so beautiful, Angie. You could have any guy. What would you want with a sissy like me?"

Answering him with a question, she posed, "Tell me, dear, have you ever seen me in the company of a boy?" As the boy slowly shook his head, Angie explained, "That's because I'm not attracted. . .but things are different with you!"

The girl's revelation haunted Rene. Yet, he positively adored Angie, living her loving attention. As she gently cuddled him in her arms, he shuddered loving her every caress, "Just how girlish would she want me to be?"

"Well, darling," his aunt confronted, "What do you think? Shall we give it a try and soften you up a little?"

Rene looked at the women's curves and couldn't help admire the smoothness of their skin. Confused by what looked enticing on the girls and what they were suggesting he asked, "Ah. . .well. . .I. . .don't know," he faltered, still harboring grave doubts. "Will. . .ah. . .my body be able to change back?"

"Perhaps," Monique guessed aloud. "I assume once you stop taking them, your body will revert to a more boyish shape and feel. . .At least so I've been told."

Hugging him more tightly, Angie earnestly pleaded, "Oh, darling, try it for a week or two. We'll have SO much fun. . .Who knows, if all goes well, we may even be able to share bras!"

Once again, the mounting pressure was far too much for the poor boy to forestall. While his aunt's uncertainty of only a temporary change frightened him, Angie's loving promise of fun and games, in the end, pushed him over the edge.

"Oh, okay," Rene reluctantly cringed. "I guess I'll try it for a week. . .only one week!"

Gleefully clapping her hands, Monique gushed, "Okay, one week to begin with, then we'll see. Maybe even like the consequences and what to become a full fledged ravishing beauty. . .I simply CAN'T wait!"

"I don't think so," he said with conviction!

But soon after he made his hesitant decision, Rene gravely regretted it. Yet, under his aunt's and her assistant's incessant doting, there was no turning back.

Over the next several days, and the alluring sweet taunts of Angie's teasing, he reluctantly awaited the start of his hormone therapy. His mind wrought with bizarre and frightening images of himself with small, shapely boobs.

Meanwhile, Angie's mission was to procure a supply of estrogen to enable the diabolical plan to succeed. Helping her father at his pharmacy one Sunday, she covertly secured a full year's supply.

The following Monday evening, Rene had just finished his bath. Adjusting the thin, spaghetti straps, his pretty pink polished toes coyly poked out from beneath his flowing white satin nightgown.

Seated at his vanity, he softly shut his eyes, desperately trying to relax, as his aunt lovingly brushed his hair. Securing his braid with a shiny, matching ribbon, Monique kindly advised, "Open your eyes, dear. I've a surprise for you."

Slowly lifting his eyelids, he anxiously peered down. On his vanity table, was a small dish, bearing a large, purple capsule.

"Is. . .ah. . .this it?" Rene nervously squeaked, tensely clutching his chest. "The estrogen?"

"Indeed," his aunt tenderly acknowledged. "There's a cup of juice beside it. Go ahead, sweetheart, take it."

"GEE, I just don't know?" he stared.

Shivering, the poor boy looked at his aunt for a postponement. Not seeing any coming, he placed the pill on his quivering tongue. As the cool juice filled him mouth, he gulped hard, allowing his first Estoria dosage to glide down his throat.

"See how easy?" his aunt smiled.

"I. . .I don't feel different," he anxiously noted, after several long, silent moments. "My body hasn't changed, either!" Nothing bad happened.

Smiling sweetly, his aunt laughed, "It takes time, dear. Rome wasn't built in a day, you know. But as you've been told, you may be a little nauseous tomorrow morning, so be prepared."

Kissing her nephew good night, she tightly tucked him in bed. Exhausted, Rene laid silently, breathing heavily.



Rene sat with the hormone pill on his tongue.

But as she left the darkened room, Monique looked back. "I simply can't wait until he blossoms," she silently quipped. "What a sweet-heart, he's going to be so utterly delightful as he develops!"

The next morning, Monique was awakened by a loud, gut wrenching sound. "My poor, poor dear," she merrily noted. "It must be terrible being so ghastly ill."

Finding Rene, with his head limply drooped over the toilet bowl, his aunt tenderly soothed, "Everything will be better, soon, darling. Your body just needs to achieve a new equilibrium."

Yet, the feminized boy didn't hear a word. As nausea gripped his body, he agonizingly sputtered, vomiting into the bowl.

"That's it for me," the poor boy gasp. "This is too much!"

After Rene suffered through a painful series of dry heaves, his aunt tucked him in bed, bringing him dry toast and hot tea. He welcomed the bed rest and her insistence of a day off work.

By afternoon he felt better, actually good. Somehow he was convinced to take another one that night.

Each day became one more, as the boy's morning nausea kept him bed ridden each morning. Alone in the big, old house, he anguished over assenting to his aunt's objectives and wished he could stop taking the hormones.

Yet, he continued receiving his purple pills, one each evening and morning. The morning sickness was passing more quickly with each day and enable Rene to work the afternoons. Angie spurred him on. "Hang in there," she encouraged. "Soon, you'll understand why you should take them!"

By the end of the week, Rene felt well enough to get out of bed first thing. Venturing toward his full length closet mirror, he first noticed how rosy and glowing his complexion appeared.

Slowly lifting his baby doll top, his long, French manicured nails tensely scoured his chest, urgently investigating for any change of softness around the nipples. But his search swiftly stopped, as his aunt walked in.

"Oh, honey!" Monique giggled, bringing his morning pill. "It's still too early, dear. You must be patient. I promise you'll see something soon but you must keep taking these!"

She handed him the pill and the feminized boy blushed, "Okay, Auntie. But they're beginning to itch. I'm awfully worried. . .How much will they grow?"

Pausing a moment, Monique thought in earnest. As her nephew strangely stared, she smiled, "Depends on you. Perhaps we can get an idea, dear. I'll be right back!"

"Here we are," she announced, reentering his room. "Perhaps the photo album can answer our question."

One by one, Rene and his aunt paged through the album, stopping at every picture of his dear departed mother, Babette. From her early

childhood, through her wedding, they thoughtfully evaluated each photograph.

"Built and figure types are inherited. This one can best provide our answer, sweetheart," Monique kindly smiled. "It was taken at your Mama's high school prom."

Pointing at the photo of his mother with a handsome date. She was exquisitely attired in a pale, rose-colored gown with tiny straps supporting a significant bosom. The feminized boy gasped, "Oh Auntie! She was really built! I couldn't ever be that BIG! Right?"

"One can't say for sure," she laughingly mused. "But you're about the same age as your Mama was, back then. I must admit, although older, I always envied Babette's stunning figure."

Frightened, Rene whimpered, "If that happens. . .I'd die! I should never have agreed to take these stupid hormones. I'll be a freak!"

"Nothing terrible has happened yet, dear," she comforted, "We'll get a better idea once there's some development."

"Angie would never have any interest in me!"

"I don't know about that, dear," his aunt gently countered. "As you know, she adores the girlish you. Angie's a very SPECIAL girl, herself. My guess is, she'll love you even more!"

"She will?" Rene bewilderingly whined, confused even more by the oblique revelation. Glancing at his vanity, he saw his aunt's encouraging nod. Although dreadfully reluctant, he nonetheless placed the Estoria capsule on his tongue, solemnly swallowing it.

As the weeks past, his aunt's predictions rendered true. Slowly, but surely, his body changed. His skin got smooth and pale, his hair grew faster and his he got softer around his nipples. He was able to tighten his gaffs more with out discomfort. He worried that his maleness had gotten smaller and softer too. With the hormones, maybe it had.

Also within the month, he sadly discovered "training bras", a most embarrassing addition to his wardrobe!

Yet, also true was Angie's anticipated reaction. The first day he wore one, beneath the sheerest white silk blouse, his aunt's assistant thrilled, "Oh my darling little boy! Bra straps! I love it! You're so swish!"

"Y. . .you do?" he meekly stammered, blushing shamefully. "B. . .but I'm really a boy. Boys' don't. . ."

Frowning, Angie spat, "Stop it! Don't you know you're not like ANY boy. You're special, sweetheart. I wouldn't want *you* any other way!"

While flabbergasted, Rene didn't know how to reply. Crossing his arms, to hid his pert, budding bosom pressing out the dainty cups of his brassiere, he demurely whimpered, "Th. . .thank you Angie?" he said demurely. "I'm just so confused. . .and these straps feel so funny. It's like I'm tied up."

Angie smiled and said, "You'll get used to them. I'll adjust the straps for you later. It takes time to get used to the feeling of straps and cups." Later in the back room Angie adjusted the smooth triangles of silky white nylon over Rene's sensitive bloated nipples then tightened the straps a little.

"There," she announced seeing the small, white saucy mounds, "Keep taking the pills and you'll be getting a real bra in no time." Rene blushed at the thought.

Several weeks later, Rene and Angie were working together on a big anniversary order. Fluffing up a large, colorful floral centerpiece, he smilingly asked, "Angie, isn't this quite lovely?"

Turning her attention to his creation, his aunt's assistant glanced discerningly. "Hmm," she remarked, "Nice, but it could use a bit more baby's breath."

Suddenly, the feminized boy's demeanor drastically changed. His grin flip flopped to a miserable pout, as he sorrowfully sobbed, "You don't like it! You think it's ugly, don't you?"

But before the girl could protest, Rene ran into the powder room, locking himself in. Beside herself and not knowing what to do, Angie immediately called for Monique's help.

"Renee, darling, please come out," his aunt cheerfully called, yet, deeply concerned. "It's important we speak to you."

Moments later, the sad boy emerged, his eyes dreadfully reddened. "I'm sorry," he wept between snuffles. "I don't know what got into me."

Scurrying to his side, Angie tenderly embraced him. "What happened, sweetheart?" she softly cooed, gently blotting his tears. "I'm terribly worried about you."

"It's my emotions," he whimpered. "Lately, I've been totally unable to control them. One minute, I'll be on top of the world, but then, a minor disappointment or even just hearing a sad song on the radio, I'll break down and cry!"

Thoughtfully smiling, Monique kindly noted, "It's the hormones, dear. Your body's simply seeking a balance. . . But don't fret, all girls go through the same thing. . . during puberty."

"That's right, Renee," Angie grinned, caressing the pretty boy's long, lovely braid. "When I was 13, I was a basket case." Yet then she added, "But when it's over, it's all worth it. . . trust me!" She ran her hands down her curvaceous figure to accentuate her argument.

Yet, the women's explanation left Rene even more confounded. "Puberty?" he shuddered. "But I'm 17 years old. Should it be happening a SECOND time?" Glancing at his swelling prominences, he quivered, silently gulping, "Does she mean knockout. . . or KNOCK-ERS!"

In light of his emotional upheavals and to insure there was no turning back, Monique made quite certain her feminized nephew was better situated as her darling niece, "Renee."

She included weekly beauty salon appointments and shopping trips. Under the guise of saving money for his "Boy's Clothing Fund," she encouraged him pick out his own feminine wardrobe for her purchase.

Soon, he his closet bulged with skirts, blouses, dresses and pumps. His drawers overflowed with delightfully frilly lingerie. Yet, poor Rene remained disheartened. And what saddened him most was his increasing need for looser, less 'tight' training bras!

"Perhaps they shrink from washings?" he wondered, not seeing the daily change.

On busy Friday afternoon, Rene tended customers at the counter. When a strikingly handsome couple entered, the pretty boy politely chimed, "Good day. . . May I help you?"

"Yes," the tall, dark and suave man answered. "I'd like you're finest orchid corsage for my beautiful fiancée, Mary."

As Rene watched the attractive, brunette girl blush, he hurriedly retrieved the order from the cooler. "Her you are, sir," he courteously squeaked. "That'll be \$12.95."

As the man reached for his wallet, it was all too apparent his amorphous attention was not solely directed to HIS girl. In fact, he focused exclusively on Rene!

Following the stare, he nervously watched the man's roaming eyes start at his exquisitely arched instep, along his shapely, slender legs, through his succulently rounded hips and narrow waist and then lingering at his. . . CHEST!

Under the man's intense glare, Rene became increasingly queazy. Desperately wanting to cross his arms, he couldn't. There was no way to hide his budding breasts. . . not while his hand was extending, anxiously frozen in place, while awaiting payment.

He'd never been looked at with this intensity before. "Oh! I wish he'd stop!" Rene painfully pined, as the man smirked, obviously pretending to forget where he put his money, just to prolong his carnal pleasure. "I hate this!"

But to his rescue came his tormentor's fiancée. "I made a mistake, Bill," she angrily snapped, pushing the corsage back into his hands. "With wandering eyes like your's, you ought to remain a bachelor!"

"But Mary!" he shouted, as his companion abruptly left the shop. Tossing a twenty dollar bill at Rene, he nervously grinned, "Keep the change, honey," as he went chasing after the girl.

"My, my, aren't you the homewrecker!" his aunt quipped, emerging from the back room. "If they weren't attached to his face, that man's eye would've surely popped right out!"

Shivering, Rene pouted, "Stop it, Auntie! It's not the first time it's happened. . . it's just happening more and more. . . and I don't know how much more I can take!"

"Oh?" she simpered. "Tell me more!"

"It's everyone, Auntie," he frantically whimpered, pointing at his burgeoning chest. "Men and boys ogle my boobies, while women and girls size me up, as if I'm some kind of competitor. This isn't right. . . For goodness sakes, I'm really a BOY!"

"But an exceedingly voluptuous one at that, Renee," she lovingly insisted. "Believe me, you've nothing to be ashamed of, dear."

As tears flowed down his rosy cheeks, the poor boy took his aunt's hand, pulling into the back room. Unbuttoning his ruffled blouse, he tragically whined, "Look! Boys don't, no SHOULD'N'T have BREASTS!"

"My, my, they have been growing," Monique tenderly noted, gingerly caressing her nephew's training bra cup. "Perhaps we're been watering them too much!"

Frowning, Renee cried, "Stop kidding around, I'm serious. . . And don't touch them! They're SO sensitive! Even the slightest graze makes my nipples stand on end. . . And they hurt!"

Silently removing his smock and blouse, his aunt glanced at Renee's confused stare, as she unhooked his bra. "Let's get a look, darling," she kindly suggested. "I'm beginning to worry about you."

"OUCH!" her feminized nephew yelped, as she ever so gently peeled off his bra. "Just look at them, Auntie," he quivered. "They're so. . . puffy!"

Tenderly, Monique cupped her delicate hand about her nephew's left breast. Softly probing, she was enchanted as the jelly-like mound jiggled, while his darkened nipple amazingly engorged, pointing outward.

"They're perfectly wonderful, darling," his aunt breathlessly cooed. "Just like a girls. . . don't you simply adore them?"

"It's not only my bust," Renee dreadfully cried. "My hips and fanny are rounding, while my waist's becoming so narrow.

Angie says she can't wait to see what else happened. . . like if I become full figured. . . like Mama. I'm scared!"

Monique examined the fatty, jellylike mounds on the boy's chest. "My," she beamed, "I think it's time. . . time for a real brassiere. You're blossoming delightfully!"

Renee's heart raced. He ran his hands over the swelling, tender mounds. They were so soft and warm. "I've grown breasts!" Renee gasp.

Embracing the horribly frightened lad, Monique hugged him tenderly. "Yes, dear. Everything will be right, sweetheart," she lovingly assured, holding him tighter and tighter. "I promise, it will."

By Thanksgiving, Renee was but a mere shadow of his former self. Weekly beauty treatments left his nearly waist length hair a shimmer-

ing reddish color, almost blonde, while his elegantly long fingernails were kept stylishly rounded and always immaculately polished.

Yet window dressing aside, it was his body where the most spectacular transformation occurred. His daily estrogen regimen softened his skin, while translucently lightening his complexion.

But included in the altering of texture was a miraculous change of shape! Weighing a mere 107 pounds, Rene's feminized figure measured an astounding 34-24-34. . .And still evolving!

Monique bought Rene "real" brassieres for the "real" rounded creamy breasts that rested comfortably in "real" cups. The pretty boy quickly went through three sizes of bras. From "AAA's", to his current "A" cup, it was only a matter of time before he'd be up to an "A+!"

True, his aunt's loving kindness tempered his anxieties over his metamorphosis, yet Rene remained desperately disillusioned. While resigning himself that he was probably becoming more and more womanly with each pill he took. He dreamed for the day when he could be ALL male, again.

Her nephew's despondency didn't go unnoticed by Monique. Yet, she was also well aware that Angie's doting, undivided attention and adoration seemed to spur Rene on.

She knew he'd often rationalize, "If it wasn't for Angie, I definitely wouldn't be doing this! She likes me so girlish and all. . . I wonder, though. Will she like me as much. . .As a boy?"

But his aunt and her loyal assistant provided no opportunity for him to ponder. Keeping Rene enmeshed in all things feminine, would surely keep him out of trouble.

Duties at his drug store kept Angie's father away for Thanksgiving. As a result, the girl joined Rene and Monique for their holiday feast.

After dinner, the three adjourned to the parlor for dessert. Wearing an elegant black velvet dress and exquisite four inch black suede slippers, Rene was flawlessly feminine, as he served the tea.

"Doesn't Renee look divine?" his aunt cheerfully remarked to her assistant. "I especially adore his French braid and mother of pearl nail polish. He was prettied all by himself, you know!"

As Angie's eyes sparkled with loving favor at her charge, Rene tensely bit his lip. Yet, this only caused more anxiety, as his tongue enveloped the full flavor of his burnt orange lipstick.

Seated primly, Rene delicately balanced his cup and saucer on his velvet clad lap. Sadly glancing at his chest, he pouted, "My dress's cut SO low."

"So everyone can see your. . .CLEAVAGE!" then changing the subject, Angie enthused, girlishly waving her hand, "Guess what? I ran into two old high school buddies, today. They're home from college and they'd like to get together. What to join us, Renee?"

Tenderly clutching her nephew's arm, Monique kindly insisted, "That's a wonderful idea, darling. It's about time you develop a social life of your own."

"I . . . ah . . . don't know, Auntie," Rene nervously stammered. "Meeting people in the shop is one thing. . . but socializing?"

Simpering, Angie encouraged, "Come on, dear. It'll be good for you to get out and really meet others. Besides, Dana and Robin are good friends. . . and loads of fun, too. What do you say?"

"No, I'm afraid," he said honestly. "I don't always feel like a girl around people."

Angie said, "That's why we are going to give you a shot tonight."

"A SHOT!"

"Yeah," just to make you feel more girlish around people," Angie said, adding, "It's nothing more than you are taking by pill only stronger. . . try it for me, okay?"

After some more eager persuasion, once again, Rene's resolve waned. "Well, okay," he reluctantly agreed. "I'll give it a try."

"Great!" Angie cheered. "We'll get together Saturday night!" Before he knew it, his aunt had produced a syringe, lifted his skirts, pulled down his panties and plunged it into the poor boy's fleshy soft bottom.

Fortunately for Rene, he didn't have much time to worry about his upcoming get together. The following days at the shop were the most hectic yet, as he was barraged with Christmas flower orders.

Yet, Saturday night came too fast for the poor boy. Unnerved, he couldn't quite understand why his aunt let him and Angie off work two hours early. "We're not going out until seven," he tensely wondered. "Do I need four hours just to get ready?"

But that's exactly what his aunt's assistant took to prep him for their outing. Preening his luxuriously long hair and elegant nails, Angie enthused, "You'll be a knockout tonight, dear!"

"What's all the fuss?" Rene anxiously pondered, as his friend scoured his closet for the perfect ensemble for him to wear. "We're only meeting a couple of her girlfriends?"

"Ravishing!" Angie gushed. "You're positively RAVISHING!"

At the full length mirror, Rene astonishingly glared at his image. Legs encased in shimmering white nylons, he wore a very tight, red leather mini skirt with matching pumps. Yet, even the bulky, white angora sweater didn't hide his swelling bosom.

"I can't believe it!" he wondrously drowned, patting his loosely teased strawberry blonde tresses. "I look. . . SEXY!"

"Indeed!" Angie gleefully agreed. "Your pale nail color is still perfect from the other night. All that's left is to brighten your lips with some alluring sparkling gloss and you'll be set!"



Rene's aunt easily penetrated his fleshy soft bottom with the syringe of female hormones. "That should calm your fears," she announced.

By the time the two were ready to leave, Monique had just arrived home. "Goodness!" she thrilled. "You're the most gorgeous looking girls in town!"

While her assistant smiled with excitement, poor Rene embarrassingly blushed. "Angie's wearing a sweater, like me," he sadly noted. "But why can't I wear leggings and flats, too?"

"Don't forget your purse, dear," his aunt reminded, as she fetched him her red wool overcoat. "Do you need any cash?"

As Rene held up a red kid skin pocketbook, showing his aunt its feminine contents, Angie remarked, "Money's not necessary, boss. Everything's taken care of."

Although the comment left him desperately curious, he had long stopped questioning the two women. Taking his arm, Angie lead her charge out the door, onward to adventure.

It was nearly midnight when the two returned. No soon did the door open, Rene frantically ran to his room, locking the door.

"What happened, Angie?" Monique worriedly asked. "Why's Renee so upset?"

But before she could answer, Rene barged out of his room, the thick coat of mascara melting from his tears. "It was a date," he woefully sobbed. "Dana and Robin were a couple of GUYS!"

"Take it easy," Angie pleaded, embracing the frightened lad. "I thought meeting nice men would be good for you, sweetheart."

Weeping, Rene moaned, "I thought you liked me, Angie. You told me I was special. . .But why did you let Dana. . .Kiss me?"

As the two young people bantered, Monique was on cloud nine. "My dear, sweet nephew first kiss. . .by a man?" she silently mused. "Oh, how WONDERFUL!"

"But you ARE so very special," Angie assured the frail boy, showering him with adoring kisses. "But male companionship's good. It'll make you even more special. . .More feminine!"

Bewilderingly shaking his wildly coiffure head, Rene's mind whirled. "What's going on?" he miserably moaned. "Do you want me as a boy or. . .a girl?"

"What do you think?" Angie slyly challenged, retrieving his purse. Deftly glossing his lips with a fresh coat of shiny white lipstick, she gushed, "SORT OF BOTH! I want my boy to be utterly girlish and the perfect swish!"

As Rene growingly shivered, Monique's assistant wrapped her arms tightly around him. "Don't fret, my love," she tenderly soothed. "Stay pretty and I'll always be here for you."

Over the next weeks, Angie paid very special attention to her charge. Not allowing him out of her sight for a single moment, she kept up a steady stream of complements and encouragements, all designed to heighten and enforce his increasing femininity.

In this effort, Monique lent a conspiratorial hand. She'd constantly remark, "That's a lovely outfit, Renee." "You're especially attractive today, dear." or, "Being girlish is really you!"

The two front attack worked like a charm. Having a natural low self esteem, the poor, pliable boy bit hook, line and sinker!

Embarrassing comments like, "Wasn't that last customer handsome? You could never be a man like that!" or comments that created

apprehension like, "I can't wait to see you at the beach in a sexy little bikini top."

Yet, the effects were astounding, better than either women ever imagined. Each passing day, Rene became not only more feminine, but remarkably in tune with his femininity!

To please Angie, he sported the laciest lingerie, frilliest blouses and tightest skirts in his ever enlarging wardrobe. His makeup impeccable, Rene's demeanor became increasingly demure, while maintaining quintessential girlish posture and decorum.

A few days before Christmas, an unusual lull in activity hit the shop. Current on all her holiday orders, Angie asked, "Say, Renee, I've some last minute shopping to do. Want to join me?"

"Sure!" he enthusiastically cooed. "Let me fetch my purse!"

Like school girls, the two strutted arm in arm down Main Street, receiving many admiring glances, as elegant women often do. Yet, it was Rene, with his loosely sashaying hips, mincing walk and graceful glide, which attracted most of the attention.

"One more stop," Angie lovingly advised, her arms laden with purchases. "Johnson's Jeweler!"

In the months since arriving in Acadia this was one place Rene had yet to go. Grasping his beloved's hand tightly, they entered.

"Good afternoon, Angie!" the jeweler chimed, removing a magnifying monocle from his eye. "Here for your SPECIAL order?"

Grinning ear to ear, the girl gushed, "That's right, Mr. Johnson. But don't wrap it. . . We'll wear it out."

"Oh, I see!" he simpered. "So then, this much be Renee." Turning to the feminized boy, the jeweler, gaily remarked, "Angie's told me so much about you, dear. You're indeed a lovely creature. . . Soon to be even lovelier!"

Nervously smiling, Rene was caught off guard by the man's unusual complement. Pursing his lips, he bashfully cooed, "Thank you, Mr. Johnson."

As the jeweler disappeared behind a curtain, Rene urgently whispered, "Angie! What's going on? What did he mean, LOVELIER?"

But the girl didn't reply. All she did was giggle.

"So, it'll be an early Christmas for you, Renee," the jeweler gleefully chimed, as he returned. "Have a seat, my dear. It shan't take but a second!"

Overly anxious, Rene shivered with fright, as he was prodded onward toward a straight back chair. "What are you doing?" he tensely whined. "What's that gun for?"

Secretly entering the back door, the two returned to Monique's shop. "Oh Renee! They're positively gorgeous!" Angie gushed, gently stroking his injured earlobe. "Pearls ARE really you!"

Glaring at his altered image in a small mirror, Rene pined, "Angie loves me soft and girlish, but what if I want to be a boy, again? Two pearls and one gold stud. . .I'm ruined for life!"

Whimpering, the feminized boy cried, "You've PIERCED my ears! Now, I'll always have holes. . .TWO in my left ear!"

"Sweetheart, stop fretting," Angie lovingly ordered. "See? Mr. Johnson double pierced my left lobe, too. Now, we're sharing the gold stud set. . .And you know what THAT means?"

Sadly bewildered, the manipulated boy silently pouted at his feminized reflection. Shaking his head, his desperately whined, "I don't know anything, anymore!"

Hugging his frail, quivering figure, the girl tenderly kissed Rene's sleek, slender neck. "It means we're going STEADY!" she excitedly whispered. "That's what!"

"D. . .do you mean it?" he nervously sputtered, his mind whirled as his emotions did somersaults. "You're my one and only?"

Kissing Rene full on his red glossed lips, Angie endearingly corrected, "Actually, you're MY one and only, sweet Renee. Remember, it was I who asked you, not vice versa!"

"Pierced ears!" Monique gushed, coming back from the front counter. "Darling, they're beautiful!"

As the two women enthusiastically doted over him, the poor boy was more confused than ever. Mesmerized by his reflection, Rene fondled the gold stud, apprehensively shuddering, "She LOVES me?"

At Christmas his aunt and her assistant sought to solidify their hold over Rene. Giving only the most feminine gifts, they hoped he'd adore each new dress, lingerie set and pair of earrings.

Yet, despite their constant attempts at reenforcement, Rene drew detached. When he returned to wearing pant suits, Monique realized if something wasn't done soon, the risk was great that their meticulous femininity conditioning would be for naught!

"I've tried just about everything, boss," Angie frustratingly sighed. "We're sharing a brand new earring set, but Renee seems to want no part of it. I'm at my wits end!"

Nodding understandingly, Monique assured, "Right now, he ought to give him his space. But I've a delightful plan to get him out of slacks. . .once and for all!"

Over the long Christmas weekend, Monique closed the shop, taking a short break before the big New Year's rush. On a snowy, Saturday afternoon, she found Rene drearily sulking in his room.

"Why are you so blue, darling," his aunt earnestly asked, sitting beside him on his canopied bed. "At least you could fix your hair or do your nails. They're terribly in need of polishing.

Pouting, the sad boy miserably whined, "Awe, just leave me be, Auntie. I want to be through with all this girls' stuff!"

“So I see!” she loudly noted. After several purposefully long, silent moments, Monique suggested, “I’ve an idea. How’d you like to use some clothing fund money. Would THAT make you happy?”

His sparkling eyes widening, Rene cheered, “Oh boy, would it! Do you mean it, Auntie? Can I really buy boy’s clothes?”

“I suppose just a few pieces, for starters,” she strategically relented. “If you like them and REALLY want to give up your new, exquisite wardrobe, we’ll see from there.”

Elated, Rene leaped off the bed, daughterly embracing his aunt. “Oh Auntie!” he girlishly gushed. “Thank you! SO much! Should I stop taking the hormones too?”

“Not just yet,” Monique answered.

Dropping him off, Monique gave her pretty nephew a hundred dollars, allowing him shop on his own. Yet when she picked two hours later, his lifeless, fearful pout seemed to tell a harrowing story.

On the drive home, a tense silence permeated the car. Fidgeting, Rene wore a desperately woeful frown. Tightly clutching a large shopping bag, his knuckles turned white, contrasting with his elegantly long, glistening pink fingernails.

But matters weren’t any better at the house. Anxiously scampering to his room, Rene hid his purchases deep within his closet, before rejoining his aunt for dinner.

Still, Monique gave her dear nephew his space. Woman’s intuition told her Rene’s shopping plans delightfully went awry.

Throughout the meal and during coffee in the parlor, Rene remained miserably quiet. Never making eye contact, he kept his head demurely bowed, while his face was perpetually blushed.

“Now’s as good a time as any,” his aunt thoughtfully reasoned, checking her watch. Clearing her throat, she kindly asked, “So, sweetheart, tell me what you bought today.”

Cringing, Rene appeared mortified. Nervously, he stammered, “Ah. . .nothing, really. J. . .just some clothes. . .That’s all.”

“Well, may I see them?” Monique gently insisted. “It’s been quite a while since I’ve seen you wear boy things.”

Shivering, the pretty boy balked at first. But he couldn’t resist his aunt’s loving glare.



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From the parlor, the two minced directly to his room. Rene reluctantly removed the wrinkled bag from his closet. "Please let me return them, Auntie," he begged. "They look ghastly on me!"

"Now, now, darling, it can't be all that bad," Monique soothed. "Come dear, open it up and let me see."

Rene's hands trembled, as he uncurled the paper bag. "See, Auntie," he sadly pouted, removing an article. "It's terrible!"

"Oh, Renee!" she gushed, her face beaming. "Those pink embroidered demins and sequined top are simply divine!"

But Monique's enthusiasm abruptly halted, just as her nephew withered to his bed, sobbing like an infant. Immediately, she embraced him, tenderly caressing his quivering form.

"Are you feeling better, sweetheart?" she lovingly asked, as his weeps softened to whimpers. "Please tell me why you hurt."

Somberly, Rene related his disastrous experience at the department store. At first, he was thrilled, going straight to the men's section. Picking a pair of his favorite brand of blue jeans and a knit polo shirt, he headed to the fitting room.

Finding the door locked, he asked a saleswoman for assistance. Glancing over his selections, her eyes shockingly widened.

"Honey! Sure you want THESE?" she sardonically remarked. "We'd better take your measurement before trying on THOSE things."

Pulling a long tape from around her neck, she stretched it about his hips, waist and bust. Sneering, the saleswoman quipped, "Come with me. You're DEFINITELY in the wrong department!"

"I tried, Auntie!" Rene desperately whined. "But she was oh so insistent. I was so ashamed, I felt compelled to buy something. The pink jeans and blouse were the least frilly things she had!"

Tenderly prodded by aunt, the feminized boy removed his shapeless A-line dress, donning his new purchases. "My goodness!" Monique gushed, thrilling over his curvaceous figure, sumptuously enhanced by the jean's skin tight fit. "They're gorgeous!"

Poor Rene, he didn't know what to do with his arms. The moment he covered his flat crotch and shapely rounded fanny, he immediately crossed them, hiding his succulently jutting breasts.

"Oh, Auntie!" the frail lad tittered, anxiously pacing on tip toes. "I've been wearing heels for so long, I can't hardly flatten my feet! And the way I look in these jeans. . . I'm more girlish than ever!"

Gently hugging him, Monique lovingly soothed, "Your Mama was right, those many years ago. You should've been a girl, Renee!"

"Just look at yourself!" she kindly admonished, sitting the sorrowful boy at his vanity. "How many boys have such long, lovely hair, sport immaculately manicured nail or wear beautiful earrings?"

As Rene tearfully shook his head, his aunt glanced back at his bed. "What else did you buy?" she asked, noticing the edge of a box protruding from the shopping bag. "Is it what I think it is?"

“Oh darling, I’m so proud of you!” Monique enthused, removing not one, but three slender boxes. “You’ve graduated to a B cup!”

Morosely pouting, Rene wished he were dead. “The saleswoman made me buy them, Auntie,” he futilely tried to explain. “She said my bosom had outgrown my A+ cups. . . Oh, what am I going to do?”

It was a grim Rene who rejoined his aunt and her assistant at the flower shop the following Monday. With just five days until New Year’s Eve, they were as busy as ever.

Despite Angie’s gifts of more earrings to share, the feminized lad remained despondent and withdrawn. Seeking a cure, Monique had a long, secret talk with her loyal assistant.

“I’m very worried about him,” Monique earnestly noted. “It’s only a matter of time before he reverts to boyish behavior.”

Nodding, Angie agreed, “I fear it too, boss. We’ve worked so very hard and Renee’s really blossomed into a charmingly feminine beauty. I’d be a shame, for both of us, if we’d lose him.”

After more painstaking discussion, the two reached a solution. “He’s all your’s now, Angie,” Monique sighed. “Do what you must.”

New Year’s Eve morning, Rene was busily arranging an elaborate floral bouquet. The tension was thick, as Angie, silently working beside him, anxiously asked, “How are you feeling today, dear?”

“Oh, okay, I guess,” he flatly replied, in a soft, far away voice. “Just doing my girl’s work.”

Glancing out the corner of her eye, Angie was relieved, seeing Rene’s demeanor and hand gestures as feminine as ever. Yet, his last remark frightened her. “It’s now or never,” she shuddered.

“Say, Renee,” she genuinely offered. “If you’re no plans, tonight, you’re invited over to my house. My Dad’s out of town and we’d have the place all to ourselves.”

At first, the frail lad wanted to protest. “My name’s Rene, not RENEE!” he angrily thought. Yet, despite her part in his feminization, Rene remained head over heels in love with Angie.

“Really? Just me?” he eagerly quivered with uncertainty. As the girl encouragingly nodded, the poor boy bashfully blushed. “Oh, I’d love to! . . . But I must ask Auntie if it’s alright.”

There wasn’t a problem with Monique. To his astonishment, she insisted he go. Without an obstacle, Rene merrily hummed the rest of the day, unable to restrain his joyous anticipation for his evening rendez-vous with his beloved Angie.

Carrying a small, pink overnight case, his aunt dropped him off at Angie’s house. “Welcome, Renee!” Angie warmly greeted him at the front door. “Come on in, before you turn into an icicle!”

While not his aunt’s palatial mansion, her home was large and quite comfortable. Escorting her charge into the den, Angie smiled, “Music okay? I’ve a new album I’m dying to play.”

As Rene eagerly nodded, his aunt's assistant popped the CD into the player. Swaying to the rhythmic beat, Angie winked, "Isn't it a great tune, Renee? . . . Want to dance?"

"But I . . . d . . . don't know how," he nervously stammered, watching his beloved's body glide gracefully about the room. "I'd make a fool of myself."

Smirking, Angie kindly admonished, "That's silly, darling. It's only the two of us. Besides, I'd love to teach you."

Before he knew it, the girl grabbed his exquisitely manicured hands, leading him through various basic rock and roll dance steps. "Admit it, it's easy!" Angie giggled. "Go ahead, try it yourself!"

Releasing him, Rene twirled away. While uneasy at first, his self confidence grew with every ensuing song. Soon, he loosely flapped his arms and gyrated his hips, as the beat drove harder.

"Try this!" Angie gaily demonstrated, extending her arms, while twisting her torso. "It's called the shimmy. Isn't it fun?"

Carried off by the music, Rene simply followed her lead. "My word!" Angie silently cheered, her eyes gaping at his blossoming breasts jiggling and bouncing. "He even dances SO girlishly!"

The two friends danced for hours. At the end of an album, Angie went to change it. Glancing at her watch, she cried, "It's only minutes to midnight! Hurry, Renee, turn on the T.V.!"

Scurrying to the other side of the room, they were just in time to watch the ball drop down in Times Square. "Four, three, two, one," they loudly cheered. "HAPPY NEW YEAR!"

Holding hands, the two gaily jumped and joyously giggled, like silly school girls. But as the television played Auld Lang Sine, Angie lovingly wrapped her arms around Rene.

"Happy New Year, darling," she breathlessly whispered to her feminized charge. Seductively caressing him, through his gossamer white silk blouse, Angie sensuously cooed, "Want to dance?"

His mind blank, Rene silently nodded, his emotions in total control. As Angie placed her father's Sinatra tapes in the stereo, he stared blankly, his trance-like gaze filled with anxious desire.

A slow, soft melody filled the air, as the crooner sang, "When I was 17, it was a very good year. . ." Tenderly, Angie drew Rene near, silently encouraging him to bury his head against her bosom.

"Hasn't your 17th year been a good one, sweetheart?" the girl gently whispered. "So many wonderful things have happened to you."

"So many!" Rene dreamily murmured, responding to her loving touch. Snuggling even closer to his beloved, all the doubts and fears about his feminization swiftly evaporated from his mind.

Dancing the night away, the two retired to Angie's bedroom, in the wee hours of the morning.

Unsure where all this was going to go, he just followed Angie's lead. He found himself in her room removing his mini skirt, blouse and heels. Embarrassed, Rene stood clad in only his frilly lingerie.

"Your bra's so adorable, darling," Angie endearingly remarked, tenderly fondling it's lacy strap and filmy cup. "Is it one of the new ones?"

"Yes," the feminized boy bashfully blushed. Watching his beloved remove her knit top, exposing her own simple, athletic bra, he demurely whispered, "But your's is very pretty, too."

Pulling off her stirrup slacks, Angie offered, "I'd bet we're just about the same size. Want to swap?"

"What?" Rene nervously yelped, thrilling and panicking all the same time. "I. . .ah. . .well. . ."

"Darn!" the girl regrettably pouted, as she began to unhook his bra clasp. "It's too late darling. It'd never work. . .Not with your B cup. Those boobies of your's are BIGGER than mine!"

Aghast, Rene's quaking hands automatically rose, caressing his own bust. "It's true," he woefully pined. "I'm a fool believing Angie really wants me. . .NOT like this!"

Realizing his dire mood shift, Angie acted fast, kindly suggesting, "Forget the bras, sweetheart. Let's change to our nighties and get to bed."

Still shamed over his feminized form, Rene insisted on undressing in private. While not objecting, when he did emerge from the bathroom, Angie disappointingly sighed, "Oh Renee, of ALL things. Why are you wearing THAT?"

"Be. . .because it's cold out, Angie," he meekly stammered. "Wh. . .what's wrong with me flannel nightgown?"

Simpering, the girl took her pretty charge by his manicured hand. Sitting him on her bed, she then removed a colorfully wrapped box from her closet.

"For me?" he delightfully squealed, daintily removing the shiny pink bow. "But what's the occasion?"

"You'll find out soon enough!" Angie provocatively assured. "And when you do, you'll be glad you did!"

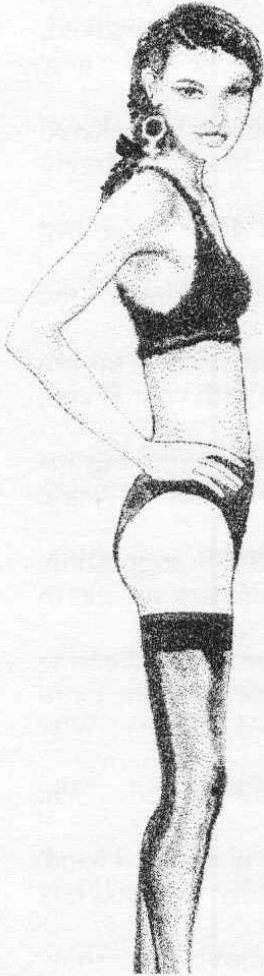
Later, the two feminine figures preened each other's luxuriously long hair, at Angie's vanity. "There," the girl merrily declared, tying off Rene's fresh braided. "All done!"

Standing before a mirror, the pretty boy wore Angie's gift. "Unbelievable!" he breathlessly gasped, glaring at his very own creamy white mounds seductively peaking from the filmy, hot pink negligee. Anxiously, he asked, "Am. . .I. . .I. . .SEXY? SEXY like a GIRL?"

Angie looked at the delicate boy sitting, his delicately arched eyebrows and dark eyes stared back in anticipation of an answer. She ran her hand over his smooth, white legs, crossed above the knee.

"Oh Renee! YES!" Angie thrillingly gushed, wearing a identical nighty in black. "You're sweet enough to. . .EAT!"

Rene was confused but excited by being so close to his love. His thoughts were still those of a boy but he was so similar to Angie.



“Don’t these nighties feel great against our titties?” Angie asked as she moved next to Rene and tenderly caressed his nighty against his chest.

In her darkened bedroom, the girl gently seduced her willing charge, tenderly teaching Rene the sensuous art of feminine love. Electrifying every inch of his supple skin, Angie ravished him to heights of erotic pleasure, he had never dreamed existed!

Rene’s erotic function which was tardily established and further suppressed by the hormones made him the passive partner. Angie’s gratification as the aggressor came easily and freely. She respected Rene’s inhibitions knowing it might take time for the perfect intimacy rhythms.

Into the late morning, the two lovers explored the other’s body. “Mmmmmm, do it AGAIN!” he lustfully moaned, under Angie’s titillating manipulations. “It feels SO gooooooood!”

Early that evening, Rene arrived back at his aunt’s home. The moment he entered, Monique, noticing his unmistakably glowing aura and brilliantly twinkling eyes, knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, Angie had spectacularly transformed her pretty nephew.

“Whatever she did, worked!” she silently enthused. Watching Rene daintily mince toward the parlor, Monique thrilled over his livelier step and the looser, more confident swing of his hips.

In an airy, authentically feminine voice, he breathlessly gushed, “Oh Auntie! I’ve had the most wonderful time!” Gracefully waving his slender arms about, Rene purred, “I’m in LOVE!”

From that day forth, Rene and Angie were inseparable. They worked, played and even double dated together!

Although awkward and embarrassing at first, Rene soon learned that appreciative kisses from male companions were part of his new role. Angie convinced him that dating men would help “add” something to his femininity. “I want you to feel uninhibited with your girlishness around men,” Angie coached. It was frightening, but the clandestine secret intimacy he and Angie shared was “thrilling”.

Yet, the real fun started AFTER their dates. Stealing away to the spare room, Monique made available to them, their feminine bodies would lovingly intertwine in lustfully rendezvous!

The more time he spent with his beloved, the more utterly feminine Rene became. He became enchanted with his girl’s wardrobe and accessories, especially his earrings. His brassieres fit exactly over his

soft mounds, his panties hugged his rounded hips, and stockings went over his legs like a second skin. With each passing day, his memories of being a boy faded deeper and deeper into oblivion.

Ultimately meek and unquestionably demure, he did everything and anything Angie told him. Was it any wonder what happened next?

On a beautiful April Sunday afternoon, the lovers merrily rode their tandem bicycle along a wooded trail. Peddling in back, Rene was enraptured. Closing his eyes, the fragrant breeze gently blew his waist length mane, as dangling pendant earrings softly chimed.

Stopping at a secluded stream, Angie helped her pretty boy dismount, as his narrow, linen skirt was too tight for him to get off the tandem on his own. Slipping off his four inch pumps, Rene tip toed down the bank, joining his girl at the water's edge.

"Isn't this a lovely place?" Angie smiled, spreading out a large blanket. "Won't you sit down, darling?"

Demurely lowering himself, Rene daintily curled his legs beneath him, sitting on his hips. As Angie snuggled her head on his nylon clad lad, Rene purred, "It's SOOOO romantic!"

For a long while, the two basked in the warm sun, relishing the other's nearness. "I can stay like this forever," the pretty boy swooned, tenderly caressing his beloved's flowing blonde mane.

Slowly rising, Angie turned to face Rene. teary eyed and solemn, her face belied the tenderness of the moment. Propped on one knee, she tensely asked, "Do you really mean, forever?"

"Wh. . .what's happened, Angie?" the feminized boy anxiously stammered. He hadn't a clue as to why her demeanor had so drastically changed. "Did I say something wrong?"

"For heaven sakes, NO!" the girl rejoined, with heartfelt emotion. "Everything about you is so. . .so. . .RIGHT!"

Still hopelessly baffled, Rene bewilderingly watched as Angie reached into her pants pocket. Removing a small pink suede sack, she gently placed it for his inspection in her quivering palm.

"For ME?" he gaily gushed, gingerly fondling his left ear. "It's not another lovely pair of earrings for us to share?"

Slowly shaking her head, Angie endearingly whispered, "Not earrings, darling." Clumsily untying the sack's silken draw strings, she fumbled its contents into her quaking hand.

"Oh my LORD!" Rene quiveringly cried. "I never expected."

"I. . .love you. . .SO. . .much, sweetheart," Angie haltingly declared, tenderly grasping his left hand. "Renee. . .Will you marry me?"

His mind whirling, the frail boy urgently clenched his tensely heaving bosom. Trembling, Rene was at a total loss for words.

"Will you, my love?" the girl again earnestly proposed. "I love you and want us to spend the rest of our lives together!"

"B. . .but it. . .it's not right!" Rene stammeringly insisted. "The boy's supposed to ask the girl to marry him, not vice versa!"

"The GIRL was asked, sweetheart," Angie lovingly simpered. "You just happen to be HER!"

Tears poured down Rene's delicate face, melting his mascara. "I . . . I'm not a girl," he softly whimpered. "I . . . I'm really a . . ."

"Don't say it!" the girl tenderly interjected. "Don't say you're anything but an adorable woman, Renee." Gently embracing him, Angie kindly urged, "Just look at yourself! Do boys wear heels, tight skirts and frilly silk blouses?"

As he miserably shook his head, she continued, "And do boy's breasts fill B+ cup bras or lacy panties with succulently rounded hips? Does their waist length hair flow in thick tendril or are their fingernails luxuriously long and immaculately polished?"

"You're right. . . you're SO right, Angie!" Rene painfully sobbed. "Oh lord. What's become of me?"

"You've become what you've always meant to be," Angie lovingly assured. "I love you with all my heart. Truly, I wouldn't want you any other way! Will you marry me, Renee?"

His emotions drained, Rene shut his eyes, desperately trying to think. "She wants to marry me," he anguished. "Me. . . the GIRL!" Yet, reflecting upon their relationship, he sadly realized he had too willingly and completely accepted the feminine role.

While Angie had become bold, Rene became meeker. She arranged their dates and outings and he mindlessly followed. Even in making love, Angie aggressively dominated, as Rene was timidly submissive.

Sighing deeply, the feminized boy slowly opened his eyes to his beloved's adoring smile. Gently grasping his hand, Angie slid a diamond encrusted circle around Rene's left ring finger.

Seizing his chest, the frail lad let out a breathless squeal, as Angie lovingly assured, "See, Renee. You WILL marry me!"

Instantaneously, all his grave doubts, tumultuous fears and ardent misgivings miraculously vanished. Gazing wondrously at the elegant engagement ring, Rene passionately swooned, "Oh YES, Angie. I WILL marry you!"

Feverishly peddling home, the two lovers hurriedly scampered to the parlor. Winded, they broke the glorious news to Monique.

"That's fabulous, simply FABULOUS!" she gushed. "I won't be losing a nephew. . . I'll be gaining two DAUGHTERS!"

The three then excitedly discussed wedding plans. Angie just couldn't wait. "Let's elope immediately, darling," she tittered to Rene. "It'd be SO romantic!"

"I can not allow it," Monique solemnly disagreed. "The court in Boston made me Renee's legal guardian until his 18th birthday. So, we'll have to wait."

"Well, that's not so far away," the girl merrily giggled. "He'll be eighteen in just two weeks!"

Rene was oblivious to the women's wedding banter. Instead, he dreamily marveled at his sparkling, round cut stone and how it increasingly feminized his exquisitely slender finger.

Since their marital vows had to wait, there was time enough for Monique to prepare a proper wedding. Yet, having planned it ten's of thousands of times in her mind, it would be SO easy!

Despite his ultra femininity, Rene had his own notions of his wedding day. Monique, well aware of this, confidently noted, "I've a plan to cure that!"

On April 30th, Rene wearily returned home, after an especially hard day at the shop. Quitting early, his aunt and Angie left him alone to fend for himself.

Scampering to his room, he slumped against his vanity chair, kicking his four inch pumps into his closet. "Ah, this feels SO good!" he delectably moaned, rubbing his aching, nylon clad feet.

Removing his tight, linen mini skirt and silk blouse, Rene donned a comfortable, floral print sundress. Slipping on a pair of pink heeled espadrilles, he went searching for his aunt.

"Auntie. . .Auntie Monique!" he called throughout the house. But after combing almost every room, she was nowhere to be found.

But he entered the parlor, he was nearly scared out of his skin. "SURPRISE!" shrilled thunderously. "HAPPY BIRTHDAY, RENEE!"

Actually, shocked was how he felt! Yet, he soon recovered and joined his aunt and fiancée for a wonderful birthday celebration.

After blowing out the candles, Rene couldn't wait to taste his butter cream cake. Using his long fingernail, he scooped a glob of frosting onto his tongue. "Mmm. . .scrumptious!" he giggled.

"Close your eyes, Renee," Angie leeringly smiled, holding her arm behind her back. "It's time for your presents!"

Following her command, the pretty boy shut them, his long, curled, darkly mascaraed lashes intertwining. Suddenly, he felt an object being tightened around his neck. While fearfully anxious, he didn't open his eyes.

"Okay, come and look!" his fiancée cheered. "Isn't it heavenly on him, boss?"

Handing him a small mirror, Monique endearingly smiled, "Exquisite, Angie. It so enhances his elegantly long neck."

"A cameo!" Rene squealed with delight. "Oh Angie, it's divine! Where in the world did you get it?"

"It belonged to my mother," she explained. "It was one of the few things I inherited from her. She wanted me to wear it for my wedding day. . .But it's far more beautiful on you, darling."

Bewildered, Rene nervously stammered, "B. . .but I can't wear a cameo. It'd look utterly ridiculous with my tuxedo!"

Yet, the frail lad became even more confused, as his protest was received with spontaneous laughter. "A tuxedo!" Angie chortled. "Oh darling, don't be silly. You'll be wearing a. . ."

"Now, now dears," Monique quickly intervened. "Let's not get ahead of ourselves. I've yet to give Renee MY present."

Rene genuinely thrilled over the darling ankle bracelet from his aunt. Yet, he remained gravely concerned, preoccupied with Angie's strange response about him wearing a tuxedo.

After the party, Monique lovingly brushed her nephew's waist length, strawberry blonde mane. Diligently braiding it for bed, she confessed, "I lied to you, dear. Many months ago, I said all you uncle's clothes were given away. That's not entirely true."

"It's not?" he surprisingly gasped. "You mean I didn't HAVE to wear your clothes, all this time?"

"Heavens, no!" Monique laughingly sighed. "I only saved one particular garment. And now's a good time for you to see it."

Anxiously clutching his chest, Rene watched intensely, as his aunt scoured the deep reaches of his closet. Removing a weather beaten, old steamer trunk, she kindly advised, "It right in here."

As Monique opened the trunk, she breathed a sigh of relief that moths didn't fly out. Reaching in, she slowly removed its contents, displaying them to Rene.

"A tuxedo!" the frail boy cheered. "Is that for me?"

Biting her lip, she slyly replied, "Well. . .If it fits. . ."

"He's been in that bathroom for nearly an hour. . .And not a peep!" Monique gravely worried, awaiting her nephew. "I hope his image hasn't shocked him TOO much!"

But then, hearing a creaking, she immediately turned her attention to the opening bathroom door. "H. . .how d. . .do I look, Auntie?" Rene whimpered looking down.

Forcing a frown, to discourage an overwhelming urge to smile, Monique ogled her tuxedoed, feminized nephew. It was too pitiful. Fighting to keep the pants from falling down, Rene desperately tried folding his arms to hid his ample bosom.

"This simply won't do," his aunt gently remarked, helping him remove the satin laped jacket. "I'm afraid studded shirts and cumber buns were designed for men with flat chests not to be worn with C cup brassieres."

Throughout the month of May, Rene never had time to breath! Although Angie and Monique excluded him from the wedding plans, he kept hectically busy, with Mother's Day and Monique's move.

It came as a complete shock to him. But as Monique explained, she had planned to sell the house, eventually. And since he'd be leaving after the wedding, she did need so much space, anymore.

They moved to a quaint, two bedroom cottage, just down the street from her flower shop. Roomy enough for his aunt, much of her old furniture was kept in storage.

As his June wedding day loomed nearer, Rene suffered terrible pre-wedding jitters. "I just know there's still SO much I must do," he'd nervously fret. "And I still don't know what I'll wear!"

Adding to his frantic worries, Rene saw little of Angie during the days preceding their nuptials. Left to do her share of work at the flower shop, he'd often ask his aunt where she was, only to be evasively told, "She's only getting things ready, that's all."

"B. . .but Auntie," the pretty lad nervously whined. "Wh. . .where's Angie? We're getting married tomorrow and I haven't seen one bit of her for the last three days. I'm terribly worried!"

Smiling reassuringly, Monique tenderly soothed, "She's just taking precautions, dear. It's bad luck to see the bride before the big day!"

Shortly after their conversation, Monique took Rene's delicate hand, leading him to her car. "Where's Auntie taking me?" he tensely wondered. "It's noon on Friday and she's closed the shop."

"I'm going to make him gorgeous!" Betty delightfully whispered to Monique, as she brought her nephew to the salon. "He'll be a simply beautiful, blushing. . ."

"Shhh," his aunt urgently warned the beautician. "Rene's not to suspect a thing. Pretend it's a regular appointment, please!"

Yet, as Betty followed Monique's orders to the letter, Rene's grave concerns grew. His head massed in curlers, the feminized boy sat anxiously as his long fingernails were expertly manicured.

"I'm getting the works!" he bewilderingly shuddered. "Legs waxed. . . More blonde highlights in my hair. . .And she's polishing my nails such a glistening mother of pearl white! Doesn't Betty know I'm getting married, tomorrow?"

The following morning, Rene awoke to a flurry of activity. Groggy, he had a particularly restless night, having slept with those darn curlers still in his hair.



Rene no longer felt or looked like a boy.

"Good morning, darling," his aunt gaily enthused. "This is It. . . Your BIG DAY!"

Even after his sweet scented bubble bath, the frail boy felt no better. Actually, matters were only worse, when he saw the outfit his aunt chose for him to wear.

"Auntie!" he miserably whined. "It's my wedding day. I can't wear. . . THAT! The pink silk skirted suit and the matching pumps?"

"Indeed, dear," Monique beamed. "You still need a comb out at the salon and it's a long drive to the chapel. . . Honestly, a skirt's much more comfortable than your wedding. . . garb."

Nervously crossing his white nylon clad thighs, Rene tensely fidgeted with his skirt's hem, as his aunt turned onto the highway. From the moment they left the salon, he suffered far more than traditional jitters. He was having a downright panic attack!

"How can I get married looking like THIS?" he softly moaned, sadly gazing at his reflection in the car's vanity mirror. "Grooms don't wear full makeup. . . Or have flowers woven into their hair!"

Keeping her eyes on the road, Monique lovingly assured, "Don't fret, darling. You're positively perfect!"

Yet, his aunt's soothing couldn't calm poor Rene. His image was as feminine as ever. Angie was nowhere to be found and he still didn't know what he was wearing for the wedding ceremony, except it was in a mysterious black bag, hanging in the back seat.

Meanwhile, a very content smile spread across Monique's lips. "Thank goodness I found out about old Judge Cox," she happily thought. "With cataracts as thick as his, he's a blind as a bat!"

Two hours later, they pulled into a drive way of a Victorian house, not unlike the one Monique had just sold. A wooden sign on the porch read, "Wedding Chapel, Hon. Clyde Cox, presiding."

"Here we are!" his aunt gaily chimed. "Hurry, let's get you changed."

As they enter the front door, they were greeted by an elderly, white haired woman. "Ah, you must be the Martin wedding party," the woman gingerly grinned. "I'm Mrs. Cox. The changing room's just to your left. The Judge's ready when you are!"

Looking back, Rene frantically searched about for Angie. "Where IS she, Auntie?" he fearfully whimpered, not seeing her or her little red car. "She's not here and I'm awfully worried!"

"Don't fret, my darling," his smilingly aunt soothed. "I promise you the bride won't be left standing alone at the altar!"

Yet, Monique's offhanded reassurance left her nephew more confused than ever! Nonetheless she confidently grabbed his hand, leading him into the changing room.

"I. . . I can't get married in THAT!" Rene cried in terror. "Oh Auntie, I'm suppose to be the. . ."

"But you MUST!" Monique urged, pouting disappointedly. "Its daring decollete will complement your full figure divinely!"

Horror struck, the feminized boy frantically flapped his slender arms, as tears glazed over his doe-like eyes. "It. . .it's not right! I. . .I won't! . . .I. . .I can't! . . .I. . .I. . ."

The ceremony began, as an scratchy old recording of the Wedding March played on the victrola. Traditionally adorned, the bride was simply stunning!

An elegant antique cameo was something old, while a brilliant diamond engagement ring was something new. Something borrowed was Monique's lacy, virgin white dress, while something blue was a garter, cleverly fashioned from a once forgotten blue tee shirt.

The groom, dashingy outfitted in black tie and tails gallantly uttered, "I will." Deeply blushing, the bride's full, sumptuous, pale pink glossed lips quivered with excitement.

" . . .And do you, Rene, take Angela to be you lawful wedded wife? . . .To have and to hold, until death do you part?" asked the near sightless Justice of the Peace.

With his immaculately polished nails, Rene anxiously caressed the cameo, adorning his swan-like neck. Nervously glancing at Angie, he couldn't fathom why her long, flowing blonde hair was cut so manishly. Yet, he silently admitted, "She's handsome, indeed!"

"We're waiting, Rene," the Judge kindly reminded. "Do you?"

Swooning, an endearing smile swept across his white frosted lips. Gazing sheepishly into his beloved's big, blue eyes, Rene breathlessly sighed, "I will. . .I most certainly WILL!"

Even before the old judge officially pronounced them husband and wife, Angie swept Rene off his feet. Dipping him deeply, she held him fast, planting him with the "Mother of all kisses!"

The "turnabout" wedding ceremony was a complete success and no one was the wiser. Traipsing out to Angie's car, loudly decorated with newlywed regalia, feminized husband and manly wife gaily bid ado, heading off on their honeymoon.

As the car departed down the road, the judge's wife kindly remarked, "What a lovely couple, Mrs. Martin. . .The bride was your daughter, yes?"

"No, my neph. . .ah. . .niece," Monique absentmindedly replied. Embracing her bosom, she tearfully watched the newlyweds disappear over the horizon, dreamily sighing, "But Renee's been the daughter I never had!"

Using profits from the sale of her home, Monique gave the couple a wedding gift that keeps on giving. She set her two "nieces" up in their own business. . .a flower shop!

Before the wedding, Angie had been off in Nebraska, searching for the right small town in need of a florist. Finding Birchdale, she fell in love with the hamlet at first sight.

Rene had learned well and became a highly skilled flower arranger. Along with Angie's artistic flair and sound business sense, their shop was quickly successful.

To the others in town, the Nelson girls were cousins, living and working together. Yes, Rene had taken Angie's name as his own. Little did anyone even suspect the tall, attractive blonde and the sprite, petite redhead were not entirely what they appeared to be!

With every passing month, Rene's memory of his former life dimmed darker. Docile and meek, he epitomized the stereotypical virtues of the quintessential midwestern, small town girl.

Whether working or out and about, whenever he'd be offered the slightest bit of attention, Rene would blush deeply. Grinning sheepishly, he'd bite his colorfully glossed lips, demurely glancing away.

While Angie kept her hair shortly cropped, she insisted Rene grow his as long as possible. Always neatly coiffured, usually braided, it cascaded down in a thick tail, well below his fanny! He was unquestionably the most feminine of the two.

One bright and brisk Autumn Sunday, the lovers strolled the village green. Walking their poodle, Savard, they kept a respectable distance between themselves, despite overwhelming urges to the contrary!

Maintaining his feminine best, Rene wore a darling red tartan plaid skirt and sweater set. Admiring his long, crimson nails, he thrilled as his four inch patent pumps clicked the sidewalk below.

Gazing wondrously at his beloved Angie, mannishly attired in stirrup slacks, flats and leather jacket, he clandestinely blew a soft kiss in her direction.

At a bench, the pair stopped to rest. Gently smoothing his long skirt, Rene demurely sat, with his hand neatly folded in his lap and ankles primly crossed.

Their blissful silence was momentarily interrupted when a young girl called, "Look, Mommy! Aren't those the flower girls?"

Embarrassed, the mother shyly simpered over her daughter's good natured faux pas. Although blushing, Rene endearingly waived "hello" at the child.

As the girl and her mother skipped away, Rene glanced toward Angie. Exchanging knowing grins, he lovingly whispered, "I am, aren't I?"

"I'm confused," Angie smilingly confessed. "You are, what?"

"Why I'm Angela!" the feminized lad mused. "I'm the FLOWER GIRL!"

## **THE END**

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

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

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

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

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

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74**

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

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76**

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

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

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

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

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

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

**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION****CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought. Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

### **CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

### **VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns!

### **VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

### **FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

### **THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

### **THE GIRL "S PART #12**

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

### **THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

### **MY SISTER "S SHADOW #14**

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

### **HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

### **GIRLIES #16**

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

### **HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

### **MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

### **HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

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

### **I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

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

### **REDTOES #21**

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

### **TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

### **FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

### **JEFF "S HUMILIATION #24**

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

### **THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

### **DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

### **GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

### **A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

### **FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

### **CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

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

### **CLEAVAGE #31**

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

### **JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!! **JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

### **TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

### **A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

### **HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

### **WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

### **FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

### **METAMORPHOSIS & META"**

### **COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

### **HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

### **JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

### **SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

### **FEMININE DESIRES #44**

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

### **TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

### **SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

### **CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

### **SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

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

### **GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

### **FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

### **PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

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

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

#### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

#### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

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

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

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

#### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

#### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

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

#### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

#### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

#### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

#### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

#### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

#### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

#### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

#### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

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

#### **PRETTY FORWEVER #73**

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

### **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

#### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

#### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

#### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

#### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

#### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

#### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

#### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

#### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

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

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

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

### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

### **MANNEQUIN #15**

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

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **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.

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

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

## **PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED**

### **SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

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

#### **#1 NORM:**

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

### **NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

"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.

### **THE SARAH SCHOOL**

"The Sarah School", „Sarah School" is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

### **CRAVEX - A WIFE"S REVENGE**

CraveX - A Wife"s Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

### **TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

### **AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!!

Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

### **DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

### **PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

## **POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

### **“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds “domestic bliss” as a fashion model’s sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

### **FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1 LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2 BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

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

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

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

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

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

### **SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)**

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

### **I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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

### **Another super hero adventure. I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)**

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

### **I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)**

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

now a Princess!

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

The continuing saga of Tebby.

### **I BECAME MY TEACHER**

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

## **THE SISSY SERIES**

### **SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5**

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

### **THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

### **WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

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**

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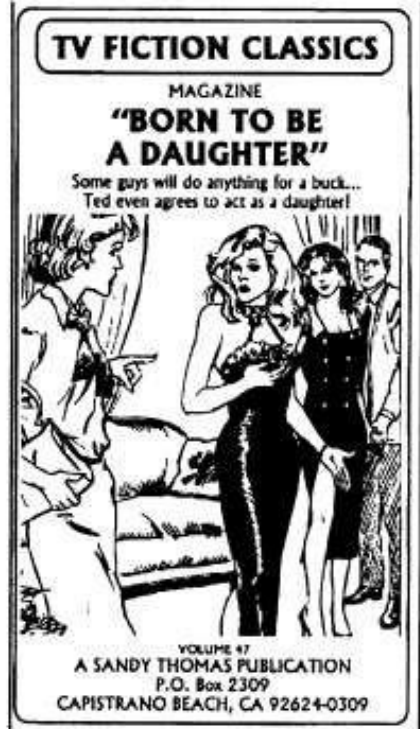
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