

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER

Bob's mother-in-law makes him
dress like a woman!



Volume 4

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

**TV FICTION CLASSICS
MAGAZINE**

Volume 4

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER

**by C.V.
&
SANDY THOMAS**

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

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ISBN: 1-893708-02-0

QUOTE BOARD
**ONE MAN'S POISON IS ANOTHER
MAN'S CUP OF TEA.**

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER

By C.V and

SANDY THOMAS

My name is John Forester, I am twenty three years old and I'm studying to become a writer and journalist. My college English teacher in night school has helped me a lot and given me some books on how to learn to write. I've always been an avid reader of all kinds of literature and now Miss Brady---that's her name---told me that I should start practicing writing and that I should write about something I know. . .or some personal experience.

It's not easy to begin---not knowing what I should write about---with a blank piece of paper staring me in the face. I moped around for about a week, even talked about it with my best friend, Bob. He suggested I write about the visit to the circus last year, when we both had a lot of fun. But what is there to write about---if you're not actually a member of the circus and don't know the real ins and outs of their work. My wife Dorothy wasn't much help either. My friends said that if I wanted to write something worthwhile, I had to feel the urge to put something on paper, something that was close to my heart, something I believed in, or something that other people might want to read about. . .some unusual happening---some strange incident. . .something like that.

Then, one Saturday afternoon, it hit me. I would write about my best friend Bob, who had been rather unhappy lately because of his home situation and at work too due to the funny way they made him dress.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. Let's start at the beginning.

Bob and I have been friends for the longest time. We both live on Sweet Street in a very small town in New York. We went through Grammar School and High School together and we're both 23 years old now but Bob hasn't grown as fast as I have and has a small frame. As a matter of fact he is just about as tall as my wife, Dot. Now we both work at the local commuter airline: Swifter Air. I work in the shop and Bob is a reservation clerk. Dot also works for Swifter as a stewardess.

Bob Winters hasn't had an easy time of it. His father died when he was 10 years old and left his mother with very little money. He married very young to Naomi, who was sickly so Bob had to work at extra jobs to try and make ends meet. Every cent he earned went towards Naomi's doctor bills. He was always able to get little jobs after work, because he's very nice, well mannered, unassuming and pretty handsome, too. Also, everyone in our little town knew him and wanted to help.

I guess Bob's troubles started about two years ago, when he was 21. Because of the rough time they had financially, his mother-in-law proposed to move in with them. That would help financially and she could also assist in the household chores as Naomi became weaker and weaker and under doctor's care almost all of the time. So his mother-in-law, Mary, really took charge.

Bob didn't like her much. She's a widow, doesn't seem to care much for the male half of the population and is rather bossy. On top of that she is a real feminist, believing in equality of the sexes and all that.

That wasn't Bob's only handicap. His mother-in-law was a personal friend of the president of our airline. Because Swifter Air is a low budget operation, she doubled as personnel director and taught the stewardess class as well. You know how hard it is for someone related to management to be just one of the guys at

work. When something bad happens, the guys always suspect that he might be an informer. It was only because Bob was such a nice kid and well liked by everyone that he managed to keep his friendly relations with the guys. Later on, most of the men began to feel sorry for him. That was good, because now he wasn't kidded too much about the things that happened to him at work and at home. Anyway, I soon let it be known that I would punch anyone in the nose who was nasty to my best friend. I was on the football team and could best anyone at work except maybe some of the teamsters.

Bob and I lived across the street from each other and we were always running into each other's houses, walked to work together and often did our gardening at the same time. Bob once had a crush on Dot, who also liked him a lot. They had dated a few times before we were married.

Now that I have "set the stage," as my teacher calls it, I can get on with the story. I feel that compulsion my Dad mentioned: I'll put Bob's problems on paper, because it seems the only thing that I can do.

When I asked my wife what we could do to help Bob, she said that we couldn't and shouldn't interfere with other people's lives and households. It was certainly not my place to talk to Bob's mother-in-law, however, I've noticed that my wife is very kind to Bob and goes out of her way to make him feel better and help him adjust to his new life. He says that he wants to stay near his wife to comfort her whenever he can. Too bad Bob isn't the type to run away. That's what I would have done. . . a long time ago.

Anyway, it all started about a month after Bob's mother-in-law, Mary arrived, settled in at her position at Swift Air and made herself at home in Bob's house. Bob had just turned 21. I remember that Naomi had tried to give a little birthday party for him. Bob had to buy the refreshments and beer with his own lunch money, that's how hard up they were, but we had a good time anyway.

During our walks to work Bob had told me that it

was not easy to live with Mary in the house and it became even worse after she started teaching for Swifter Air. The first time I learned that something was going wrong was when Bob said he couldn't play softball after work.

"Mary wants me to come home right after work," he said.

"But, you like to play and our team will miss you. You're the best and fastest player," I said.

"I know. . . I want to play, but Naomi says that I have to do whatever her mother says."

I commiserated with him. Softball was really his best sport and his only way to relax. I felt sorry for Bob.

"Why does she want you to go home right after work," I asked.

"Mary says I have to help around the house. She says it's dirty and has to be cleaned from top to bottom."

"But what about your job at the beer bar?"

"That's not until 7 o'clock," he said sadly. "And please don't come to my house."

"Why not?," I asked, surprised at this strange request.

At first he didn't want to tell me, but then he said: "Will you promise not to make fun of me if I tell you?"

"Of course," I replied. "Friends never make fun of each other except when it's a joke."

"Well. . ." he hesitated. "My mother-in-law says that I have to be careful with my clothes because they are expensive and. . . I. . . have to wear an apron when I'm home doing housework. That's almost all of the time now."

"So what," I said, assuming of course that it would be some kind of masculine covering like we sometimes wear at the shop.

"It's terrible," he said. "She made it especially for me and Naomi says that it wouldn't be nice to refuse to wear it. It's all white. . . and it looks like a girl's thing!!"

I tried to console him. "It's just in the house. . . So what? Who cares?"

"I do," he snorted. "I'm the one who has to wear it. And that's not all. She's making me something special

to wear at the beer bar and she says I have to wear the apron there, too."

"Oh no," I said. "That's terrible. You want me to come and talk to her?"

"It won't do you any good. She has set her mind on it and you know how she is. She said she'd leave town if I said another word about it. Naomi and I really need her help."

I slapped him on the shoulder. "Well, maybe it won't be too bad. I'll tell you what, I'll come and pick you up at seven and we can walk together to Doc's Bar. Nobody better try to make fun of you. . .or they'll get it."

Bob tried to smile. "Thanks John. . .I've been thinking of finding some other job so I won't have to be home so much and wear that silly thing."

"But you hardly have any spare time for yourself now!"

He sighed and walked home alone and I went on to soccer practice.

As promised, that evening I went to Bob's house. I was a little early and barged in as was my custom. Mary and Naomi were in the living room. I must say it looked neater and cleaner than ever before. After saying hello to them, I announced that I had come to pick up Bob.

"He's in the kitchen," Mary scowled. I was beginning to dislike her.

I headed for the kitchen to find Bob. When I found him I was really shocked. . .more than I cared to show. I surprised him when I entered the kitchen. It looked like he was going to cry. . .but with an effort he managed to control himself and busied himself putting away the clean dishes, turning to try and hide his face.

No wonder he felt so bad!! Over his blue jeans and sweatshirt he was wearing what looked like a girl's white dress. It was tied in back with a bulky, neatly tied bow and when he turned around I saw what a sissy girl's thing it really was. It had a square neck festooned with a panel of lace. The armholes were ruffled and the apron had a cotton gathered skirt with the waistband smooth and tight around his waist. It had two

ruffled pockets on the skirt and there was a flounce at the bottom which made the skirt stand out.

I didn't know what to say. "Uh. . . Can I help you?"

He shook his head, "No thanks, John," he said. "Ms. Mary dried the dishes and I just have to put them away."

"Ms. Mary?" I asked.

"Yes, that's what she insists I call her here at home," he said. There were still tears in his voice. "I guess it's part of this Women's Lib thing. She says it's a title of respect."

"She doesn't really expect you to wear this thing at the beer bar," I asked.

"No. . . this one," he said, holding up an identical garment except that it was made of blue denim.

"She says the white one will get too dirty there, unless I learn to work more neatly."

"Well, that's not too bad," I lied.

"It's sissy," Bob complained. "Look at these silly ruffles and this," he added, fingering the flouncy hem.

I noticed that at least it didn't have lace in front, and the ruffles looked smaller.

"Did you talk to your wife," I asked, thinking that surely she wouldn't let his mother-in-law embarrass her beloved husband.

"She thinks it's a good idea," he said. "I spilled some chocolate fudge on my shirt and I couldn't quite get it out." He looked at his watch. "I've got to get going or I'll be late."

I watched him fold his new blue apron, take off the white one and hang it on a hook by the kitchen door.

We went to the living room. Bob kissed Naomi goodbye, but, not his mother-in-law. I might have been mistaken, but I thought I saw a faint smile on her face as she watched us go out the door, Bob carrying his new apron under his arm in a tight bundle.

When we arrived at Doc's Beer Bar, I said, "Why don't you just leave your apron off. . . she won't be any the wiser."

"I can't. You don't know Ms. Mary. She went to Doc this afternoon and told him to make sure I wore it all

the time I was working here."

Sure enough, when Bob said hello to the bar owner, a former drill sergeant in the Marine Corps, Doc's first words were to remind him to wear the apron. Bob was taking over for a girl who wore a white uniform. When he opened his bundle, she smiled. "It's about time you covered up with something besides that old sweatshirt you've been wearing."

The girl helped him tie the bow pretty in the back. "Don't you look cute now," she said. "Did your mother-in-law make it?"

Bob nodded. I saw Doc raise his eyebrows when he saw Bob in his girlish apron, but he was a man of few words, "Looks good with the jeans, kid."

It was true even though the apron was of much lighter color denim blue.

There were only few customers at the bar. One of them, a man in his thirties, must have said something, because I heard Bob explain that he had to wear it to prevent spotting his clothes. I had a beer and stayed around for a while chatting with Bob.

"Are you sure you're okay about this apron stuff, Bob?"

He assured me he was and I excused myself and headed for home.

When I mentioned it to Dot, she said, "Well, it seems sensible, if it's to protect his clothes."

Dot added, "Ms. Mary told us in stewardess training that she makes most of her own clothes and she's going to teach us too. I think she's pretty good at it, too."

"You know, I don't like her," I replied. "She's making Bob help around the house and he can't even play softball anymore."

"Well, don't forget Bob's mother-in-law works all day. And, if his wife isn't well, it's only right for Bob to help her."

"But he's a man," I argued. "Bob needs some activities to build up a little more. He's the smallest guy in our group. All work and no play? Boys will be boys, right?"

"I like him the way he is," Dot said. "If a man gets

over developed, he could become a bully and starts bossing people around."

With a shrug I went upstairs to read.

I tried to read , but my thoughts drifted to Bob and how he had to do housework, like a woman. . .in an apron yet.

Chapter two—"It fits so nicely. . ."

Things stayed the same for a while and I got used to seeing Bob in his pinafore at home. We hung out together whenever we could. Not much was said about the strange apron Bob had to wear at the bar, although a few eyebrows were raised by people who saw him wearing it for the first time. Bob himself had become so used to it that he seemed no longer aware of it.

I still tried to get him to play softball with the team, but he now had very little spare time. One time I found him at home doing the ironing. He blushed a little when he saw me come in, but continued the work. From the way he was doing it, I noticed that he had really learned that sissy job. He produced a neatly pressed pile of clean clothes, lingerie and tablecloths and bed linens.

Another Sunday I found him scrubbing the floors on his knees. Somehow, he always looked clean and perfectly groomed. His longish hair (like most of the men at work, I wore mine long too) was always neatly brushed, shiny and healthy. From the back he looked almost like a girl. Once I asked him how he kept it so neat looking. He confessed that Ms. Mary made him wash it sometimes twice a day and then insisted that he use some kind of rinse "to give it body". He explained that it seemed healthier since he'd been doing it and didn't mind taking the extra care.

His hands were very clean and his nails immaculately kept. A bit on the long side I thought, though, and his hands seemed unusually soft for a man.

Once, when I joked about it, he said that his mother-in-law made him use handcream after doing the dishes and that she sometimes did his nail-clipping for him.

His interests seemed to change, too. We no longer talked much about sports and when I did, he always seemed to change the subject. It wasn't deliberate or as if he wanted to avoid the subject, he just seemed to have lost interest.

One day early in the spring he came to work in a new outfit. It was a light blue denim overall, made exactly like a girl's, without a front opening. It had a tight narrow waist and it zipped on the side. The high neck had two brass buttons to which the shoulder straps were fastened. Except for the closed front it was not all that different, except for the material and the tight fit at the waist.

Under it he wore a white and red checked shirt. It was almost a blouse with a small collar. It had short sleeves cuffed at the ends giving it a feminine appearance. He was shy and defensive the first day he wore it, but when he noted that no one said anything, he got used to that, too. Dot said that she had seen him wear it in the street and asked his mother-in-law whether she had made it. "It seemed to be the only pattern she had," Dot explained at the dinner table.

Dot said, "I like it on him. . .it fits so nicely. Those flaring legs are stylish and simply elegant."

I didn't say anything, and said to myself that I wouldn't wear anything like that for the world. I guess Bob was stuck with it. It seemed strange though, that with the money he was making, he couldn't buy himself a couple of ordinary sportshirts and some honest-to-goodness men's jeans. It wouldn't cost much more, would it? Except maybe. . .if his mother-in-law made them. . .it would save the labor costs.

During the coming weeks, I sort of became used to Bob's new looks and behavior. Even at work everyone treated him as always, except maybe the girls seemed friendlier to him, leaving him bigger tips and flirting with him a little.

I asked him one day how he felt about all that attention from women.

"I don't know," he said, "they're nice to me and always make me feel like one of the gang. I get along

fine with them lately. I've wondered about it myself. What do you think?"

I shrugged my shoulders. "Who can figure women. Maybe it has something to do with the way you've been dressing lately."

"That's not my fault! You know it isn't!"

I nodded and kept silent. Without saying so, I wondered whether it was all those feminine activities Bob had to do at home. But would that change a person so much? Could it? Having to wear aprons and those tightly cut overalls?

Still our strong friendship didn't suffer and we kept company a lot. Things were not getting any easier for Bob though. One evening I found him at his home doing embroidery, dressed in his white pinafore and again I didn't see any trousers. When his mother-in-law and Naomi had left the room and we were watching TV together, I asked him why he didn't wear long pants. He blushed and said that his aunt had made some shorts for him in order to save his overalls for work.

"She says they're cheaper. . . less material."

He didn't seem anxious to show them to me so I began to wonder whether they might also be girl's shorts.

"Why do you work at that sewing stuff," I asked. "Do you like that sort of thing?"

"Of course not, but Ms. Mary makes me. She says that our hands never should be idle and she doesn't want me out roaming the streets and getting into trouble."

"But you've never done anything," I said.

He just sighed. "You know we never hung out on the streets, and I told her so, but she's becoming stricter all the time. Naomi is feeling awful and I don't want to make trouble for her. So I just try and please her mother."

"She's making me a new outfit to wear at the bar, as if I don't look silly enough already."

Just then his mother-in-law came in. She nodded a cool "Hello, John" to me and said, "Bob, I have your new

work uniform ready. Take off your apron and come to my room so we can see how it fits."

She started to undo Bob's apron. He seemed to resist, I guessed he didn't want me to see what he was wearing underneath.

His mother-in-law disregarded his feelings. "Don't be difficult, John's your best friend, is he not? He has seen people in shorts before."

With a red face, Bob took his arms out of the apron and I nearly gasped aloud. He was actually wearing girls shorts with flaring legs, so wide they almost looked like a skirt. And they zipped in the back, fitting very tightly at the waist. With the red checked blouse, it really made him look like a girl, except for the hair on his legs.

He then followed Ms. Mary up the stairs, saying in an embarrassed tone of voice over his shoulder, "I'll be right back John."

A little later I heard some loud words. It sounded like Ms. Mary was mad at something. A few moments after, John came in followed by his mother-in-law. He was a sight to see. He was now dressed in a white jumpsuit completely in a girl's style, with a tight waist, flaring legs and cute little short sleeves, pertly cuffed. The front zipper ended in an open neck. It had no pockets except at the breasts were two little ones, making the front blossom out there as if he was a real girl.

I tried to keep a straight face, but Bob started to blush under my stare. "Doesn't it fit him nicely," Ms. Mary asked, smilingly. "I think white is much nicer to work in at the beer bar."

"You mean he has to wear that to work?," I asked. "He'll look like a girl!"

"Silly nonsense," she snorted. "It's just like a man's overall with a front zipper. The waistband might be a little different, but I did that to show Bob's neat waist. After all we don't want the garment to flutter around his body"

"Please don't make me wear this in the street," Bob pleaded.

"Don't be obstinate," Mary said harshly. "I didn't make it for you not to wear. I'm sure Doc Smith will be pleased to see you properly dressed in white. After all, the daytime barmaids wear white, so it's proper in a place where food is served."

"We serve chips and popcorn," Bob said under his breath.

"What was that!?" Mary asked.

"Nothing," said Bob sadly, "nothing at all. . ."

The next day I saw Bob at Doc's Beer Bar. He was wearing the white outfit but over it his blue apron which now contrasted neatly with its square neck. I watched him while he was busy with a lot of customers. He seemed to have forgotten his objections, serving beer and chips, always with a smile for the customers.

I was surprised to see that he seemed to have no hair at all on his arms. Many of the women at the bar complimented him on his appearance and after awhile he stopped blushing.

Later, I walked home with him and asked about his bare arms.

"Oh, you noticed," he said with alarm. "Ms. Mary said that in a place like Doc's, people don't like to see hairy arms and that nobody would notice anyway."

"Well, she was wrong. I saw it right away," I said. "But that's just because I know you so well. I bet very few other people noticed."

"I don't know why she insists that I look so neat and clean all the time," he said. "She makes me shower after every time I mow the lawn or wash her car. And now she makes me wear this silly apron all the time I'm home. It's horrible!"

I didn't reply. What could I say? I just put my arm around his shoulder and showed that he was my friend no matter what he wore.

After a few weeks I noticed that Bob walked funny and more erect. One day when we were going up the stairs at this house, he lost his balance and I caught him. "You're wearing a corset. What's that for?"

Again poor Bob blushed uncomfortably. "Mary said I was slouching and that it was bad for my lungs," he

explained. "She makes me wear it day and night and it makes my body funny."

"Let me see it."

At first he was reluctant but then he gave in. We went up to his bathroom and closed the door. He opened his overalls and lifted his "shirt". She actually had laced him into an old fashioned woman's corset - no doubt once her own. His waist was small and his fanny pushed out. It now looked like a real girl's behind. His bottom looked like my wife, Dot's, when she wears tight pants.

"Please don't tell anybody," he pleaded.

"Of course not," I promised. "I think your mother-in-law has gone crazy! Why don't you talk to Naomi?"

"I did," he replied. "But I have to be careful. She's very easily upset and very weak."

"And what did she say?"

"She just smiled and said, 'I used to wear one of those, too.'"

"And when I said that I wasn't a girl, she insisted that I do as my her mother tells me, 'She helps us so much with everything. . .you should be nice to her, Bob. Please promise me to obey her and not make trouble.' Then she had a terrible coughing spell and she waved me out of her room."

"Does it hurt much," I asked.

"It's awful," he replied. "It makes me walk so stiff and upright and my waist is so small. . .like. . .a. . .a. . .pantywaist," he finally blurted. "My pants are tight in the back and. . .and..ah. . .there's a strap in front that she fastens in the back to make my front smooth, so the trousers fit *sleeker*."

A fact he emphasized by passing his hand over his girlish crotch, all signs of "Bob" were hidden back between his thigh tops.

I looked down and saw, indeed, there was no bulge in Bob's crotch. "That's terrible, it must be very uncomfortable."

Bob nodded and his face looked like a thundercloud the rest of the evening.

Chapter Three—

“no. . .no. . .please. . .I’ll wear this.”

The final indignity for Bob came during the hot summer days when he appeared at work in a light blue denim overalls with the trouser legs cut off. They were very short and tight and had been cuffed. It looked exactly like a girl’s playsuit and all the guys crowded around when he first appeared in it.

The girls all seemed to like it on him and I made sure that the men said nothing to cause Bob grief. I saw some of the men’s eyes roll when they saw that Bob’s overalls zipped up the back. I guess they all felt sorry for Bob.

A few days later, on a Sunday as we went for a walk, I was shocked to see that not only were Bob’s arms smooth and hairless, but his legs were also shaven clean. His legs were smooth and slim like a girl’s and because of the very short shorts, there was a lot of bare leg to see. He seemed to enjoy wearing tight shorts.

How could he tolerate showing off his new curves and hips! Could it be, that while painful at first, he had gotten used to the corset and that skin tight pants felt good? He wore his usual unisex loafers and short white ankle sox. This time I knew better than to say anything about my new discovery, but I did feel sorry for my best friend. I wished I could do something about it. Unfortunately, I couldn’t think of a thing.

Later, at our house, I noticed that Bob seemed to have a lot in common with my wife. She was also dressed in short, short hotpants and was showing him some of her embroidery work. He seemed to know very well what she was talking about. They went to her sewing room because she wanted to show him a new dress. What a crazy thing. What man would be interested in seeing a woman’s dress?

Dot and Bob came out a little while later and sat in the living room chattering about the sewing project. I wondered what Dot said that made Bob listen and giggle like that. Eventually, they joined me again and we played some ping pong.

Finally, the summer work schedule began. Bob had to spend more time at the bar, but still had some free time. We went swimming, walking, and played golf and generally had a grand time. Bob grew a little, but his waist stayed trim and his shoulders stayed narrow and boyish. His added height seemed to give him a trimmer figure. Bob's calves were never very developed and always looked more like a woman's than a man's.

Bob became more resistant to the influences of his mother-in-law, but they had frequent heated arguments. Eventually, Bob lost these discussions and he still had to do all those feminine things at home wearing his apron. Mary was even teaching him how to cook.

Eventually, the people of our little town became accustomed to Bob in his "playsuit" and small wonder, he was well liked. He always had a friendly word and smile for everyone and often did errands for elderly people. He jogged along the same route and he saw so many people that I guess he was no longer self-conscious about his outfit.

One of the rich residents of our town, an old widow for whom Bob often did errands, had told him that he and a few of his friends could play tennis on her court whenever we wanted. We were all very excited. Our small, country club never did have any courts and this was a real treat.

Just about that time Bob had a terrible argument with Ms. Mary about his clothing and the housework. He didn't want to ask her about tennis clothes, but when he found out how much they cost, he didn't want to spend that much money. I did mention it at his home, however, and Mary decided to show how "nice" she was and offered to make a set of tennis clothes for Bob.

"No. . .no. . .please. . .I'll wear this," he said pointing to his "playsuit."

"Nonsense," his mother-in-law replied, "I'll get started on it right away. I still have some money left over from your last week's pay to get some material.

Don't worry Bobby.
..they will be ready
in a day or two."

It seemed nice of
her and as we left
the house, I asked.
"Is that what she
calls you... Bobby?"

"Yes, and I wish
she'd stop. She
used to call me that
when we first met.
It sounds like a
girl's name."

"It sure does," I
said.

The next time
we played tennis,
Bob wore his new
tennis outfit. It
wasn't too bad. He
wore white shorts
and they closed at
the left side and had
girlish short flaring
legs. What was
most terrible was
Bob's T shirt. Be-
cause Bob had com-
plained about the
closing of the
shorts, his mother-
in-law had stenciled
the word
"SPOILED" on his
shirt and had made
him embroider it
himself with blue
yarn. He was em-
barrassed to death,
but some of the guys
thought it was



"Bob playing tennis in
his girlish outfit."

funny and Dot immediately started to embroider "I'M A DOLL" on her tennis shirt. The other girls followed suit. I don't think it helped Bob any, because he was the only man with embroidery on his shirt. None of the other men had it, of course.

I thought Mary was really cruel to do that to Bob and spoil his fun. Actually, it only caused him a few bad moments, because as soon as he started playing, he forgot all about the fact that he was wearing a girl's tennis outfit.

That's what caused me to worry about him. He had become completely used to his girlish clothes and seemed to forget what he was wearing and how feminine they really looked. His hair was now touching his shoulders and seemed to have a natural wave in it.

He no longer walked like a boy either. I guess that corset of his had forced him to walk differently and because his jumpsuit and cut-off overalls had no pockets in them he had begun to adapt to that also. Bob looked like a young girl. Bob told me the corset was making a swelling in the breast area. It was beginning to become quite noticeable. . .even with a shirt on his nipples stood out.

Bob's jeans always tightly hugged his hips and fit flat in the crotch area. But Mary had said, "No one will notice." I did! The way he moved his arms could almost be called "elegant".

I didn't want to hurt him in any way or make him feel unhappy. So I never remarked on any of his new habits or movements.

Anyway, the summer wasn't too bad for him and pretty soon work would get busy again. I never heard him complain much about the dominance of his mother-in-law or the clothes she made him wear. He accepted his household duties now as unavoidable and his responsibility to keep the household going. An exemption might be the time two men caught him washing the outside windows of his house in his apron. He told me about it afterward.

"What did they say," I asked him.

"Oh nothing much, they were just kidding around.

Made some crude comments about my shorts and hair. . .I didn't even bother to reply. My mother-in-law happened to hear them and she shooed them away.

Since Mary had all the control of the money, Bob couldn't even buy himself a haircut without her permission.

One day, at the airline, a customer said to Bob, "Thank you, Miss". Bob turned red, and didn't answer. I took a good look at Bob. He did look like a woman. Tight slacks clung to his wide hips and curved up to his small waist. He wore a Swifter blazer and sweater over his shirt, which fit tightly across the breasts. His small nipples seemed to jiggle with each step and his long hair a mess from the wind, added to the mistaken identity.

There was one thing I felt guilty about for a long time, partly because I was unknowingly a part of Bob's humiliation. His birthday fell during the last week of August. Mary had asked me to invite all our friends for a surprise birthday party. I thought it was nice of her, having no idea of what she had in mind.

I invited practically everyone Dot and I could think of. A few couldn't make it because they had other plans or were away. The plan was to arrive all together at six o'clock for drinks and buffet. Mary had promised to make a birthday cake. She would keep him busy with some excuse and when she gave the signal we would enter and we would all sing "Happy Birthday".

Some surprise it was for poor Bob. We all sneaked quietly into the house with Mary constantly cautioning us to keep the noise down. That needed some doing with nearly twelve of us giggling into the house.

Then the moment came. We all stood in a circle facing the door with anticipating smiles. The door opened. We all shouted "Surprise" but most of us stopped mid-word. There stood Bob. . .but completely decked out as a young woman. His face became fiery red and he turned to flee the room, but Ms. Mary blocked his way.

He was wearing a tight fitting pink dress with a cute, white Peter Pan collar and cuffed white short



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sleeves. He wore stockings or panty hose and a fleck of white showed that he was wearing a lace edged slip underneath. He also wore pink pumps with a two inch heel. And, as usual an immaculate white pinafore, with lots of lace and ruffles which contrasted nicely with the pink fitted skirt. It looked like a french maids uniform, only in pink.

Chapter Four—

“come on. . .don’t be a spoilsport.”

Bob was very embarrassed. “Mary. . .how could you? You promised nobody would see me in the house.”

After that first bad moment everyone started talking at once, the girls fawned over his cute appearance and the nice fit of his dress. The men talked amongst themselves, wondering why Bob was dressed as a girl.

Seeing how badly Bob felt, I put my arm around his shoulder and started singing “Happy Birthday, Dear Bob.” The others joined in. Bob still had his hands over his face, no doubt wishing he were dead.

We all had brought small presents. Mary wheeled in Bob’s wife in a wheelchair looking very pale. Apparently, she hadn’t known about Bob’s clothing either, because she looked questioningly at Mary.

“It was his birthday and I wanted him to look nice. Those overalls he usually wears didn’t look dressy or festive enough,” Mary said, busying herself with the cake.

Opening the presents diverted Bob’s attention from his embarrassment and he seemed to get into the spirit of the party. Mary gave him a nice bracelet. A dainty bracelet for a boy??? She put it on his wrist herself said it really complimented his outfit. The way she kissed him surprised me, too. It looked like she really cared for him. How was that possible, I wondered. If she really cared for Bob, she wouldn’t sew for him and make him wear all those feminine clothes, unless she had some purpose in mind. . .or had decided that Bob should have been a girl.

He certainly looked like one. Better looking than many of the other girls. If I had not known, I might

have thought that he was a girl even though he wore no makeup or fingernail polish.

The party was a success anyway. For the guests, at any rate. I don't know how Bob felt, but he played the perfect hostess. While some of the men helped cook the franks over the grill outside, we all went out to the backyard where Bob in his cute pinafore served soft drinks and later put french fries and vegetables on tables and saw that everyone had napkins and found a place to sit and eat.

I noticed, again, how he seemed to completely forget about his dress, as though it was the normal thing for him to wear and when the party was over I saw him kiss all the girls goodbye, just as though he was one of them. I didn't see him kiss any of the men, though, and he blushed fiercely as he shook hands with them.

I stayed around to help with the clean up and Mary insisted that I wear an apron also to protect my good clothes. At first I protested but then I thought that it might be easier for Bob if I acquiesced. Dot stayed too, and she laughed when she saw me in one of Bob's blue pinafores. Now I knew exactly how Bob must have felt.

I had meant to speak to Mary and find out why she had done this to Bob. But Bob's wife, Naomi, had a coughing spell and they both went into her room, after saying goodbye to us. Dot really over did her goodbye kiss to Bob and the way he carried on, I began to wonder whether there might be certain advantages to being dressed as a girl.

On the way home, I said to Dot, "Wasn't it terrible to humiliate Bob like that, making him wear a dress at his own birthday party?"

"I wonder what's really going on," Dot asked. "It seems crazy, but you must admit that he looked beautiful. When he forgot what he was wearing, he acted so much like a girl that I nearly fell in love with him. I think he's adorable."

"Adorable? What a word to use for a man. I think it was an ordeal for Bob, even though we are used to seeing him wear sissy things, I always thought that it was because Mary didn't know how to make men's

clothing. This is ridiculous."

We walked silently home each of us busy with his own thoughts. Where would it all lead?

Fall was coming and the weather was getting cooler. Bob appeared in his usual overall and checked "shirt". At the bar he still wore the white pantsuit but now that he had learned to work more efficiently, so his mother-in-law made him wear his white pinafore there, too.

I became busy with work for the airline and Bob spent more hours helping around his house as well as working at Doc's Bar. Mary continued in her duties at the airline and decided to create the Swifter Air Stage Society. It was her duty to promote culture in the community, she said and decided that the club would put on a play, a musical giving the club a chance to show off and offering real theatrical experience to everyone. The flight attendant class would help her with the costumes and the male members of the SASS would make the props and sets.

Swifter Air's president was afraid it was too much of an undertaking and that it would take too much time and energy away from the airline's business, but Ms. Mary insisted that with hard work and dedication work would get done and the play would be a success. "You never know," she said, "someone might get discovered."

As usual Bob pitched in and really worked hard. He was a good worker and always willing to cooperate. Of course Ms. Mary's supervision every night at home helped and Bob kept up with his jobs and his housework as well.

The Stage Society decided to follow Mary's suggestion and chose to produce "The Sound of Music." Everyone liked the familiar songs, but, there was a lot of hassle as to who would play what part. Nobody was anxious to play the part of the younger kids. But, eventually, parts were chosen.

One stewardess, who had an excellent voice was chosen for the starring role of Maria. Some others played the sisters. I was given the part of the oldest son and Dot of the second oldest girl, who was supposed to be fourteen. The oldest girl. . .who was "going on

seventeen" in the play was Susan Hart, a very pretty girl with a perfect figure and beautiful long hair. She was a stewardess and part-time beautician at a local salon. I secretly had a crush on her when we were in high school. She had always refused a date with me but now that I was an old married man and fellow actor, we became friends.

Bob had no part but Ms. Mary said that he was to be an understudy and should attend every rehearsal. Of course, the men in my shop helped in making sets and due to Mary's enthusiasm we all got into the spirit bringing in support from students and other members of the community. Everyone wanted the play to be a success. It was our first one.

The girls were busy making the costumes. Even Mr. Welles, Swifter Air's president helped with publicity. It's amazing that all the work and preparations were done without work suffering at all.

Mary worked like a beaver in the office and at home. One evening I found Bob helping with the sewing at home and he seemed to be quite handy at it. He couldn't help blushing when I saw him in his pinafore using a needle so expertly. Another time I caught him as a model for one of the girl's costumes. He was standing in one of those sailor dresses the girls wear at the beginning of the play. Mary was kneeling in front of him pinning up the hem. He sure looked cute, almost as though the dress was made for him. This time Bob didn't even blush when I saw him. After all, he was doing it for the group.

Three weeks before our opening, disaster struck. Susan Hart suddenly decided to leave to work for Swifter's Los Angeles, California base. She was very sorry and apologized repeatedly, but had to leave within a week. We wondered what was going to happen now. Dot had thought, that maybe we should borrow a girl from outside the company to play the youngest girl and the one who had trained for that part could take over for Susan, but everyone agreed that it was a company project and that we should recast from within the group.

We had reckoned without considering Ms. Mary. When she heard the suggestion, she said, "That's impossible. The girls playing the sisters have learned different songs and we'll need someone who has practiced 'Do Re Me', 'Goodbye, Goodbye,' and the others." Then. . .as if she just happened to think about it, she said, "That's what we have an understudy for."

We all looked at Bob. He blanched. "I can't play the role of a girl. . .it's not right! I can't! I won't!"

One of the macho guys said, "Yes, you can. You wore a dress at your birthday party, remember?"

Many of the others chimed in. "Sure, Bob, you've practiced all the songs with us. . .you can't let us down."

I came to Bob's defense. "You can't do that. No one will believe he's a girl. It just won't look right."

Bob looked gratefully at me.

Then, Mary lowered the boom. "It has to be done. We have no one else and I'll see that Bob will be trained thoroughly as a girl. Thoroughly!"

"No please," Bob begged. "It's not fair. . .I can't do it. I would feel terrible."

"It will not be terrible, it will be fun, and, it's the only thing we can do, after all, you agreed to be the understudy. You should have thought of this then. You mustn't let the other girls down. Not after we've come this far."

The others all chimed in. "Bob, Mary's right. . .come on. . .don't be a spoilsport. We'll all help you."

"That's a good idea," Mary said. "The girls will all assist Bob in behaving as a girl should."

Then my own wife, Dot, turned the knife. "I think he should dress as a girl 'all the time' so he'll be comfortable in the role."

Susan Hart said, "Since this is all my fault, bring him to the beauty salon tomorrow and I'll give him the 'works'".

All the girls giggled and agreed, the men joked around, savoring the idea: for someone else. But, Bob nearly exploded. "You can't do that to me," he said, turning to the men, "none of you would do it, why should I?"

There was silence in the group. We all knew he had worn feminine things and that it really shouldn't be hard for him. He guessed what we were thinking and blushed fiercely. Then he turned to Mary and said, "It's all your fault. I'll be the laughing stock of the town. I won't do it!!"

"Stop your fresh remarks this instant. It's for the good of the company and none of your co-workers will think any less of you for doing this. If you don't agree, you might be dismissed from your job and then what will your poor wife think?"

Bob didn't have a ready reply for that one. I wondered how his refusal might be cause to dismiss him from his job with Swifter Air, but at this moment it sounded logical. . .even to me. Mary took prompt advantage of his one moment of weakness.

"Alright, then, it's decided. From now on Bob will be known as Bobbi Jones. He will learn to think and act like a young woman, even at work! I will clear it with Mr. Welles and Doc down at the bar."

Turning to Bob she said: "Beginning the day after tomorrow, you will spend part of the day working as a stewardess and help with costume construction for the play."

It was all Bob could do to keep from crying. Dot put her arms around his shoulders and said: "Come on Bobbi, don't feel so bad. It's fun to be a girl. . .I'll show you. Think of all the pretty dresses you can wear. . .and the soft under things," she added giggling. "I have plenty of adorable dresses you can borrow." She gave him a kiss on the cheek and looked him in the eyes.

That seemed to take all the starch out of Bob and helplessly he lowered his hands.

"All right, let's practice the songs again," Mary said, trying to get us back to work. Bob duly took his place at the head of the row of singers and we sang for



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another hour, before Mary dismissed us.

**Chapter five—
“Bobbi! not Bob!”**

I walked home with Bob and tried to cheer him up. “It’s only until we put on the play,” I said. “Everyone wants you to do it. You already wear aprons and do sewing at home. Things won’t change too much for you.”

“Yes, they will,” he argued hotly. “Now I have to work with the girls in a tailored uniform and heels, and, I’ll have to work in skirts at the bar, too! Everyone will laugh.”

“You know, I did defend you at rehearsal. . .but what could I do?” I said, “If you want to be successful in the role, you’d better get used to wearing skirts. It’s too darn bad that Susan Hart had to leave so suddenly.”

“I still think they could have taken another girl to replace her,” Bob argued.

“Well, it’s too late now. We all agreed. You’ll come through it all right. I’ll help you as much as I can. Dot will too,” I added, thinking that this would be a salve for his wound. It seemed to work, because Bob fell silent.

Not wanting to leave him alone in his misery, I entered his house with him. Mary was already there. “It’s nice of John to walk you home Bobbi, dear. Now come upstairs and we’ll get you properly dressed. You might as well begin at once.”

Bob started to protest, but she took him by his ear as if he were a little kid and pulled him to his room. The only thing I could do was to say: “I’ll wait for you here, Bob.

“Not Bob!! BOBBI,” Mary admonished me. “We’ll be back in a few minutes.”

I sat down to watch television. Bob’s wife was nowhere to be seen. As Mary promised I didn’t have to wait long. Bob was practically pushed into the living room. He wore the same pink dress as before, with pantihose and the matching pink pumps. Of course, he wore one of his pretty pinafores and Mary and put a little bow in his hair. She had also given him a necklace

and earrings. He really did look like an attractive young woman.

"Now you go and set the table like a good girl," she ordered, "and when you've finished that, come to the kitchen to help me."

"I'm sorry John, but Bobbi is going to be a busy girl from now on. . . she does not have much time for you right now because we have to finish dinner in time for her practice her comportment. Maybe she can go out with you when she's free one evening."

Bob blushed with that remark and obediently turned on his heels to begin setting the table. I could do nothing else but leave the room. "I'll see you tomorrow night at Doc's, Bob."

As I left the house I heard Mary shout, "Bobbi! Bobbi!! Not Bob!"

The next day, when I got home from work, I called Bob. I knew he had that appointment at Susan Harts' beauty salon. He begged me to go along. What could I say? I went over to his house.

Mary made Bob wear a shift dress, nylons and short heels. We went downtown in Mary's car. Diane, a stunning girl about 35, owned the parlor and had stayed late at Sue's request. When Diane saw Bob she said to Mary, "Wow, this is your son-in-law? He's so pretty. At first, I thought it was a weird request. . . turning your son-in law into a girl for a play, but he will be a perfect girl when I'm done. Give him the works. Right?"

Mary laughed, "Make him forget he was ever a man!" Bob blushed and looked at me for help.

I started to ask that she not do too much but kept my mouth shut. I thought I better go take a walk. As I left, I glanced back at Bob in the chair, only his nylon covered legs and heels showing under a pink smock. Diane was beginning to curl his hair and Sue was filing his nails.

Two hours later I returned and had a seat. Bob got the "works". Diane had cut then bleached his hair a light blonde and then curled it so it appeared much longer.

How humiliating. Sue had even plucked his eyebrows into high arches and shown him how to use make-up. Pink nail polish had been applied to his finger and toe nails.

Diane said to Mary who stood vigilant, "What about his ears?" Mary just nodded. I thought they were going to apply some kind of make-up on his ears. They took some lotion and dabbed each ear. Before Bob or I realized what was going to happen, Sue and Diane grabbed Bob and pierced his ears.

He had a shocked and surprised look on his face as he felt the needle penetrate first one ear and then the other. "What the. . ." he gasp.

Sue said, "Mary said to make you beautiful. Bob, now you've got the hair, eyes and ears of a girl." She added, "Who knows, you may want to stay like this. . . You look great as a girl, why ever be a boy again?"

Bob in shock, cried, "This is just for the play. Mary make them stop." Bob looked in my direction for help. I knew better than to talk against Mary.

Diane instructed, "Now remember, you have an appointment here once a week until the play. It's our contribution. I want you to take some special women's vitamins because you have a busy couple weeks ahead. We want you to 'glow' the night of the play."

Sue joked, "The boys will be going crazy over you. Maybe Mary will let you double date with my boyfriend and his brother? It would be our little joke."

At that point, I had to leave. "See you at Doc's later, Bob!"

I was waiting for Bob at Doc's Bar with some other friends. When he came in, exactly on time as usual, we couldn't believe our eyes. He was wearing a neat white girl's uniform dress. When he saw us staring, he blushed crimson red and weakly said "Hello. . ." His eyes showed the complete humiliation I knew he must be feeling.

It was the first time I saw him completely made up as a girl, with lipstick and everything. His eyebrows were plucked to a thin elegant feminine shape. His uniform fit him like a glove, and. . . he must have been

wearing a padded bra because his bosom pressed outward in subtle peaks exactly like a girl's.

Without a beat he tied his apron behind his back and went to work. The woman he replaced smiled at him and said, "You really look very nice, Bob. . .I mean, Bobbi. I hear you're going to *be* a girl for a while."

"It's just for the play," Bob replied.

"Well, I think you look real nice, maybe you should dress this way all the time. You look very pretty and," she whispered, "add a little wiggle to your walk and the customers will tip you better."

Doc overheard the conversation and just shook his head. Later, when he received compliments about the pretty new waitress he began to think that it wasn't a bad idea after all.

Some mechanics from Swifter Air came in and took a table. Bob had to go and take their orders and I watched closely to make sure that there were no nasty remarks. It was alright. They complimented Bob on his looks and the effort he was making in playing his role well in the play.

I watched sadly as he pranced about in his white nylon stockings and heels. The dress came just above his knees and his smooth shapely legs were really something to admire. . .if they'd been on a girl, that is. Then it occurred to me. Why had Mary had this dress ready for him? It was obviously made for him because it was perfectly form-fitting. The elegant close fitting waist defined his figure both above and below. Had she planned all of this? She couldn't have. . .after all it just happened this afternoon. But there it was, a brand new white uniform dress. A perfect fit. I just couldn't understand it.

During a slack period Bob came over to our table. He neatly smoothed his skirt under him, like he had done it all his life. My friends had left, and then we had a moment alone.

"It's too bad about your ears. I see she's making you wear a bra, too?" I said as casually as I could.

Bob nodded, his cheeks were red again. "She even had my ears pierced to make me feel perfect for the role

of Lisa. She says that I have to be constantly aware that I am a girl now. She's even going to make me put my hair in curlers."

I looked at my best friend. He looked completely like a girl. What would happen to him??? Suppose he began to feel like a girl? I mean inside, too.

"How do you feel now? About all this, I mean," I said waving at his tight fitting uniform.

"I think it's horrible," Bob complained, "but Mary says I have to do it completely. . .so I'll be believable. She's going to help me practice talking in a higher voice, and. . ."

He just stopped for a moment, his voice broke, "I even have to wear. . .you know. . .these things that girls wear every four weeks. . ."

I couldn't hide the shock on my face. "But that's preposterous. . .it's crazy. . .it's. . .unnecessary."

"I know," he replied. "But what can I do? A while back she even spanked me. . .like a little girl. . .saying that I should strictly obey her, or things would go worse for me. She said it was for my own good. . .whatever that means."

"I think she's gone off her rocker," I replied.

"She may be, but I have to keep the peace at home. My wife is still quite ill and if I don't cooperate I afraid that it will really upset her. It's easier just to go along with this plan for her sake." Bob said sadly.

I saw real tears drop on his cheeks. I put my hand on his and noticed for the first time that he wore a small woman's wedding ring with a little stone on it. Words failed me then. How could his mother-in-law be so mean to him?

"Well, if at anytime you want me to talk, just let me know, Bob. I'll always be there, that's what friends are for."

Bob nodded, trying to smile and then wiping his tears with a frilly hankie he had tucked in his uniform. "Thanks anyway," he said.

"MISS," I heard called and Bob turned his head then stood up to serve some newly arrived customers. I watched him for a while longer, traipsing around in his

tight skirt and heels, thinking how very real he looked as a girl.

The next morning Bob arrived at Swifter for his first day as a girl. Mary had done her job well. Bob wore a simple girlish blouse, transparent enough to show the straps of his slip. It was so close fitting that his false bosom bulged noticeably. I thought I could see a tantalizing cleavage at the neck of the blouse. His outfit was completed with a flaring simple, well fitting plaid skirt and stockings or pantihose. He was forced to take feminine steps in his smart business pumps and his hair had been attractively set with curls covering his ears, not quite hiding the gold stud earrings he was wearing.

Everybody in the office stared at him, of course, but after awhile, he became just another one of the girls. He looked at me helplessly as I went back to the shop.

Mary forced him to join the girls for stewardess training. How terrible that must have been for him. How strange he must have felt.

From then on, I walked home with a girl instead of my buddy, Bob. The my surprise, after a while, everyone in town became used to the new girl.

I watched Bob go from a self-conscious awkwardness into a gracefully refined feminine image. His walk, his behavior and affectations, everything reflected a growing femininity. He wore light makeup everyday, just like the other girls and sometimes I thought I smelled some nice perfume.

When Bob came to my home he seemed to spend more time with Dot than with me. I once said something about that and he replied, "I'm sorry, Johnny, it's just that I feel so different now. . . more like Dot. . . you know. . ."

I didn't know. But I could guess. Bob was spending so much learning how to do his hair, make-up and junk that he was beginning to think of himself more like Dot than me. It showed in everything he did. His interests, the way he walked and held his arms. The way his long nails were polished bright red, spoke to the woman growing within him.

One Sunday night he had received permission to go to the movies with me, I myself felt the difference. It was just like I was on a date with a very pretty girl.

I had to keep on telling myself that I was out with my friend Bob, even though he looked almost as pretty as the most attractive girls in town.

From that time on, Bob's feminization continued at breakneck speed. Everyone now referred to him as Bobbi, 'miss', 'her' or 'she'...including myself. The first time Bob had looked mad at me as if to say "Et Tu Brute". But then he shrugged his shoulders and turned his back on me, and wriggled his fanny in the tight skirt he was wearing. His buttocks appeared bigger, more feminine in appearance and in some outfits, I think he was wearing a girdle.

One thing which Bob hated most of all was the fact that Mary insisted that he work as a stewardess. He was relaxing so well into his feminine role that Mary said it seemed only natural that he take Susan Hart's place serving on the airline, too.

Bob was outfitted with stewardess uniforms, regulation high heel pumps and special costumes. Of course, he hated with a passion, that weekend promotional outfit---the short revealing costume. At least that what he told me. It was extra daring for our small conservative town but it increased weekend travel. Surprisingly, Bob did look cute in it.

Bob's voice practice also was coming along just the way Mary wanted it. Bob became used to modulating his voice and one could hardly tell the difference when he and the other girls were singing in rehearsal.

Bob developed a small case of acne which most of us men suffer from time to time. Mary promptly took him to a woman doctor friend. Bob was given a shot and tablets to take one in the morning and one at night. Sure enough, the acne disappeared within two days and his facial skin became softer than ever. As a matter of fact, the pills seemed to have some side effects, because Bob told me that lately his chest had become sensitive and seemed to be getting fuller.

"It's probably from the bras your wearing but I



"Bob in his skirts helping a customer."

heard that sometimes happens to men. . .it'll disappear," I said, hoping that I was right.

"If you aren't right," he said, "that would really be the end. . .I'd kill myself."

Of course he didn't and his figure continued to slowly change. Because he was a full time girl, I guess nobody was aware of it except me. He no longer allowed me in his room when he was dressing, and he asked me to knock in the future. The time when I had barged in unannounced, I did see a beautiful lacy nightgown laid out on his bed. I knew then that he was forced to be a girl at night as well. Mary was relentless.

Chapter six— “If you got it. . .”

The time for the play neared and disaster struck again. One of our co-workers died in an accident. He was a well liked guy, who was always the life of the party. Even though he was not in the play, because he was an important part of the production as the stage manager, it was decided that it was unseemly to have a play just now. Because of all the work that had gone into it, it was decided to postpone it for three months until Easter time.

Bob was very depressed when he learned that he had to continue being a girl, but we continued to rehearse and the orchestra began to sound better because of the additional time we had to practice.

The girls had all finished their costumes and tried them on many times. Dot had said at the dinner table one night that Bobbi looked adorable in his sailor dress, “and my little husband John, too, in his short pants and sailor suit,” she added laughing.

I didn’t kid her back. I was grateful not to be in the same boat as Bob. At least I played a boy, even though I was supposed to be fourteen, quite a task for a guy almost ten years older.

My father had long planned to send me to college and I agreed that I, too, wanted to make something of myself. A good journalist has to have a good education. I went to work for Swifter Air right out of school thinking that I could take a couple of years to get the money together for myself and not burden the family with my college expenses.

Just after the first of the year Bob and I were talking about why neither one of us had gone to college. It came down to money for both of us. Neither of us had had any and at the time of graduation from high school, the idea of working for the airline, working our way through the ranks seemed like the best way to get an education.

The local paper announced that there would be college aptitude tests available at the community col-

lege for any adult students who might be interested in going back to school. After kicking it around for a while we challenged each other to take the tests.

The tests were given on a Saturday morning and when I went to Bobbi's house to pick him up for the test he was dressed in tight ski pants with knee high high heeled boots with fur at the tops. His hair had grown longer now and Mary had experimented with some highlights which seemed to make his eyes sparkle. It was a cold morning and the brisk air made his cheeks even rosier than usual. He was beautiful.

We arrived at the Community College Library and signed in. More than one head turned as we sat down and waited for the test to begin. When Bobbi took off his cranberry parka, he revealed a tight turtleneck sweater in periwinkle blue with a line of snowflakes directly across his breasts. Naturally wavy blonde hair cascaded to his shoulders and his ski pants were supported by cranberry suspenders. If he had had a dime in his pocket you could have known whether it was heads or tails.

Neither one of us had been spectacular students in school, but had done a lot of reading and with our work experience thought that we could hold our own when it came to basic academics.

The test supervisor came in and introduced herself. She explained that these tests were for the benefit of adults who had never been to college to see if their aptitude for college academics was up to par and also for potential students to have an opportunity to apply for scholarships for college even if their high school records showed only average grades.

During roll call, when Bob answered, "Here!" The supervisor said something about a mistake on the records, and changed the letter "M" to "F" under sex. Bobbi was too embarrassed to say anything.

The test took most of the morning and when we had finished, Bob and I stopped by the local coffee shop to talk about it.

"That was really something," Bob said. He was turning heads again as the waitress brought us steam-

ing cups of coffee.

"That's the cutest outfit," the waitress said. "You look, uh. . .very healthy," she smiled, and Bob shifted self consciously covering his chest with his arms.

"Thanks, Darlene, honey."

"You are looking spectacular, Bobbi." I whispered, "Are those really yours?"

"Yeah. . .34B. It's all me, Johnny." Bobbi blushed and looked down aware of the jellylike movement at his chest. "I try to cover them up and I don't even wear a padded bra now. Mary took me to that doctor again about the swelling. . .The doctor just gave me another shot and a cream to rub into the my nipples. What should I do?"

"If you've got it, flaunt it. . ." I laughed.

"Flaunt this," he laughed and dug me in the ribs with his long red fingernail.

Bob laughed and shook his golden mane. His weekly appointments at the beauty parlor had taken their toll. He really had changed over the past few months and seemed happier now than he had in a long time. As his hair tossed back and forth, each lobe showed one tiny loop, but when I looked carefully, I could see that his right ear had another stud a little further up. It looked quite stylish, but for a young man??

Ms. Mary was pleased when Bobbi announced that the College Aptitude results had come in the mail. Not only had he passed the test, his was top score!

"I knew that you had it in you, Bobbi. Why don't you apply for a scholarship at Wentworth? They have a great liberal arts curriculum."

"Wentworth? That's an all women's college isn't it, Mary?"

"It is and you are just the girl to win the Redford Scholarship for students with unusual circumstances."

"Mary, I'm a man. I could never attend a women's college, scholarship or no scholarship. There must be somewhere else I could go."

"Let me do some research for you and we'll talk about it in a few weeks. Now, don't you have some

housework to do?"

Opening night for the play was a resounding success. There were the usual opening night jitters for most of the cast, but Bob seemed the most professional of all. The audience applauded all the musical numbers and when he sang the duet with the young German boy "I Am Sixteen, Going on Seventeen" with the kiss at the end, I think everyone but me had forgotten that Bob was still really a man.

The day after closing night of the play we had an afternoon cast party in the civic auditorium with recorded music and refreshments. Bob had changed into a very revealing blue silk cocktail dress that left very little doubt that his transformation was dramatic. He wore sheer nylons with a subtle pattern woven in, and had done something with his hair that he had never done before. There were little sparkles highlighting his natural blonde. He looked lovely.

We had all gotten to know each other during the production of the play and the party was a real celebration. He had learned how to dance as a girl and he practically partnered every single man there. He even seemed to have fun as his cheeks glowed and his eyes sparkled, making him even more attractive. It amazed me how well he could dance in those high heeled pumps. That day was also the first time I saw him use the girls powder room where he went with Dot to "fix his face", as he called it.

During a break in the music, I took Bobbi aside and said, "I guess this is it, huh, pal?"

"This is what, Johnny?"

"Well, the play's over. You can get out of those clothes now and get back to being one of the guys, right?"

At that moment, Mary came up to the microphone that the disk jockey was using and called for our attention. Everyone quieted right down and she then announced that Bobbi had been accepted at Wentworth College on the Redford Scholarship: a full four year award!

Bobbi threw his arms up in the air and ran crying out of the auditorium.

When I saw Mary, I told her what happened. For the first time I saw her eyes soften and she hesitated for a moment in thought. Then she said to me: "Will you help me find her? She needs your friendship now more than ever."

"It's all your fault", I shouted at her. "If you had not made her into a girl, she would not have been so unhappy the last year. Damn you!!!"

With that, I turned around and ran away. I heard her call: "But John. . . ." but I paid no attention. I first went to Bob's home. He was not there. Then I remembered our secret place behind the sawmill where we used to sit for hours talking and throwing stones in the creek, or fishing for guppies when we were little.

Sure enough, I found him, sitting on a log with the hem of his dress rolled up, high heels in hand and absolutely looking like a girl. He was morosely staring into the green dirty water.

"Bob. . . can I help?", I asked.

He shook his head. "No one can. . . I want to run away, but I have no money. . . and looking like this. . . where can I go?"

For the first time I saw him cry like a girl. I put my arm around him and tried to console him. But what could I say? He had become a girl now and everyone could see it only too clearly. I could do nothing about that. . . except maybe to let him feel that he was still my best friend. . . no matter what he wore or looked like.

I tried to make him feel better by saying that he looked real pretty as a girl. . . and that everyone liked him in skirts. But that seemed to make things worse. Finally I just sat next to him, silently holding his hand. At first he had refused but when I stroked his long hair, he shrugged and let my hand capture his. It felt so soft and the nails, neatly manicured, had light pink polish.

I don't know how long we sat there, but eventually I said: "Your wife and mother-in-law must be worried. . . let's go home. We can't sit here forever."

"I don't want to go home", he sobbed. "Mary will

keep me in dresses. . .and she. . .she wants me to go to that girl's college. If I go I don't know when I get to be a man again."

"Well come home with me then. . .you can have dinner with us."

I helped him up and with my arm around his shoulder we walked to my house. Dot was setting the table and came towards us. "Bobbi, where have you been? Your mother-in-law is looking everywhere for you." She kissed him on the cheek.

After hearing the story, Dot said: "Poor Bobbi, things have gone too far. After dinner I am going to talk to Mary. But first I'll call her to tell her that you're safe here."

During dinner not much was said. My wife tried to cheer up Bob by saying how much he had enjoyed the play and how well he had played the role of Lisa. I tried to divert Bob's mind from his troubles by telling him about Brentwood College, where I might be going to night school. But nothing helped.

After dinner, Bob helped Dot with the cleanup and dishes. It made me see how much he felt like a girl and judging from Dot's reaction, how much he was accepted as one.

As they washed the dishes, Bob said to Dot, "Johns just so nice to me and I like talking to him. He's such a good man. I wish I was like John."

Bob continued, "He's strong, handsome and smart. I'm like a sissy. I shouldn't have let Mary talk me into this dressing up. I feel like such a pansy, wearing panties and bra's. What makes me feel even worst, I am beginning to be comfortable and taking special care with my make-up and hair. Even the corset feels more comfortable. I've got to get out of these clothes!"

I came up with a brilliant idea. . .Bob could wear some of mine. Once everyone saw him as a man again, They'd forget this sissy stuff. We went to my bedroom. Dot helped him with the his dress's back zipper. I was startled to see my buddy wearing only a bra, camisole and half-slip. I gasped, "I must admit your figure looks most realistic." In reply Bob suggested I unhook his

bra.

Our faces dropped when we saw Bob's developed breasts standing out with pert full nipples. My hand went to touch one to see if they were real. Bob pulled away saying, "They're very sensitive. I think that doctor gave me some kind of female hormone?"

Dot said, "You look bigger than me! You better be careful, you have the kind of body that turns men on."

Bob blushed and uttered, "Yeah, they are kind of big." He arched his back a little to display a little more bust.

Bob turned red. "It's just for a few more days, then I'll be the man in Naomi's life again."

"Are you still ok down below?" I asked.

Bob removed his half slip and turned toward me. "Sure, but I don't have the same kind of male urges any more. That's my big concern about this whole thing." Bob sat down on the bed. My eyes went to the flat front of Bob's panties and the "V" between his legs. "Doesn't it hurt?" I asked.

"No, I've gotten used to the tightness."

I found some of my old clothes and went to Bob in front of the mirror and said, "Bob, no more sissy stuff." His shaven girlish thighs and legs disappeared into my old clothes. The jeans were too tight in the hip area and loose at the waist. Even without the corset his crotch area still looked like a girl's. The fabric of his panties held him back. The shirt without a bra was sticking out from his two pointed nipples. He took off the shirt and put on a tight turtleneck t-shirt then the shirt. It at least held the nipples in.

Even without make up he still looked like a girl. Dot combed his hair back. Bob practiced for a while walking without a wiggle, but the mirror showed a rather tom-boyish girl.

Dot laughed when she saw him trying to walk like a man. "You darling little sissy. Well, maybe you'll pass as a boy. It's dark. Put on these sunglasses." We went to a drive-in movie.

Bobbi was doing his best to be a man. But it wasn't working. Even in the dark he was just too feminine.

Men came up to the car during intermission thinking I had an extra date. We went home early and Bob dressed again in his clothes. I must say he looked better. Then Dot had a long talk with Bob in the kitchen.

I don't know what was said in the kitchen, but when they were ready my wife came out with her arm around Bob's shoulders, saying: "I'm going to walk Bobbi home."

It was very late when she finally returned. I had waited up to hear. "What happened. Did you straighten Mary out?"

She smiled a funny smile and hesitated a moment, as if looking for the right words. "Look's like Bob's going to be a girl for a while longer."

Chapter seven— "Close your eyes, Johnny."

The next few days were busy ones for me and I hadn't been able to see Bobbi. Late in the afternoon I came home and barged into my bedroom room.

"Johnny!! You've surprised me again!!" Bobbi covered himself with the frilly negligee that had been hanging on the full length mirror in the corner. Bobbi was trying on Dots dresses and they only had on their bra's and panties.

"I'm so sorry," I said and turned my eyes away. I really was feeling embarrassed.

"Oh, don't be so modest, Johnny. You can turn around now."

Dot chimed in too, "Bobbi's like family."

Bobbi looked wonderful. There was a glow about him that I had never seen before and he smiled a confident smile. Dot went to make coffee.

"Look, Johnny. . . There's something I want to show you. Sit down." He motioned toward the bed and I sat there. "I've been thinking a lot about this scholarship at Wentworth, my marriage, all of this," he gestured up and down his very feminine body, "everything."

Bobbi stepped a little closer and took a deep breath. His eyes glistened with emotion. I had never felt this

close to him before.

"Look, John." Bobbi untied the silken cord that held the filmy garment together. The front parted and exposed a matching bra and panty set in yellow bordered with lace a subtle shade of lemon. His breasts swelled slightly above the underwire bra. I gasped a little.

He let the negligee fall to the floor. "Johnny, look at me. Something has been happening for the past few months that it has taken me quite a while to understand. I know that I said that I hated all this frilly stuff at first, but as time has gone on, I've really come to enjoy it."

I was speechless. Here was my old pal, my best buddy looking like he belonged on the pages of a fashion magazine. His nails were quite long now and he had even painted his toenails a light shade of red. His arms and legs were perfectly smooth and his waist had grown quite small with the coaxing of Mary's corset. His figure was as feminine as any girl's I had ever seen.

"Let me show you something," Bobbi said, and came over to the bed and sat down. For the first time since I had known him I was really uncomfortable. He then knelt down on the floor and untied my shoes. For some strange reason I did not resist.

"What are you doing, Bob??"

He shushed me quietly and stood me up, quickly unbuttoning my shirt and loosening my belt, unzipping my trousers and letting them fall around my ankles.

He led me into the middle of the room and stood me in front of the mirror. There was Bobbi, looking beautiful, and there I was in my shorts and socks.

It was as though I was in a dream. Bobbi went to Dot's dresser and returned with a pink bra and panty set. "Put these on, Johnny.. Come on. . .Please?"

He turned his back and I dropped my shorts, took off my socks and put the frilly bra and panties on. The cups of the bra just hung there. I didn't have anything to fill them up. The panties bulged a little and I could feel my heart beating very fast.

Next, Bobbi brought out a pretty blue sweater Dot

had worn to the cast party, a matching straight skirt with wide belt, sheer to the waist pantihose, and a pair of high heeled pumps. He went to the bathroom as I pulled on the pantihose and returned with a roll of toilet paper which he unrolled and stuffed into the bra. My "breasts" were looking quite feminine now.

I stepped into the skirt and he zipped it up the back for me. It was a little tight in the waist, but he was able to get the button at the top into the buttonhole with only a little difficulty. I pulled the sweater over my head and stepped into the heels. Bobbi then brought out a cashmere tam and when I brought it over my ears and looked into the mirror I was amazed.

"We're not finished yet, wait right here."

Bobbi went the dresser and returned with a lipstick and some eye makeup. He turned me away from the mirror and deftly applied the cosmetics. It smelled like Dot's side of the bathroom and felt a little funny, but I was now curious to see what the result would be. The shoes were a little tight and I had a bit of a time keeping my balance, but after a few minutes the discomfort seemed to disappear.

"Close your eyes, Johnny, dear."

I did so and wondered just what the heck was going on here. I was the most masculine person I knew, and here I was standing in my bedroom dressed from head to toe in women's clothing!

"Turn around, Johnny. Take a peek."

I turned back to the mirror and opened my eyes. There stood two young women. One was really beautiful, with long blonde hair and curvacious body. The other was a little awkward looking. Out of proportion for sure, but pretty in a way. We looked almost like sisters.

Bobbi walked a few steps away and sat on the bed. I was mesmerized by my reflection. I stood there: transfixed.

"Johnny, I just wanted you to know what I've been going through for the past several months. Are you uncomfortable?"

Bobbi's voice seemed to be coming from far away. It

took me a minute to respond.

"What? Oh.. Uncomfortable? Uh. . .not really uncomfortable, Bobbi, just confused. Why did you do this to me?"

"I just wanted you to get a feeling for what all this dressing up is all about, Johnny. I want you to understand something that I'm going to tell you, and I don't think that you could have if you hadn't felt those clothes and seen yourself dressed in them."

Bobbi then told me about the past months: his embarrassment at first wearing the jumpsuits and tight shorts, but that as time went on he found that he really looked forward to what dressing and behaving like a young woman held for him.

"Johnny, this opportunity at Wentworth is a once in a lifetime thing. Mary knew someone at the college and put in a good word for me and with my score on the aptitude test, I was a shoo in. I have to go."

"Also," he said, "you know that my marriage and our love life has been terrible for quite some time. I love Naomi, but she's been so sick that we really don't have a relationship anymore. I won't abandon her, and Mary says that she will continue to take care of her and really encourages me to go to college."

"Now that you have seen and felt for yourself what dressing up is like, I hope you will respect me when I tell you that I'm going to continue to live like this, get my degree and see if I can really make something of my life."

Bobbi took my hand in his and held it softly. We stood together in front of the mirror and I realized that Bobbi's decision was something that I would have to come to grips with. There was something exciting about seeing myself in the mirror looking very much like a girl. I wasn't nearly as attractive as he was, but I didn't look too bad.

After a few moments, I looked into Bobbi's eyes and saw a new confidence there. We smiled at each other: new best friends. Carefully, I removed the cashmere tam and shook out my hair. I pulled the sweater over my head and then quickly removed all of Bobbi's cloth-

ing. He excused himself to the bathroom. I dressed and used some cold cream on the dresser to remove the makeup he had applied.

Coming back into the room, Dot said, "Do you understand Bobbi, just a little, John?" They must have planned this.

"I think I understand a lot, Bobbi. You really haven't changed that much, you know."

I had a new understanding about a lot of things and with a new feeling for women inside as well.

The following evening when I returned home, Dot was curious about what was going on with Bobbi. "Is he really going to that women's college, John?"

"He has a scholarship and Mary has helped to make special arrangements for him to go. He'll work part time, of course, but he's been doing that for as long as I've known him. He'll be fine.

"Besides, the clothing you girls get to wear is pretty interesting stuff."

"What do you know about ladies' clothing, Johnny? Have you been in my closet?"

I told Dot about what Bobbi had told me and how it made me feel. Something I said seemed to make her glow. Her eyes widened and when I told her about the bra and panties she pulled me onto the couch and stroked me with a passion that reminded me of the way we made love when we first fell in love.

She unbuttoned my shirt as I pulled her soft 'V' neck sweater over her head. . . But that's my story again. . .

Chapter ten—

"Doubled her wardrobe."

During the summer Naomi's health got worse and worse. Bob spent more time with Naomi and started to work on a wardrobe for his first year at Wentworth. Mary had taught him the basics of sewing, but he seemed to go beyond her teaching quickly and even designed some very attractive outfits for himself to wear at college.

Bobbi continued at the airline as a stewardess and shorter hours at Doc's Bar.

From time to time Bobbi would run across the street to visit with Dot and compare fashion notes. She was happy to have a new "sister" to gossip with and sometimes even trade clothing. Dot and Bobbi were almost exactly the same size and Dot used to joke that she wished that Bobbi had changed long ago so that she could have doubled her wardrobe that much sooner.

One day I came home and again barged into my bedroom. Dot and Bobbi were going to try on swimsuits and dresses for their next charter trip to Hawaii. They didn't seem to care if I watched. After all it was my wife and best buddy?

In New York, Dot had bought a present for Bobbi. Bob opened the box. What was inside both excited and frightened Bob. There were seven of what are sometimes called a 'cache sex'. It's used by many female impersonators. They were much like a strippers g-string only much tighter.

Dot said, "Bobbi, I think you should wear one all the time. I bought you one for each day. Your figure doesn't need those stiff corsets anymore. I was told that if you positioned your genitals in the right position, you could wear even the tightest pants or shorts without being too uncomfortable. Please put one on, dear, and then if you have any doubts we'll talk about it."

Bob seemed to have lost his embarrassment around us. Bob removed his dress and panties, then stepped into the garment that was to become his steady companion. It was very tight and he had difficulty getting it over his hips.

Bob started to complain but Dot said, "come on doll, once you get it on you'll love it!" After a few moments of re-arrangement. The reflection in the mirror showed a very appealing female from the cleavage in the bra to the female looking genital area, smooth hairless legs, etc.

"It's even better than they said," Dot giggled. "Now, if we double-date and your date's hand strays, your secret will be safe."

"DOUBLE DATE?" I questioned.

"Just a figure of speech," Dot giggled.

I wondered what that joke could mean. Were they going on dates during their overnight trips?

"Now for the big test, open the other box," Dot said. Inside was a very sexy black bikini. "Try it on!"

Bob removed his bra and bent at the waist to more easily insert his soft round breasts into the cups of the bikini top. He was no longer embarrassed by his developing breasts. . .they were well shaped and firm. He then slipped on the low cut bikini bottom. We were speechless.

He turned towards the mirror. We both saw his long blonde hair down past his shoulders, the creamy white smooth legs that ended at well rounded hips. This was not the Bob, I had known several months ago.

"Bobbi, I don't see how any real woman could look more delightful or perfect than you." Dot exclaimed, "From now on you are my girlfriend. Any less would be an insult to how feminine you are and the effort you have given to make the best of your life. Bobbi, I'm going to teach you the finer things about being a girl."

Shortly after, I watched Dot and Bobbi wait in the lounge for their rare charter flight to Hawaii. Both Dot and Bobbi were wearing light colored skirted uniforms with silk blouses. Two pilots from Swifter joined them for a soft drink before their flight. One of the pilots, Howard, whom Dot knew only slightly, and another pilot, joined them.

Howard made the introductions. "This is Dot and her friend Bobbi. I want you to meet our best new pilot, Bart Johnson." Bobbi was sitting there with a red face. Howard's friend firmly kissed Dot and Bobbi hello on the cheek. It looked like Bobbi wanted to wipe his cheek.

I thought, "How humiliating for Bob to be kissed by a man." Bart in turn commented on the pleasure of having two beautiful ladies along for the trip. Bart studied Bobbi's hairdo, body, and dress. Perfect from his elegant high heeled shoes and tight skirt, to his make up.

As they sat down Bob neatly straightened his skirt and crossed his nyloned legs pressing them firmly

together, his red manicured fingers in his lap. Bart had maneuvered to a chair next to him. He was forced to make small talk and answer questions about his life. He acted completely a lady, of course, discovery of his real identity would be terrible. Bob blushed continuously being the subject of many compliments and flirtatious remarks.

Bobbi and Dot went to the ladies room before the plane left. Dot told me of their conversation.

Bob felt like a cat in a dog house. "What a day!" Bob said, as he sat on the toilet to pee. Mary had insisted that Bob always sit to avoid confusion in public restrooms. He almost preferred squatting to standing now. The stall door mirror showed his dress up around his waist and his panties, hose, and cache sex at his ankles.

After slipping up and positioning his lingerie, Bob joined Dot at the mirror to fix their make-up.

Bob had a worried look on his face. Dot said, "Don't worry Bobbi dear, Bart really thinks you're a girl, and you look so attractive. Just relax and let the lady in you go. Everyone loves you the way you look now."

The mirror showed how much he had changed. He had on a simple red silk blouse and eggshell colored skirt. His hair which was now shoulder length had been curled and colored a light blonde. His makeup was perfect and a small heart with a diamond hung down his neck between the cleavage. He could feel his unpadded bra and see how it seductive pushed out the front of his blouse. He lifted his hand to his hair and saw his long red fingernails. The picture was all woman.

"What am I going to do? Naomi deserves more than a husband whose hips look like a dream in a tight skirt. What if she gets well?"

"What other wife can borrow her husband's clothes." Dot giggled, "Or even double-date with him? My vote is for you to become as feminine as possible. But be careful, I think Bart wants to show you some of the 'finer points' of being a girl? Let's go catch our plane."

Here's Dot's story of what happened. In Hawaii, Bobbi relaxed once the newness wore off, he really had a good time. She and Bobbi shared the same hotel room so Dot thought there was no harm in going out to dinner with the pilots, whom they dined with almost every night. Dot said it was just for the company and that's all. Bob rejected the idea at first, but Dot promised nothing would happen. After all they were both married, and Howard had probably told Bart about Bobbi's secret.

The first night just before Bart and Howard arrived, Bobbi went over Dot's instructions on relations with men. It made him blush. He was told in great detail where to draw the line. The whole idea of petting with a man was out of the question. A quick dinner, maybe one drink, and home to nurse a headache. Maybe a goodnight kiss? Dot did say, a kiss or two could not be avoided. Dot said there was fun in "flirting" as a woman.

They had several wonderful dinners and even went dancing twice. The days were spent at the beach and water skiing. Dot assured me, "The pilots were perfect gentlemen. . .except for the last night. After dinner, Bart and Bobbi got lost and Howard kept me company until 3 a.m. . .Bart had told Bobbi that we were all meeting at his room. Howard told me, it was our room? It wasn't until late when we finally got together."

I was sure jealous. I didn't know if I should be jealous about my male buddy Bob and my wife sharing a room or their 'dates' with the pilots. Almost made me wish I was a stewardess instead of a mechanic.

At the end of the summer, Naomi's health failed totally and she passed away in her sleep three months before Bobbi was scheduled to leave for Wentworth.

Mary was the source of Bobbi's strength at this time. He still felt that there might have been a chance for Naomi to recover and was deeply grieved. Later, Bobbi told me that he might have totally fallen to pieces if Mary hadn't been there to support him emotionally. She had pledged to treat him just like a daughter and

would be there for him as she had for her natural daughter, Naomi.

Time passed, Bobbi recovered slowly. Many friends supported him well during that period. Seemed like there was always some new friend coming to pick up Bob and to go to dinner, etc.

While Bob had preferred for some time the company of women, it was nice to see him with so many new male friends. Bobbi saw Bart on a frequent basis. This threatened me because I was Bobbi's best friend and he was always too busy.

He'd smile and say, "Sorry Johnny, Bart and I are driving to New York City tomorrow to see a play. Maybe next week?" Bob had money to spend now since the doctor bills had stopped and it looked like he was spending it all on new clothes---dresses and the most stylish high heels.

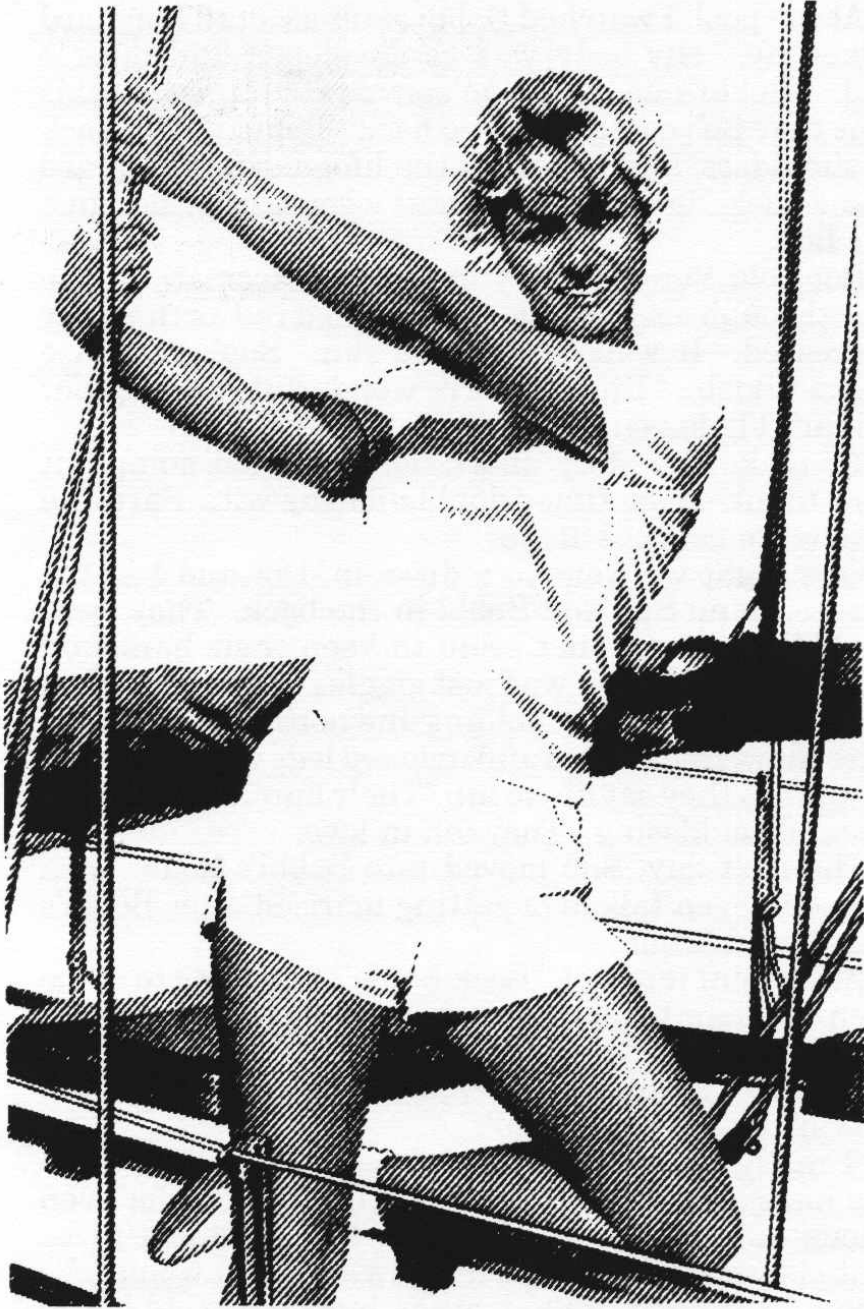
Sue Hart came back to town, she didn't like big city life. Dot was on a trip so Bobbi and I picked Sue up at the airport, she was going to stay with us until she found an apartment.

Sue's mouth dropped when she saw Bobbi---the first time since that day at the beauty parlor. The weather was still hot, so Bobbi was wearing a halter top sun dress in power blue. The halter showed a lot of cleavage, and the full skirt floated around his full hips. He was walking differently now, like a cat with a graceful sway to each step. He always wore 3-4 inch heels now. What was funny. . .Sue had on the same dress in green! They could have passed for sisters.

When he saw Sue, he ran to her and they hugged and kissed, all very girlish style. On the way home in the car, Sue couldn't keep her hands off Bobbi. They talked and giggled about the play, make-up and his clothes.

Sue said, "Bobbi, let's go home and put on our bikini's and go to the country club pool."

Back at my house, Bobbi slipped on one of Dot's bikinis. Sue couldn't get over the changes in Bob's figure, and said she would have enjoyed seeing how Bob become Bobbi.



“Here’s a picture of Bob sailing with Bart in Hawaii. He no longer cared that about wearing girlish clothes!”

At the pool, I watched Bobbi stare as a tall lifeguard walked by. His body was so developed and muscle hard. Bobbi's body was so soft now. I knew at this point that Bob could never go back. Bobbi pulled back his shoulders, and smiled at the lifeguard. The guard smiled back. Looked like almost a sense of pride came over Bob.

Bob told Sue the story of the transformation. He went through each change, and turned red as the story progressed. It wasn't from the sun. Sue's response shocked Bobbi, "I think you're wonderful. Let's go out tonight! I'll do your hair!"

To make the story short, They started going out every night. Sometimes double-dating with Bart and a friend, sometimes alone.

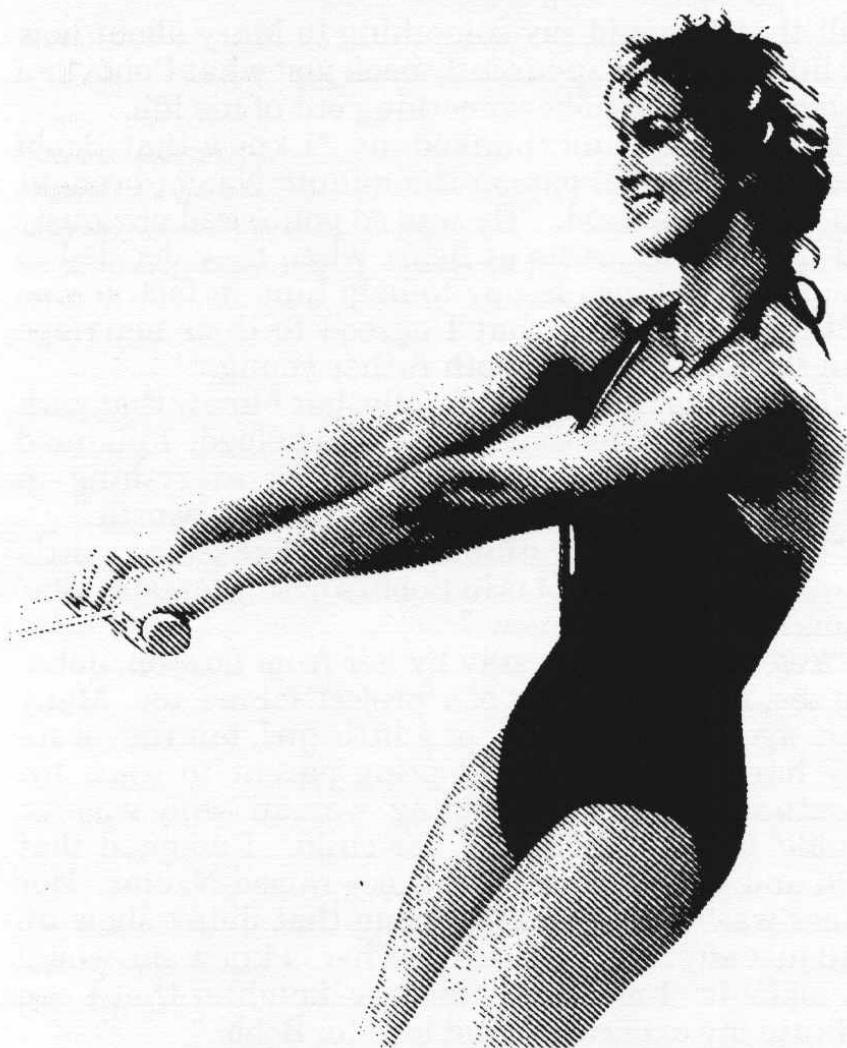
One night we went to a drive-in, Dot and I in the front seat and Sue and Bobbi in the back. They were like kids, they couldn't seem to keep their hands off each other. At first it was just giggles and tickling, but quickly turned to hand holding and petting. By the end of the show, their skirts and nyloned legs were wrapped together as they sat hip to hip. Their hair and make-up a mess from kissing. They fell in love.

The next day, Sue moved into Bobbi's house with Mary and even talked of getting married after Bobbi's college graduation.

As Sue put it to Dot, "Look Bobbi's not going to make much of a man-husband anymore. . .that's not bad, just different. I love Bob as Bobbi. I don't think he'll ever be much of a man again. I enjoy his new body. . .I don't know if you have noticed?"

"I really get turned on by his femininity. The more sexy he is as a female the more I like it. I'm not even jealous of men looking at him. I want Bobbi to be wanted by men, it affirms his new role as a woman."

Sue continued, "What other husband would care about dresses, hairdos and make-up as much as I do? How many would share his dresses and lingerie? We can travel as stewardess together, double-date to save money, and have a wonderful sex life together. He's the perfect husband! Dot agreed.



"A picture of Bob waterskiing at the lake."

Bobbi set out for his first year at Wentworth. His letters continued to show that this new life as a young woman suited him very well. During the Thanksgiving Vacation, Bobbi returned for the holiday looking beautiful and healthy.

The day before Thanksgiving, Bobbi asked me over for a visit. Mary and Sue were there and we chatted about school, the weather and "things" in general. When Bobbi and Sue excused themselves to their room,

I felt that I should say something to Mary about how her influence had apparently been just what Bobbi had needed to really make something out of his life.

Mary smiled and thanked me. "I knew that Bobbi was a very special person the minute Naomi brought him home," she said. "He was so polite and obviously had her best interests at heart when they decided to get married. I was happy to help him, in fact, it was for that very reason that I agreed to their marriage even though they were both rather young.

"Bobbi was from a poor family, but I knew that with some modifications that he could be helped. I planned the play, Susan's leaving the show, everything in preparation for her being accepted at Wentworth."

"You planned everything? Mary, that seems a little extreme, but, I guess it is in Bobbi's best interests. 'She' seems so very happy now."

"Yes, and I plan to stay by her from now on, John. You see, Naomi was sort of a 'project' for me, too. Many years ago I wanted to adopt a little girl, but they were very hard for a single adopting parent to come by. Eventually, I found a young woman who was 'in trouble' and couldn't keep her child. I adopted that child and with care and diligence raised Naomi. Her illness was a congenital problem that didn't show up until just after Bob had married her. I knew she would not make it. I now have another daughter that I can dedicate my experience and love to: Bobbi."

"Did Bobbi know about your plan?" I asked. "This was a real shock for me."

"Bobbi never knew and there is no reason that she should know, John. I've told you this story so that everything that has happened might make sense to you. I know that you didn't approve of what was happening to Bobbi for a long time. We both know now that this really is best for her. Don't we?"

I thought for a moment and understood how Mary's strict behavior was so severe because if she had simply tried to explain things to Bobbi, she would never have had the opportunity to find a whole new world to experience.

"Your secret is safe with me, Mary. . .Really."

"You know, John. . .Johnnie. . .I can see some real potential in you." She walked over to her sewing table and opened a drawer. I couldn't see what she took from the drawer, but something deep inside me stirred and I felt myself flush a little.

Mary turned back to him holding a lacy pair of panties. "Why don't you try these on and see how you like them?"

I was really blushing now. My face was hot and I could feel my palms begin to sweat profusely. Mary smiled. I backed towards the door.

"Uh.. Please tell Bobbi and Sue that I have to get back to help Dot with the dinner. I'll uh. . .see her tomorrow. And of course, I'll be best man!"

I could see Mary hold back a laugh as I stumbled out the door. "What's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander" my grandad used to say. I think I'll stick with being a gander. . .at least for the time being.

Dot and I are very happy and have a little "project" of our own on the way, it might have had something to do with that afternoon on the sofa when I told her about the time Bobbi dressed me from head to toe in silk and satin. . .But, that's my story. . .again. Maybe I'll tell that one some time, too.

THE END

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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 CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

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

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

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

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

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
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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!

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
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BOOK#1)

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

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

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)

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

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)

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

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

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

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

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

THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5

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

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WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

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

THE SLIP

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

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

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reading.

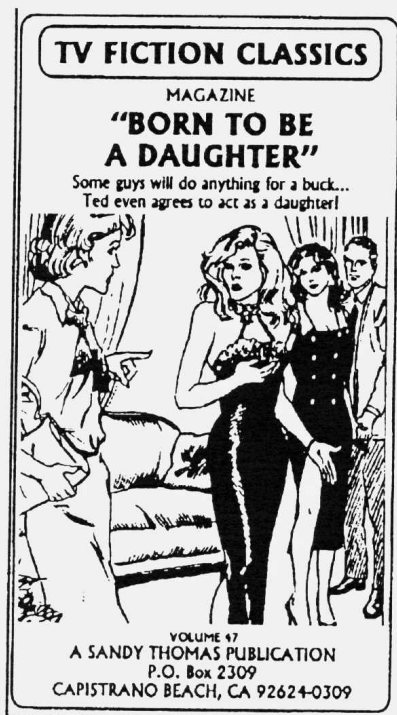
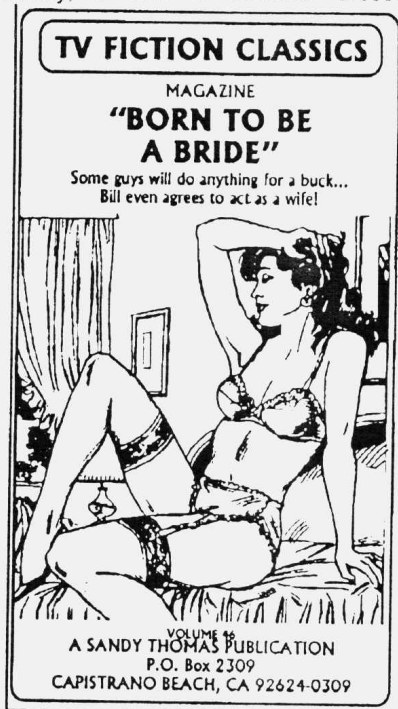
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