

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"THE GIRL'S PART"

From a part in a play to a new role in life.

Andy's feminization.



Volume # 12

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

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION**

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“THE GIRL’S PART”

by Amy

with help from Ron

Re-written by Sandy Thomas

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

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THE GIRL'S PART

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KRISTY LOVE,

ISBN: 1-893708-70-5

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**Questions you will never see on Jeopardy:
"Why do we were a pair of panties and only one bra?"**

THE GIRL'S PART

by Amy

Edited by RON

Re-written by SANDY

“My eyes were open but I wasn’t awake.”

College was an exciting time for me. A time of exploration and excitement. I had grown up in a small town, in a nice, but perfectly ordinary family. I saw college as liberating, a chance to meet new people, try new things, go to new places.

Sophomore year. I was lucky enough to get into the upper class seminar on Shakespeare. It was a small class and the professor had a great reputation for really bringing the play to life.

The prof had a dual appointment in English and Drama departments, so for him, the plays weren’t just literature, they were drama, also. That suited me fine. I had acted in a couple of high school plays and enjoyed the excitement of stage work.

There were six guys and two girls in the class. One of the girls, a blond named Kathy, was a ‘knock-out and had a fair amount of talent. She had a halo of golden ringlets and truly sensational legs.

I wanted to ask her out, but was always too shy. I decided to bide my time. Although I was only a sophomore, I thought that if I performed well, it would impress her.

The other guys also locked onto her looks immediately, but nobody seemed to make a move. The only one who seemed to be getting past 'hello' was another sophomore named Andy.

He didn't seem like much competition. He was short and kind of frail looking. A nice guy; you know, a good sense of humor. Maybe I was underestimating him, but it looked to me as if they were becoming friends rather than anything romantic.

Class was always fun. Professor Jackson was pretty flamboyant and had a wild sense of humor. We were often in hysterics, reading aloud from the plays, acting out scenes.

It was especially good when I got to play opposite Kathy who turned out to be a dazzling actress. She turned everybody on, including the professor, but she had a sweetness that kept everybody from getting too forward. The play's, of course, were pretty innocent and didn't give one much chance to get romantic.

About half way through the term, Professor Jackson announced that we would spend the rest of the term intensely studying one play. Mondays would be spent acting out scenes from the play. Wednesdays were spent analyzing what we had acted as drama. Fridays, we would discuss it as literature, putting it into the



ANDY

context of contemporary events and placing it in the evolution of English literature.

He let us choose the play and after much discussion, we settled on 'Much Ado About Nothing'. Kathy was chosen as the female lead, Beatrice. I was hoping to get the male lead, but Professor Jackson chose one of the other guys.

I was ruing my misfortune when Professor Jackson neared the end of assigning the parts. "Well, we've got a little imbalance, I'm afraid," he said, "Andy, would you mind reading the Heo part?" Heo was a young woman.

"No, that's alright," Andy replied, not the least bit perturbed.

"Now, we all know that boys played the female roles originally," continued Professor Jackson, "but we won't make Andy don rouge."

Everybody laughed, including Andy. We went on to plan Monday's reading. After that, class was dismissed, everyone heading across campus.

I noticed Kathy and Andy going off together, laughing at some private joke, and I began to wonder if maybe he wasn't more competition than I had first imagined.

Monday's reading was a success by all accounts. I had studied my part carefully and was able to say my lines without referring to the text. Everyone liked the way it allowed me to be more natural and to stay in character.

We all agreed that we would learn our lines ahead of time in the future. Professor Jackson agreed to give us a few pointers on our acting as we progressed.

One of the other guys got off a good line about it, saying, "It's not going to help Andy stay in character. He's still the only baritone Heo you're ever going to hear."

Andy was no baritone, but he wasn't a soprano either. He recited one of Heo's lines in his deepest voice, setting off another round of laughter. It was odd.

The following Monday, we all trooped in and began the day's scene. Everything was going along normally until it was time for Andy's first line.

"I would perform any modest office, my Lord, to secure for my cousin a good husband," he said in a beautifully feminine voice. Everyone stopped in a stunned silence. The voice he had used was high, soft and full of feminine inflection. It wasn't a falsetto; in fact, it sounded a lot like Kathy.

"I used to make fun of my sister," he said with a bemused smile, "After awhile, I got pretty good at imitating her."

We were still in shock, but Professor Jackson softly said, "Let's go on."

And we did. I think all of us were hanging on Andy's every line. I closed my eyes for some of them and I could have sworn it was a girl talking. He even seemed to get more feeling into his lines, as if using the proper voice allowed him to get into the character better.

At the end of class, we all gave him a round of applause. For the first time, he seemed embarrassed. He looked at us uncertainly, but when he saw that the applause was universal and without reservation, he nodded his thanks.

Kathy positively beamed at him and the power of her radiant smile must have chased away any doubts he had. The two of them wandered off as happy as could be.

For the next few weeks, we worked our way through the play, with Andy continuing his performance. On Mondays, it was almost a shock when he spoke in his male voice. We had almost forgotten how

unusual it was when Professor Jackson made an announcement.

"Most years, we put on the play for the English and Drama faculties, and selected guests. We keep the audience small to minimize stage fright and we've found that everyone enjoys it immensely. We use period costumes, props and scenery from the Drama department. . .the whole works.

"Of course," he continued, "This year we have an unusual problem." All of us looked at Andy, who looked like a deer caught in a set of headlights.

"Now Andy," Professor Jackson said, "Don't feel pressured to do this. We can certainly skip the play or get one of the drama students to play the part. But you make a wonderful Heo. If you're willing, we'll let you do the full portrayal."

You could have heard a pin drop. Everyone was waiting for Andy's answer and I'm sure I wasn't the only one picturing what he'd look like.

He had the build for it, that was sure. I looked at him closely considering him in a new light. He wasn't just small, he was almost delicate. Small boned, I guess you would say. His hands and feet were tiny, too, and his face had a softness to it. He had large green eyes and full lips set in a classic oval.

The more I looked at him, the more I was sure he could do it. He had short brown hair, so he'd need a wig, but with that and a little makeup, he'd be okay.

Just as the suspense was getting unbearable, a smile began to spread across his face. He glanced at Kathy and an impish look came over him. "Why not?" he said, "I'm game."

"Oh, goody!" squealed Kathy and she ran over and gave him a kiss. If he'd had any doubts before, that erased them on the spot. "We'll work on it together," she assured him. And so it was settled.

The next couple of weeks , we worked out the details of our little production. Everyone practiced their lines and Professor Jackson coached us on stage directions.

Andy began gliding about in a graceful manner and Kathy helped him with feminine hand gestures. He had let his hair get a little shaggy and with that perfect voice, it was easy to forget his sex and accept him in his role.

Outside it though, he was still the same old Andy, funny and likeable and a regular guy. One day he took a wig from wardrobe and stuck some socks in his sweatshirt. We all laughed until we hurt.

At this point it was obvious that he and Kathy were pretty close and though there was no outward sign of romance, I gave that game up as lost.

Dress rehearsal loomed, and we reserved the Drama faculty lounge the evening before the performance. That was where the play was going to be performed, rather than on a stage because the audience was only going to be about twenty or thirty.

Everyone waited for Andy's appearance, trying and generally failing to be nonchalant about it. After keeping us waiting for a time, he came gliding in, wearing a floor length period gown.

My jaw dropped in amazement. His dark brown wig matched his natural hair color, falling softly about his shoulders. He had just a hint of eye make up on, and a touch of natural lip gloss, but he looked utterly convincing as a girl. In fact, he looked better than most of the girls on campus, especially when that infectious smile bloomed on his face and his eyes began to sparkle.

Everyone was quick to compliment him and to give him some reassurance, but it was almost as if he didn't need it. He swept into his role as if it were the



“At one rehearsal, Andy grabbed a wig and stuck some socks in his sweat shirt. With his high voice I knew he could play the girl’s part in the play.”

most natural thing in the world. Voice, movement, and looks were all right on key.

His gown had big puff sleeves and a low square cut neckline. Tight through the bodice, then flared into a full skirt, which rustled over petticoats when he moved. His bust was slightly padded and with his small waist, delicate arms and tiny hands, even his body was totally convincing.

I couldn't keep my eyes off him. At one point, he caught me staring and we both looked away in embarrassment. Everybody else was staring too, but nobody said much, concentrating for the most part on the play.

Once, I looked over to see Andy standing next to Kathy and I was struck by the fact that he looked about as good as she did. They were about the same height and built on the same scale.

After rehearsal was finished, the two of them rushed off together. I didn't see either of them again until we had dressed for the performance the next day. We were waiting in the room next to the faculty lounge when Andy made his appearance.

He was dressed in the same gown, but this time he had more makeup on. In full theatrical makeup, he made a gorgeous girl. His green eyes looked enormous, framed by lush lashes. His eyebrows were thinner and arched and I realized that he'd plucked them. His lips were a rich, ruby red. He gave us a shy smile and downcast eyes, his hands clasped demurely in front. God, he looked great.

Almost immediately, Professor Jackson opened the door and announced, "You're on!"

Andy's eyes came up and met mine for an instant and then he was gone as he was in the opening scene. Somehow, that look stayed with me and I was unsettled by it. But the excitement of the play soon carried me away.

I think we gave a credible performance, and the audience did too. Their applause was warm and sincere. Of course, Andy got a standing ovation.

If anything, his voice had gotten richer and more natural with practice. It was full of girlish enthusiasm. His performance was flawless and with his face flushed with excitement, he was absolutely beautiful.

After our bows, he scampered off to his dressing room, chattering excitedly with Kathy. We changed our clothes and returned to the lounge where Professor Jackson had planned a little party for us with most of the audience staying on. It took Andy and Kathy a while to return, but when they did, they made quite an entrance.

Kathy came in first wearing a tight cotton mini dress in light blue. Her hair and makeup were done in a more sophisticated look than usual. The dress showed off some eye popping curves. When she came in, however, she quickly stepped to the side and turned back toward the door, extending an arm as if in introduction.

Then Andy appeared. Not the one we'd met at the beginning of the term, but the one we'd just seen in the play. They'd touched up his makeup and brushed out his wig. He wore a dark blue V-neck sweater in a soft, fuzzy material. He had on a wide black leather belt and a tight black miniskirt. Dark stockings and black patent heels showcased a sensational pair of snazzy legs.

He wore earrings, a necklace, long red nails, the whole works. He stopped and flashed a dazzling smile and the room exploded in applause. The guy standing next to me let out a wolf whistle and Andy struck a sultry model's pose and flashed a smoldering look.

It struck me like a physical blow and I just stared at her mesmerized. "She. . .her. . .? Now wait a

minute," I thought, "That's Andy, 'he'. Pull yourself together."

Andy dropped the pose almost immediately, giggled sweetly and called out his thanks. He and Kathy walked toward the bar and as they strode in unison, I noticed how smooth and confident Andy was in those heels. Man, was he good at this!

I also noticed that his curves were almost a match for Kathy's. Her dress was much more revealing, but the basic shape was pretty much the same. Andy had used more padding on his chest and the belt made his waist look very slim.

His hips were full and rounded and I guessed he had padded them too. The sight of his bottom twitching back and forth as he walked in those heels filled me with an odd feeling that was getting all too common whenever I looked at him.

Still, I kept my cool and had a good time at the party. I talked with pretty much everybody and spent some time with Andy and Kathy. They stuck together for most of the evening.

After a couple of drinks, the crowd started to thin out. I looked around and noticed that Kathy had left. Andy caught my eye and came gliding over, a shy smile on his face.

"I have a favor to ask," he said sheepishly.

"Sure," I said, wondering what it might be.

"Kathy had to go and I don't want to go back across campus alone dressed like this. I could change back into my blue jeans, but it's late and you know. . . I was wondering," he was kind of stammering, but finally got it out, "Would you mind walking me home?"

"Sure, no problem," I said immediately. Then, I wondered, well, was it a problem? Anyway, it was too late.

We said our goodbyes and left. I've got to admit that I was kind of nervous. I wasn't sure I wanted to

be seen doing this. Also, being alone with Andy made me feel a little strange.

But we started talking and pretty soon my nerves calmed down. It was quite late and nobody was out. To be honest, it was kind of nice. Andy's pleasant personality translated beautifully in his female role. He kept his voice high and he stayed completely in character.

"You know, you're unbelievably good at this," I told him.

"Thanks," he said, giving me a pleased look, "Kathy's really been helping me."

"You two are the prettiest pair on campus," I teased.

"Oh, no," he said, dead serious, "I'm not in Kathy's league. Isn't she gorgeous?"

"Yeah," I replied, "No argument there."

We were quiet for a moment, passing beneath some towering oaks as we approached Andy's room. A soft wind rustled the leaves and the whole setting was quite romantic.

"Too bad Andy's not real," I thought, "Or I'd be tempted to make a pass at him." I banished the thought from my mind as we approached the door to his dorm. It was totally silent except for the wind in the leaves. We were the only souls out.

"Thank you," Andy whispered gently. Then standing on his toes, he leaned forward like he was going to give me a soft kiss on the cheek. Instinctively, I began to gather him up in my arms, fully intending to kiss him on the lips.

Realizing what I was doing, I fought down my urge, my heart pounding wildly. Without meeting my eyes, he turned slowly and disappeared into the door, whispering, "Good night," over his shoulder as he went in.

"Good night," I replied softly well after he'd gone.

CHAPTER 2

I left for Christmas vacation soon after and didn't see Andy again for several weeks. When I did, it was the old Andy and neither of us referred to our midnight walk. I think we were both a little nervous at first, but our old friendship reasserted itself.

I wondered if I'd ever see the female version again. I noticed that he still hadn't cut his hair, but it looked neater and he was brushing it back along the sides and top. Still, it fell well over his collar. His eyebrows had grown back, but they still were kind of thin and had a little arch to them.

We didn't have any classes together that term, but I ran into him periodically. Once when I was out on a date, I ran into Kathy and him at a local dance club. We shared a table and had quite a good time. He and Kathy were obviously very close at this point, but their relationship seemed to lack fire somehow. If I were with Kathy, I would have been all over her, but Andy wasn't. But, who knows, maybe that was what she liked about him.

At the end of the school year, a friend gave me tickets to the Senior Dance. It was a really nice affair, held outside the plaza in front of the administration building's reflecting pool.

I wasn't dating anyone seriously at the time, so I decided to go alone, even though I knew there wouldn't be many unattached girls there. It was a big, glamorous event and I wanted to see what it was like.

The dance was formal, so I got my tux on and walked over to the plaza. I got there fairly early, intending to leave early. But there was already a good sized crowd when I arrived. I got a drink and settled in to enjoy the band and check out the girls.

Everybody looked great in their formal clothes, the girls having gone all out with their hair and makeup. I didn't see any unattached girls that appealed to me, so I periodically checked the entrance for new arrivals.

I got a second drink and was absorbing the music when I glanced over and saw a crop of new arrivals. My eyes widened as I saw two big, smooth looking guys come in with a pair of absolute babes on their arms. To my astonishment, the babes were Kathy and Andy! At least I thought it was Andy?

Kathy looked incredible in a low cut, royal blue gown with black and silver sequins along the neckline, sleeves and hem.

Andy looked every bit as good in a floor length silver gown. The neckline was cut high in front, but when he turned to whisper something to Kathy, I saw that it was backless, exposing bare flesh clear down to his backside. There was a slit up the side to mid-thigh, giving an occasional glance at some wonderful looking legs.

As the foursome moved to a table, every head turned. There were lots of pretty girls at the dance, but there weren't any others like these two. These were women, not girls, and beautiful enough to have been lifted from the pages of *Vogue*.

Elegant, poised, beautifully made up, they both had pulled their hair up into elaborate French twists. A lot of guys were getting elbows in the ribs for staring too long.

How did he do this? Who were the guys? Did Kathy make him up? The guys looked vaguely familiar, but I didn't know either of them. They got drinks and the four of them sat chatting for a while.

Then they hit the dance floor and I was surprised to see that Andy more than held his own, despite four inch heels. He had the arch, the flexibility and the

sizzling hips of an accomplished temptress. Where had he learned that?

I watched for a while, then wandered off in a daze in search of another drink. When I came back, the guys and Kathy had disappeared somewhere and Andy was sitting alone at their table. I had a good buzz going by now, so I had no problem summoning the courage to go over and say hello. I had to know the story.

Andy smiled brightly when he saw me and motioned for me to sit in the chair next to him. "You look incredible," I blurted not trying to be obvious.

"Thanks," he replied blushing, but pleased with the compliment.

"I'd ask you to dance, but I wouldn't want to upset your date," I said, trying for a joke, but failing to repress a touch of annoyance.

"Oh, this is all Kathy's idea. . .he's not really my date," Andy said, cool as a cucumber. Then after a pause, he finished, "We all just came together. It's Kathy's idea of a joke. He doesn't know. . ."

"It took some time for his statement to sink in. "So Kathy set you up but she's really your date?"

"Yeah," he said, looking away wistfully, "Sort of."

I had no idea what that meant, but I had no chance to ask. Andy grabbed my hand and got to his feet, fixing me with a mocking smile. "Come on," he said, "Let's dance."

He led me to the dance floor. The band was belting out some great rock and roll and we really got into it. Andy's dress was made of a clingy material. As it slid over his gyrating curves, it was rather sexy. I wasn't the only one who thought so. Every guy in the vicinity of us had at least one eye on him. Some of the girls were even checking him out.

"You know you do this girl thing a little TOO well," I said a little too loud.

"Shhh! Someone might hear."

We danced a couple of numbers, then returned to the table where Kathy and the guys had reappeared. I said hello to Kathy and was introduced to the guys. No one acted as if anything was at all out of the ordinary except one of them looked at me like I was an intruder. We made small talk about the band, the beautiful night, etc.

Once, I stumbled over Andy's name and for the only time that night, he looked a little embarrassed. "Call me Amy," he whispered, looking kind of anxious, "It's easier."

"Yeah," I said, "Sure, AMY!"

It was too much for me. I felt like a fifth wheel anyway, so I excused myself, got another drink at the bar, and gulped it down. I watched Andy dance with many a fellow. . .no one seemed to notice a thing wrong. . .somehow it made me thirsty.

My head spinning, I went back to my room and turned in for the night. I had a hard time going to sleep, but I finally dropped off into a restless slumber.

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CHAPTER 3

That was the last time I saw Andy that year. I was soon off on summer vacation. I had a job as a life-guard at the shore. I had a really great summer. Sun, music, girls, everything.

When September rolled around, I was ready to go back to school. I had hurt my knee in spring practice the prior year, so I had to give up football, but I didn't really mind. I was actually looking forward to a fall without so many demands on my time.

Although I didn't want to admit it, even to myself, I was anxious to see Andy again too. The dance had been disorienting for me, but it also left me fascinated with him.

I saw him the first week back, and once again, we both tried hard to be casual. We were both with other people, so we didn't bring up the dance.

I did notice, however, that his hair was longer than ever. He had pulled it back up in a ponytail, and partially concealed it with a baseball cap, so it looked okay. But if he had let it fly free, it would have been at least shoulder length.

As we were parting, he said kind of casually, "Hey, I've got a place off campus this year. You should come to see it. We could grab a beer or something later."

I agreed and he gave me the address. I told him that I'd come over after dinner that evening.

I was a little keyed up when I knocked on the door, but even so, I wasn't ready for the sight that greeted me when the door opened. Andy. . .or should I say, Amy, was standing there smiling a welcome.

He was wearing the light blue, knit dress that Kathy had worn the night of the play. He filled it beautifully. He had wonderfully sleek curves, a tiny waist and the slightest hint of cleavage.

His long slim legs extended down to matching light blue heels. His hair was pulled back and up. It was clipped at the crown with a long cascade of soft curls falling down his back. I just stood there in stunned silence, overcome by his beauty.

"I hope you don't mind that I did this?" he said, the smile disappearing, "I can take it all off if you want me to. But I just had to show you how good I'm getting."

He was obviously anxious for my approval. He didn't have to worry about that. "No. . .no," I said, "It's great. I mean you look great."

His smile returned as he saw that I really was accepting it. "I'm so glad you're not mad. I worked at a female impersonator club this summer and I learned some new tricks."

"You worked like that?" I gasped.

"Yeah! They had a female impersonator show and the older girls really helped me out. By the end of summer I was even doing my day job dressed. Waiting tables. The tips are a lot better if you're a girl," he finished.

"I'll bet they are," I thought, especially if you look like that. He closed the door and gave me a quick tour of his apartment. My eyes stayed glued to his twitching hips as he led me around.

I asked about the club and his summer.

"My work at the club soon came to dominate my existence. All my free time was spent working on my act and pestering the other performers for tips on how to improve my look. The other 'girls' were great about my questions. They were catty at times, but that was only shallow. Deep down, they were all nice people, generous with their time and help."

"Do you have any pictures?" I asked.

"Of course, silly," he said pulling a scrapbook out of a drawer. "I chose to be a blond on stage. Actually,

I preferred my own hair color, but it was fun to try something new. I thought that I would be less likely to be recognized if I were a blond."

"WOW," I gasped. Andy had a scrapbook he had put together. It was full of articles and pictures he had found. It included publicity shots of some of the cast. They were gorgeous, beautifully lit and air-brushed. They could have been pictures of Hollywood starlets. None, however, looked any better than the face across from me.

There were lots of pictures of Andy. Most were of the show but many were of him in street clothes. . . I mean casual dresses and skirts like any young girl would wear.

There was one picture I couldn't take my eyes off. It was a simple picture of Andy walking down the street in a sweet mid-knee dress. It had a tie waist with three little buttons up the front. Nothing very sexy except that this adorable young girl was a boy.

"Wow," I said, "I'd swear you were real in this picture. You dressed like this all the time?"

"The first few weeks were mainly spent working up an act, which consisted of lip syncing a song while gliding around the stage in an evening gown. It wasn't much of an act, but it was all I could muster at first."

He smiled and looked to see my expression. I'm sure my mouth was open.

He continued, "You can have that photo. I was still learning to walk in my heels, to move in a graceful manner, and to make myself up in a way that would be convincing on stage. The other girls taught me some wonderful new tricks. They taught me how to pad my hips and bust and to cinch in my waist to create an hourglass figure."

"You are starting to look a bit 'fem' at school," I said.

"Yeah, they helped me thin my eyebrows so they looked more feminine, but I hope not so severe as to look suspicious at school. They taught me how to move and sit. We worked on my voice so that I could talk to people without giving myself away. And I got lessons on wigs, makeup, hairstyles, fake fingernails, costume selection and accessories."

"I can see that from the stage photo. But you look real now!"

"As I got better, my focus shifted from how I could appear more real to how I could be more real. It was subtle and I didn't notice any differences at first. But the atmosphere backstage and the attitudes of the performers were relentlessly feminine. I began to soak it in and be absorbed by it."

"Thus the curves?"

"Most of the other guys were taking female hormones. Even though I was prettier than most, they had a sleekness and a feline quality that I could only envy. Some had been on hormones for years and encouraged me to start being feminized too."

"You did it?" I asked.

"After a couple weeks, I gave in to the urge to try them and had one of the guys take me to his doctor. He explained the risks and benefits involved, but I was barely listening. I knew what I wanted and I could see the benefits on the other 'girls'. He fixed me up with a light dosage."

"And?"

"Everytime I took a pill, I was sick as hell."

"You should have stopped."

"It went away," he said with a grin. I was told it takes time for the body to absorb the estrogen. The after effects were slow and not altogether pleasant, but after a while, I could feel and see the changes. I was more mellow, if a little more moody. My skin was

softer and my weight began to slowly redistribute itself."

"Just like that?"

"No, it took months," Andy said, "Nothing happened for weeks then I noticed my nipples got sensitive and bloated outward. That's when I noticed my hips and buttocks softened and began gaining weight."

"But you look thinner? And your complexion. . .?"

"What little body hair I had disappeared. I felt more supple and my movements grew more natural, to the point where I had better be careful not to be too graceful when at school."

"What about school? A career?"

"My outlook and my interest changed. I became even more interested in clothes and hairstyles. I loved hearing the other 'girls' gossip about their affairs, who they found attractive, and how they learned to use their feminine wiles to get what they wanted."

"You mean GOLDDIGGERS?"

"No. I was fascinated by the change in some of them. They cycled from dull scrawny boys into captivating young ladies. Popular young ladies."

I laughed, "I bet you were popular?"

"I was scared of guys at first. The other girls would laugh and shake their heads, but I just wasn't comfortable with that aspect of my work. I knew what they wanted, but I had no intentions of giving in to them."

I shook my head.

Andy continued, "Still, we were expected to mingle after the show and I learned to do it without much trepidation. I learned that I was in control of things most of the time. Most of the guys were really nice, many just wanted to talk. I found that I could give



"Andy looked like the girl next door but I knew he wasn't."

them pleasure just by being nice to them, by laughing at their jokes and listening with interest to their stories. I liked that. . . maybe the hormones were changing me?"

I asked, "Did you 'like' anyone?"

"There was one regular, Alex, a rich business man. We were getting to be awfully close. I really felt comfortable with him. Safe and cared for in a way I was unfamiliar with. I was aware of his attraction to me and it made me a little nervous. But I trusted him completely and knew he wouldn't hurt me."

"Was it a turn on for you?"

"Heavens no. The hormones had killed my own male sex drive, so I wasn't aware of any physical desire on my part. Still, I wanted him to like me. It made me feel good when he told me I was feminine and brought me little girlish presents.

"Presents?"

"Mostly lingerie and a few dresses. Alex even offered to pay for the 'operation'. I refused but without pushing it or instigating anything, I welcomed his friendship even though I was unsure of his motives."

He continued, "After a few weeks, Alex asked if I would like to go out on a Saturday night. He knew I would have to take the night off from work, but he wanted to take me out to dinner someplace special and maybe go dancing later. I accepted immediately and Joe, the owner, was nice about letting me miss the show. The other girls teased me just a little, but not too much. They could tell that I was nervous and they didn't want to make it worse."

"Did you. . ."

"No dear," Andy blushed, "Not that he didn't try. . .but he was nice. Alex loved going shopping with me. He'd buy me only the most feminine items. He delighted in dressing me in the most revealing clothes. He made me try on the low-cut dresses and micro-mini skirts and if I looked sexy, he'd buy them for me."

"A masher?"

"No, he was nice," Andy pouted. "Alex loved watching my emasculation---even participated. He'd say, 'Andy, you are so girlish, let me help you with the operation.' He always went to the doctor with me to witness my hormone therapy and paid for my electrolysis."

"I noticed how clear and soft your face looks."

"Feel!"

I pushed aside a long lock of hair and felt his velvety, smooth hairless cheek. His eyebrows rose about his large eyes in delicate high arches---silky thin and bewitchingly female. I asked, "Did you have electrolysis on your brows too?"

He nodded, "Guess I went too far. . .it was Alex's idea."

"Oh." Andy had hopelessly and irrevocably altered his face to that of a females.

"Hey, are we going to have that beer, or not?" he asked with a mischievous smile.

"You want to go OUT?" I stammered a bit.

He interrupted me before I could reply, "We don't have to if you don't want to. But I know a place where nobody would see us. It's fun, with dancing, and it's far enough away that we won't run into anybody."

"Yeah. Sure, let's go," I said, getting more comfortable with the idea.

"I've got my car."

"Oh, goody!" he gushed, his white teeth beaming at me.

The place we went to was a bar about twenty minutes away. It had a jukebox and dance floor. It was pretty crowded, mostly with college kids or a little older. It had a fairly heavy singles flavor.

I was a little afraid that I might see someone I knew or worse yet. . . someone who knew Andy. I relaxed after I saw no one.

There were quite a few pretty girls, but none to compare with the one with me. Especially with that body-hugging dress on. Andy was a first class head turner. When he walked, it seemed like everything was in gentle, sensuous motion.

As he clicked across the bar's hardwood floor, I noticed that not only were his hips shifting in a perfect feminine roll, but his bust was bouncing just perceptibly. They couldn't be real; I'd just seen him flat chested earlier in the day. How in the world?

As we sat at an empty table, he caught me looking at his breasts. You could only see a touch of cleavage, but that looked real too.

"Aren't they great?" he asked with an innocent smile, "That's one of my new tricks. They're silicone

pads and they glue on. My cleavage is kind of 'fixed up' with tape."

"Oh," I said, at a loss for words. I continued to stare and he gave me a look of mock disapproval.

"Come on," he said, rising, "Let's dance."

We caught the last half of an old Motown hit, then a slow one came on. "Oh, oh," I thought.

Andy stepped forward expectantly and I took him in my arms. Not too tight, but not so far away as to be conspicuous. He followed me effortlessly, light as a feather. He was close enough that I could smell a trace of perfume, and as we drifted around the dance floor, his soft breasts occasionally touched my chest.

It wasn't long before it happened; I started to get aroused. I shifted my position to hide it from Andy, but he soon brushed against it. I jerked away instinctively, but he was completely nonplussed. He stayed in my arms and was prepared to continue, but I had come to a stop, stunned and embarrassed.

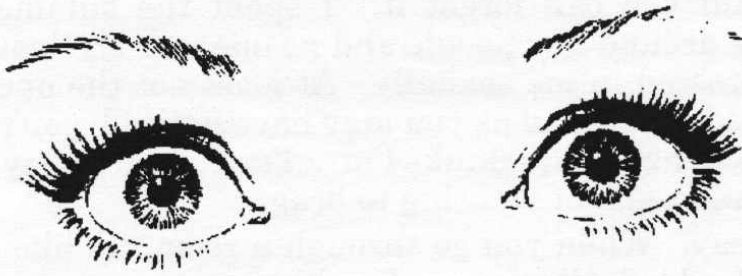
"It's okay. Come on," he whispered in my ear. He took my hand and led me back to the table. I had gathered my wits by this point and suggested that we get something to drink. He readily agreed.

I got a beer and Andy got a glass of white wine. I paid the bartender and we sat down. "Is it alright if we talk?" he asked.

I nodded that it was okay. "I mean really talk," he continued seriously, but gently. "I know you're attracted to me; I mean the image you see here, anyway. And I want you to know that it's okay with me. It's really flattering and I like it."

He looked up to see my reaction. I knew that I had to tell him the truth. "Yeah," I admitted, "You're gorgeous."

I was distinctly uncomfortable, but he seemed to understand my misgivings. "That's just it," he went



"His eyebrows rose about his large eyes in delicate high arches—silky thin and bewitchingly female."

on, "I look like a girl, I sound like a girl, I smell like a girl."

"And you move like a girl," I finished trying to lighten things up a little for both of us.

"Glad you noticed," he said with the start of a smile, "So you react to me like I am a girl. Even though you know I'm not." He paused for a second, then continued, "And that's exactly what I expect when I'm like this."

He saw that I was still uncomfortable, so he continued, "If you're afraid of being gay, or something, you can forget it."

"What?" I said.

"I said you can forget it. I spent the summer working around gay people and no one was the least bit interested in me sexually. At least not the ones who liked boys. And as you may have noticed, you're not the only guy who thinks I'm. . .I'm. . .well, pretty," he stammered, not wanting to brag.

"I'll say. When you go through a room, its like a wave," I added. "Every guy has his eye on you. . .me too."

"Before I started dressing like this, you never looked at me. You're looking at my femininity and my sex appeal. So there's nothing wrong with you," Andy finished.

I took all of this in. I wasn't quite ready to swallow it whole, but he did make a lot of sense. "How do you feel about all this?" I asked.

"You mean guys treating me like a girl?" he asked, looking down. Through the darkness, I could see him blush. He confided, "I'm not sure. . .I'm actually just getting used to it. It's real scary sometimes."

"I bet. So why don't you quit all this?"

He answered, "I really love doing girl things. I love wearing make-up, curling my hair, even shaving my legs. If I'm going to look girlish, I want to be as perfect as I can be."

He paused for a while, searching for the words. "The sexual part, I haven't figured out yet. I don't think of myself as gay; in fact, I adore women. Sometimes I think I'm so attracted to them that it's almost as if I want to be them. Especially since I look like this. Nobody paid the slightest attention to me as at guy, at least none of the beautiful girls I wanted."

I thought of Kathy, but didn't say anything, not wanting to stop the flow of words or feelings. "And when I'm dressed, everyone's so nice to me. The guys made me nervous at first, and I'm still not aware of

being attracted to them, but I really like their interest in me. It kind of. . .I don't know. . . validates me."

We were quiet for a time, but Andy had something more to say. "So I'd like to do this again. I want your attention and I feel very responsive to you. We don't have to do anything. Just dance and talk and be friends. But I really want to keep seeing you."

I didn't know what to say. I wanted to reply, but I was afraid to. Andy saved me however. "You don't have to answer. I just want you to know."

I looked at him carefully, gently. Gawd, he was so innocent and beautiful. He looked anxious and I felt a deep desire to comfort him. "Okay Amy," I said.

A smile bloomed slowly on that lovely face. We smiled at each other for a while, then returned to the dance floor. The rest of the evening was very relaxed, as we talked and danced and talked some more.

When I took him home, we kissed on the cheek and I watched him disappear into his apartment building. I drove on home and fell into a tired, peaceful sleep.

CHAPTER 4

The next morning, I wasn't so calm about things. It was upsetting, really and I wanted to hide from the whole situation. Still, even when I told myself I wouldn't see Andy again, I knew that I wouldn't hold to it.

It wasn't just his looks, although they were certainly part of it. He was also fun to be with, smart and funny, and nice in a sweetly feminine way. Just my luck to find my dream girl and have her turn out to be an illusion.

I didn't see Andy, in either guise, for the next couple of weeks. I decided fifty different times never to call him and I had the phone in my hand fifty other

times. Finally my will power gave out and I dialed his number. As I listened to the ringing on the other end, my nervousness mounted and I almost wished that he wouldn't answer.

"Hello," he answered, startling me a little.

"Uh. . .hi. . .umm. . .it's me," I stammered, battling to get it together.

"Oh, hi," he said shifting to Amy's voice.

"I was wondering. . .well. . .you know. I was wondering if. . .you know. . .you'd," I stammered, not doing very well.

"Yes," he interrupted.

"What?" I gasped.

"Yes! I don't know what you're going to ask, but the answer's yes," Andy said. Pausing, he confided, "I'm really glad you called."

I had to laugh. My nervousness dropped to a manageable level and I asked if he was busy that evening. He wasn't and we made plans for dinner.

Once committed to it, my nerves vanished. When I went to pick him up, I was looking forward to seeing him and I wasn't disappointed.

He was wearing blue jeans and a white, silk blouse with a V-neck. His hair was swept back and up one side and fell loosely around his shoulders. He had dressed up the look a little with a pair of cowboy boots and elegant, understated jewelry.

He turned and led me into his apartment, giving me a full view of that wiggle of his. The jeans must of had some Lycra in them because they fit like a second skin. Every curve was on view and every curve looked alluringly female.

"How do you do that?" I blurted.

"Oh, a tuck here and a pad there," he responded giving me a sly look. "I'd love to get rid of the pads, but I'm not ready yet."

I was about to ask ready for what, but he swept me up in making plans for the evening. We had dinner in a nice, but casual restaurant some distance from campus. I was still reluctant to be seen with Andy, not because anyone would guess his secret, but because anyone I knew would immediately want to know more about him.

We had a nice, relaxing dinner. I found I could talk about anything with Andy and be assured of a sensitive, understanding listener. I also found he didn't like to talk that much about his transformation. He would answer questions willingly, but when left to choose the subject, generally turned the conversation to me or to something happening on campus.

After dinner, we took in a late movie. It was a thriller, with the male hero searching for, then saving the female love interest. It was kind of pat, but the final scene worked rather well, with an emotional reunion of the two lovers.

It choked me up a little, and I was embarrassed by my lack of machismo. I was about to make some smart comment to hide my reaction, when I glanced at Andy and saw a tear running down his cheek. A delicate hand reached to brush it away, but it was soon replaced by another. He dug a handkerchief from his purse and dabbed at his eyes, his face full of soft emotion.

"I always cry at the movies," he said sheepishly, "It's nice not to have to hide it."

I put my arm around his shoulders and he nestled against my neck. His soft hair and sweet fragrance were powerfully affecting. I know I'd be aroused in a moment and a flurry of panic set in.

I gave him a gentle quick hug and released him. He gave me an appreciative look. We didn't talk much on the drive home, but the atmosphere was relaxed. I felt contented and I think Andy did too.

At his door, we kissed softly on the cheek. He murmured his thanks for the evening and I assured him that I would call again soon.

We continued to date periodically through the fall term. They were always spaced out by a week or two and they were always casual and friendly. I kept my distance as best I could, but I found myself looking forward to our dates more than anything else I was doing.

I continued to date around a little which Andy knew about and didn't seem to mind. Somehow, my other dates never seemed to measure up to Andy, however, certainly not in looks and not really in other ways either.

As the term progressed, he seemed to be getting more and more feminine, through I wouldn't have thought it possible. His hair got longer and thicker, falling past the top of his shoulders. He seemed softer and more supple, the body language extremely seductive in a subtle, natural way.

One evening, I went to pick him up and he seemed to have a particular glow. He had his blue jeans on again and I was treated once more to that provocative wiggle. He seemed thinner. Though it highlighted his cheekbones and made his waist even thinner, his bottom didn't have quite the bloom it had earlier. He still looked sensational, but I was afraid that he might get too thin.

"You've really lost a lot of weight," I suggested, keeping the concern out of my voice.

"Yeah! Some of it's even mine!" he answered. He put his hands on the back of his belt, elbows back, and thrust his rear out. "Hardly any padding!"

I stared at the still quite feminine shapeliness. "How do you do it then?" I asked.

"I'm still taking hormones," he admitted shyly. "They've got their drawbacks, but they help me feel real. I love some of the things they're doing to me."

"Maybe they're making you too real," I seriously suggested. "Every once in a while, I see Andy use one of Amy's gestures, to say nothing of the way you look."

I was legitimately concerned. Andy cast his eyes downward and I could see that the subject troubled him. "Yeah," he softly admitted, "In the beginning, Amy was the act that Andy put on. Now it's getting so that Andy is an act that Amy puts on." He reflected for a moment. "I don't want to stop, though. I'm not sure how far I'm going to go, but I know that I'm not ready to go back yet."

"How can you do this?" I asked.

"Come by tomorrow and I'll show you."

His eyes came up in search of mine. Without hesitation, I took him in my arms and kissed him gently on the lips. He put his head on my chest and I held him for a time, trying to sooth away the torment I'd just had a glimpse of.

CHAPTER 5



**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
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The next day, I felt real funny about the night before. I was worried about Andy and decide to go by. It bothered me that I really didn't want to see him as a boy.

Andy's apartment was in the end unit of a row house. I knocked and he came immediately to his door. He unlocked it and I stepped inside. His apartment was surprisingly large, with a living room, a tiny kitchen area, and a separate bedroom and bath. He tossed his books on the table and led me to the bedroom where he opened a closet door.

The back of the door was a full length mirror and he regarded himself in it for a moment. He was an average looking, slightly built young man, dressed in a standard version of bluejeans, sweatshirt, tennis shoes and baseball cap. Looking at me through the reflection in the glass, he said bemusedly, "You wanted to see this, so here goes."

I just nodded, a little nervous, not really knowing what to say. He nodded back and began by taking his shoes off, carelessly kicking them to the back of the closet.

"My last class of the week is Thursday morning," he said, "So from now 'til Monday morning, all this stuff gets put away," he explained.

He hung his cap on a hook and peeled off his sweatshirt, revealing a slim torso clad only in an elastic band around his chest. He pulled his jeans off, tossing them into a hamper, exposing a pair of stretchy bicycle shorts that reached almost to his knees.

"These are my cover-ups," he explained, eyeing me for a reaction, "Without them, I look a little flabby."

Then he turned and prodded into the bathroom. As he did, he reached up to the back of his head and pulled a rubber band free from a knot of hair gathered there. As he stood before the bathroom mirror, he

gave his head a shake, loosing a cascade of dark hair that fell around his shoulders.

It looked kind of limp and, well, a little dirty, but as he ran a brush through it a couple of times, I was surprised by how long and thick it was.

"I haven't washed it since Saturday," he explained, "It's easier to slick back that way."

He pulled off the bicycle shorts, tossing them aside. He had cotton briefs on underneath and they came off next. He glanced at me cautiously, but I wasn't put off by his nakedness. He looked like a perfectly normal looking guy down there. He was a little small maybe and without much pubic hair, but nothing that would give away where he was headed. Except perhaps the lack of hair and a certain softness, a roundness about the hips and bottom that the bicycles shorts had effectively concealed.

He took a can of spray foam and applied it to his legs from ankle to hip. The foam was sweetly scented and kind of pink. Then he leaned close to the mirror and slowly, carefully, pulled at one of his eyebrows, which startled me by coming off in his hand.

He grinned at my amazement, silently peeling off the other one. What was left were two thin, arched brows that had been hidden underneath the fake ones.

With his hair hanging loose to his shoulders and his arched brows, his face looked completely different. No longer that of a young man, the changes brought out the delicateness of his features and the fullness of his lips and eyes.

He turned the water on in the shower, then struggled out of the elastic band around his chest. He had saved this for last and I could see why. Underneath was a pair of small, budding breasts. Girls breasts, not woman breasts, but female without question.

They had large dark nipples standing out from the fleshy buds.

"They're not very big yet," he said a little sheepishly, still searching me for signs of disapproval. Seeing none, he continued, "But they're growing all the time. In a few months, I may not have to wear pads any longer."

Then he turned and felt the water to see if it had warmed sufficiently. As he turned his back to me, I studied his form carefully. From the rear, with his hair falling to his shoulders, he was the image of a young girl. His slender arms and shoulders, his slim back tapering to a tiny waist and the soft roundness of his hips all said girl. His skin had that creamy softness too, and his movements were light and delicate.

He stepped into the shower, rinsing off the hair remover and quickly washing his hair, face and body. He stepped out of the shower, patted himself dry and put the towel around himself, up under the arms like a girl, not around the waist like a guy.

With another towel, he began drying his hair, and at this point, no sign of maleness was evident. Putting the second towel aside, he brushed his damp hair back and applied cream to his hands and face.

Nodding for me to follow, he returned to the bedroom, pulling several items from a drawer. Sitting on the bed, he took the first item, which looked like a G-string with thick elastic straps.

"You're getting the full dose, but I think that's what you want," he said. I nodded and he proceeded to pull the G-string part way up his legs.

"This is a gaff," he explained, "It's uncomfortable at first, but now it's to the point where I could wear it all the time. But if I do, my pants don't look right and my walk is kind of funny."

Lying on his back, he took his male sack in one hand and pushed them back inside his body. With the other hand, he gathered the loose skin in folds around his tiny maleness and carefully folded that back between his legs. Holding it all in place with one hand, he then pulled the gaff up with the other, wiggling and tugging until he got it where he wanted it. Then he rocked up his feet, the towel falling back

IN THE PINK



“Now Billy. When you see your father—you tell him that unless he raises my child support, you’ll just have to keep wearing my hand-me-downs!”

on the bed. He pulled the side straps high on his hips, twitching his fleshy hips back and forth until he was satisfied.

The effect was nothing short of amazing. I stared at his crotch, but nothing male was visible there. Only a tiny triangle of fabric with a small muff of pubic hair above. Andy grinned at my astonishment, but didn't say a word.

He just sat back down and carefully pulled on a pair of smoky dark pantyhose, shear to the waist. As he smoothed the fabric along his thighs, I was struck by how shapely they made his legs look.

I was struck by how feminine his hands looked. I hadn't noticed before, but his nails were pretty long and beautifully manicured. His hands were small and floated through the air with an easy grace.

Next, he picked up a white lace bra, threading his arms through the straps and arching his back to snap it behind. He leaned forward, reaching into one of the cups and pulling the soft flesh up to the top. He repeated it on the other side, and when he straightened back up, it now appeared that he had a very ample bosom swelling out the top of his uplift bra.

It must have been padded underneath, but that was hidden by the lacy cups. The creamy tops and sensuous cleavage were all Andy.

He walked over to a table pushed against a mirrored wall. The table was cluttered with little jars and brushes, tubes and bottles. He sat on a padded bench and motioned for me to pull up a chair.

He began by brushing a little powder over closed eyes with a brush. Then he took some dark eyeliner and carefully drew in lines at the base of his upper lashes. Waiting for them to dry, he fanned himself with a magazine, trying to speed up the process.

When he'd waited long enough, he opened his eyes and proceeded to apply thick false eyelashes. They

looked quite theatrical sitting in their little case, but when he glued them on, pressing gently to fix them in place, they looked long and lush without appearing artificial.

He applied several coats of mascara, blending the false lashes with his own and lengthening and darkening the lower lashes. Next, he applied a series of eye shadows. Dark above the outer portion of each eye and light above the inner part, lighter yet beneath the brows.

Each time, he used a tiny brush to blend the colors into the skin until they looked like natural shadings of his own flesh. When he was finished, his eyes looked enormous and when he fluttered his lashes, they looked sweetly alluring.

Then he proceeded to apply a flesh colored cream to his face, blending and smoothing it with a small white sponge. He picked up a big, soft looking brush and dipped it in some loose powder that he sprinkled onto his hand, pressing and stroking the brush all over his face until he had produced a smooth flawless complexion.

"Some people use a cover-up underneath," he said, regarding the results so far, "but I don't have anything to cover up any longer."

His complexion looked absolutely dewy, but it still looked a little strange, everything including his lips being one color, except those huge green eyes.

It didn't stay that way long, though. He picked up another brush and dipped it into a pad of dark, rosy powder. He applied it to his cheeks, working it back up to his temples, then gave the sides of his temples and the tip of his nose a dab. Picking up his sponge again, he blended the color in until, once again, it was hard to tell if it was makeup or his own healthy glow.

Next came a couple of pencils which he carefully sharpened with a little pink sharpener. He used

them to fill in and define his brows, drawing them thicker and darker, extending them higher in a vaulting arch. He also drew, then smudged, a little line underneath his lower lashes, completing that part of the picture.

Another pencil was quickly sharpened, this one a rosy red. He proceeded to outline his lips with it, drawing a perfect Cupids bow in the process. Then, dipping a tiny brush in a rosy pot, he filled the outline in with color, painting once, then blotting, then painting again. Finally, he pulled a little wand from another tube and applied a coat of subtle gloss, producing a pair of wonderfully kissable lips.

I realized with a start that the face in the mirror could have easily passed for Scarlett O'Hara. With a soft southern accent, the guy who an hour ago had been wearing bluejeans and tennis shoes could have given any starlet a run for her money.

"That's it for art class. My paintings all finished," he said and this time the voice had changed to match the face. It was softer, higher and had a different rhythm to it. "It'll only take a minute or two to get dressed, but I have to dry my hair too."

I was beyond words, mesmerized by the transformation. All I could do was stand up and nod.

For the next ten minutes, Andy worked with a blow dryer, a brush, some curlers, and styling mouse. When he was finished, he had produced a smooth, natural looking style that flipped under at the ends, bobbing just above his shoulders. It was swept back behind his ear on one side, but hung loose on the other, giving a sexy swing with every move he made.

Unlike the way it had looked a little while ago, when washed and styled, his hair looked wonderfully soft and inviting. It was the kind of hair that you longed to stroke. It looked thick enough to lose yourself in.

I thought he was finished at the table, but Andy stayed seated for a moment, fiddling with an ear until he pulled a tiny flesh colored plug from the lobe. He repeated himself with the other ear. I was surprised to see that he had pierced ears which had been effectively hidden by the plugs.

He dipped a little gold spear in alcohol and cleaned the holes. Then he fished in a little box until he found a pair of delicate looking gold earrings. Threading tiny hooks through his lobes, he examined the results in the mirror. He gave his head a little shake which made the dangling trinkets dance and twinkle.

From the same box, he produced a matching bracelet and a tiny gold chain with a heart shaped pendant. The pendant lay just at the top of the crease in his breasts, drawing the eye as if it wasn't drawn there already.

Finally, he rose and walked toward a second closet door, giving me an ample demonstration of why he didn't wear the gaff when he wasn't dressed like this. The whole effect was like a soft, sinuous wave, with round rolling hips, bouncing hair, and airily floating hands.

Opening the door, he stepped into a pair of 3" black leather heels, turning to face me as he did. "These are kind of dressy, but I just love heels, so I hope you don't mind," he said with a soft purr that fit the image perfectly.

"No," I gasped, finally finding my voice. I could feel a smile grow across my face and Andy returned it a little shyly.

"You look incredible," I said, "Absolutely gorgeous."

"Thanks," he breathed softly, his eyes turning down, but not before I could see the glistening pleasure in them.

He turned back to the closet and pulled out a black miniskirt in a soft wool. He slipped into it and zipped it up the side. It stopped at mid thigh and was skin tight, emphasizing his soft, round bottom and setting off his legs.

With the heels and miniskirt, those legs were the match for any girl on campus. I marvelled at how long they looked.

Finally, he pulled on a loose fitting, off-white sweater in a cotton knit. It's wide webbed fabric gave tantalizing glimpses of the flesh and the white lace beneath. The front had a deep v-neck that started wide on the shoulders and plunged to a point just below where Andy's pendant rested between his breast's cleavage.

He gave a little wiggle and a little stretch, examining himself in the mirror from the front and the sides. From head to toe, the entire picture was that of a beautiful young female in the first full bloom of womanhood. Soft hair, sparkling eyes, sleek curves and a supple grace that spoke of a vibrant feminine fertility.

I could have watched him preen forever, but Andy had other plans. He turned on his heels and gave his hair a flick over his shoulder. Striding toward the door, he gathered a black leather purse in one hand and took my arm in the other.

"Come on fella," he purred, "Let's see what's going on in town."

I could tell he loved having someone to share his secret with. That afternoon, we just wandered around town, talking and window shopping. We stopped and had coffee, we sat in a park and watched the people stroll past, and we caught an early dinner in a little pub I knew of off the beaten path.

He asked me, "Do you think of me as a boy or girl?"
"I see you more as a girl," I admitted.

"Good," he smiled.

We were finding we had much in common. . .more than just interests and school. . .much more.

When I dropped him off back at his apartment, both of us were smiling broadly as we said goodbye. We agreed that we would have to get together again, tentatively making plans for the following Thursday afternoon.

After that time, Andy never let me see the slightest glimpse of maleness. He was concerned about my giving him away in public, so I agreed to call him. . .even think of him. . .as 'she'. It wasn't hard to do. Everything went together beautifully. The face, the curves, the voice, and that mesmerizing wiggle all said "woman."

I tried to fight my attraction to him. After all, I was a straight guy. I was afraid where that attraction might lead. It helped a little, though that I wasn't the only one attracted to him. He turned heads everywhere we went.

Once when we were window shopping at a mall, I followed him about ten feet behind as he walked from one store to another. He was wearing a white, stretchy body suit with a scoop neck and skin tight stone washed jeans. He clicked along on high heeled boots, head high, eyes straight ahead, perfectly nonchalant.

It was hilarious to watch the guys as he passed. Most would pretend not to notice, then turn around to examine him after he passed. One or two turned around to follow for a while, unconsciously falling into step with him. Two of them managed a classic collision as one turned to look and plowed right into someone who was following with eyes riveted on his ass.



"Saying good bye to Andy was the toughest thing I'd ever done. He was what I wanted in a woman and he wanted to be my woman. So I admit. . .It was my problem."

*If you like this story, write to me:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624*

We laughed about it later, and though embarrassed, he was also pleased.

Andy giggled, his green eyes sparkled as he said, "What do you think they were thinking?"

He looked incredibly appealing. . .I asked, "Do you really want to know?"

Andy blushed and nodded.

"OK." I went on to tell him. . .in graphic detail; the positions, the lust, and the gusto to which he was deflowered in the minds of gentlemen.

"OH MY," he gasp, blushing. "It's so frightening! I guess I'd never really thought about their inclinations." I could tell that he was intrigued. . .I went on. I told of how in their minds, he would be penetrated, impaled, engorged, lanced, inseminated, permeated with male seed, and in the end filled with an overwhelming ecstasy.

"Ohhh," he gasp, "Not me. . .I couldn't!"

"That's what happens to girl's who look like you. . .and they even like it!" He blushed.

That night we kissed again. . .different than before. It was a short goodbye kiss, not long, but warm and tender all the same. It didn't mean anything serious but not like saying goodnight to a buddy.

Before I left, I asked, "Say. . .Let's go to dinner Saturday. Some place nice. . .wear something special." I choked on my words seeing Andy's big smile and hearing, "I'd love to.!"

• • •

When I went to pick him up for dinner that night, I was a little nervous. We had seen each other quite a few times by then, but this was the heaviest date we'd had. I wore a coat and tie and made reservations at a fairly expensive restaurant. I asked myself more than once whether I was crazy or not.

I had told him to dress up a little, but I still wasn't prepared when he answered the door. He was breathtaking. Absolutely breathtaking! He was wearing a dark red angora button-down sweater with a deep v-neck and a dark leather miniskirt.

He wore dark hose and spiked heels, showing off those fabulous legs. He'd worn more makeup than usual. Not too much, but enough to make him look glamorous. He had swept his hair up and back with some styling gel. It fell loosely to his shoulders and ended with a little flip.

His earrings were little triangles of leather suspended from tiny gold chains. He was wearing his pendant and an unusual looking bangle of woven strands of leather and gold.

His nails and lips were a glossy red. He wore just a trace of perfume. He looked so soft and lush that I couldn't resist touching him. I guided him with my hand as we walked out the door. He stepped in close as if to show that my touch was not unwelcome.

The restaurant was a quiet little place, dark and intimate. I'd never been there on a Saturday and was surprised to find that they had a live combo softly playing in the background.

Andy seemed to like it and we soon settled into our own little world, oblivious of everything around us. He was such a good listener, gazing up at me with those amazing green eyes, I felt like I could tell him anything.

After dinner, we danced a little on a tiny dance floor. I had planned on going to a disco, but the soft, slow sounds of the combo somehow matched our mood better. Frankly, by the time we started to dance, we had drunk quite a bit.

The evening had started out 'stiff' with both of us keeping our distance but we drifted closer as the

evening wore on. By the end of the evening, we were touching all the time.

On the drive home, neither of us had much to say. Andy sat close to me with his head on my shoulder. I thought for a time that he might be dozing. When we got to his door, words were unnecessary. He turned the key in the lock and stepped inside. I followed.

He locked the door behind us and turned to step into my embrace. His arms gently circled my neck and our kiss seemed to last forever. My hands ran down over his soft rounded hips---I began to fondle him, warmed by his shy but willing smile.

I was embarrassed at first by what I was thinking, but when I saw the look in his eyes, my embarrassment melted away. We were both venturing into unexplored zones.

My hands strayed, scrutinizing his figure. . .probing tenuously---hoping to find only femininity. Andy's arms were about my shoulders. I began to roll my hips against his belly in rhythm with my stroking. His back arched, sending his pert breasts against my chest. Andy shivered and smiled at me, then put his long perfumed hair against my cheek.

My hand slipped into his sweater and I ran a finger along the edge of his bra. He was wearing one of those black lace skimpy bras with the front clasp. I unclasp his bra, and it snapped open.

Then my lips and hands were everywhere, caressing his lips, cupping his breasts and tickling his nipples into stony hardness. There was little resistance until he pulled away. . .only to take my hand and lead me into the bedroom.

Normally I liked to take things slowly, but this time, I was ready immediately. . .before I changed my mind.

I remember everything and nothing. Mostly I remember Andy's eyes. They expressed everything;

his journey, the stages that brought him from *being* a man to *having* a man. All that was natural was coming to a detour. A female stage, defloration. His eyes wondered about what it all meant. . .pain or pleasure. . .about everything that brought him to the verge of erotic femininity. . .of being a female sex object.

I knew this event would burn it's path through Andy's future sexuality. With his passive beauty, had I seduced him or him me?

Once we crossed one barrier, my desire for Andy was intense and frequent. He loved to please me, but I think was a little sad that he couldn't share my physical release.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

Ask your dealer or write:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

I was working awfully hard at school those months, trying to establish myself on the honors program. I often went to Andy's late. But Andy was always waiting, sometimes with a drink, sometimes with dinner, but always with his sleek and willing body.

I only thought and responded to Andy as a girl. Neither of us wanted it any other way. Andy talked to his doctor about us and he offered to do a little procedure to further feminize Andy. I assumed it was further hormone medication.

I was hesitant at first to encourage Andy further into femininity but it was becoming clear that he loved being a girl. He was much more feminine than any girl I'd ever dated. His hair was always groomed perfectly, and his body was soft and hairless as a baby.

CHAPTER 6

I was dreading the end of the term. I had signed up for the following term abroad and I was going to be away until the end of the summer. I was tempted to cancel out, but I thought better of it.

The whole situation with Andy was crazy and it had to end sometime. I don't know why, I would have died before admitting it, but I was involved with a female impersonator. Not the funny ones or the ones who impersonate famous stars, but Andy---to me a woman in every sense but what was on his birth certificate.

Andy in an evening gown was a most beautiful woman. I didn't know why, but I found Andy to be compellingly feminine and alluring in a way that not even the sexiest girls can compare with.

Of course, I admitted our relationship to no one. Here I am, big man on campus, varsity athlete, he-

man. No one would understand my attraction to the effeminate, skinny Andy. I didn't even understand it. I was heterosexual. I knew that---I dated women and enjoyed sex with them. So this other thing didn't make sense even to me. How could I explain to someone else that I was attracted to Andy as a woman and that he made a better woman than any of the other campus coeds.

I was always scared to death whenever I went out with Andy. I was afraid of being seen by someone we knew, so I kept our 'dates' infrequent. But my desires to see him was very strong and I had trouble limiting myself.

I had been thinking about it for several weeks. I knew that our relationship had hit a plateau. It could go no higher. I knew that, in the long run, pleasant as it was, our situation had to change.

I agonized over it endlessly, but I knew I had to make a decision. Finally, while cramming for final exams, I got enough perspective on the problem that I was able to get up the courage to call Andy. Painful as it was, my summer travel to Europe was a good way to break it off.

It would be a difficult transition, but I knew there was no other way. I told him to meet me at a favorite restaurant of ours. I didn't want to do this at the apartment.

I got to the restaurant before he did. I was nervous, but I knew I was doing the right thing. I paced around a bit, but Andy didn't keep me waiting long.

As he came into the bar, two guys were getting up to leave and almost ran into him. Once they got a look, however, they almost fell over each other getting out of his way. They displayed big smiles and I'm sure voiced some smart assed comments. As always, he returned their smiles. I have to say, that ticked me off a bit.

He must have sensed something was up because his hello was a little cooler than usual. I suppose it was partly my fault; I was still a little ticked and also still quite nervous. He did look fabulous, though. He made me think of a piece of exotic fruit, exquisitely ripe and inviting.

We took a table in the restaurant and I ordered us drinks. He asked about my finals and we caught up on the last few days. It was an odd conversation, both of us a little distracted. There wasn't any of the usual intimacy.

He'd probably picked up vib's from me. He's sensitive that way. I was going to wait until after dinner to do this, but what the heck. There was no use prolonging it.

"Andy," I started, "I've been thinking a lot about us. You know. . ."

My heart was beating madly and I looked up to meet his eyes. He was wide eyed, speechless, waiting for me to continue. "Get on with it," I thought.

Surprisingly, Andy understood completely. He said that he knew that things had to end, that we couldn't exactly get married and live happily ever after. When he said it, my whole instinct was to contradict him. . .to beg it not be over.

Being married to a woman like him would be heaven in many ways, but with him---it was also impossible. We parted tearfully, with promises to write and expressions of affection.

I walked Andy to his car. I stared at him as he ran a brush through his hair absentmindedly. I loved the way his breasts kind of stood at attention. He smiled with a look that said, "Well if he doesn't want me, there are plenty of others who will."

As I opened Andy's car door, I saw Andy's determination rising. The "Thank you for dinner" meant "Screw you."

I took a final look at his legs in a pair of cream colored panty hose. I surveyed Andy's outfit; the top, a turtle-neck sweater in the softest angora. He smiled at me again. A look that said "Feast your eyes on these for the last time." His dinner suit was a peachy pink silk with a wide matching belt. The jacket was worn open so that I could see the full effect of the hormones. . .full rounded breasts. I could make out the likeness his nipples made in the soft thin sweater. A pair of 4" heels that matched the suit.

The skirt was short and tight, leaving several inches above the knee. Between the short skirt and the cleavage in front, I was going to have something to remember him by and miss him by. Even wearing the highest heels, he still looked tiny and delicate.

I felt a tear start to well up, but I quickly got hold of myself. "You've got to do this," I thought, "Be brave." We kissed lightly and I headed for my car, not feeling very brave at all.

It was one of the saddest occasions of my life.



Europe was fun, even though I thought of Andy a lot. We exchanged letters and a few postcards, but I was careful not to make the letters too frequent. It got to be like writing my best friend, but I knew if I started getting too involved in our correspondence, I would be drawn inexorably back into a relationship. I wished he's send me a picture but I couldn't ask.

With some misgivings, I wrote him about a girl I had started dating. Andy was very gracious, saying that he was genuinely pleased about it. His own cards and letters said little about his own doings, social or otherwise.

Toward the end of the summer, he told me that he had decided to take the following year off. He didn't say why, but he hardly needed to. He hadn't decided where he was going or what he would be doing, but he promised not to lose touch completely.

We did lose touch though. I wasn't too worried about it since I would be back at school the next fall and Andy could always reach me there. I thought about Andy a lot and I had a lingering fear that he had disappeared into who knows what. . .lost to me.

Summer was drawing to an end and I flew back to the States. I had broken up with my girlfriend a few weeks earlier, so I had few regrets about leaving.

I didn't want to admit it, but Andy continued to be present in my thoughts and daydreams, and was something of a factor in my split with my girlfriend. She just wasn't as feminine as Andy. I didn't know if

**TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,
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P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

I'd ever find a girl as appealing as Andy, but having experienced him, it left me dissatisfied with anything else.

On my return, I was to spend a week at the beach working at my old lifeguard job. One of the other guards, a friend named Dave, had to leave for school a week early and I was taking over for him.

I got there on his day off and we decided to hit the beach. I asked him if he weren't sick of the beach, but he assured me that he was happy to go as long as he didn't have to sit in the lifeguard's chair.

We walked onto the beach and found a spot, whereupon, we began some serious girl watching. There were a lot of good tans, good bodies, and dazzling white smiles.

We were gathering up to leave when a girl caught my eye as she walked onto the beach. I don't know what caught my attention, maybe it was her short shorts and little white top, big sunglasses and a large straw hat cap. You couldn't see much of her and we weren't that close, but you could see enough of her to know that this was some girl.

She spread out her towel and slipped the shorts and top off, exposing a deeply tanned body in a black bikini. Her suit was by no means the smallest around, but it was cut very high in the hips and showed a lot of cleavage. Her legs were a million miles long and her skin had a rich, healthy glow.

She took off the straw hat for a minute and a cascade of soft curls fell down her back, tickling the swell of her bottom. She reached up and ran her fingers through her hair, causing her back to arch and her breasts to lift. I was having a hormone explosion. Finally, I thought, a girl who's sexier than Andy. They even looked a little bit alike and had that same feline grace.

We were off to the side and a little behind, so I couldn't see her face very well, which was obscured by the sunglasses and straw hat anyway. Somehow, I knew it was gorgeous too. I continued to stare, mesmerized, as she lay on her stomach and settled in, turning her face away.

"Not bad, huh?" Dave asked laughing at me.

"Unbelievable," was all I could say.

"Too bad, though," Dave continued, "She's an impossible babe. Got some boyfriend she's totally devoted to. She's nice and friendly, sweet as can be. . . even dates, but she won't let anyone get to first base. She's been driving us crazy."

Suddenly there was a fight down the beach. Dave said, "Com on'. Let's go help the guy on duty."

When we came back, the "babe" was gone. After dinner, there was a private party at one of the local clubs. Dave had tickets and we got our smoothest beach guy looks on and headed over.

I asked Dave if the girl from the beach was likely to be at the party. I was desperate for a better look. He didn't know, still laughing at the intensity of my interest. "Hey don't they have chicks in Europe?" he cracked.

"Not like that one."

I didn't see her at first, the place was packed. Then all of a sudden I found her. Her back was turned to me, but it was unmistakably her. She was wearing a white, cotton halterneck dress and white heels, showing off her dark hair and tan.

She was in animated conversation with another girl and I started wondering how I could nonchalantly get around to the other side to see her face. 'Always look before you leap' was the beach boy motto. I hated how superficial I'd become in my meaningless life.

I was right behind her, close enough to pick up a sweet fragrance from her hair. Just as I was thinking

that the scent was familiar, someone bumped me from behind. I lurched into her, almost spilling my drink on her. That might not be so bad, I thought, trying to think up something witty to say as she turned towards me.

And there she was! Or he was. . . Andy! . . . Amy!! . . . whoever. I was completely, utterly speechless. And so was Andy or should I say Amy. For there wasn't much of Andy left in this lovely creature.

"Hi."

"Hi," I replied, groping for words, "I saw you on the beach today. You look fantastic."

"Thanks," Andy answered, sadness in his voice. He averted my gaze.

Andy had grown much more confident and now looked unquestionably female. Even though he was very sexy looking, he retained a sweet, girlish quality that I found appealing.

The other girl didn't know what was going on, but she knew she wasn't part of it. She said a quick goodbye and fled.

Andy looked up into my eyes and said only, "So. . . you're back."

"Yeah, I'm back. I'm glad to be back also," I saw hope spring into his eyes. He was fighting it back, but he didn't need to. He knew from my 'doleful' inquiring eyes that he had me hooked. Had from the beginning and I wanted Andy to know it.

"Most of all, I'm glad I found you," I whispered. "I've been miserable without you. . . I was afraid I'd lost you. I don't want to take that chance ever again. I hope you are alone?"

"Alone?" he needled, "Me alone?"

My heart sunk. . . there was a boyfriend. My head fell. Who was I to think Andy would wait for me. I was sure there were bakery numbers out there. I looked up.

Andy was beaming up at me now with that radiant smile. I watched the joy flood into his face. A tear followed soon after and he leaned toward me, taking my hands and pressing his lips to mine. I took his soft face in my hands and his eyes glistened with happiness. I took him in my arms and we kissed. I didn't care who saw me or what they thought! I wanted the moment to last forever.

Eventually we became aware of the crowd around us. We broke off our embrace to see people smiling at us, amused. I wasn't the least embarrassed; hell, I've never been so proud in my life.

"Come on," I announced, "Let's get out of here. We have a lot of catching up to do."

THE END

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WRITE: **SANDY THOMAS**
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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn..." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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 heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one 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 FOREVER #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

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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