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VOLUME 2

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EMPATHY

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VOLUME 2

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

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TV TRAINING CAMP

Edited by Sandy Thomas

One Saturday morning, several years ago, I awakened to find that my wife, Mary, was already up and about, as I could hear her in the kitchen busily engaged in preparing our breakfast. The sun was shining brightly outside, indicating that a beautiful day was ahead. As I lay there, the thought entered my mind that it would be just another summer day with the usual round of chores and activities. Little did I realize that events transpiring on this particular day were to change the entire course of my life?

I jumped out of bed and turned to the chair where I had deposited my clothing as I undressed the night before. I found, to my great amazement, that the chair now held an assortment of girl's clothes and my own things were nowhere in sight. At first I thought that she had left her clothing on top of mine, but then I saw her things over on the other side of the bed.

Wondering at the two piles of feminine apparel, I opened my dresser drawer looking for my shorts, socks, and a shirt, only to find that it contained an assortment of panties, girdles, and bras. Even more remarkable, when I opened my closet door, my startled eyes beheld several dresses, skirts and blouses hanging there, and several pair of girl's high heel shoes on the floor.

After a few moments of bewilderment, I rushed into the kitchen, where Mary was working in her pajamas and housecoat, and shouted, "Mary! My clothes! What has happened to everything?"

She turned with a smile and calmly replied, "Don't get so excited, John. You will find that there is not a

stitch of your masculine clothing anywhere in this house -- no trousers, shirts, underwear, not even your shoes. The only men's clothing you possess right now are those pajamas you are standing in. You will just have to make out with what you can find in the bedroom and your closet. I have always wanted to have a sister and at the same time have wondered just how you would look and act if you were a girl. How you would cope with the many problems you would encounter, such as managing zippers in hard to get at places; pouring yourself into a skin-tight girdle, fastening garters, keeping your nylons from running; squirming around to fasten your bra behind your back, and a dozen other unaccustomed small tasks you would find when dressing as we girls do. Come into the bedroom, let me help you then we can talk about it over our breakfast."

When I began to utter a violent protest, she took me by the arm and said, "Come now, darling, you might as well at least try it and make me very happy, unless you want to spend the day in those pajamas. You most certainly cannot go out of the house to obtain any new clothes while you are dressed, or perhaps I should say undressed like that. Furthermore, I can assure you that your own things will not reappear until you have cooperated with me in my little project."

I immediately remonstrated, "Oh no! How will I look parading around in those things?" pointing to the chair full of frilly feminine apparel.

She smiled and replied, "That, my dear, is exactly what I am going to find out. Now, please, is it too much to ask of you to do this just to make me happy? Besides, no one is going to see you here in the house except me. Remember, only I can bring your own things back."

Realizing the truth in what she said, I finally agreed, and selecting a rubber panty girdle from the chair, she said, "First the girdle. I am sure you will find this Play-

tex panty to be very comfortable." She watched me carefully as I stepped into it and pulled it up into what I judged to be the correct position. She nodded approvingly and said "Now hook it around your tummy and pull up the zipper."

I managed to fasten the hooks and eyes after a struggle, and when I finally closed the zipper, I was so tightly encased, I could hardly breathe.

As I stood there, panting and protesting, she said, "Nonsense! I bought you just the right size. Of course any new girdle is tight at first until you break it in, just like a brand new pair of shoes. And then, too, this is the first time you have had one on and your tummy and hips are not used to being held in. Now for the brassiere, I had to get you a padded one to give you the right figure for your new dresses. It is so nice that foundation garments can help a girl overcome her short comings."

At her direction, I put my arms through the shoulder straps of the bra, and while I leaned forward, she adjusted it over my insignificant breasts and fastened it in the back. As I straightened up, it was rather shocking to see myself in the full-length mirror, as I stood attired in girdle and bra. Watching me with a broad grin, she said, "Any time you get through admiring your new figure we can get on with dressing you."

She seated me on the bed and handed me a pair of nail scissors, saying, "First you must carefully cut your toenails and be sure they are absolutely smooth. Then check your fingernails. We can't have you spoiling your first pair of nylons. You will learn how easily they run."

When she was satisfied with this operation and had even had me smooth some of the sharp spots with a cute little file, she handed me my electric shaver and said, "Now for that briar patch on your legs. Shave them nice and clean, and don't stop at your knees. Go all the way up to your thighs too."



When I protested that it hardly seemed necessary to go to all that trouble just for spending a few minutes in feminine clothing, she replied, "You have no idea how transparent sheer nylons are. We do want your legs to

look nice in them." I couldn't see the sense of shaving above my knees as I figured the upper part of my legs would be out of sight, but she told me I would find out why later and be glad I took the extra trouble.

While I had been engrossed in the shaving process, she had been rolling up the stockings. She slipped my foot into one of them and said, "Now unroll it up your leg. We girls always do it this way. Never try to grab the tops and pull them on the way you do with your socks or you will have a mess of runs."

When both my legs were encased in the sheer nylons she said, Stand up and I'll straighten your seams. I always wear seamless myself, but I thought your legs would look nicer in these. Now you can fasten your garters, dear."

The front ones were easy enough, but what with the stiffness of the girdle and being unfamiliar with the operation of the clasps, I had to ask her to attach the back ones. She obliged, saying, "This time I will give you a hand, but next time try doing it yourself." I thought to myself that there never would be another time if I have anything to do with it, but she seemed to be enjoying herself so much that I kept the thought to myself

As she handed me some nylon panties, she remarked, "Perhaps you do not need these with a panty girdle, but I always wear them. I think it is a lot nicer and much more modest."

After pulling a white nylon slip over my head, she held out a dress and said, "This goes on over your head just like the slip did, unless you prefer to wear a skirt and blouse this time?"

I settled for the dress as being the lesser of two evils, and when I had gotten myself into it she said, "Now sit on the chair while we try on your shoes."

She produced a pair of girl's shoes from the closet and I saw to my dismay that they had spike heels at

least three inches in height. As she slipped my feet into them, I cried out, "I'll never, never be able to walk in these things, even if they fit me."

She replied, with a satisfied grin, "Oh, they will fit all right. Hasn't everything been just right so far?"

I had to admit that she was right about the fit of everything and I said, thoughtfully, "You must have been planning this for some time."

"Oh. I have, I have," she answered with a smirk. "Now let's go out to the kitchen and have our breakfast."

However, as I expected, when I stood up and tried to walk in those high heels, I nearly fell flat on my face and she had to take my arm for the first few steps until I could get my balance. After that I wobbled around considerably on my way to the kitchen and felt as if I were ten feet tall. When I made a comment on this, she said, "You will get used to it, and after a while, the altitude will not bother you at all." I thought to myself that there she goes again talking as though this masquerade was going to continue indefinitely.

We were soon seated at the breakfast table and I was certainly glad to get off of those infernal high heels. While we had our coffee and toast, she asked, "How does it feel to be a girl for a change?"

I replied, "I do not mind it too much except that this darned girdle is killing me and I would hate to have to run a race in these shoes. I admit that the other things are very comfortable."

I crossed my nylon clad legs and pulled the edge of my dress over my knees as she said, "I'm glad you are comfortable because it would make me most happy if you tried this for a few days until you are really accustomed to it, and then we'll see how you feel about it all. I noticed you unconsciously pulled your dress down over your knee just like any modest girl would do after crossing her legs. You could soon learn all those little femi-

nine tricks. For instance have you ever noticed that when something is tossed to a seated girl, she automatically, without thinking, will spread her legs so as to catch it in her skirt, but a man, wearing trousers, will bring his legs together? It may take a while to change such reflex actions from masculine to feminine behavior."

I could see that my strange experience was evidently giving her great pleasure, so I replied, "I do not really mind trying this for a day or two since you are enjoying it so much. I can see that you have had your heart set on it for a long time, but how about our friends and neighbors? What if they see me like this?"

Of course I would not admit to her, now that the initial shock was over, I was actually beginning to enjoy the feeling of the sleek nylons and the light, cool dress.

However, she even had the answer to the neighbor problem. "If you are so worried that some one might see you, why don't we spend a few days at camp? It is certainly secluded enough. Your vacation starts tomorrow and we had planned to spend part of it up there anyway."

I readily agreed to that, thinking of all the men's clothing left at camp and knowing that after we arrived there, I would be able to get out of all this feminine finery and back into my own things again whenever I wanted to.

I began to worry about how I could get there, dressed as I was at the moment. When I expressed my doubts, Mary jumped up from the table and said, "Follow me into the bedroom. I have still another surprise for you." As I hobbled into the bedroom on my spikes, she was opening a square box that she had evidently hidden in her closet. She took out a very beautiful wig about the same length and style as hers. She said, "This will be the final touch in your complete transformation into a girl."



After adjusting it on my head, she said, "Now take a look at yourself."

When I beheld myself in the full-length mirror, I was certainly startled at the change in my entire appearance. The clothes, the curves of my figure, and the hairdo of the wig all combined to make the image that of a rather

pretty girl. If I shaved my face real closely, all evidence of my masculinity would have disappeared. Without thinking, I turned around and looked down at my legs in the mirror to see if my stocking seams were still straight.

At that Mary cried out, "There, you have already learned another little feminine trick. I just saw you checking your stocking seams. Now what do you think? All you will have to do is sit beside me in the car and look very ladylike. I had better do the driving because if you try it now in those heels, we might have an accident."

"...And die of embarrassment," I blushed.

"While I pack some things," she smiled, "You had better walk around in the house until you get more used to those shoes so you will not look too clumsy on your way out to the garage. And too, you had better shave your face closely and practice raising your voice to a higher pitch. I won't have to pack too much for you, as you always have plenty of clothes at camp."

As we left the house, I made it to the car all right, and as I settled in the seat, I smoothed my dress over my knees like she did and Mary nodded approvingly. "It's harder than it looks to walk in a dress."

Mary laughed and said, "At camp, you'd better practice getting in and out of the car. You are showing a lot of leg, even if they are rather nice looking."

Mary said I passed the first test when the gas station attendant nodded to me as he cleaned the windshield. On the way, I tried to remember what I had in camp of my own masculine clothing. However, upon arrival, I soon discovered that Mary had evidently made a trip up there during the previous week. There was not a single piece of my male camp clothing anywhere.

In the closet, my things had been replaced by an assortment of skirts, blouses, stretch pants, and girl's

shorts. When I opened my dresser drawers, I found only a variety of panties, a new box of nylons, some bras, a rubber brief girdle with no garters, several slips and half-slips, and even some filmy babydoll pajamas.

As I was searching the bedroom, Mary said from the doorway, "What is the matter, dear? Did you lose something?"

I replied, with some heat, "It looks as though I have lost my masculinity. What are you trying to do to me?"

"Let's set out on the porch a while and discuss your situation. You have been unusually cooperative so far, and I am hoping you will get to enjoy the humor of your plight."

Since there was nothing else I could do and as I was apprehensively anxious to find out what her plans were for the future, I settled myself in a porch chair with my feet up on the railing.

As we sat there, I could not help but admire the silky smoothness of my nylon-clad legs. She caught me comparing my legs with hers and evidently read my mind as she smilingly said, "Yes, dear, I think your legs are just as shapely as mine and you can be very happy about that since men's are usually very homely."

"That may be very true," I said, "but we came out here to find out just what is going on. You must really be serious about all of this to have invested so much money just for the fun of it. As far as I can see, everything is brand new and you must have gone on a real shopping spree just for me."

She admitted that she had been building up my new wardrobe for some time and was hopeful that I would grow to like the feel of feminine apparel so much that I would really enjoy wearing it occasionally as a welcome change from my own rough, uncomfortable clothing.



I replied with some heat, "What do you mean, rough and uncomfortable? A man's clothes are much more practical for the things he has to do than a girl's flimsy and easily torn dresses. How much work do you think I could do strapped into this tight, rubbery sausage casing you call a girle and wobbling about on these tall, slim spike heels? How can I have any fun here at camp dressed like this? Can you picture me cutting wood for the fireplace? Why I will not even be able to take a hike in the woods without spoiling these nice things and getting runs in my stockings." I looked down at my pretty

dress, nylon covered legs and shiny black high-heeled shoes propped up on the porch railing.

She replied, "Wait until morning and we will see if we can't get you into something more durable, but still feminine in style. You know, girls when they have hard work to do, always wear slacks and low heel shoes with ankle socks. To that extent, we girls have stolen your men's clothing, so there is no reason why you should not reciprocate and try some of our things. As for the investment, if you really decide you just can't take being a girl once in a while to please me, we are nearly the same size and I can use most of your wardrobe myself. But I would rather not have to do that. I sincerely hope that you will eventually grow to enjoy these nice things yourself."

Later, as we prepared supper together, she remarked, "It is so nice to have a sister to help me."

She had produced an apron for me so I would not spoil my dress. I had discovered at dinner and again at supper why girls eat such small meals and are always nibbling at something between regular meals. With a tight girdle there is a limit to how much you can eat at one time. When I mentioned this, Mary laughingly replied, "You are learning. The next time you are in a restaurant, you have to be careful not to let your appetite run away with you no matter how good it tastes. The penalty is to remove your girdle in the ladies room and bring girdle and stockings home in your purse or a paper bag. I have even seen some girls pull off their girdle in the car before they start for home. Of course this can also happen sometimes when you are wearing a new one for the first time and you bought one a little too small."

After supper, as it began to grow darker outside, she suggested, "Let's take a walk up the road. I think your first excursion outside had better be after dark until you

begin walking better in your heels. One of my coats will fit you. You may be a little chilly in the night air since you are not used to a dress and slip."

So we walked until the calves of my legs began to ache, and when we finally got back to camp, I was glad to sit down and kick those infernal shoes off as I have seen girls do so many times when they are resting.

As we undressed, Mary said, "Now take care of your clothes. Don't just throw them on a chair. Put the dress on a hanger in the closet so it won't wrinkle and fold your slip carefully and lay it in your drawer with your panties. After we get undressed I will show you how to rinse out your nylons."

When I finally got down to the girdle, it was certainly a relief to zip it down, unhook it, and wriggle out of it. Mary looked over at me and said, "Well, well, I never dared hope that the day would come when I could see girdle marks on your tummy. Don't worry about them. They are always gone by morning."

We donned our pajamas, rinsed out our nylons, hung them up side by side, and jumped into bed. Mary could not resist a few remarks about how cute I looked in my new baby dolls.

As we lay there, she said, "Seriously though, one of the joys of being a woman is knowing you can wear a pretty nightie to bed, and that when you wake in the morning, you can put on beautiful lingerie."

Next morning when I awakened and threw back the covers, I was astonished for a moment to see myself in pretty blue nylon and lace, and then I remembered my new status. Mary was already awake and said, "Let's have breakfast and take a swim in the lake before we dress. If you feel chilly in your pajamas, slip into one of my housecoats."

Breakfast over we adjourned to the bedroom again to get into our swimsuits. Mary said, "You will find your suit in the bottom drawer and with it a Playtex panty brief." I held up the rubber brief and said I could not see the sense of being girdled while swimming. Her reply was, "You will find that your swimsuit fits better and looks better on you."

The girdle had no zipper or garters, and without a zipper, I had some difficulty getting into it and pulling it up into place. That finally accomplished, instead of my usual swim trunks, I found a dark blue satin latex one-piece girl's bathing suit. With the suit was also an all rubber bra with foam rubber padding built into it.

I did not need Mary to tell me that I had better wear it under the suit in case anyone came along the beach. She did, however, make me shave my face real closely again, after which I surveyed myself in the mirror realizing then why she had made me shave my legs all the way up yesterday morning. The lustrous blue satin fitted me like a second skin and with the rubber foundation equipment my figure was certainly the equal of any pretty girl ready for a swim.

She handed me a rubber bathing cap and said, "Here, put this on and fasten the strap under your chin. It will cover your lack of long hair, since it is not practical to wear your wig in the water."

We raced each other down to the beach and after a nice swim lay in the sun for a while. As I was swimming, I found that the rubber brief, which fitted me like my own skin, moved with every movement of my body and did not hamper me a bit. However, lying in the sun, the rubber of the brief and bra felt very warm.



Back at the camp again, as we slipped out of our swimsuits and hung them up side by side to dry, Mary said, "Dry yourself good with a towel, and keep your bra

and brief on. You will want to dress more practically today and will not need any garters. Why don't you try a blouse and skirt? If you want, we can take a hike in the woods after dinner. You will find a half-slip in your drawer among your underwear and some ankle socks. There is a pair of low-heeled wedgies in your closet."

"Why do I have to be girdled when I am not wearing a dress? I can see the reason for this padded bra under the blouse, but certainly a skirt will fit without a girdle?" I also asked, "And when I am not wearing stockings, I do not need anything to hold them up."

Her reply was, "Because I want you to get accustomed to one, and besides any self respecting girl always wears one no matter how she is dressed. Otherwise her fanny looks like two kittens fighting under a blanket when she walks fast. Now be a good girl and do as I say."

So I donned my panties, half-slip, blouse, and skirt, found the ankle socks, and slipped my feet into the wedgies, a welcome relief after yesterday in heels. During the morning, I cut some wood and accomplished some other rather heavy work around the place.

At dinner, Mary asked me, "How did the morning go? Did you not find those clothes very practical and actually quite comfortable as you were working?"

I was forced to admit that I had no real trouble and the brief girdle had not bothered me as much as I had anticipated. Actually during some heavy lifting, I rather welcomed the feeling of support that it gave me. However there were times when the skirt got in the way.

She had the answer for that, "Well, you ninny, you should have come in and exchanged the skirt for a pair of your stretch pants or slacks. After dinner when we take a walk in the woods, try the slacks and see if that is better."

As she was changing her clothes after dinner, I found a pair of girl's slacks in my closet. I stepped out of

my skirt and slip and as I pulled up the slacks, I could see they were almost like my own trousers except there was no zipper at the front and the elastic waistband made a belt unnecessary.

The weather had turned warm and when we returned from walking, Mary changed back into a skirt again and recommended that I do the same. "You will find a skirt is cooler. If it is warm tomorrow, we will try shorts or perhaps wear our bathing suits all day."

As it got dark again, she said, "Time for our nightly walk. Take off those wedgies and socks and find a pair of peds in your drawer."

Not knowing what to look for, she finally had to show me. They seemed to be little nylon slippers, and when I put them on my feet, she brought out my high heels again. When I told her I much preferred the wedgies, she said the entire purpose of the evening walks was to get me used to walking properly in heels. I did find that I was able to go a little farther this time, but it was still a relief to shed them when we got back.

I would not admit it to Mary, but the rubber girdle had actually become so comfortable after wearing it all day that I had forgotten all about it until bedtime when I removed my clothes and saw it encasing my torso.

However, when I tried to remove it, I found that the rubber had so molded itself to me that I was quite unable to pull it off. It did not have a zipper to help unloosen it, like the one I had worn yesterday under my dress.

Mary came into the room as I was struggling and tugging at it and laughed most uproariously. I finally had to cry for help. When she could stop laughing long enough she said, "No, No, you have to roll the top outward and downward until you can slip out of it. You will never get out of it that way." I should have remembered,

as I had seen her doing just that herself with some of her girdles.

And so as the week went by, I gradually grew accustomed to dresses, skirts, play shorts, stretch pants, blouses, and many other unfamiliarity's of feminine apparel. To my amazement, I found that much of the time I was very comfortable and was getting to really enjoy my new experience. However, she did insist on our walk each evening, I wearing my heels so that I'd become better at handling myself. Each night we walked a bit further.

Mary seemed to grow happier and more blissful each day, and I protested less and less. Friday morning as we lay in bed, she told me, "Have you noticed, darling, that you are beginning to accept the situation with a change in your speech? Instead of saying that you have to get into a girdle or that you have to hook the bra or take off these shoes, you now say MY girdle or MY bra or MY shoes, actually accepting them as really being yours. That make me extremely happy."

Later that morning, as we were breakfasting in our pajamas, Mary said, "Today I want you to try wearing your new corsets. You have been doing very well in those latex girdles, but now lets see what you can do in the ultimate in figure control, a real laced corset."

I had observed a boned, laced up in back, buckled in front corset among the other items of lingerie in my drawers, but I had not dared mention it, although I had wondered what it would feel like to be really encased in it. Nevertheless, I felt it would be better policy to enter a protest, so I said, "But why is it necessary that I try wearing it? I think my figure looks rather well now, even in a swimsuit."

"Because, my darling sister," she replied with a smile, "Tomorrow we are going shopping and you will

have to get all dressed up for the occasion of your first feminine shopping expedition. Even though you wore a dress on the way up here, I was not too satisfied with the way it fit you. I did not dare to suggest such a thing a week ago because I feared you would rebel at the very thought, but now you have had nearly a week of feeling a tight girdle around your body and I have not heard you complain excessively. So now I think you might at least try your corset just to please me. If you truly can't stand it, you can go back to the latex girdles again. I do hope, though, that you will be able to wear it all day today with your high heels so you will feel more natural and at ease tomorrow. Remember you can cry 'uncle' if it gets to be more than you can bear, but I am betting on you. I do think you have enough willpower to go through with it."

Ignoring the corset for the moment, I seized upon what to me was the most alarming detail of her plan. "Shopping?" I cried, "Do you mean I am to go in stores with you dressed like a girl? Even in my wig and feminine clothes, our friends will surely recognize me."

She replied to that with a smile, "No, I hardly think so, my dear. We are going to a city far enough away that it is hardly likely we will meet anyone that you know. If you are afraid your voice will give you away, you will just have to keep your mouth shut. There are a few things you need yet, and I want you to have the fun of purchasing them yourself. Besides, we can have the fun of dining in a restaurant and taking in a movie before we come back to camp. But I do think it would be wise to spend a day in your corset before you try your first appearance in public."

When we were in the bedroom and she had taken the corset out of the drawer, she said, "I'll help you with it since you have never worn one before. If all goes well, you will soon become familiar enough with it to handle it by yourself."

She wrapped it around me and showed me how to fasten the clasp in front. With that fastened securely, she began to lace it up the back. Even before she had finished drawing the laces as tightly as she was able to, I began to find some difficulty in breathing.

As she stood back to admire her handiwork, she said, "Just look at yourself in the mirror. When you put on your padded bra, your figure will be just about perfect."

I shook my head in dismay. "Yes, yes, I know. I like my figure too, but I just cannot stand this. I can hardly breathe, and it is so stiff I can't even bend over."

"Well," she admitted, "I did lace it a little tighter than necessary because I want you to break it in, and then if we loosen it and little you will be better able to stand it tomorrow. It's new and will stretch a little here and there as you wear it. The first hour or two will be the worst, and after that it will be much easier."

It was obvious the difference. The girdle put pressure on the waist and other parts. The corset simple forced them into its shape with much compromise.

She stated the obvious. "Of course you cannot expect it to be as comfortable as in your latex girdles, but a lot of the discomfort will go away as you get used to being in a corset. A girdle can not begin to do as much for your figure and posture as a good well fitting corset."

"They just aren't made for a male's curves," I moaned.

"Duh?" she teased. "Now sit down in that chair and I will put on your nylons for you this time, but after you learn how to handle yourself in your corset, you can do it without help. You may think this is bad, but girls manage to dress themselves even when they are wearing corselets that are stiff and tight all the way from their shoulders to their thighs."

I managed to bend enough to sit down, and while I sat bolt upright in the chair, she encased my legs in the

nylons and had me stand up again while she fastened the garters and adjusted them. While I looked longingly at my low-heeled wedgies, she slipped my feet into my high heels.

After I had donned my bra and panties, the bra was of course a cinch, but I sure had a hard time bending enough to pull up my panties with no help from her. Then she said, "We won't put you into your new dress today because I want you to keep it clean and fresh for tomorrow. You can wear the same dress you had on when we came up here. You will have to take it easy and stay around camp because of your heels and nylons."

I certainly did not feel like doing anything very energetic, in fact, it would have been almost impossible while encompassed in that corset contraption, so I spent a very quiet day reading on the porch.

After dinner, however, Mary said I should exercise more, so the corset would get to fit itself better to my body, and she made me take a long walk up the road. When we returned from the walk, I removed my dress and slip while she readjusted the laces. I had to admit that I seemed to be standing my ordeal quite well considering that it was the first time I had ever been tightly laced.

With the corset strings adjusted, I began to feel a little easier, and after I had gotten back into the slip and dress, Mary said, "Now you had better practice getting into and out of the car since we do not want you to make a spectacle of yourself on the street in the city. We can't have your skirt up to your hips every time you get in the car."

She showed me how to keep my knees together as I sat on the seat and swung my legs into the car, and how to keep my dress down so as not to show too much leg. I

was pretty tired after all that bending and sitting, so I lay down on the bed and rested for a while.

After supper, she relented and allowed me to remove the corset so I could rest for the evening. I discovered that after wearing it all day, I could move so much better that I was able to remove my stockings all by myself after kicking off my high heel pumps. But, oh boy what a relief when I unbuckled the clasp and felt the corset relinquish its viselike grip on me.

This time it was not just girdle marks on my tummy: the corset had left deep red welts where each of its bones had so tightly confined me. My poor little maleness had had a bad day too. It's life squeezed out of it for hours! We retired early so we could get started for the big city the next morning.

As we started dressing after breakfast, I saw that Mary was getting into a corset too, very similar to the one that I was about to clasp around me. "You see," she said, "I do not ask you to do anything I don't do myself. What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander. Do not touch your corset strings. Leave them tied just the way they were when you took it off last night and we will see how it fits this morning."

It seemed to feel reasonably comfortable when I fastened the clasp so we left it as it was. She did, however, have me tighten the laces on hers a little, after which we got into our stockings, bras, panties and slips. I found that just as she predicted, I was able to put on my own stockings and shoes while wearing the corset, although it left me panting and breathless.

She produced a beautiful new dress from her own closet and said, "This is for you, dear. I did not put it with your other things so I could surprise you this morning."

"Oh," I said, "Then you planned this little shopping trip even before we left the house?"

When I put on the dress, I found that thanks to the corset and padded bra, it fit perfectly and accented my unbelievable tiny waist.

After she had adjusted my wig to her satisfaction, touched my lips with her lipstick, and placed a dab of perfume behind each of my ears, she produced a girl's purse for me to carry, saying, "You see, my dear, you now have no pockets, so you will need this."

So we started out for the city with Mary driving. It was nearly noon when we arrived, so after leaving the car in a parking lot, we had lunch in a small restaurant. To my great relief, no one paid any more attention to me than they would to any other female stranger. As we left the restaurant, Mary turned to me and said, "Our first stop will be in a drug store. I can't have you using up all of my lipstick and perfume and besides you are going to need a jar of Neet. I had no idea what that was, but knew I would find out sooner or later.

Our next project was a tour through a department store. While we were in the dress department, she said, "Your legs are surprisingly well shaped for a man. Let's buy you one of those new miniskirts to show them off to better advantage."

I had grown so used to the idea of my wife encouraging me to be a well-dressed young lady. I agreed and even helped her select a skirt that I liked rather well. However I could not understand the logic in spending much money on such a purchase.

I spent an hour practicing so as not to show too much leg when getting in a car or sitting in a chair, and now she wanted me to wear a short skirt for the express purpose of displaying them.

Next we wandered through the corset and lingerie department. Mary said, "I just wanted you to see all the

lovely things you could wear." I had to admit it was a fascinating place and I did wonder how many of the beautiful things I saw would feel and how I would look in them.

After a couple of hours of window shopping and traipsing through various stores, I was glad to enter a movie theatre, sit down, and get off my heels. While we watched the movie, Mary whispered, "How is the corset going? Do you think you can stand it until we get home?"

I admitted that it did not feel half as bad as I had expected, but I wished I could kick off my shoes and rest my feet. "Go ahead," she replied, "but for heavens sake keep them close by and don't lose them."

Afterward in the restaurant, she warned me not to order too large a dinner. "You must remember your corset will not let you eat too much, and you do not want me to see you carry it and your stockings home." With this insult to my pride, I grimly determined that such a thing would not happen and ate very sparingly.

The trip home was uneventful, and as it was late at night, Mary even let me drive part way, my first experience driving a car while wearing heels. When I became used to the different foot angle, it was not so difficult.

By the time we arrived at camp, even though this was my second day in my corset, and I was getting rather accustomed to its firm embrace. Once again I was very happy to unbuckle my corset clasp and feel the firm pressure relent.

As we climbed into bed and turned out the light, Mary complimented me, "I was really proud of you today, dear. Your week of indoctrination had certainly shown good results. Your acceptance of feminine mannerisms is really amazing."

Her comment embarrassed me a bit, but I now knew that when you are in high heels you no longer try

to stride along in a masculine fashion. I tried to walk as daintily as any girl.

Mary said, "In fact you did so well that I think next time when you buy nylons for yourself you might get seamless ones, which are much more fashionable. Also I noticed that you were very careful to get in and out of the car in public in a modest manner, and when you felt it necessary to tug at your corset, you did that in a nicely surreptitious way. Actually you did much, much better than I expected. I was quite surprised that you wore your corset all the way home and did not try to get out of it in the car."

I was so warmed by her praise that I told her, "It's been a most stimulating, enjoyable week. I really mean it."

The next morning, before I started dressing, Mary ran her hand over my leg and said, "I guess this is a good time to show you how to use Neet. Feel that stubble."

She opened the jar and covered one of my legs with a coating of the white cream, and said, "Now you cover the other one, then sit on the porch a few minutes while it works." When I washed my legs, I was surprised to see how soft and smooth they were and all signs of stubble and hair had disappeared.

As Mary examined the results, she told me, "See how much easier and better that was than shaving. When the hair does appear again, it will not be all stiff and bristly."

The week that followed was even more enjoyable than the first as I became more used to the little tricks that females do without thinking. Sunday afternoon, my vacation having come to an end, we prepared to make the trip back home. I wore the same dress, shoes and

under things I had worn when we arrived at camp, but somehow everything was all so different.

Mary packed a suitcase with some of the things I might like to have at home. I noticed that she packed my Playtex brief, the corset, and the new miniskirt that I had not worn yet.

It still sounds so odd to hear myself saying, "my gir-dle" or "my corset" or "my skirt", but when I think about it, they actually are mine. They were bought for me and were to be worn by me.

On the way home, I told Mary, "What a wonderful, relaxing vacation. Thank you for opening up to me the amazing world of femininity."

"You really liked it?" she asked.

"Not entirely at first, but it was wonderful to be someone else--another sex for a while. To look like a girl, to have acted like one and heck, I almost felt like one too. I really got to see how the other half lives."

For some unknown reason, Mary seemed to make a great point of arriving home at about eight o'clock that evening. When we unlocked the door and stepped into the kitchen, I soon found out why. The lights came on and with cries of "Surprise! Surprise!" Our friends, Betty and George were standing there.

I, of course, was shocked and embarrassed that they should see me dressed as a woman. My face turned red as a beet. Mary laughed, "Don't be embarrassed. They both knew all about it. Betty wanted George to see how nice you look."

I didn't know what to say or do. I stood holding my little purse as Mary went on, "Betty has been trying to convince him that he should try dressing like a girl too. We four 'girls' could go places this summer and have lots of fun together."

I looked at George and now he looked embarrassed. I asked, "You and Betty have talked about this?"

"Betty helped me shop for all of your nice things and take all your old masculine clothes over to her house so you couldn't find them. But don't worry, they have brought everything back and restocked your closet so you can go back to work tomorrow morning."

I thought I would feel less embarrassed if I changed into my own clothes, but Betty begged, "Please don't. I want George to see how easy it was to act naturally as a girl. So I stayed dressed like I was, not even kicking off my high heels. We had some coffee and cake while Mary and Betty both pressured George into agreeing to spend a week at our camp as a girl.

He moaned that it would never work, but Betty said, "You and John are small for men and have the same youthful features. Come on, it will be fun. Ask John."

"Perhaps misery likes company," I admitted to him. I admit that I helped the girls talk him into trying it. I wanted to see how George stood up under the same strange experience I had just come through. He finally gave in and said he would do everything that Betty asked him to do for at least two weeks.

While the girls discussed a new wardrobe for him, he questioned me about details of wearing feminine apparel. He said, "Are you really wearing a girl's girdle?"

He didn't believe me until I pulled up my skirt, showed him my garters and let him run his finger between the buttons of my dress so he could feel it's rubbery top. "Gawd," he moaned aloud. "How can you ever stand wearing that all day?"

"You get used to the constriction," I assured him that they were really very comfortable once one got used to them.

"How long does that take?"

I laughed, "Only a few days. I have been encased in one continually for the past two weeks...except when sleeping. But watch out! If Betty puts a corset on you,

it'll take some determination to stay in it until it forms itself to you."

He shook his head. "Only two weeks in high heels and you are walking like a lady! Amazing!"

"Thanks, I guess," I replied, "There's really nothing to it but practice, practice and practice." I didn't admit what a difficult time I had been through until my feet and ankles adapted to their new posture.

To take his mind off of girdles and high heels, I told him how nice and soft feminine lingerie felt. "I bet you'll enjoy sleeping in light, airy girl's pajamas and night-gowns. Just wait until you get the feel of nylon lingerie. You will feel so sleek and comfortable you will think you are being massaged."

George looked at me like I was crazy. I went on, "Wait until you get a skirt on. Your legs will feel so free and cool on a hot day."

"Can I see your girdle again?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, girlishly lifting my skirt like a can-can dancer. "Of course, you might have a little trouble getting used to a girdle and heels, but actually I now feel more comfortable in my girdle than when not wearing one. I hear that some girls actually sleep in one. The latex girdles have a reducing action and sometimes they are so anxious to lose pounds that they work at it twenty four hours a day."

"I can't imagine..." he stared.

"It is rather a shock to wake up the first few mornings to find yourself clad in girl's pajamas and remember that you are living a girl's life, but you get used to it. And it is really great fun going places as a girl."

"Oh no, I could never go out dressed like that," George replied with a horrified expression on his face.

"Want to bet!" I replied, "I felt the same way. Mary and I went shopping in the big city, we went into stores, had dinner in a restaurant, and went to a movie."

"I can't visualize myself prancing around town in a dress, high heels, and carrying a little purse."

"Naturally I was nervous at first, but when I saw that no one paid any attention to me, I really began to enjoy myself. That's why you must do everything the women tell you to do and try to get used to wearing a corset."

"How can you breath?"

"I will tell you one thing, you won't eat a great big dinner when you are properly corseted or even when wearing your girdle. It is no wonder most of the girls stay so slim. One of the pleasures you will love at camp is swimming. It is so enjoyable in a sleek satin latex swimsuit." I failed, however, to tell him he would need to be girdled more than ever when in a girl's swimsuit.

For the rest of the evening, I was the center of attention. George kept saying, "I can't believe you really look like a woman!"

"And so will you," I encouraged. "You just need to give up all those years of masculine training."

Betty stated, "I hope that George likes it too. I'd like to share my womanly interests with him."

Mary said, "We sure had a good time as two women! I wouldn't care if he ever went back to being a guy!"

As they left to go home, Mary promised to help Betty shop for George's new wardrobe, and it was agreed that they would come over Wednesday evening so we could see how he was making out.

It had been a long day. Mary and I soon retired to the bedroom where I found all my normal clothing in its proper place. Mary had put my new feminine apparel in both my closet and dresser drawers.

As I undressed, I hung my dress carefully in my closet, rinsed out my nylons, and hung them up alongside Mary's on the shower curtain rod in the bathroom.

As I slid out of my Playtex panty girdle, Mary said, "This is really more than I had hoped for two weeks ago. I never thought we'd come home from our vacation and have your nylons and mine side by side on the that shower rod."

I stood holding up my girdle. It had made welts about my waist, but I still handled it gently, with respect.

"Did you really mean what you said to George about wanting to be girdled all the time...or was that just part of the selling job you were doing?"

I had to admit, "I really like the firm support. Of course, it feels so good to get out of it at night!"

"Seriously," she said, "For a day or two, why not remove the detachable garters from your panty girdle and try wearing it to work? It'll never show under your trousers and will remind you of our wonderful, relaxing vacation."

Acting upon her suggestion, I detached the garters and laid the girdle out with my other clothing ready for morning. As I placed the garters in my drawer, I took out my feminine pajamas and detected a smile of approval on Mary's face as she saw me getting into them.

The next morning, I pulled on my girdle before dressing. For the first few hours after reaching the office, I felt rather self-conscious, but soon got over it. I was secure in the knowledge that my girdle was completely invisible.

I really did feel better all day in its firm embrace, and when I arrived home that night, Mary commented on my improved appearance. I left it on all evening, and the following morning there was no question about my wearing it again.

When I entered the house Wednesday, Mary met me at the door, and said, "Hurry and get dressed quickly.

Betty and George are coming for supper and will be here any minute."

"I am dressed," I replied.

"No, No, I mean get changed into your dress and other things. Have you forgotten why they are coming? I am sure George will be less embarrassed when they get here if you are just another one of the girls."

When I remembered that it would be his first appearance in his new role as a girl, I could see Mary's logic, so I stripped down, shaved my face closely, and began to dress carefully, even removing my panty girdle, and got into my corset.

As I drew on my nylons and fastened the garters, I asked Mary, in an offhand manner, if I could wear my new miniskirt. However, she immediately fathomed the real reason behind my desire. "I know," she smiled, "You want Betty to see what nice legs you have. All right, dear. It's a good thing we thought to buy a short slip to wear under it. I am afraid your garters and stocking tops, and maybe some bare thigh are bound to show no matter how careful you are. There is a way to overcome that difficulty, but since you already have your corset on, we will let it go for now. I hardly think Betty will mind a little immodesty, and George will have his own problems to think about."

So I donned my blouse, short slip, and miniskirt, and carefully adjusted my wig and makeup. When they arrived, I could see that George had not had much time for practicing the art of being a girl because he wobbled around a bit in his heels and kept pulling at his girdle. However, we ignored that and told him how nice he looked, which pleased him. We immediately adjourned to the dining room and during supper both Mary and Betty wisely cautioned him not to eat too much.

Afterwards in the living room, the conversation seemed to naturally turn to a discussion of clothing and

styles, feminine of course. As the girls and I talked about the merits of various types of panties and argued over the advantages of front or back hook bras, I could see that George was becoming uncomfortable and ill at ease. I told him, "After YOU live for two weeks in all manner of feminine lingerie and other finery, you will no longer consider it a delicate subject."

By the time Betty was describing his new peach color baby dolls with the elastic waist bikini, he was telling us how he had tried on most of his new clothing and that he was pleased with the way everything fitted.

Finally Betty remarked, "I was going to buy George one of those new miniskirts too, so he would be right in style, but now I am glad we did not try it. I notice that as John sits on the davenport, every time he crosses his legs, I can see his garters and stocking tops, even though he does try to keep his skirt down. Of course I do not mind, after all he does have rather nice legs, but just suppose we were out in public and there were men present. It would not be very modest."

I thought to myself, "For goodness sake. Has it already reached a point where she thinks George and I as being just girls among the girls?"

But Mary quickly replied, "Excuse us for a few minutes and we'll fix that."

She led me into the bedroom and asked me to get out of my nylons and corset. Meanwhile she opened a package and took out the longest stockings I had ever seen. In fact, when she held them up, I could see that they were attached to a panty of nylon and would come all the way up to my waist. "These are pantyhose," she said. "I thought you would have trouble with short skirts, so I bought them for you when Betty and I were shopping for George yesterday. Better slip into your Playtex brief first and be careful about getting runs in these."

Before putting on my skirt and shoes again, I stopped to admire myself in the mirror. Fabulous! I had just smooth, sheer nylon from toe to waist.

When we reappeared in the living room, Mary said, "Pull up your skirt and show them the perfect answer to the miniskirt and short shorts. As I did so, they both exclaimed, and Betty said that now my legs were even more provocative than before.

George was surprised to see that I was still wearing a girdle, so I explained that I wore one almost all the time now, even when I did not need one to hang my stockings from. "Why I have been wearing a panty girdle all the time at work under my trousers. Mary says it improves my figure and posture and it gives me such a nice feeling of firmness."

George replied, "Well perhaps it will grow on me, but right now, I am not enjoying my girdle very much."

I sat on the couch, knowing that now there were no garters, stocking tops, or bare thighs showing. We had a most enjoyable evening together and I could see that George was gradually losing his feeling of embarrassment and was actually beginning to look forward to his two weeks as a girl at our camp, which was to start on Friday.

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As Mary and I undressed at bedtime, I donned my babydolls, which I had grown to prefer to my masculine pajamas. She brought up a point that had not occurred to me. "Darling, do you realize that you will not be able to undress now when there are men around."

"What do you mean?"

"Aside from getting out of your girdle, which you seem to be wearing every day, they would be sure to notice your smooth, hair free legs."

I nodded. "Today I went into the bathroom stall and sat for my duties."

"And also, from lying on the beach in your feminine bathing suit, you are only tanned down to the top of your bra."

"Oh well," I replied as I turned out the light, "I do not really mind if I can dress up once in a while as I did this evening. I have found that a certain amount of femininity is a welcome change from my every day male life."

When I awoke on Saturday morning, Mary said she would lie in bed and rest awhile. After getting into my panty girdle, which I had been wearing all week, I rummaged around in my dresser drawer. I found the garters and attached them to the girdle.

As I reached again into the drawer and brought out a padded bra, she bounded out of bed and joyously cried out, "Oh, John, I had so hoped that you would want to be my sister again this weekend."

As I was standing in the bathroom, clad only in girdle and bra, and shaving my light beard extra closely, I remarked on how lucky she was not to have to shave every day. She smiled and said, "How would you like it if your face was smooth like mine and you never, never had to shave again?"

"That would be just fine with me," I answered and really meant it.

Nothing more was said on the subject, but several days later at the breakfast table, I found a small capsule on my plate. When I inquired about it, Mary answered, "I think I can promise you if you take three of those cap-

sules every day, you soon will not have to shave any more, in fact not ever again."

"Well," I replied, with a grin, "It's worth a try. I must be one of those new miracle drugs."

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On Saturday morning, Betty had brought George over for inspection before they started for their holiday at our camp and his indoctrination into the ways of femininity. We were quite surprised at what an attractive girl he made, and Betty did not have to tell us he had been practicing, as he was walking quite well in his new heels and only tugged at his girdle once. They were anxious to get started and soon left.

Mary and I spent a pleasant weekend as sisters, and of course, Monday morning I went back to work again. Several weeks later, when I was getting into my rubber girdle one morning, Mary inquired, "Do you really enjoy wearing that thing, my dear, or are you doing it just to please me?"

"No, whether it pleases you or not, I am actually wearing it because I want to. I didn't tell you this, but one day I went without it and was miserable all day."

"Well, my dear, that happens! You have worn a girdle just long enough so that your body now depends on it for support because your tummy muscles have relaxed and been weakened. And then too, wearing a corset every weekend has not helped the situation any," she continued, with a broad smile. "Welcome to the sorority. You'll very likely never be able to go without a girdle or corset again. I guess I should have warned you. When, as young girls, we put on our first girdle, we very well know that we are sentencing ourselves to a lifetime of girdle wearing." I moaned as she said, "I guess we should get you a few more at the store."

George and Betty had been frequent visitors since their return from their holiday at our camp. Invariably George came as a girl, and when we visited them, he was always in feminine apparel, but I could not tell whether it was from choice or because Betty made him.

The day that Mary told me that I could expect to spend the rest of my life in a girdle, we were invited over to their house for the evening. I managed to get George in a corner by ourselves and asked him, "Confidentially, what do you think of girdles and corsets?"

I was somewhat surprised to hear him reply, "Well, you don't have to tell Betty or Mary, but after that vacation at your camp as a fulltime girl, I became so attached to my Playtex that I have been wearing it to work ever since. I hope we are doing the right thing."

"You can always just take it off," I suggested.

"I don't think I would want to give it up now. There are some things in a girl's outfit that I do not much care for, but I have to admit that I do enjoy the feel of a good firm girdle."

I told him that I was also wearing mine all the time now, but did not have the heart to tell him that he would soon reach the point where he would have to spend the rest of his life encased in one.

By Labor Day I was only shaving three times a week, having been taking the capsules faithfully every day. However, two things were beginning to bother me. I asked Mary if she thought I needed a new girdle. It seemed as though my everyday Playtex, which I had been wearing under my masculine attire, had stretched out until it did not support me as it did at first.

"No," she replied, "I have been watching you and it has stretched some, but not that much. What you need is a new one, a size smaller. It has reduced your waist and tummy."

"But my pants are all too tight?" I moaned.

"You are getting a more feminine figure. Does that bother you?"

"No, but there is another thing that was bothering me. My nipples are all swollen and are sitting on little

jelly like pads of flesh. I don't see how the girdle could be blamed for that?"

"Maybe it's the padded bra cups?" she mused.

"Maybe, but my nipples are becoming far too noticeable under my shirts."

Her only solution to that problem was, "Well then I guess you will have to start wearing a tight bandeau all the time. We had better go shopping next Saturday and get you a couple of new panty girdles and some bandeaux that will really hold your breasts in check. You had better go dressed as my sister so we can shop for your intimate apparel together."

When Saturday came, while we were dressing, as I was buckling my corset, I asked her to tighten the laces a bit. "Well, well," she said, "I guess we had better get you a new corset today as well as your rubber girdles. This one is laced as tightly as it will go."

As we passed a shoe store on the way to the lingerie shop, I discovered a pair of shiny black thigh length boots in the window, "Ah," I said, "There is just what I need. I have been wondering how I could keep my legs warm this winter when wearing skirts. If I go out in cold weather, nylons do not provide much warmth, especially in short skirts. What do you think about boots?"

"Excellent idea," she said, "I have been thinking of getting myself a pair if the skirt styles get any shorter. They are made of stretch material, so they will cling to your legs, but still go on easily."

"I wonder what holds them up?" I asked

The clerk in the shoe store explained to us that they attach to the garters on your girdle to keep them nice and snug and also keep your girdle from riding up as you only wear knee-highs or ankle socks inside the boots. Mary was so intrigued with the boot idea that she did buy a pair for herself

I was now able to drive the car with confidence in high heels, so I drove all the way home. Upon our arrival, as we opened up our purchases, Mary asked me to try on one of my new bandeau bras since I had not been able to have a fitting at the store.

When I did so, I found that it was quite different from the padded ones I had been wearing under my feminine apparel. This one really held my breasts in, but felt as tight around my chest as my girdle did around my waist and hips. When I put my shirt on, it did however conceal my bloated full nipples and breasts very effectively.

George and Betty came over for Thanksgiving. The four of us preparing dinner with a girlish liveliness I'd never experienced. We drank some wine and talked about our holiday dresses. George still didn't have a lot of girl's clothes, so Mary offered to give him some of her old things.

I said to Mary, "Honey, why don't you let George borrow your red velvet dress with the white lace trim for Christmas?"

Betty said, "Oh Mary! He'd be so pretty in that!"

"I don't think I'll need a dress for Christmas," he muttered.

"Sure you will," Mary insisted. "Follow me and we'll try on a couple of my favorites."

George blushed, but followed her to our bedroom to try on clothes. It was funny to see my wife taking another man to our bedroom to undress, but she was simply treating him like another woman.

Betty whispered to me, "I can't thank you two enough for all the help."

Mary was up searching her huge large walk closet for stylish dresses that she'd outgrown or had tired of.

George was about the size of Mary before she lost a bunch of weight.

In about fifteen minutes, George came in wearing Mary's absolutely beautiful, long sleeved red velvet dress with little pearl buttons in the front. I knew that he would also be wearing Mary's red nylon lace slip teddy that went with the outfit.

Betty gasped, "Oh, honey! You simply must wear that at Christmas!"

George seemed to glow in the dress. I could tell he was a bit embarrassed by all the attention. The dress fit him perfectly. Its skirt fell to just above his nyloned knees. He twirled around to show off the fit and we all clapped. "This feels nice," he stammered.

Mary laughed and said, "Well then, it's yours if you'll promise to wear it."

George looked at Betty and said, "Ok."

"Okay what?" Mary demanded.

"Okay, I'll wear the dress," he said. Then seeing that Mary was still waiting, he added, "A LOT!"

We all laughed. I could see that he was feeling delightfully girlish in the special red dress. His little black patent leather shoes with very thin straps completed a very stylish holiday outfit.

George was clearly becoming more feminine with each new experience. Betty encouraged him with a girlish hug and giggled, "I just love the new you! You are so fun!"

George seemed a little disoriented and flustered as Mary took him back into her closet to try on outfits. With each new "find", Mary would give it to him, but not until she made him promise to wear it. In short order, George had a considerable dress collection and had made a promise to wear every one.

While Betty and I did the kitchen chores, Mary and George spent most to the evening in our bedroom play-

ing dress-up like little girls. I knew that Mary liked George a lot and went out of her way to show him that she accepted him as a woman. She undressed in front of him several times as he did in front of her, like women would when trying on different outfits.

While Betty and I prepared a large roast turkey and all the trimmings, George was clearly enjoying the experience of my wife giving him dresses, styling his hair, and talking to him like he was a woman.

Before they left, George came up to me and said, "I had such a good time with Mary." Pointing to the huge pile of clothing by the door, he added, "Looks like I'm going to be busy trying to get some wear out of those."

I laughed, as I served a pumpkin pie with ice cream. "We are so fortunate having wives that aren't threatened by their husband's femininity."

By that Thanksgiving, I was not shaving any more at all, but to my dismay my breasts had grown so amazingly that I did not need any padding in my bra under my dresses and blouses when I chose to dress as a girl. In fact, between my enlarged breasts and smaller waistline, it was now becoming necessary to pad my waist out to conceal my definitely feminine figure under my masculine attire. Mary could see that I was puzzled and bewildered by all these changes.

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Several weeks later, as I was strapping my tight bra and wrapping the foam rubber padding around my slender waist, Mary said, "I have a confession to make. First of all," she said with a smile, "You can stop taking those capsules everyday now. Your breasts are quite large

enough and you have accomplished the feat of not ever having to shave your face again.”

“What?” I gasped.

“When I discovered you enjoyed so much being a part time girl, I thought I would surprise you. You are going to have the real breasts of a girl this Christmas as a present from me!”

“You gave me these?” I said lifting my bosom slightly?

“Those female hormone capsules did,” she admitted. “Don’t be mad. You know that all of your clothes, feminine that is, fit and look so much better now. Besides, you’ll never have to bother with the nuisance of having to pad a bra...”

I was in shock. “I like not shaving, but you should have told me!”

“Now admit it, isn't it really nicer to have the real things? You do not really mind having to put up with those big, beautiful boobs for the rest of your life, do you, dear? I think now you can graduate to wearing C cup bras and have you noticed how nicely your fanny has rounded out lately?”

“Are those hormones the reason I’ve been so attracted to women’s things?”

“No, that happened before. Those capsules just relieved you of the necessity for shaving and emasculated your figure.”

Of course this news was a great shock to me. My breasts were expanding and I had begun to wonder what was causing it. “Sure, they are very nice, and really beautiful when I am a girl, but what about when I choose to dress as a man?”

“You are just a curvy man...”

I interrupted, “but they are getting so heavy that if I don't wear a bra, they hurt as they bounce up and down when I walk. I better stop those capsules before I have to

start wearing double D-cups! Now I will have the problem of concealing them all the rest of my life."

She immediately replied, "Don't be so alarmed. It is always possible to have them removed surgically. Many women have such an operation when they have cancer. But first, let's think about it. Tell me, truly, do you really enjoy the times when you are a girl and can wear beautiful soft and comfortable clothes?"

"Okay, I'm a bit spoiled," I admitted. "So far it has been only for a few hours or few days at a time..."

"Darling," Mary said, "I wouldn't mind if you would try it for an extended period, say two or three months during which time you could forget all about your masculine life and way of doing things."

"I would be more like your fulltime sister than a husband."

Mary smiled, "I'd like that. If you didn't like it, you can have the breast removal operation and go back to being a man again, either full time or part time."

"Wow!" I said thoughtfully, "Being a girl full time might be fun. But how is that possible when we are so well known around here?"

She must have been considering this for some time because she evidently had thought out all the answers. "Dear, we have enough money so you do not really have to work. Why not retire now so we can go to Florida for the winter."

"As sisters?"

"Sure," she said. "Your hair is almost long enough to dispense with your wig. Your breasts are so perfect you would not even have to worry about lying on a Florida beach in a woman's bathing suit. Heck, you have a better figure than most real women."

"Do you really think I could do it?"

"Haven't you noticed the change in your voice lately? Those hormones have affected that too. It's pitched higher than it used to be."


"Yeah, they call me 'miss' on the phone now."

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After several days of fear that someone at the office would comment on my bulging shirtfront in spite of my swelling breasts being tightly bound and flattened with my bandeau, I finally gave in and agreed to the Florida trip.

Mary was extremely happy, and while I wound up my affairs at the office, she began packing. She was careful to pack only my girl's clothing since it would certainly cause undue comment should an item of men's apparel be discovered by a hotel maid in the luggage of two sisters traveling together.

When the day came to leave, she said she had a surprise for me. "Here is something different that I think you will like. You have been wearing girdles and bras as underpinning because up until recently you were under endowed in the breast department. Now I think a corselet would give you a really fine figure under your dress, and would perhaps be more comfortable.

She held out a beautiful new lustrous satin combination bra and girdle, an all-in-one. When she showed me how to get into it and zipped it up, I was pleased to see what a nice smooth figure it gave me all the way from my thighs to my shoulders. There was no chance whatever of a midriff bulge or spare tire between bra and girdle.

The crotch was especially tight, but I was used to the constriction now. It was skin-tight enough to give me a most girlish front.

As we drove away from the house, I said goodbye to masculinity and actually began to look forward to the months of femininity.

The trip southward was uneventful and I discovered that the capsules had indeed had an effect on my voice and it was not at all difficult to raise its pitch to that of a girl.

For the first time I really felt lighthearted and care-free in my role as a fulltime girl because I knew there was a little chance of anyone discovering that I was not all that I appeared to be.

When we arrived in Florida, we established ourselves in a nice cottage near the beach and spent considerable time sunning and swimming.

My breasts had filled out so nicely. I was able to wear a two-piece bathing suit, and did not have to worry about losing a falsie when swimming. My hair soon grew out to a length where I could have my first permanent and forget the wig entirely. Now that I no longer had to conceal my girlish shapeliness, I became rather proud of my new body with its curves where I never had curves before.

As we slipped out of our bathing suits to dress for dinner, I saw Mary watching me with a thoughtful expression, as we pulled on our girdles and sat down to don our nylons. Our movements were the same except that I had one extra move to press back my maleness into its hiding place.

Mary came out with a most startling idea. "You know, dear, those fixtures of yours are not of much use to you any more."

I blushed, but knew that she was right. I moaned, "They seem to be getting smaller..."

"Don't you worry about the embarrassment of someone discovering them when you go to the powder room?"

I had to admit that was my only fear now that those hormones had filled out my breasts and given me the outward appearance of a most beautiful girl. I stated, "I'm torn. I want them to get smaller to avoid discovery, but most wives want them big!"

"Well, they aren't much use to me either," Mary said matter-of-factly, "but I'm more worried about them getting seen."

"They certainly are a nuisance when I have to disrobe anywhere except in our own bedroom and are very much in the way with tight pantyhose and panty girdles."

"We'll, then, would you like to have them removed?"

I gasped. "Removed?"

Mary went on, "I have been talking confidentially to my doctor about it, and he has agreed to do the job with your permission. Then you can be really free of all fear and worry forever and truly be my sister."

"That is just it." I replied, "It would be forever! I must have some time to consider such a drastic and irreversible step. Don't we want to have children someday?"

"I talked to the doctor about that. We simply put you on a fertility drug for a few weeks and you make a 'donation' to the bank every few days..."

After several weeks of discussion, I realized that she was serious. She repeatedly assured me that she would never miss them. Sexually she was more interesting in my new sensitive breasts than anything else. With each day, I was enjoying seeing my beautiful body and its feminine curves with that one small mar.

I saw the doctor and began to make donations of my sperm for future use when I was unable. When the doctor announced that he had enough to assure offspring, I felt relieved. I realized that I actually desired and wanted the lifestyle of a female and didn't care if I could never achieve masculinity again.



The day before I checked into the hospital, Mary and I shared a bottle of champagne over brunch. We talked about how far I'd come. "I can't believe it," I said toasting Mary, "Tomorrow I have surgery to become a woman! Worse yet, I'm looking forward to it."

Mary smiled, "I am too! I love seeing you so relaxed and enjoying the little pleasures that only women can enjoy. Put on your swimsuit and let's spend the day at the beach."

We spent the day on the beach. It was nice to not worry about my girlish tan lines anymore. I asked Mary, "The fact that you are about to lose a 'husband' doesn't seem to bother you at all?"

Mary laughed, "Hey! I'm trading UP here. As a guy you were just too busy to spend any time with me and we had nothing in common. Soon, we will have EVERYTHING in common."

After an uncomfortable week in the hospital, I returned home again. As I examined myself in the mirror,

I was truly astonished to see that the surgeon and the hormones had done such an excellent job on me. It was quite impossible to see that I had ever been a man.

When Mary looked me over, I thought I detected a pang of regret that crossed her face, but it quickly disappeared. She soon joined me in the pleasure of knowing that no matter what happened I would never have to face the danger of an accidental discovery. When she saw the little string hanging out, she cried out, "Oh the doctor said he could create a vagina for you, but why on earth are you wearing a tampon? That is a tampon, isn't it?"

I admitted that it was and that the doctor told me to wear one all the time for at least six months and then once a month for a few days as long as I lived. Whereupon she voiced her amazement, "What! Do you mean that you will have periods like any female?"

"No. Hardly that, it is just to keep my new vagina open so it will not grow closed."

As I grew used to my new status, the minor fact that I could no longer stand at a toilet did not bother me. I had not done that for a long time anyway for fear that I would be discovered. Besides when wearing skirts and panties, it was not very practical as they were all designed for the convenience of the sex of which I was now irrevocably condemned to be a member for the rest of my life.

Some time later, I discovered that a German manufacturer made a skintight rubber panty brief with prosthetic rubber fixtures attached. I ordered one and when it arrived I hid it away against the time when Mary would begin to regret the loss of my own.

The time inevitably came one night as we donned our nighties and climbed into bed. After she had fretted for a while, I said, "Do you know, my dear, I think I will

sleep in one of my rubber panty briefs tonight. I think my tummy could stand some of its reducing action."

I climbed out of bed and found the rubber panty I had ordered from Germany. I turned my back to her, slipped out of my nighties and got into the brief, which from the rear looked like any ordinary panty girdle. When I turned around and faced her, she let out a shriek of surprise as soon as she saw the attached fixtures. As I got back in bed she snuggled up to me and said, "Now where in the world did you get that?"

After some time, we decided to locate permanently in Florida. Then came the problem of what to do with our property and things back in New York State.

I did not dare to go back to the old hometown as I was now, for fear of recognition by an old friend. On the other hand, I could not very well switch back to masculinity again for even a short time.

First of all, my voice had changed so much it did not sound very much like a man's. My breasts had grown some more even without the hormone capsules after my operation, so that it would now be impossible to conceal them under a man's shirt. And after taking so much time to grow my lovely head of hair, I did not want to have to cut it short and start over again.

My way of thinking had become so feminine that I considered my hair to be my crowning glory. Mary also added that my stride would give me away because I walked so much like a girl now.

We finally had to settle on having her go up to make all the arrangements while I stayed in Florida. We were fortunate enough to be able to purchase the cottage that we had been renting and became residents of Florida permanently. I was committed to being a girl for the rest of my life.

One day Mary announced that she had a letter from Betty saying that she and George were accepting our invitation to come down for a few weeks visit. I asked Mary, "Do you suppose it will be George or will it be Georgiana?"

She said, "How about placing a little bet on that? Five dollars says it will be Georgiana."

I went along. "In that case, I will bet you five it will be George. He did not seem to be too happy at what Betty was trying to do to him."

"Darling, tell me truly, have you ever regretted the change I made in your life?"

"Why no, of course not. I am perfectly happy just as I am. But I am curious to see how they made out."

They were coming down by train so we drove to the station to meet them. "You win," I told Mary, handing her five dollars as we watch the two young women step down from the coach. George was wearing one of Mary's floral print dresses and carrying a little white purse to match his white high heel sandals. Both he and Betty were so excited about their first trip as girls.

We went to the baggage claim area and waited for their luggage. George and Betty each had large brightly colored suitcases filled with dresses, shorts, tops, sweaters, rompers, skirts, slips, girdles, and panties.

George's travel bag had a copy of Vogue magazine and a romance novel. The two must have made some friends on the trip because several men came over and said that they enjoyed meeting them. George blushed when I saw that.

We got some help with the bags and all piled into the car for the drive home. Mary complimented him repeatedly on his dress. "That dress never looked that good on me!" she giggled.

On the way home, George asked me, "Are there ever times now when you don't dress as a girl?"

I replied with an emphatic, "No! I have not owned any masculine clothing now for over two years, in fact, not since we left New York State."

Betty said, "How could he be a man now with that hairdo?"

I pushed a curl into place, "I will have you know this is not a wig...it is all mine, and I love it."

Betty announced, "George's hair has been growing like a weed. I've told him that it's long enough to get it styled, but he's afraid he won't be able to look like a man anymore."

Mary said, "There are other reasons why John cannot go back to being a man too."

Before she could go on and tell them about the development of my breasts and lack of things in another area, I quickly changed the subject of the conversation.

When we arrived home, I was interested to find that everything George had with him was feminine. I asked, "I thought you were not too enthusiastic about playing 'girl' when I last saw you in New York?"

"I guess it's growing on me..."

A couple of nights later, it being a warm evening, we decided to have ice cream and cookies on the porch. We were all dressed in our pajamas to cool off before retiring. Mary and Betty were in the kitchen cleaning up since George and I cooked. I was undressing in our bedroom. Georgiana, already in a pink nightgown, was seated in a chair. We were talking about things back in New York as I began to struggle out of my Playtex. He laughed and said, "I see you still like latex girdles. I prefer Spandex now myself."

As I finally peeled it off, he saw the bare area at my crotch. An expression of amazement came over his face. "Oh my gawd! Does wearing a girdle all the time do that? I don't see anything!"

"They made me smaller," I giggled, "but that's not it. I've gone all the way!"

"What? You're a real honest-to-goodness girl?" He was astonished. "Don't you or Mary ever miss them?"

"No, not really," I replied. "When I started living as a girl, they often got in the way, especially nowadays with pantyhose. Besides, here in Florida, a girl spends a lot of time in a bathing suit..."

"So you can't ever be a man again, can you?"

I answered, "Now you have seen the reason why I no longer dress in masculine clothing."

He still could not get over it and kept saying "Amazing, Amazing. But you seem to be happy. How about Mary? Does she like it?"

"Why yes, it was actually her idea. She talked me into having the operation. She wanted it done, but she left the decision up to me."

Then Georgiana, with a troubled look on his face said, "Now that we are having an intimate discussion, maybe you can help me with a problem."

Just then Betty called from the porch, "What is the matter, girls? Can't find your pajamas?" We told them to wait until we finished a private conversation.

Then he said, "I have been having a terrible time with my breasts lately. They have doubled size and are still growing. Do you think just thinking and dressing like a girl would do that to them? If you think I am wearing falsies just look at these." He unfastened his bra, took it off and I saw a pair of fair sized, nicely shaped, and womanly breasts.

"I think I can give you the answer. When did you shave last?"

"Oh I haven't had to shave for several weeks. Betty found some capsules I could take so I would not have shave ever again. They really work!"

"How nice," I said, "but did she tell you what else they would do to you?"

I had not removed my bra yet. As I unhooked it, I said, "Look at me."

My full sized breasts fell out of the bra cups. "That is what Mary did to me by feeding me the same hormone capsules. If I had not stopped taking them, I would have needed a couple of bushel baskets for a bra."

He was shocked. His hands went to my large breasts and touched them gently. I said, "At the time I cursed those capsules, but now when I see myself in a mirror, I bless them. I don't know but if they hadn't grown and rounded out my fanny, thighs, and legs, maybe I wouldn't have felt so girlish. And what a relief it is not to have to shave every day!"

"I agree with that," he said. "My face is just as soft and smooth as Betty's."

"Which would you rather do, wear a bra the rest of your life or shave everyday?"

Then he confided to me, "That explains it. My breasts are so sensitive I have to wear a bra or they hurt. My voice seems to have changed too, and with that and these breasts being so large, people are beginning to notice them under my shirt."

I said, "I started being called 'Miss' even when I was in male clothes."

"You too?" he said. "The last time Betty and I went to dinner, two men bought us drinks...and I was in my male work clothes!"

I joked, "What with your longish hair, no beard, and your fanny seems to have rounded out?"

"I try to keep that under control with my girdle," he moaned. "Just as you predicted, I did grow to like wearing a girdle so much that now I wear one all the time whether I dress as man or girl."

"But you can't help but walk differently when in a girdle," I said. "At work I sometimes caught myself walking with quite a wiggle."

He nodded agreement. "You have no idea what it has been like. What has happened to George's throat to make his voice sound so different and why is he so nervous lately, not the same old George at all. If they only knew what was wrong with me! Now then please don't tell Betty about your operation and try to keep your wife from telling her."

With that we went out to join the girls on the porch, and as soon as we got settled. George tackled Betty, "When you gave me those capsules, did you know all the other things they would do to me?"

"Oh, so you two have been talking!" she smiled. "Yes, Mary told me what to expect."

"You've emasculated me!"

"I have been watching your increasing curvaceousness, the blossoming of your beautiful breasts, and hearing the change in your voice. The way a dress fits you now is almost too wonderful to believe."

"Well, other people notice things like that too!"

"I thought you liked our little dress up games?" she defended.

"It has now come to the point where I look and sound like a girl, even when dressed in man's clothes!"

"So?"

"I'm not sure I can keep my job much longer. That is the reason why I traveled down here in these girl's clothes. I just don't look right as a man any more."

Mary said, "You could have the breasts removed?"

"Even if I did, I would still look and sound so feminine. I might have to get a girl's job in order to support us?"

At that Betty exclaimed excitedly, "Oh, would you? I mean get a girl's job. Wouldn't that be just great? Then

we could get rid of all your old masculine things, and you could be a girl forever."

George cried out, "But I liked it the way it was! Sure I enjoyed dressing up once in a while, but I could always go back to being a man again. Now you and your capsules have ruined me. I will have to be a girl whether I like it or not. I hope you are happy now."

"I am," she said with a happy smile, "And you will be too some day. Now that you have discovered the truth, we are here for a vacation, let's enjoy it and not spoil our visit."

I heard George mumble something about destroying the rest of the capsules. I knew from my own experience that the changes they had wrought were permanent and that even without them his breasts would continue to enlarge for a while. His hips and fanny would continue to round out, and his voice would continue to rise. And if they did not, it was a safe bet his wife would feed him some more capsules in his coffee.

The conversation drifted into pleasanter subjects and eventually we went to bed, but not to sleep. I could hear George and Betty arguing for a long time after the lights were out.

The next morning, Mary took Betty into town to show her the sights and George said he would rather stay home with me. As soon as they drove away, he said, "I have made up my mind. This afternoon, instead of shopping, I want you to take me to your doctor. I want to see how soon he can operate on me. If Betty wants me to be a woman, I'll give her one."

"What? After all the complaining about not wanting to be a fulltime girl?"

"Yes, and I am not going to tell Betty until it is all over. She has now made it quite impossible for me to live

any longer in a man's world, so if that is the way she wants it, she can just do without my manly essentials. It will serve her right."

I tried to talk him out of it, but with no success. That afternoon the doctor made arrangements for him to be admitted to the hospital on Tuesday.

Next we stopped at a public telephone where George called one of his friends back home and asked him to wire money to my house. He was going to tell Betty that there was an emergency at work and he had to go home for a while. When the telegram arrived, he talked Betty into staying with us until he returned. She worried about his making the long trip as a girl without her help.

He argued, "What could happen? These breasts of mine are now not falsies, my wig is on tight, and you sure have fixed up my voice for me."

So we took him to the train and watched him leave. I knew, however that he would get off at the next stop and take a taxi back to the hospital.

A couple of days later, I stopped at the hospital to see how he was doing. When I came into the room, he cried out, "Gone! All gone! I would show you only I am still bandaged up. I hope the doctor did a good job so it will look just like yours, Mary's, and Betty's! Just think, now instead of two couples, we are all alike--four girls."

"You sound happy?"

"I am beginning to love the idea? I hope Betty will too. Perhaps that is what she wanted all along or she wouldn't have started me on the capsules."

I thought he was still a little light headed from the anesthetic. I finally decided that he felt like he was getting even for what Betty had secretly done to him.

As I came away, I told him, "I guess we will have to call you Georgiana from now on."

He replied, "I have been lying here thinking about that. I think I would prefer Jeanette; it has a more feminine sound."

As I drove home, I had my doubts about his having punished Betty. I remembered how pleased Mary had been the first time she saw me undress after my operation. I knew that I had been a lot more willing to accept the life of a girl than he had.

George had just wanted to play around with femininity, but was not as seriously as Betty. I did have an idea that she would berate him for going ahead without giving her a chance to decide before they were irretrievably gone forever. I bet that she would be pleased when she got used to the idea of her and her husband having the same apparatus.

When George recovered, we met him at the train, looking somewhat wan and pale, apparently just arrived from New York. Of course he said nothing about the hospital episode, and Betty was happy that he was back again. He told her that he had no trouble as a girl on the long trip, but did have a hard time making himself believable as a man again for work.

That night as Mary and I were undressing, we suddenly heard a scream from the other bedroom. I had not told Mary what had happened at the hospital, so she had no idea what was wrong in the other room. We rushed in just in time to see, Jeannette standing clad only in his bra, still holding his panty girdle in his hand.

Betty was sobbing, "Oh! What have you done? How could you? And without even telling me."

As she saw us in the doorway she cried out, "You might just as well look at him too! He has no more to show than Mary and I have!"

Jeannette's operation was in plain sight and I mean plain, nothing left but a small opening with a small string hanging there. I let my pajamas fall to the floor, as did Mary also. When Betty saw the result of my operation, she finished pulling off her girdle, looked down at herself, then at each of the rest of us and began to laugh hysterically, "Look, four of a kind. Just what we wanted, Mary, when we started this escapade."

When Betty had quieted down a little and we were all in our pajamas again, Jeanette told Betty, "You gave me the breasts of a girl, the curves of a girl, and the voice of a girl. I have simply finished the job for you."

Mary offered the best consolation of all. "Betty, don't feel so badly. I know how it is, even though in my case I knew it was happening. Sure they are gone forever, but sometime Jeanine and I will show you a wonderful substitute. I think we'll get it for YOU in time for a Christmas present."

Jeannette had not told Betty, but he had quit his job when they came south to visit us because of his changing figure and voice.

In a few weeks, Betty went north and sold their house, after which Jeannette met her in a small town in western New York State. They have a nice home there now and Jeannette has a good job as a toll collector on the Thruway, where she wears a rather mannish uniform tailored to her curvaceous figure. They are both extremely happy now that Jeannette has adjusted to being a girl.

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

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

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

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

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

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

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"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

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CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

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**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

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

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

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Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

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

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
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The continuing saga of Tebby.

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

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY

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

THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE & TWO

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

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

THE SLIP

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Some guys will do anything for a buck...
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