

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"FLIGHT OF FANCY"

Plus "Letters to the Editor"



Volume # 15

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

Volume 15

“FLIGHT OF FANCY”

BY

Olivia Evans

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SANDY THOMAS ADV.

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ISBN: 1-893708-13-6

QUOTE BOARD

**“Men have few roles they can play,
that’s why men copy women.”**

FLIGHT OF FANCY

By Olivia Evans

CHAPTER ONE

Alex was worried. He had just been through the most extensive physical exam he had ever had. The doctors had even given him a complete psychological personality profile test! He thought that the physical was far more extensive than what was expected or needed for just a construction bond! He could have understood the necessity of all the tests if he had been an old man, but he was only 24 years old.

True, when most people saw him for the first time they thought he was undernourished and in ill health, due to his slim and delicate build. Actually his 150 pound weight was close to being ideal for his height of 5'7". He only appeared to be slim. Most of his body weight was solid muscle. Despite his short height and apparent slimness, his body language and manners left no doubt that he was all male. The results of the tests wouldn't be known for another few days, so in the meantime he would have to find some thing to take his mind off his worries. In his 24 short years he had had plenty to worry about.

Alexander so far had had a rather star-checked life. Not that he had been in trouble with the law, or anything like that-far from it-he was one of the most respected men in town. It's just that whenever things appeared to be going in the right direction, something always happened to mess things up. For example, when he was in high school, Alex had been very active in sports, particularly football. Despite the fact that he was shortest of all

the players, he was also the fastest wide receiver in the history of his school.

He was so good, that by his senior year he was the undisputed star of the team. It was mostly through his exceptional ability that the team was tied for State Championship. He had been so popular that the his fellow students nicknamed him "the pocket rocket" and "lucky Alex." His teammates, however, who had seen him in the locker room on a regular basis, had (because of his narrow shoulders and wider than normal hips), a less complimentary nickname for him-"Alexandria."

In the final seconds of the Senior Homecoming and State Championship game his luck ran out, both on the field and off. Alexander's team was three points behind with 15 seconds to go in the fourth quarter, when Alex caught what should have been the winning touch down. The quarterback had, in his excitement, thrown the ball slightly off center of the mark. Alex, running backwards, leaped high in the air to catch the ball. As he came down, he landed on top of one of his own safeties so hard that he lost all sense of direction, and began running the wrong way. He had managed to gain (lose?) nearly 40 yards before one of his teammates tackled him. When he came to in the locker room, the game had been lost and he had a broken nose. Some said it happened when he was tackled, others said it was after. As often happens when teams lose, someone gets the blame; this loss was clearly blamed on Alex.

The only recognition and "trophy" Alex received for all his years of playing was his now badly mangled, broken nose. He had to admit though that the "new" nose had some advantages; it more than made up for his being blessed (he would have argued the point), with a fine clear skin and delicate features. He was one of those rare types that looks like a teenager well in to their early 30's.

Some of the girls (who did not know him all that well), had told him that they thought that it made him look "more masculine, and rugged." He particularly enjoyed the compliments from the girls, and tried hard to live up to them. However, he was too ashamed of his short height, slim build, and sparse body and facial hair to get serious with any of the girls that wanted to go out with him. The only girl he was able to develop a relationship with was his girlfriend Riki, Rebecca Johnson. Tragically his parents and girl friend Riki were killed in a auto accident on the

way to the homecoming game. As a result, something very special died inside of him that night along with them.

Suddenly having no one to lean on, he realized that he would have to learn to be independent. Taking the substantial inheritance his parents had left him, he carefully made plans for his life after graduation. While he had inherited a large amount of money and his father's small but thriving real estate office, he knew that they would not be enough to last him for the rest of his life. He figured that he could continue the real estate business using the skills he had learned working after school. He would make it even more successful by applying the tactics he had learned on the football field. Alexander believed that the secret of success in real estate was knowing how to "wheel and deal", combined with an aggressive hard sell.

While he never knowingly cheated anyone, he rarely allowed anyone, other than himself, to make much money off his deals.

Before his parents and girl friend died, he had followed the latest fashions in clothing and grooming, including wearing his hair almost to his shoulders. Now however, because he had to maintain the image of the successful businessman, he had developed into a stodgy, colorless, dark suit and wing-tipped shoes sort of guy. Very conservative.

After a few short years, Alexander found himself in the enviable position of being very wealthy. If his plans for starting a construction company came through as he hoped, he would be a millionaire before he was 25. It was almost as though he was being driven to fill some kind of void in his life. Men who worked for him said that he had a "little-big-man complex" to compensate for his height and slim build.

Alexander would have explained his "complex" as the desire to have enough money to not have to ever work again. The thought comforted him, yet deep down, he knew that wasn't the reason either; something was still missing. The real reason for his compulsive behavior was that he was afraid of what others felt about him. Consequently he had a chip on his shoulder that prevented him from being or making close friends. He was insecure and lonely, and the obvious solution to him was to find a wife he could dominate.

About three years after he graduated from school, he had took up jogging and weight lifting as part of a carefully designed plan to keep his body in shape. It seemed that no matter how

hard he worked on building his body, he remained much the same as he had when he was in high school. He, in fact, slimmed down to his present weight of 150 pounds, developing what he called "spring steel" muscles.

One fine spring morning while he was jogging in the park, he tripped over a beer bottle (domestic, no less!) someone had carelessly thrown on the path, and sprained an ankle. The pain was so bad that he thought he had broken it, as did the paramedics who took him to the emergency room at the local hospital.

It was to prove to be a fateful injury, for the nurse that attended him turned out to be a girl that he had gone to school with and had never really noticed. She had even been one of Riki's closest friends! Jill Wilson was exactly the girl that Alexander was looking for, and he immediately fell in love with her.

Jill was about as sweet a person anyone could ever hope to find and marry. She was perfect, except for two small things: she was as stubborn and assertive as she was beautiful, and in her high heels she was taller than Alexander.

Neither of these factors bothered Alexander, however, he was too much in love with Jill to care. When she was not wearing her heels, they were close to being the same size. So much so that after they had been married for a while, Jill started to borrow Alexander's jeans and jogging shoes to wear around the house. She would have borrowed his shirts, but they were too small across the bust. By all rights, Alexander should have been angry with her but was willing to overlook this little quirk because he loved her so.

The courtship had been fast and furious, Jill having been swept off her feet by Alex's ardent attention. After only three weeks of heavy dating Jill consented to be Mrs. Alexander A. Little.

The wedding day was perfect. Jill wore the traditional long white Irish Lace gown that was perfectly matched by her silk string bikini, garter belt, textured white silk stockings, and 1 1/2" white silk covered shoes. Alex found out later, much to his delight, that she was also braless. In her wedding gown (or out of it, for that matter), Alexander thought Jill was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. He had remarked to his best man that if he had been born a girl, he would have been thrilled to look half as good as Jill.

The wedding itself was lovely, and the wedding night was

even better. Jill wore the sexiest white lace shorty night gown that Alex had ever seen. It looked great on her, and when they embraced it felt fantastic. The feel of the nylon next to his bare skin was so different and sensuous, (Alexander usually wore flannel pajamas) that he got the strange desire to try it on for himself. The thought was quickly forgotten as they got down to the serious business of making love.

That night had been two years ago and was probably the only time they had agreed on anything. Jill and Alexander had a love/hate relationship that was a classic. Neither one could do anything without the other, nor did it seem that they could do anything with each other. She was always trying to get Alexander to take time off from the business or after work go to the theater and see a play or the ballet, or even shopping for new clothes (the few times he did go shopping with Jill, she was impressed with his excellent taste in women's clothing). These were things that he felt were too feminine for a "macho" ex-football star and successful businessman.

Other than making love almost every night, the one thing they both enjoyed was to go flying in Alexander's beautifully restored 1946 bright yellow and black Piper Cub airplane.

Their love for each other and flying were the only things they had in common. Jill expressed no interest in the real estate company and new construction firm that he was starting, just as Alex could find no interest in Jill's daily activities.

Jill had really loved working as a nurse before she and Alex were married, and at first, had found being a house wife just as enjoyable. However, Jill had quickly become bored with being "just" a housewife. She had been accustomed to the activity and excitement of nursing and found that you can only clean the house so often before it becomes "make work." After discussing it with Alex, she went back to work in the odd combination of surgical nurse/aerobics instructor at the exclusive Woman's Health Clinic and Spa.

The Clinic was located about an hour a way in an isolated mountain valley in the Sierra foot hills. She loved working there, right from the start. She said that she and her co-workers were treated more like family than employees by the owner. The more Jill described the clinic and the valley it was in, the more Alex wanted to see it. If it was as good as Jill had said, he would buy it and build exclusive custom homes for some of his richer

friends. Telling her about his plans, Alex asked Jill if he could inspect the property.

Alexander had asked Jill if he could inspect the property, telling her about his plans.

Jill informed him that Doctor Padget, who owned the clinic as well as the Industrial Health Clinic in town, had no intentions of selling the clinic. Besides, she doubted that he would be able to even see the clinic. Dr. Padget had strict rules about not having male visitors on the grounds, not even the husbands of her clients. Nor did she have any male staff, except in the Industrial Health Clinic. When she said women only, that's what she meant.

This, of course, made the desire to see the property even more compelling to Alex. He was bound and determined to not only see the property but to buy it, if it was as good as Jill had described. He told Jill that he wasn't concerned about the Doctor's apparent unwillingness to sell and that he knew there wasn't a woman born that he couldn't handle. The fact that men were not allowed on the property only made it more of a challenge. Jill cringed over his conceitedness but didn't say anything.

The more he thought about it, the greater an obsession it became to see the property. After some careful thought, he formulated what he felt was a fool proof plan. If the Doctor wouldn't let him on the grounds as a man, he would disguise himself as a woman long enough to look the place over. He made up his mind that the next weekend he would borrow some of Jill's clothing and her long ash-blonde wig and drive out to look the property.

The week passed by a lot slower than Alexander had hoped. But eventually it arrived, and he suggested to Jill that she should go shopping for a new dress for the party they were going to that night. After Jill left, excited with the prospect of buying a new dress, Alexander borrowed a pair of Jill's slacks with a zipper in the back, a loose fitting bulky knit sweater, a pair of low heeled "T" strap shoes, and her blonde wig. He had little trouble putting the clothing on, encountering difficulty only with the awkward (for him) placement of the zipper on the slacks.

He was astounded at how well Jill's clothing fit, and how comfortable they were. Except for the slackness in the material where a bust and rounded hips and rear end should have been, they were a perfect fit; even the shoes fit like they were made for

him. He felt that he wouldn't have any trouble gaining access to the Clinic. A quick look in the mirror, however, told him otherwise. He decided that he had to work a little harder if he was going to get by the man-hating guards Jill had said were at the entrance to the valley. He undressed, rather reluctantly, and made plans to make the attempt the following weekend.

That week seemed to go by even more slowly than the first had. However, Alex had put the time to good use. Each day when Jill got dressed or applied makeup, he was there watching, asking subtle questions and learning. In fact he paid so much attention to what she was doing that it began to make Jill nervous, and she made him leave.

When Saturday finally arrived, Alex asked Jill to run several errands for him, which he said he was not up to doing. As soon as she left, Alex began to dress, this time he did so from the skin out. He pulled on a pair of her black lace hipster panties, nude pantyhose, and matching padded bra. The bra strap fit around his chest perfectly, and after had he stuffed the cups with a lot of tissue paper to fill them out, they looked almost real. He finished the outfit with the same pair of slacks and sweater he had worn previously, noting that the bust line had been greatly improved with the addition of the padding in the bra. He also applied light makeup, limiting himself to mascara, lipstick, and a just a hint of eye shadow. "No reason to over do this," he thought. When he put on the wig, and looked at himself in the mirror, a sudden shock ran through his feminized body. Standing before him was the image of a young woman, who, while not exactly attractive because of "her" broken nose, didn't look bad at all. In fact "she" showed a lot of promise! He became so entranced and thrilled with the exotic feeling that raced through his body, that he had neglected to keep track of the time.

The first indication that he was in trouble was when Jill yelled from the kitchen that she was home. The bottom of Alex's stomach dropped to the floor. Jill mustn't see him like this! He ran into the master bathroom, closed the door, stripped to the skin, and jumped in to the huge shower. He had just had time make a few quick passes with the washcloth over his made up face, before the shower door opened and Jill stepped in to join him. Alex was a little startled but had always enjoyed her company in the shower, especially when they washed each other as they were doing now.

As usually happens with couples in love, the washing of each other's bodies went on to other, more tender things. The end result in this instance was that they made love on the floor of the shower. Jill seemed for some reason, to be particularly enthusiastic, being even wilder in her love making than normal.

Later as an exhausted Alex was drying off, he happened to look in the mirror, and discovered much to his chagrin, that he had forgotten that the make up he had applied was advertised as being waterproof! He still had most of it on! He knew that Jill had seen it, yet strangely, had not said a word. If he had been a little more observant, he would have noticed the sparkle in Jill's eyes. Shaken by his close call of discovery, Alexander decided that he would have to find another way in to the Woman's Health Clinic. Wearing Jill's clothing was just too risky. "It was exciting though," Alexander thought.

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CHAPTER TWO

Alex was so obsessed with the desire to buy the property owned by Dr. Padget that he made arrangements to secure a construction bond so he'd be ready to begin work building the estates he envisioned. He naturally asked Jill where he could get the required physical exam for getting the bond.

Jill told Alex that she would make an appointment for him at the Industrial Health Clinic. To Alex's delight Jill returned from work that day with the news that she was able to arrange his appointment for the following day. Alex was pleased to know that he seemed to be moving along well in his plans to acquire the property he wanted, causing him to think more seriously about his planned project.

Because Alex had always been as healthy as a horse and hadn't been to a doctor in years, he had been concerned about the unusual number of tests, (including the strange psychological personality assessment) that he had undergone. He was understandably relieved when the doctor pronounced him to be in excellent health, except for a slight vitamin deficiency. A quick shot in the rump had quickly fixed that problem.

Strangely, Jill started to act rather cold to Alex after his physical, resulting a few days later in Jill's moving into the guest bedroom. She explained her actions by saying that she just had to get away from the sexual demands he had been placing on her for a while. Alex was bewildered and hurt, but still very much in

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love with Jill, so he reluctantly agreed to the new sleeping arrangement.

As their love life quickly dropped to nothing, Alex's sexual desire even seemed to fade. The absence of Jill's warm and sleek body with her silken nightgowns next him at night made him feel like all the strength had gone out of his body. He even had difficulty opening the lid of a jar for Jill. At the same time all this was all taking place, he caught some strain of the flu that caused him to be nauseous in the mornings. His doctor at the Industrial Clinic said that there was nothing to worry about. It was just something that was going around, and he would be over it in a few days. In the meantime, the doctor said, "It was better to be safe than sorry," and gave him another shot in the rear!

The Doctor was right. Within a few days Alex was feeling more like his old self again, although still weaker than normal. Alex dismissed the weakness as "just the after-effects of the flu."

About two and a half months after Jill moved out of their bedroom, Alexander talked Jill in to going for a short airplane ride. He had hoped that the time together in the cramped cockpit of the small airplane would give him the chance to convince Jill to move back and become his wife in more than just name. Always practical, he had decided that it would be as good a time as any to view the Women's Health Clinic from the air.

Since he seemed to be gaining a few pounds here and there lately, he had gotten in to the habit of wearing a pair of old flying coveralls when ever he went flying. Jill wore what she called her "Earhart togs," consisting of an old leather flying jacket, long white silk scarf, and riding pants.

As the bright yellow Cub lifted gently off the runway, both Jill and Alex were struck by the beauty of the cloud formations high over the Sierra's. Usually the clouds signaled that a storm is coming and flyers should avoid flying near them. Alexander wasn't worried, it was too early in the fall for any serious storms, the really big ones weren't due for another couple of months. Because he had no intentions of going far or staying up very long, he hadn't filed a flight plan, a move he would later regret very much.

The flying was a little rough but nothing that couldn't be handled, and they both enjoyed the view. The flight to the valley was short and uneventful.

The property was everything Jill had said it was. The valley

was a large flat area of about one hundred and fifty acres, studied with hundreds of oak trees, with a small creek running through the center and out the narrow mountain pass that was the valley's only entrance. The Health Clinic's main building was a huge, sprawling, one-story lodge, located not far from the small grass landing strip that served as the clinic's private airport.

Jill explained that the lodge contained the actual Clinic as well as gym with hot tubs, living quarters for the owner and live-in staff, and a small clothing store called the "Spa Boutique." Jill said that the boutique carried almost a full line of women's clothing, for the guests who "dropped" in. The lodge was so well hidden in the small forest of oak trees, that if Jill hadn't pointed it out, he would never have found it. Alexander instantly fell in love with the property. Next to Jill, it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen. He had to own it, no matter what the cost.

Alex was so entranced with the valley and the thought of owning it some day he had failed to watch the weather, one of the cardinal rules of flying. The clouds that had appeared so harmless before had become now a full fledged blizzard. By the time Alex became aware of the dense clouds, they had already covered the tops of the nearby mountains and the visibility was extremely poor. The only chance they had was through the narrow mountain pass entrance to the valley. Alex had been flying long enough to know that if he banked the wings enough and kept the airspeed up there wouldn't be a problem. But due to his former preoccupation with the property he had forgotten that slow speed and wet snow has a disastrous effect on small airplanes, causing them to ice up and stall!

Consequently he lost control of the airplane, and as the plane crashed into the hillside, his last thought was about Jill and how much he loved her.

CHAPTER THREE

When Alex regained consciousness, his first words were those old classic lines "Where am I... what happened?" Much to his surprise, a soft feminine voice answered. "You were in an airplane crash; I pulled the two of you out just before the fire hit the fuel tanks."

He painfully opened his eyes, and looked toward the source of the voice. Sitting on a tall stool next to the bed, was a tall, well built blonde in her late 30's. She was dressed in a pale lavender doctor's coat with a stethoscope in one of the pockets. Pinned to the coat above one of her ample breasts was a name tag that read "Dr. Wanda Padget." He was in the Women's Health Clinic at last, but not the way he had intended!

"You are very, very lucky," she continued. "If I had not gotten to you when I did, you wouldn't have survived the explosion. You're in the recovery room of the Hidden Valley Women's Health Clinic. You have been in a coma for over three months, recovering from extensive reconstructive surgery. By the way, my name is Doctor Wanda Padget"

"Three months?" he asked weakly.

"At first I was afraid to move you because of the coma and your injuries. Now I can't; we've been snowed in. We can't even call out, due to a tree falling and cutting the telephone lines during the snow storm. Looks like we'll be 'company' for a while longer. Don't worry, we'll make good use of the time..." she said, smiling down at him. "You have been responding to treatment well. I was getting a little worried about the coma, but that appears to be over with now.

"Try not to worry. Without being too modest, I am the very best doctor in my field. You, however, need to rest some more. We'll talk about everything in the morning."

"What about my wife... ? How is she... ? When can I see her?"

"Jill's fine. She was protected from the worst of the crash by your body. She was fit enough to serve as my assistant during the surgery. Since then, she has remained by your side day and night. Last night she fell asleep standing up, so I gave her strict orders to get a few days rest. To make sure she did, I gave her a shot that will keep her knocked out for at least 36 more hours.

"She doesn't know that you are awake, and I'm not going to

disturb her. Right now she needs her sleep as much as, if not more than, you do.”

“You know, you should consider your self lucky,” she continued, pulling the hospital blanket up around Alexander’s neck. “I couldn’t have handled the surgery by myself. As I said before, you will be here a while. Now be quiet and go to sleep.”

Alexander had to agree with her, he was in no condition to go home. As sleep slowly overtook him, he tried to take stock in his condition, at least as much as he could. All he could feel were large bulky bandages covering his head, the only parts that were not covered were around his eyes and mouth. His neck also seemed to be bandaged, which explained why his throat felt like someone had poured a bucket of sand down it and it hurt to talk.

Alexander’s chest still had the mild, yet oddly pleasant “itchy-scratchie” feeling that he had noticed a few days before the crash, but no bandages that were apparent. He could feel, but not see because of the blanket, tubes of all kinds going in and out of his body.

He was naked, yet did not feel cold, in fact he felt warm all over. The strangest of all was what appeared to be straps holding him down.

As he lay there taking stock in his condition, he mentally reviewed everything Jill had told him about Dr. Padgett. The Doctor was very well qualified. She had served her internship at



Alex before the accident.

Johns Hopkins' trauma center, where she excelled in treatment of emergency cases involving disfiguring accidents. After she had completed her internship, she had been invited to serve her residency at the world famous Reconstructive (plastic) Surgery Clinic in Beverly Hills. She left the Clinic just before the scandal broke about some of the strange, but legal surgery being performed. It was there that she learned the specialized skills necessary to make "just-attractive" women into stunning beauties.

She had used her skills in surgery and business to establish the Hidden Valley Women's Health Clinic and Spa that catered to only the rich and famous in the performing arts. Her clientele list read like the "Who's Who" of the entertainment world and the very wealthy. She had taken great pains to insure that the work she did was not only perfect and undetectable, but confidential as well. Her clients, while at the Clinic simply ceased to exist as far as the outside world was concerned. Her patients in turn, never spoke of the treatment they had received, saying only that they had been on "retreat."

The spa while profitable, was more of a hobby for her; her main source of income was the Industrial Health Clinic where Alexander had had his physical.

His last thought before he went to sleep was the parting comment that the Doctor had said. "You should feel lucky. You're getting medical care and treatment that some women have paid over ten thousand dollars for; you are going to look terrific."

Two women stood near the darkened doorway to the recovery room silently watching the still body in the hospital bed. When it was obvious that he was sleeping the shorter of the two asked, "Are you sure he is going to be alright? I was so worried when you first told me about his condition."

"He will be fine. I should have him up and around within a few days as he is healing nicely. I won't know if his voice is right for another week or so, but he should be able to pass easily regardless," the doctor whispered. "Would you care for some coffee, while we plan the next stage? I have a pot made in the sitting room and I can't drink it all."

The two women walked the short distance to the sitting room, and settled down in front of the huge stone fireplace to talk over the plans for the next stage of Alexander's transformation.

"The accident was a fortunate piece of luck, Jill. You would

never have been able to get him to agree with what I'm doing to him if it hadn't been for that," the doctor said.

"You're such a dear, dear friend to do this. I don't know how I'll ever be able to repay you," Jill said with tears in her eyes. "I love him so much that I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't offered to help."

"Don't worry about it. This is the most interesting and exciting challenge I've had in years, making a woman out of a man, especially one that was as masculine and macho-acting as Alexander was. Just remember it's for his, or should I say, 'her', own good."

"I know, Wanda. It is just that I can't help feeling guilty and yet very excited about the prospect of being married to the 'little sister' I never had."

"Just think of all the fun the two of you will have. 'She' will thank you for it once 'She' learns the reason for all this and becomes accustomed to her different lifestyle. Come on, finish your coffee. We need to make sure everything is ready for tomorrow."

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CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning Alexander was awakened by the Dr. Padget's cheery, "Good Morning, how are we feeling today?"

"We' feel like 'we've' been run over by a truck full of sand, and some of it was dumped in to 'our' throat. What happened anyway?" he whispered; his throat really did hurt.

"Quiet, you will damage all of my work," the doctor commanded.

He shut up.

"When I pulled you out of the airplane you were in very serious condition. You had 2nd degree burns on your face and neck and both of your cheek bones were broken. Your throat looked like someone had taken a straight razor to it."

Seeing the horrified expression in Alexander's eyes, she continued gently, "Don't worry, you have had the finest reconstructive surgery that money can buy, and it was on the house! I'm just glad that I got to you in time. You might have died in the crash. As it is both you and Jill were lucky. Since there was so much damage to your face, I had to use my knowledge of bone structure and plastic surgery to judge what your features were like during reconstruction. You won't look exactly like you did before, but I think I came as close to the original facial structure as I could. Of course it won't be an exact match, but as close as humanly possible. When you leave here you will look better than you ever did before."

"Doctor, you said we were snowed in. Is there any way that I can call my office? They must be worried since my disappearance."

"No, I'm sorry. Anyway, I need to change your bandages, so be still and let me work."

The razor sharp scissors quickly did their work. It felt strange not to have the bandage on his face. As they were cut away, the Doctor let out a slow whistle. "You are going to be beautiful"

"You mean handsome, don't you Doctor?"

"What?...Oh, yes, handsome," she said with a smile in her voice. "Very... handsome, indeed. Normally I let my patients look at my work when I take the bandages off, but you still have a lot of swelling and bruises. I think that at this point it would do more harm than good. You'll just have to wait a while longer.

I'm going to replace the bandages and give you a shot that will knock you out for a few hours, while I remove all those nasty tubes."

That sounded great to Alexander. They were very uncomfortable and he was happy to get rid of them. As he watched her inject the drug in to the I.V. tube, he thought about asking her why his chest felt the way it did. But the drug was fast acting, and he was out like a light before the question could be asked.

When Alexander awoke several hours later, all the tubes had been removed, and his face had been re-bandaged. He was beginning to feel much better. In fact he was getting hungry, now that the nourishment provided by the I.V.'s was no longer there.

"Ah, I thought you would be up by now. Would you like to get out of that bed and get something to eat?" the doctor asked as she rolled a wheel chair into the room.

"You bet! My back bone has been making good friends with my stomach and I think that it is time to separate them a little," he whispered, thinking that his voice sounded a little strange, but dismissing it as a temporary condition due to the accident. If he had been able to hear his voice as others do, he would have realized that his voice was nearly one and a half octaves higher. He now had a sexy contralto voice.

"I'm concerned about your weight, Alexander. You lost quite a bit while you were in the coma. How much did you weigh before the crash?" asked Dr. Padget.

"I was about 145 'lean an' mean' pounds," Alexander whispered proudly.

"Well, you are now a 120 pound weakling. You will need to re-gain some of your weight back before we can start on your physical therapy. I've brought you some clothing to wear." she said handing him a small bundle of clothing. "I'm sorry," she continued, "but it's all I could find in the Boutique. I don't allow men at the clinic, so it's going to have to be 'potluck' for awhile."

Alexander unfolded the clothing and found a black lace negligee, matching night gown, and black panties with "Sunday" sewn on the front. Sitting on the seat of the wheel chair, were a pair of marabou mules, with two inch heels. The shoes looked just like a pair that he had loved to see Jill wearing!

"I can't wear these! This is all women's clothing," he ex-

claimed in his softened voice. "Where are my coveralls?"

"They were destroyed in the crash. Now quit complaining. No one is here but the three of us, and I won't have you running around naked. I went to a lot of trouble to find your sizes at the boutique, so put on the clothes I've given you," the doctor said hotly.

"All right, but not the panties; that's asking too much. I have to draw the line some where," he protested. But recognizing a lost cause when he saw one, he slowly struggled to get the night gown on.

"Pretend it's a big tee shirt and just pull it over your head; when you get your arms through the straps, let go-gravity will do everything else."

Following her directions, the gown slid smoothly down his body, as it did he could feel why women loved the soft garment. The fit was almost perfect, snug at the waist and loosely fitting only at the breasts and bottom. He suddenly remembered his strange desire to wear Jill's night gown on their wedding night. He should have tried it on, he thought. If he had realized how wonderfully free and light it felt, especially next to his sensitive inexplicably expanded bust and nipples, he would have bought himself a pair of nylon pajamas a long time ago. In spite of himself, he became a little excited about the prospect of wearing the filmy nightgown.

"Oops," the doctor said, barely suppressing a giggle. "If you can't control yourself, I'm going to have to insist on the panties. I won't have you running around here like that!

Alexander sheepishly pulled on the offered panties. They slid silkily up his nearly hairless legs. The waist band was a perfect fit. Even though the sides ballooned out just a little, he found that by tucking himself between his legs they were very comfortable.

The negligee, was easier to put on, although he had to remember to tie the belt with the front going the way women wear them.

He once again resolved that when he got out of here he would have to buy some silky nylon clothes of his own. The feelings he got wearing the silky nightgown was just too exotic, and deep down he loved it. Jill would just have to accept it somehow. The mules, however, were a different story. Even though they fit perfectly, he had a great deal of difficulty walking in

them the short distance between the bed and the wheelchair.

“How do girls walk in these?”

The doctor laughed. “Despite your healthy reaction to the negligee and nightgown, you are still in a weakened condition, so your balance is off. All it takes is some time and practice. Don’t worry. Before long you will wonder how you ever walked in low heeled shoes. Get in the chair and let’s go get something to eat.”

He gratefully slid back into the wheelchair, taking little note that there was not as much clearance between his hips and the sides as there should have been. At this point even if he had noticed, he wouldn’t have thought much about it. The sensation of the silky nylon next to his skin was over loading all of his senses!

Lunch consisted mainly of a rich thick soup. The Doctor said it was a special mixture of all the nutrients that someone in his condition needed to help him regain his weight. Along with the soup was a small paper cup containing some pills. She said that the medications were part of a special medical treatment program that was developed specifically for someone in his condition. They would accelerate the healing process. He was to take them at lunch and before going to sleep at night.

After lunch, he was taken back to the clinic and returned to bed. He was told to leave the nightgown on, as the smooth nylon would keep the sheets from irritating his healing body.

It was dark when the Doctor returned at dinner time, and the afternoon rest had allowed him to regain some of his strength. This time the wheelchair was used as a walker as they went to the dining room. Dinner was much the same as lunch, the same excellent thick soup. After dinner, he returned to his bed, falling to sleep almost instantly.

The strain of the activity the day before must have been too much for him, because the next morning he was sick to his stomach. He wanted to stay in bed and forget about the world for awhile but the doctor was not sympathetic. She said it was a natural reaction to the medication she had given him, and because he had received the same medication in a weaker liquid form in the I.V., the nausea would only last for a few days. Getting up would only help the healing process.

As usual she was right. In a few hours he felt a lot better and asked to get up and get some exercise. She agreed, telling him to

take a quick shower while she found him warmer, more appropriate clothing for day wear. After warning him not to get his bandages wet, she left the room and returned a short while later with another small bundle of clothing which she laid out on the bed.

When he got out of the shower, the doctor was waiting to dry him with a large fluffy towel. As she gently rubbed him dry, she said, "I'm sorry, you know that the only clothing we have is the stock in the Boutique. I'm afraid that you will have to wear women's clothing for a while longer. I'll help you put them on, if you want."

"Oh, well," Alexander thought, "anything to get out of this bed for a while." The Doctor stood watching him, as the pair of navy blue panties that had "Tuesday" written on them were pulled quickly up to his slim waist.

"You should tuck yourself in again-it will be more comfortable that way."

He did as she suggested and noted that as before the waist band fit perfectly, but the rear was not as baggy as he thought it would be. In fact, it was less so than it had been the morning he had worn the negligee. His flat pubic front surprised him as it looked a lot like a girl's while at the same time he was developing a slightly rounded belly. "Now where did that come from," he thought. "Those weeks in the coma must have really gotten me out of shape."

Next came a pair of off-black pantyhose, and he knew from watching Jill that he had to "roll" them up his legs. As he pulled them up around his panties, he was struck by the way the nylon seemed to wrap itself around his legs. It was almost like having a second layer of skin.

"These feel really good—a little strange, but good. They seem to stimulate every nerve in my legs when I move. Do they look as good as they feel?," he asked.

The doctor agreed they did and replied that he had great looking legs (for a man) and they made his legs look "sexy." For the first time in many years Alexander felt himself blushing. Not from her comments so much as from the fact that he was thrilled at the compliment. Next came a navy half slip that slid on as easily as the panties had.

Alexander was lost in thought when the doctor quickly reached out and fastened a navy blue push up padded bra around

his chest. At first Alexander was too stunned to react, as the doctor reached in the one cup and then the other, pulling his natural flab and developing breasts in to alignment. The resulting change in position of his small but noticeable breasts created a nice though small cleavage. When the breast forms were tucked in to place, the bra was nicely filled out and looked very natural.

"Wait a second, Doc, what's this for? Isn't a bra going a little too far? Are real breasts this heavy?" he said cupping both gel filled "breasts" in his hands.

"Alexander, you know that women's clothing is designed to fit in a specific way, and unless you have some "padding" in the right spots, you will not only feel uncomfortable but your clothing will look bad as well."

He had to admit that she was right, remembering when he had worn Jill's clothing with her bra, padded with toilet paper, the clothing did fit and feel better. He shrugged his shoulders, conceding that she was right and asked what came next.

Next came a dark blue nylon camisole that matched the panties and bra, with a little pink rose sewn in the "V" between his breasts. It was obvious that it was put on just like an ordinary undershirt, only it was a lot softer and silkier than the undershirts he normally wore. He felt the same tingle race through his body as when he had put on the nightgown. This time it was stronger. A dark blue wool "A" line skirt, that zipped up the back went on next. A soft gray pullover sweater finished the outfit.

The fit was close to being perfect, except for the areas in the hip and rear that Alexander's developing rounded hips and bottom had not quite filled out. Alexander was thinking about the way everything felt, when the Doctor handed him a pair of black leather 3 inch high heels. These, like the mules, fit perfectly, although almost an inch higher.

After slipping on the shoes, Alexander tried walking. He immediately found that compared to the mules, the pumps were a lot easier to walk in. He also found that the extra support around his heels, required him to walk differently, creating a slight sway in his hips as he moved.

The doctor asked if he would like to see how he looked, they could use the big mirror in the gym. On the way to the gym, the doctor began to give Alexander pointers on how to walk when wearing high heels and a skirt. He was told to take smaller steps so that the skirt would "flow" around his legs rather than flap as

it was doing now. Alexander tried walking in shorter steps and had to agree that she was right it did look better.

When they reached the gym, the doctor carefully kept him facing away from the mirror that covered one whole wall. She told him to wait for a second while she turned on the soft lights that they used during informal fashion shows.

She stepped a way for a second and turned the lights on. When the lights came on the mirror reflected two women, one very attractive, wearing a doctor's coat, the other wearing nice looking clothing and a big bandage around her head and neck.

Alexander couldn't stop looking at his reflection. Except for the bandages around his head and neck, the image of the young girl who looked back at him was astounding. It was amazing how much clothing adds to the illusion of being a woman. All he needed was the bandages removed and long hair to make the picture complete. As he stood looking at himself, he could feel the silky undergarments against his soft skin.

Unfortunately, he could also feel himself starting to black out and fall. The doctor reached out and caught him just before he hit the padded floor of the gym.

"Sit down," she commanded. "I'll get the wheelchair and take you in to the main room to rest."

As he sat there on the floor, he could not help but wonder what it would be like to have a real set of girl's breasts and he continued to look at himself in the mirror. The visual effect was so realistic and attractive that he found himself falling in love with the image in the mirror. The fact that the clothing felt soft and fit so well did not hurt the strong feelings running through his body. He was almost disappointed when the doctor returned with the wheelchair.

"I've got a great lookin' bod, Doctor. What size am I anyway?," he asked as the doctor helped in to the wheelchair.

"You are a natural 13/14, with a 36B bust. I choose that size because it would probably be close to what you should have been if you had been born a girl. The padded bra does make your top look much more realistic, and it fits much better. I think that under the circumstances you should continue to wear a padded bra. You know, it's a shame that the bra has to be padded, it would be great fun if you filled them out with your own girlish breasts." She looked thoughtfully at him and added, with a small smile,

“Besides you might like the look well enough to become a full time girl.”

Alex couldn't help thinking seriously about how much fun it would be if he did have real breasts and could dress like this all the time. The woman's clothing, at least the clothing he had tried on so far, was comfortable. Some of it even felt, as his wife had said on occasion, 'slinky'. Although he had always considered himself to be a 'man's man,' his toes tingled as he pondered the idea. As he was wheeled into the main room, his day dreaming came to an abrupt halt.

The main room of the lodge was the most fantastic room he have ever seen. It was like a picture right out of some homes and garden magazine. Every where he looked, there was an undertone that quietly stated that a very rich feminine woman lived here. Alexander knew that if he hadn't been dressed as he was, he would have felt like an intruder and very uncomfortable. As it was, he felt that somehow he belonged.

For some reason that Alexander couldn't understand, he began to cry softly. It was not from sadness, but more from the joy of being alive after the crash, the beauty of the room, and he supposed, the luxury of wearing the soft, comfortable clothing of a girl.

“It effects me like that some times too. Don't feel bad about crying, men should cry more often. If they did, perhaps the world wouldn't be in the shape it's in. Why don't you slide out of the wheelchair and lie down on the couch in front of the fireplace, while I get us some coffee.”

The doctor gently helped him out of the chair and on to the couch. Alexander removed his high heels, set them on the floor, tucked his legs under his rounded bottom, and carefully adjusted his skirt to cover his ankles.

He leaned back against the back of the couch, and looked out of one of the two huge picture windows that flanked the natural stone fireplace. The whole valley lay covered with a virgin snow



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fall. There wasn't a single break in the view of the valley from the lodge until the row of oak trees that concealed the mountain pass entrance.

He could understand now why the doctor refused to consider selling the land. The valley, especially with a fresh layer of snow as it had now, was almost painfully beautiful. As he looked at the view, he began to cry softly again. This time, however, he just let the tears flow. He could not remember when he had been more at peace with himself. Because of this sudden and unexpected feeling of peace, or perhaps in spite of, everything was a little sharper, more colorful, and right. Maybe, just maybe, Jill had been correct in saying that he had needed to learn to relax, and not take things so seriously. He needed quality time "just to be," she had said.

"Well, I certainly am relaxed now," Alexander thought. "I have never before felt more alive and comfortable with myself."

Alexander knew deep down that a good portion of the feeling stemmed from the fact that he had survived a serious airplane crash, yet he also knew that there was more to it than just that. They say that clothes make the man, and perhaps even more so for women. In Alex's case, however, they made him greater than either. This new found "truth" shocked him to his core but he didn't have much time to dwell on the implications of his situation, for the doctor once again interrupted his chain of thought.

"You certainly look very content. Comfortable? After all, wearing women's clothing would bother most men. You seem to be taking to it quite well. Here's your coffee. Don't spill any on your new skirt and sweater," she said pouring the hot coffee in to an old fashion restaurant style mug.

"I'm not sure that I know how to describe my feelings. I feel... right? I just don't know; every thing is too new for me to make any sense out of it," he said between sips of the coffee.

"I was watching as you sat down on the couch. Your movements were more feminine than some of my clients. You are a natural. When you go home, I will let you have your pick of all the clothing you will be wearing while you are healing. If you don't want them you can always give them to your wife, Jill, since she is about the same size as you."

Alexander's heart jumped at the suggestion. If only it were possible. No, he decided, Jill would never allow him to wear women's clothing.

Alexander and the doctor spent the rest of the day sitting by the fire talking. Mostly about life in general, but for some reason, the conversation kept coming back to Alexander's feelings about wearing the clothing and how comfortable he looked and felt. It was in all, a pleasant way to spend the day.

That night after they had dinner and the dishes had been washed and put away, the doctor reached over and held one of his hands. She carefully inspected the long slender fingers and the longish nails, that were badly in need of a trim. She devilishly offered to "do" his nails. Never having liked unkempt nails he agree, but only if they could return to the cozy fireplace in the sitting room.

They returned to the sitting room and sat comfortably side by side on the couch in front of the fireplace. The doctor, taking one of Alexander's hands, started working on his nails, using a diamond nail file that had been in a large plastic tray. The doctor explained that it was from the beauty parlor's manicurist and contained everything she needed to do the nails up "right."

Soon, the combination of the warmth of the fire and the fullness from dinner, caused him to doze off. What must have been hours later the doctor gently woke him up. She told him it was time to go to bed adding in a cheerful note that tomorrow the bandages would come off for good.

Alexander was still half asleep when they returned to his room, so he didn't even bother turning on the light. He just took off his clothing, pulled his negligee on and crawl into the bed. Sleep did not come easily however, even though he was tired from the activities of the day, he was excited both by the new feelings he had discovered within himself and the prospect of being able to see what his face looked like!

CHAPTER FIVE

The sunrise, brightly reflected from the snow outside his window, awoke Alexander with a start. For a few seconds he was disorientated, then he remembered that the bandages were to be removed today-something he had both looked forward to and dreaded since awaking from the coma. He would soon find out just how good the doctor really was. Right at this moment he had far more pressing business to attend to.

Sliding out of the bed, he slipped on the marabou mules and made his way to the bathroom. Because the light in the bathroom was intended for use by nursing staff as well as the patients, he had found it to be too strong in the mornings. Usually he just left it off and sat down to improve his aim. Alexander had completed his main reason for going to the bathroom, and because he wasn't fully awake yet, he just sat gently rubbing his tender swollen nipples and developing breasts through his nightgown, while daydreaming. Something appeared to be missing, but he just couldn't put his finger on what it was.

The feel of the nylon material sliding slowly over his tender nipples felt good, so good that he started to feel a strong tingling sensation between his legs. The sensation so startled him that he almost fell to the cold tile floor.

That's what had been missing! Every day since he had been about 12 years old he awakened in the morning with a strong sexual feeling, but now it was there only when he rubbed his breasts.

BREASTS! How long had those been there? It must have been a long time because they felt huge! He had to see if what his hands were telling him was true, that he had somehow grown a set of boobs ! For some reason, a phrase from his childhood kept running through his mind: they had grown "as if by magic."

The mirror in the bathroom was too small, and positioned wrong for him to be able to clearly see what he already knew was protruding from his previously flat and muscular chest. He quickly slipped his negligee on and carefully opened the door to the hallway, checking to see if the doctor was around. Not seeing her, he made his way to the gym, where the huge mirrored wall was located. He tried to be quiet, but his heels clicked loudly (at least to him) on the oak plank flooring. The gym was dark as it had been the first time, and he had to fumble for the light switch. When he found it and turned on the lights, the im-

age of the same young girl leaped out from the mirror. This time she was wearing a black negligee, instead of a skirt and sweater. Ignoring for the moment the bandages on his head, he quickly slipped the nightgown off.

His body had changed! Where once a flat masculine chest had been, soft feminine breasts grew! The erect nipples were no longer the light shade of pink that they had been before. Now they were a deep rose and about the size of the tips of his little finger. While they did not appear to be as big as they felt when he had cupped them within his hands, there was no doubt that they were real. He cupped each in his hands and gently "rolled" the nipples between his thumb and for fingers, sending an electric tingle through his body as he did so.



His hands, or more correctly, the fingernails had changed also. The good doctor had filed them in to a feminine shape and had given them a coating of bright red finger nail polish. His toe nails had received a coat of the same color. "At least they matched," he wildly thought.

There were other changes as well. Before the crash, he had a thick mat of hair running in an inverted "V" down from his navel. Now only a small triangle of soft brown hair remained. The remaining hair only accentuated the areas above and below. Above, he had developed a soft gently rounded belly, that looked a lot like his wife's. Below, the exact opposite had occurred. Everything had shrunk and was soft and pliable. His hips and rear end had become femininely rounder and full. He suddenly realized why the panties had begun to fit better. It hadn't been that the doctor had found smaller sizes but that he had been growing into them. He now could fill them out better than some girls he knew.

"What's happening to me? Could the accident cause my body to change like this? If the accident caused my body to change like this, what does my face look like?" he thought as he

wildly tore the bandages from his head. When the bandages were completely removed, Alexander received an even bigger shock. Reaching out to touch his reflection on the mirror, the first thing he noticed was that his broken nose had been fixed. He had grown so accustomed to the 'bent' look of his nose, that at first he did not realize that it was also smaller. Focusing in the rest of his face, he was startled to see that he was now totally beardless, and his once prominent "Adam's apple" had disappeared! Even his ears had been "pinned back," although this change was not all that noticeable due to his now longish hair.

The changes, by themselves, were not really significant. But the total look, he realized as he took a short step backward, made him look almost like Jill's twin sister! All he needed to look exactly like her was some makeup and double pierced ears.

The more he stood there trying to comprehend what he was seeing, the more panic stricken he became. He had to find some answers and an explanation for his incomprehensible condition! After what seemed to be hours of staring in disbelief at himself (which was really only a few moments), he pulled back on the nightgown and started to turn around to find the doctor.

He had turned about half way around when he felt a suddenly sharp pain in his now large and soft feminine hip. He was awake just long enough to see the doctor wearing a very concerned look on her face holding an empty hypodermic syringe. Standing next to her wearing an equally concerned look was his wife Jill.

CHAPTER SIX

When Alexander awoke, he was in bed laying on his stomach. The bed appeared to be a cheap one full of lumps, with two of them directly under his chest. He shifted his body a few times to find a more comfortable position, before he realized the "lumps" were not in the mattress but attached to his chest.

Now completely awake, he turned over and propped himself up on his elbows. The room was dark, with just a hint of light from the setting full moon shining through the partially closed draperies. While he couldn't see any details clearly, he knew that it was not the hospital bed he had been in.

The room, and the bed for that matter, appeared huge, almost as large as the sitting room. As his eyes slowly became accustomed to the darkness he could distinguish more details. The room was obviously a bedroom, as testified by the California King bed he was in. From what he could see, it was furnished in the same style as the main room of the lodge—that very rich and very, very feminine. The difference was, of course, that this was intended to be private quarters. Consequently, the undertone of femininity was more pronounced. He loved it!

Finally he saw what he had been looking for, and slid out of the bed to go to the bathroom. As he stood up, swaying slightly, he discovered that he was still wearing a knee length nightgown. This one, however, was made of a heavier ivory colored silky material with a deep "v" descending from the spaghetti straps to just above his waist. He slowly ran his hands up the sides and then the front savoring the thrilling slinky texture of the gown. When he reached his budding breasts, he jumped as if he had been struck with lightning! It hadn't been a dream after all—the room was real, as was the nightgown and his now rather pronounced breasts. Strangely, it did not seem to bother Alexander. "There must have been some kind of tranquilizer in that shot," Alexander thought, as he stood up to walk to the bathroom.

The bathroom was as richly appointed as the bedroom, even to the point of having gold faucets on the sink and tub. Directly across from the tub, was a wall-to-wall mirror. Sitting neatly on the counter top of the vanity was every type of cosmetic and hair care product any girl could ever hope to use. There was even one of the new rotary coil hair removers he had seen on television.

This was all very interesting, but Alexander had more important things to reinspect! Carefully stripping off and hanging up his nightgown, he carefully inspected his nude body in the mirror. His previous hurried inspection had told him only part of the story. Now that he had calmed down and could really look, he saw the small details of the doctor's handiwork. Not only had she fixed his nose and ears, but had shaped his eyebrows as well, not in a pencil thin line, but in a fuller more natural feminine style. Alexander noted, with some small thrill, that it made his eyes appear to be more "open" and expressive.

Rubbing his hand over his smooth, silky face, he could find no sign of a beard, nor could he detect any sign he had ever had one. He wondered why he hadn't thought about it before. His beard should have grown while he was in the coma, and yet when he had removed his bandages yesterday there had been no sign of it. Another question to ask. He wiggled his pert little nose and thought with a smile, "Now that's one change I do approve of."

He stared for a moment at his new breasts with their erect rose colored nipples, and sighed. Turning to see his profile, he was amazed to see how much larger and shapely his rear end had become. He felt fat, but his image in the mirror told him that he was becoming very well proportioned. If he had seen this body in a bikini on the beach, he would have fallen in instant "lust," and now it was all his! What was he going to do with it?

He liked girls in general and was deeply in love with Jill. But with the womanly body he seemed to be developing, he wasn't too sure if Jill could or would love him in return. With his luck, she would find a nice, strong, flat chested man (who stands over six feet tall), he thought bitterly. Alexander certainly wouldn't be going to the beach this summer bare chested, and it would look awful strange going to a couples only dance as two girls, let alone making out, as they had liked to when alone in crowds.

Jill obviously had to know that something was happening to him; after all, she had remained at his bedside while he had been in the coma, when most of the changes had started. Yet she apparently had done nothing to prevent it. Of course, he wasn't sure it could have been prevented even if she had tried. He just didn't know, but he intended to find out.

As he was pondering this weighty problem, he almost ab-

sently noticed that his sleek and shapely legs needed shaving. "When in Rome" he thought. Looking around for an electric razor, he remembered the rotating coil hair remover, and decided to try it out. He quickly found out that the commercials were right, it did remove the hair on his legs efficiently, but not exactly painlessly. When he completed removing the hair off his legs, he inspected his under arms, and decided that there wasn't enough hair to justify the pain of the rotating coil. He could wait until he found a safety razor. He was amused to think that this is a lot of trouble for a girl to go through, just to have attractive legs, then he realized that he would have to do this for the rest of his life, unless he could get his old body back.

Alexander decided that he might as well take advantage of the only ordinary looking fixture in the bathroom and sat down to do his business. "Strange how quickly a habit this has become," he mused. He washed his hands in the ornate sink, and looking around realized that there were no towels. "Must be some in this cabinet," he said to himself, as he swung open the door and promptly whacked his sensitive right breast with the edge of the door. "OUCH! DAMN IT, I'm going to have to remember to allow some extra clearance from now on," he moaned as he rubbed his tender breast.

Even though the room was comfortably warm, he felt a chill run through his sleek body, so he put the nightgown back on."

Despite his still sore breast, the feel of the silky gown against his soft and now truly bare legs was delightful. No wonder girls liked this type of clothing! The feel against his skin was both seductive and addictive!

Now that the necessities were over, he wanted to explore the rest of the bedroom. There were still two doors that he hadn't checked yet.

The first door he opened lead in to a large walk in closet. The amount of skirts, blouses, and dresses in the closet, appeared to be enough to last a year, without having to wear the same garment twice. Most of them were brightly colored and of a style suitable for someone Alexander's age. Everything was soft and feminine except for a few business suits. One of the dresses, a low cut cocktail dress in green silk, almost turned Alexander on just looking at it. Jill would look terrific in it, and so would he if he continued to develop as he obviously had been. Despite himself, he could hardly wait to try it on! Maybe this evening he

would. In the meantime, there were dozens of drawers that held wondrous secrets, just begging to be exposed.

The first row of drawers contained dozens of nylons, and pantyhose. Most were shades that could be used for every day wear, but some were in more exciting colors including reds and blues. The next row of drawers contained panties, a different style in every drawer, ranging from string bikinis that looked little more than "G" strings, to more conventional full briefs. Every color of the rainbow was represented, even some colors that Alexander didn't know even existed! Other drawers contained bras, teddies, camisoles, slips, and colorful leotards and exercise tights. In the last of drawer, was four sets of the gel filled bra pads, each in a slightly smaller thickness. They were obviously intended for his use, using a smaller size as he developed.

His inspection of the closet complete, he returned to the bedroom, saying with a little giggle, "Well, I'm out of the closet at last." He was still giggling over this very bad pun when the faint smell of bacon frying caught his attention.

Alexander quickly dawned the robe that had been on the chair next to the bed, and, slipping on his marabou slippers, went in search of the source of the delightful aroma. When he reached the kitchen, where the doctor, dressed in a pair of tight jeans and bulky knit white sweater, was preparing breakfast; he saw his wife Jill sitting at the table with her back to the door. She wearing a gown and robe nearly identical to his own.

"Jill!" he cried in his new feminine voice.

Startled, Jill jumped up and turned around. When she saw Alexander, she rushed to him and threw her arms around him and began to cry.

"Alexander, I am so happy you're awake. I was getting so worried about you. How are you feeling, Sweetheart? Here, sit down. I just want to hold your hand and look at you for a while."

Alexander sat down, carefully smoothing the skirt of his night gown and robe from under his hairless crossed legs as he did so.

"So, ladies, what's happening?" He asked as if it was the most natural thing in the world for him to be wearing a woman's nightgown and robe. Both the doctor and Jill at first looked startled at his casual comment. They couldn't help but giggle, then as Alexander joined in, they all began to laugh.

"Not much. What's happening with you?" the doctor rhetorically responded. "We've been waiting for you to get up. We have a lot to discuss, and plans to make for your therapy."

"That's what I want to know. What is happening to me? Why am I developing a woman's body? What have you done to me?"

"Slow down, I can answer only one thing at a time. I know that it was a big shock, when you first realized what's happening to you. You are right, we are transforming you into a woman, and a very good looking one at that. (Jill blushed a little at that comment). The 'how' it is happening is very simple. It started when you received the 'vitamin' shot at the clinic, while it did contain some vitamins, it was mostly a very powerful combination of female hormones. From that first shot you were being chemically turned in to a girl. Each successive shot brought you further along in your development. The latest stage, done last night after I knocked you out, was to inject a long lasting estrogen hormone implant that should complete your transformation."

"What about my face?" asked Alexander, on the verge of tears.

"Ah yes, the surgery. I actually performed very little surgery, altering only the size and shape of your nose, your ears, and of course, surgically removing your beard. You have excellent cheek bones by the way." Now it was Alexander's turn to blush.

"Most of the changes resulted from effects of the hormones. Your skin texture and composition reacted very well to the hormones. "We," indicating Jill as well as herself, "did all of the major work right after the crash. Three days before I brought you out of the "coma," we altered your vocal cords, and shaved your Adams apple down to a more feminine size. The process is now at the point of irreversibility."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Alexander asked, now on the verge of tears. "Is this some kind of plot? Are you and Jill trying to get rid of me for some reason?"

Jill, on the point of tears herself, cried, "NO, Alexander, NO! Don't ever think that. I love you more now than I ever have, if that's possible. If I didn't love you so much, we wouldn't be sitting here right now. Try to contain yourself, and let Wanda finish."

He sat, trying to compose himself for a moment, gently swinging his foot, staring at his red tipped toes that seemed to stare back at him out of the front of his mules.

“You have explained the how, but what about the why?”

“Why don’t we eat, and get dressed first, before I go into the why. We can sit in front of the fire in the sitting room, and be more comfortable.” The “why” is a little more complex than the “how,” Wanda suggested.

Alexander reluctantly agreed, and began to eat the small stack of pancakes Wanda had placed before him. The meal was accompanied with light conversation, touching on everything except the subject that was on everyone’s mind.

As he was mopping the last of the maple syrup with a small wedge of pancake, Alexander asked Jill how she could have allowed the doctor to do this to him. Jill’s response of, “Wait until after Wanda explains the why; then you will know,” irritated him to the point that he became silent, refusing to talk any more during the meal.

The rest of the breakfast was eaten mostly in strained silence, each member of the group deep in their own unspoken thoughts.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The meal finally over, Jill and Alexander went to the bedroom to dress.

Jill broke the silence as they walked down the hallway. "Alexander, when Dr. Padget explains why we are doing this to you, please try to understand that if there had been any other choice, we would have tried it. This was the last resort. There was no other way."

"Just what is going on here?" Alexander said hotly, as they entered the bedroom. "Don't I have any say in this? And another thing, how far are you going to try to go in changing me in to a woman? I will not under any circumstances undergo surgery on my....!"

"No, Wanda assured me that this would be enough...."

"Enough! Enough! It's too much!"

"Alexander, if you don't calm down, I'll have to have Wanda give you another shot, and we don't want that do we?" Jill asked in her best nurse's voice.

Alexander shook his head, his straight hair brushing his shoulders as he did so, and began to sob. Jill put her arms around him and held him tight.

"There, there, everything is going to be alright. You'll just have to trust me. I wouldn't do anything to hurt you, you know that, don't you? Come on let's take a shower and get dressed."

They untangled themselves and began to remove their matching robes and gowns. When they were completely disrobed, Jill reached out and touched Alexander's developing breasts, and began to gently fondle them.

"Your breasts are beautiful, Honey! You should be very proud of them. Many real girls don't have breasts that look half as good as yours, and if Wanda is correct they will be even better looking when you are fully developed. Are they supersensitive?" Jill asked as she kneaded and nibbled on the erect nipples.

Alexander's knees buckled in reply, as the stimulated tips sent thrilling shock waves through his body. "Oh! Honey, please stop! I can't stand up any longer. Besides she will be expecting us soon. We should get dressed."

Jill slowly stopped and, with a smile that promised that this was only the first of many delights she would share, lead him by the hand to the bathroom for their morning shower.

As they stepped into the shower, Jill inspected Alexander's new body critically. "Honey, you are getting all the right curves in the right places, and are filling out so nicely, but it looks like you will have to start joining me in aerobics. We want you to look feminine, with a nice, well shaped, firm bust and soft wide hips, but that doesn't mean fat! We can start in the morning, and after our work-out we can relax in the hot tub, and wear our matching thong bikinis while we tan on the tanning beds. After all, we want to look our best for the boys, don't we?"

"BOYS? MEN? O'my gosh! I hadn't considered that problem. With the way I look now, I'll be the target for every man on the make!" Alexander exclaimed.

Jill laughed. "Don't worry, I'll teach you more on how to handle men than you ever knew as a man. Once you learn the secrets women have known for centuries, you might actually enjoy dating men. Just don't forget you're still married to me! Come on, let's shampoo and condition your hair, shave your under arms, and get dressed."

When they finished the shower, Alexander and Jill dried off, using the large fluffy towels they found in the cabinet Alexander had opened previously. This time he allowed for the extra clearance, and avoided another painful encounter with the door.

Jill suggested that since she was going to style his hair later, that they just blow dry and tie it back in a pony tail. While Alexander had both of his hands full, making a pony tail, Jill quickly put a little lipstick on their lips. "Just to add a little color," she said, before he could protest.

Jill offered to pick out Alexander's clothing, selecting a pale pink teddy, a white sweatshirt with the name of a famous woman's gym printed across the breast, skin-tight dark blue sweat pants, pink slouch socks, and pink and white soft leather high top aerobic shoes. As Alexander put his clothing on, Jill selected and began putting on an identical outfit.

"We do look like sisters! This is going to be a lot of fun," Jill beamed, looking at their reflection in the mirror in on the back of the closet door.

Alexander had to admit they did look like two very feminine (despite their unisex clothing) and sexy sisters. He became excited in spite of the rather strange and bewildering situation he found himself in.

CHAPTER EIGHT

When they returned to the sitting room, they found that Wanda had built a warm fire and had a pot of fresh coffee waiting.

"Well, I see that you two decided to get out of the shower. Have fun?" Wanda inquired with a knowing smile.

Jill just returned the smile, while Alexander blushed deeply.

"Never mind, we have a lot to talk about. Please sit down and get comfortable, This may take a while, trying to explain the why," Wanda said as Jill and Alexander cuddled up on the couch next to each other and held hands. It was obvious to the Doctor that Alexander had gained at least partial acceptance of his new body. Jill had apparently seen to that. She knew that if he accepted the explanation, technical as it was, it would be all down hill from here. Taking a deep breath she began.

"You may remember that the clinic was very crowded on the day of your exam. My physicians who normally perform the insurance physicals were badly back logged, and our OB/GYN specialist, Dr. Loveless, offered to help by taking some of the exams. Your exam was one of six he performed..."

"An OB/GYN? That's a woman's doctor! What does he know about men?" Alexander asked incredulously.

"Actually quite a bit. Before he came to the clinic, he was a specialist in male sexual dysfunctions and fertility. He was uniquely qualified to spot and it appears, to correctly diagnose your condition."

"Which is?"

"I'm getting to that, just be patient. The initial results of blood and tissue sample test indicated that you are afflicted by congenital adrenal hyperplasia, more commonly referred to as CAH. According to Dr. Loveless, CAH is very rare, occurring only in one in about 750, 000 births."

Jill sat quietly holding Alexander's hand, and giving him a reassuring smile; she was more interested in his reaction than in what the doctor was saying, having heard it all before.

"You, also," the doctor continued, "suffer from an even rarer chromosome disorder known as 'Klinefelter's syndrome' that is combined with an errant gene. The odds of having both conditions at the same time are both incalculable and incurable. The best we can do is to adjust the body to fit."

Alexander gave a very feminine shrug of his shoulders. "So I'm unique. You still haven't told me what all this means, and why you two are doing this to me."

"Ah, yes... the why. Perhaps it would be better if I explained what each of the conditions are and how it has effected you. The easiest to understand is Klinefelter's. When you have this condition it means that your chromosomes are classified as XXY, or in other words morphologically a male. CAH, describes the condition where a fetus "in utero" receives an excessive amount of androgen. That..."

"I still don't understand what all this means. Remember, Jill's the medical expert, not me; all I know about is making money," Alexander protested.

"O.K.," Wanda said sighing, "I was trying to ease you into this, but it looks like I'll have to be blunt. The combination of the two conditions give you the outward appearance and characteristics of a male at birth. GENETICALLY, however, you are a woman. Internally you have a few of the right female organs: ovaries, fallopian tubes, but you lack a uterus and vagina. Until we started to inject you with estrogen and other female hormones and an anti- testosterone compound, they were dormant. Now, they are producing female hormones at about half of the normal level. Even though your body is producing estrogen, we will have to keep you on ERT, Estrogen Replacement Therapy, to prevent premature menopause."

Alexander's mouth dropped open in absolute shock. "Genetically a female! You mean that I could have become pregnant?"

Jill giggled slightly and quickly became quiet as Wanda continued with a smile.

"No, in your present condition, you can't even make love to a man. Although, with a little surgery, we could change that problem."

"NO!" Both Jill and Alexander exclaimed together. They looked at each other and giggled.

Jill interjected, "I love him the way he is, and I won't allow it!" Alexander looked at her gratefully.

"Usually the prescribed course of treatment is to follow through with the construction of a vagina as well as what we have already transformed. However, there are a few recorded cases where the final step was not taken. I suppose there is no

real indication that the complete change is necessary. But should you change your mind, just let me know. I know an excellent doctor who..."

Both Jill and Alexander just looked at Wanda expressionless. They were making it perfectly clear that particular option was out of the question.

"Well, now that we have resolved the how and the why, I think that it is time to start working on the fine art of being a woman, although you have been doing quite well so far. Don't you agree Jill?"

Jill nodded her assent, "Alexander..., hummm...we can't keep calling you that, can we? It really doesn't fit any more. What name would you like, Honey? I have always liked Alexandria, and it is more fitting."

"If the truth be known, I have never liked the name Alexander, let alone Alexandria. Since I have to chose a feminine name, how about one of an old and dear friend of ours, my first love, Rebecca Johnson. I could even use her nickname "Riki." Rebecca "Riki" Little, I kind of like it, don't you, Jill?"

A lump formed in Jill's throat as she smiled, thinking of all the good times she and Riki experienced together before her death.

She was misty eyed as she replied. "I think Rebecca Little, is a lovely name. Riki was so much in love with you. I know she would have been proud and pleased that you chose her name." She leaned over and christened the newly named Riki with a long loving kiss. The kiss was returned by Riki with an equal amount of affection.

Wanda, who had been looking on with interest, cleared her throat.

"When you two love birds get through, I think that it's time we got started on the therapy sessions. As good as Riki has been, we still have a lot to do, and not much time to do it in. Now break it up! "

Riki and Jill slowly disengaged themselves, and began what was to prove to be several months of intensive training. At the end of the training, anyone who had known Alexander before would have been shocked to learn that the very feminine and graceful Riki had been one in the same person.

CHAPTER NINE

At long last the spring thaw arrived. The valley, cloaked in its early spring flowers and wild grass, was no longer isolated from the rest of the world. Riki had completed her training, and was now ready to join her place with Jill in the outside world.

Jill had made arrangements with Wanda to have all their and clothing, and other feminine belongings delivered to their new house located in the foothills, just outside of the valley's entrance. However, it would be quite a while before they would be living in their new home. To celebrate Riki's new womanhood, they had decided to go on a second honeymoon. This time they would pose as two young sisters touring the country during the day and as the lovers they were at night.

Both Riki and Jill were excitedly packing for their trip when Wanda, who had become very fond of them both, announced that she had a surprise for them. A kind of going away present that would arrive momentarily. Mystified, Riki and Jill followed Wanda out to the grass airstrip.

"I hope you like it; it took quite some doing to find just what I was looking for. Look, up there to the left, over the mountain pass. There it is, and right on time, too." Wanda said as she pointed to a tiny speck in the crisp blue sky.

Riki and Jill watched in amazement as the tiny speck grew to become a bright pink and black Piper Cub. When the airplane landed, a young shapely redheaded girl hopped out, and walked over to the trio.

"She handles like a dream. My dad has every reason to be proud of his restoration. He wasn't too happy when he found out he had to paint it pink. But after all that you have done for us, what else could he do. I think it looks cute!" the young pilot said. "Who's the lucky girl who gets the keys?"

Wanda pointed to Riki, who began to cry, as she accepted the keys from the red head. A speechless, teary eyed Riki and the young girl walked to the airplane to inspect her father's handiwork.

An emotional Jill thanked Wanda for Riki, apologizing for Riki's manners. Wanda smiled that she understood, knowing that whenever two pilots came together, it usually resulted in long conversations about their love of flying, and their experiences while at the 'stick'. "Hanger flying," someone had once

called it.

Wanda suggested that Jill join them. Jill smiled her thanks and ran over to join the pair.

Later that afternoon Jill and Riki, as excited as two young school girls, repacked their clothing for a short, "before the honeymoon," three day flight. Wanda watched deep in thought while the two excited, attractive young women packed their belongings into the small airplane. When they had finished, they both walked over to where Wanda was standing.

"Wanda," Riki began, with tears in her eyes, "I just want you to know how happy I have become over the past few months. I think that deep down I have always known that I was really a woman. You and Jill have helped me to become more of a real loving and caring person. I feel more alive now than I ever have. I know that Jill loves me more for what I am than what I had been. Thanks to you, I can full appreciate and accept that love, where as before, I just took advantage of it. Thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"Make that from both of us," Jill added, giving Wanda a kiss on the cheek.

Wanda, teary eyed herself, just nodded. Making a pushing motion with her hand she dismissed the two. "I too have learned a lot from this, I won't ever forget the two of you. You know you are welcome back any time. Now go on, while there is still enough light to fly."

Riki and Jill both gave Wanda another kiss on her cheek, and hand in hand, turned and ran to the airplane, their ponytails bouncing with each step. When they reached the bright pink Cub, they turned and waved goodbye one last time. Wanda returned the wave and watched with tears in her eyes as the small airplane taxied to the end of the runway, took off and disappeared over the mountain tops.

Wanda stood deep in thought, looking at, but not really seeing, the empty sky.

"I'm really going to miss Riki," she said to herself, smiling at the unintentional pun. "She and Jill were a lot of fun, and she makes a very attractive woman." Wanda watched Riki prepare to take off.

"Back to the old grind, it's almost sun down and I've got a lot of paper work to clean up," she thought as she walked back to

the lodge and her private office.

Later, Wanda sat in her darkening, quiet office, reading through her medical records and rough notes on Riki's transformation. Reaching to turn on the desk lamp, she noticed a corner of another medical record under her blotter.

"What's this?," she thought as she thumbed through the slim folder. She smiled broadly as she read some of the entries made by Dr. Loveless so many months ago,... all tests are within normal range..., very healthy normal male... is slightly vitamin deficient, a good commercial, over-the-counter product will resolve...." The name on the slim folder read "LITTLE, Alexander A."

"Doctor Wanda Padget," she admonished herself, "you know you're a stinker! You could have gotten yourself in real trouble, doing what you have done to that poor man. True, she is happier now than she ever has been...and she really is a totally alive, vital and sexy woman...and her wife Jill is delighted with the 180 degree turnaround in her personality... and you know neither one would willingly go back. But still, to take that kind of risk, just because you got mad when Jill told you that Alexander felt that there wasn't a woman alive he couldn't handle and wanted to own the clinic, wasn't very nice."

"True, how very, very true." She thought as she turned on a machine beside her desk. "But just think of the poetic justice of it all. Now she can visit the clinic any time she wants."

Wanda's rich golden laughter began to fill her dark office, as she ran the slim original medical folder of the "late" Alexander A. Little through her shredder.

THE END



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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EDITOR—ANNIE WARREN

(Editors note: We love getting mail and read every word. However, sometimes we are a little slow in getting back a timely response. We are sorry for whatever inconvenience this might cause. Thus was the case with the following series of letters.)

Letter 1

October 14th

Gentlemen:

I would appreciate your assistance. Very recently, when I was browsing in a local book store, looking for some literature of a "unique and different" nature. I came upon your magazine and purchased it. On returning home, I thought no more about it and so left it with some other purchases on my desk in my den. It was there that Margo, my wife, found it and read it.

Now, because of your magazine, it seemed to have placed some sort of "idea" about me in her head. As it turned out, last week my normal shorts were all replaced by her with some sets of frilly, lacy panties, all in my size. Mine just disappeared. Of course, the panties are very comfortable although they lack a fly, but the lace on them seems to tickle at times and I am decidedly nervous about wearing them under my normal clothes. Margo refuses to give me my old ones back, saying that they are gone and that these are now mine and will be the only ones I'll wear. Can you perhaps assist me in this predicament?

Thank you.

Yours respectfully,
Samuel T. Fennley

Letter 2

November 29th

Gentlemen:

Perhaps I did not make myself clear in my first letter. I do not necessarily want your assistance in going further with these pastimes; on the contrary, I want the reverse. My wife seems to have taken the steps you mentioned on her own. Since I wrote the last letter, the number and femininity of the panties seems to have increased. Now, in addition, it seems that my pyjamas have followed my shorts, wherever that may be, for they have also disappeared and have been replaced by a variety of night clothes for women, all in the most feminine of design. The materials are all soft and feel very nice, but I do miss the old pyjamas since that is what I thought I should wear in bed and not these baby dolls and such that Margo now insists I wear. For all their comfort and softness, I just am not all that sure that I should wear them.

I'm afraid that she must have also seen your letter, for she now insists that I also wear pantihose under my trousers and panties. It does cut down on the tickling, but I have already gotten used to that. I still wear socks, but the feeling of the pantihose has turned out to be even more unnerving, especially after she insisted and assisted me in shaving my legs. Before, I did not dare get caught with my pants down and it is still hell in the men's rooms. I end up going into booths and sitting down, just to avoid the possible exposure of any of the lace on the fronts of the panties (and there is a lot on all of them) to say nothing about the possibility of catching the lace on the zipper. In addition to this, I must now keep my pants cuffs down or else the smokey colored hose will be way too obvious!

On top of this, she won't let me cut my hair and she does the manicuring of my finger and toe nails. All of these sensations are quite new and in some ways exciting, but I hope you can help me in my situation.

Thank you.

Yours respectfully,
Samuel Fennley

Letter 3

February 10th

Madam:

I thought that I made it perfectly clear as to what I wanted in the way of help. What had started out as a simple, harmless curiosity on my part has now gotten totally out of hand. Your letter did not help that much either. I have long realized that there is an equality between the sexes, but that remark you made has put another idea into Margo's head along with who knows how many others. She now insists that I help with the prophylaxis of contraception by insisting that I too take birth control pills. She has even gotten some for me from somewhere. They are ovaloid and purple and not very appetizing but she insists that I take the two of them daily for full effect. I wasn't aware of any male contraceptive, but she insists they are, and so I am taking them.

Last weekend, on Friday, she somehow managed to get me into a dress, complete with all of that feminine lingerie that underlies it. She must have gotten the clothes to fit me as they did, quite well. She did not let me change into any male clothing all weekend and almost had a woeful look when I dressed in my male attire for work on Monday morning. Even then, however, my toenails sported a bright red enamel that she had applied earlier in several coats. We had stayed home all weekend since I couldn't go out wearing a dress and all that lingerie. She didn't want to leave me alone because she thought I would have changed back into my own clothing (although she insists that the lingerie and dresses that have appeared and continue to appear in my closet and drawers is MY clothing, if I would just accept it as she "knows" I want to).

We usually spend our vacations either skiing or in Mexico, going to various archaeological sites, and the time for vacation is coming upon us. I managed to put it off once. I could well imagine what she would have me wear under that bulky ski gear. You can see why I'm nervous about the turns of her mind and where they may take me next. I have to admit that the clothing is nice, but I'm just too nervous when I'm in it all and with her. I do hope you can help me out of this state of affairs.

Yours respectfully,

Sam

Letter 4

May 5th

Madam:

Thank you for your reply, although it could have been a bit more rapid! No, I do not know who makes the contraceptive pills that Margo got for me. I've never seen or heard of purple ones, but then again I had not heard of a male contraceptive, period. It could be that she has gotten them on an experimental basis. If this is so, then I'll probably be a failure since my sex drive is definitely down now and they may have other side effects. My chest is also sensitive and feels funny but I don't know if that is a side effect or not. Each pill has the word "premarin" on it, but I don't recognize that company's name. I know that Margo would never have gotten me into anything that is harmful.

I'm afraid that your caution came a bit late. Margo did find a corset for me from somewhere shortly after I wrote my last letter to you. It must be from some of the other magazines that have cropped up in our house dealing with the same or related topics. As far as she is concerned (and thus, indirectly or directly, as the case maybe, me) that corset has become a part of me like a second skin. Every morning before dressing she checks and tightens the laces on it if they loosened during the night. You just might be right that it could well be deforming my body in some way. I do seem to protrude more in front (on top) and in back (on the bottom, my bottom) while the center at my waist seems to get increasingly smaller. Thus attired with the panties, pantihose and corset, with my toenails seemingly permanently painted a bright red, I am allowed, as well I can, to dress for work. Some of my colleagues have remarked on how trim I look. Little do they know how that hellish corset is making me suffer to get that trim "figure" as Margo calls it.

I've put off our vacation three times now. If I put it off again, I may lose mine altogether; then Margo would be really furious. She is all ready biting nails (ten penny or so in size) now as it is, since she's had to adjust her vacation three times where she works. If it weren't for the fact that she makes so much more money than I do, I don't think she'd get so upset. But skiing will be over before we can get vacation time again. I still dread the feeling of wrenching or breaking a leg on the slopes and having

someone else, a perfect stranger, find out what I was wearing under all of that clothing. If I had to ski wearing that corset (I can't see Margo letting up on it), I would almost assuredly hurt myself one way or another. It is better to stay off of the slopes, if I can. Of course, with my hair as long as it is, I suppose it could just well fit... probably what Margo has in the back of her plots and plans anyway (?).

To make things harder, she's now calling me "Sammie" at home and insisting that I dress up more and more in the evenings. I'm even getting to be quite proficient in the use of fairly high heels. Why anybody would WANT to wear those things is totally beyond me. Oh yes, we now get your magazine and several others quite regularly, well as regularly as they appear. I don't know, however, if it is to give her ideas or to feed "my" desires. I love her dearly and yet, when I try to refuse any of these things, she just sidesteps it and goes ahead with what it is that she wants to do. At times I wish I were stronger willed or that she were a bit less strong willed. It is a problem for me (not so much, it appears, for her).

I do hope you can get my desires straight and try to find some way to end this mess I seem to be slowly sinking into. I know that you are having difficulties with your magazine, but since you and your magazine started it all, I feel you have a moral right and obligation to help me out of this plight. I am slowly getting desperate!

Yours respectfully,

Sam

Letter 5

June 14th

Madam:

I do wish you could have written sooner. I haven't received an answer to my last letter yet and I am afraid your reply may arrive here while we are on our vacation. I had hoped that my last letter would have sounded desperate enough to warrant a more rapid reply. Over a month delay is getting quite excessive, espe-

cially in light of what Margo is now doing and planning.

I'm writing this as time allows; so don't be surprised if it is posted from somewhere other than where all the rest have been, for I may not be able to get it out until we are on the road. Last night we got set for leaving tomorrow. Today is for packing and such.

Well, last night Margo really did me up fine. My hair, which hasn't been cut in months and was overly long to begin with, she put up in curlers while giving me what I suspect is a permanent (since that is what it said on the box). Then, to top that, while the stuff was working on my hair and for sure I could go nowhere, what with the curlers in my hair and all, she worked over my eyebrows saying that they were too shaggy. The net result of that was that my brows are now practically bald. I think she plucked out almost all of them leaving only a thin line of wispy hairs which she then trimmed further so that I now have not only curly and wavy hair but also a set of highly arched women's eyebrows. There's practically nothing there! I do not know if I'll be able to go back to work at all looking like this! At best I'll be ribbed and get a...

Sorry, for the break, but I had to help pack. The plans are even more plain now, not that there was any doubt before. Not a stitch of my male clothing was packed in any of the luggage, but most all of my feminine finery is packed to go.

I forgot to mention that when she gave me my permanent, she also had me put on, well, she put on me a pair of painfully tight earrings that were held on by pressure. I should have been suspicious when she soaked them in alcohol before she put them on me. Also, when I went to bed I wasn't allowed to take them off. By this afternoon they had done their dirty work and she took them out and replaced them with some ear wires. Yes, she had pierced my ears! Now I have a pair of dangling, glittering bobbles hanging from the wires that pass through my earlobes. I remember seeing it in some of those magazines, but I never thought that Margo would go that far. She says that when they heal no one will notice the tiny little holes that the wires make. I hope that is the case since the bobbles are heavy and each motion of my head makes them swing and makes me conscious of them. Margo says that I will get used to them and not even notice them after a while. Also, they are supposed to aid in the deception by adding unquestionable authenticity.

Another "aid to authenticity" has been my voice. She has been working on it almost to the point where I get hoarse. She has been pushing me to train it to a higher pitch. It has been getting so automatic that I almost used it at work a number of times. It's the only way that I am allowed to speak at home anymore. I only hope that it doesn't get too automatic for me on this vacation, for it could cause problems when we get home.

The original corset seems to have done its work. She could no longer tighten the laces and got me another one. The new one is no shorter but is considerably tighter! I wonder what she is trying to do as I can feel a considerable gap in the laces at my waist which she has stated will close eventually just as the first one closed. I already have what I would term a wasp waist, but she wants to make it smaller? This one ends just under my breasts. I have to say breasts as both of the corsets caused my sensitive chest to overflow them to dangerous proportions. Margo now insists that I now also wear a bra. The other one chaffed my chest so badly that my nipples were constantly sore and haven't healed yet. Those corsets are truly hellish instruments! The works of the corset are plain to see in that my waist is now so terribly slim over what it used to be. I never was muscular to begin with, but now I seem to have taken on some sort of almost delicate nature. And me a man! What with the diet she has had me on plus the voice practicing, the permanent and the new eyebrows, damned if I don't look and even sound like a woman.

Really now! These clothes aren't too bad, really, but I am a man underneath it all, and don't know how to fight Margo. She is a strong willed woman. I had hoped that you could have come up with some sort of solution so that I can go back to being a man again. After all, it was your damned magazine that started this whole thing off!

Yours respectfully,

~~Sammie~~(now she has ME doing it!)
SAMUEL

Letter 6

August 20th

Madam or Whatever:

I am back now and have received your letter. It came, however, way too late to do any good. It may have, had it come on time, but that was not the case. We had a month and a half for vacation and it was quite eventual as you shall see. Since your publication seems to dote on the misfortunes of men such as I (using the term "man" very loosely), I thought I'd give you somewhat of a rundown on how it went. I don't really know why I should feed your ghoulish desires, but at least I can get it off my chest (about all I can get off of it as you shall see).

Margo decided to see the sights near Mexico City since by then the snows were mostly beyond her desire for skiing, even in Colorado where she wanted to go. I think I mentioned her interest in archeology and, since Mexico abounds in ancient ruins of various sorts, we were again headed in that direction. This time, however, she had the only pants, though I did have some short shorts that showed off more of my ass than I thought was appropriate, male or female. As I stated earlier, I did not have a stitch of men's clothing with me.

Just before we left, Margo dragged me down to the driver's licence bureau where, dressed in heels, corset and dress, with my hair all in waves and curls and with those sparkling earrings dangling from my ears from the holes in the lobes and all, I took the test and got a driver's licence. They were reluctant to issue one right away, but when Margo explained the situation plus a story that she had made up and plus the fact that I drove like a champ (who wouldn't after driving for so many years), they finally consented and issued the licence. So, there I was with a new driver's licence with my picture on it with makeup, the high arched eyebrows, waves in my hair set enough back that the dangling earrings showed and showed enough so that you could tell that they were set in pierced ears. Also, where the space on the licence was for sex, there was a big "F". Now, not only did I look like a woman, talk like a woman and walk like a woman, but I also had identification that identified me legally as a woman. To the world at large I was Samantha Fennley, a woman.

At this point, I suppose I should mention that Margo is fluent

in Spanish. I can speak French, sort of, but that doesn't help much in Mexico, at least in the back woods of Mexico where we usually go to. I had been with her down there before but had not picked up too much of the language, if any at all above "si", "no" or "por favor". Thus, when we got to the border, she did all of the talking in Spanish while I sat as demurely and unobtrusively as possible. I was more than conscious of the way the skirt of my dress, even though it was a full skirt, was hiked up enough to show my bare knees and a portion of my thighs, well, bare except for the beige hose I was wearing. Margo had insisted on hose that could be hooked to the garters attached to the corset... "to keep it from riding up" she had said. Hell, that thing was too tight to budge. That net in the hose doesn't cover anything anyway, does it? I don't know what was said, but the guard looked over at me several times and smiled. He probably thought we were sisters since we had the same last name; however, Margo is a blond while I'm decidedly a red head, well, dark red. I think it's called auburn. I'm slightly larger than she, yet she was better built, as the saying goes, than I.

Well, the guard, after the animated discussion, passed us through. When I asked Margo what all was said, she answered that she had discussed her (and by inference my) reason for visiting was to see the sights and the guard had outlined several possibilities. And thus, having crossed the border, we headed south, away from the border and away from those that speak and/or understand English.

Margo had gotten me a good purse. Actually, it was very similar to the camera bag that I had toted around for years on vacations. It did hold some of my camera gear even along with other stuff like cosmetics, coin purse and even some tampons. It was quite awkward, however, to take pictures and manipulate the camera with my now much longer fingernails which were also polished the same shade of red that my lips constantly bore. Margo insisted that the two shades always match. Although I was not wild about being a woman, I did have to admit that a light shift was quite a bit cooler than trousers although the longer hair was warmer if I wore it down over my neck and the corset didn't help anything.

The nervousness of being a man in women's clothing grew less and less, however, when more and more I was accepted for what I appeared to be (the pinches on my butt, however, DID

hurt!). I certainly had no choice in the matter; Margo had seen very adequately to that. To add to the hold she had on me since she knew that under the feminine exterior I was a man, was the fact that the farther south we went, the more dependent I became on her. In the larger cities I could get some English, like at tourist traps and such, but the smaller towns I was totally reliant on her Spanish. We headed straight south rapidly and came to Mexico City and just as rapidly passed through it.

Now, I'd been in Mexico before several times with Margo and had never suffered any ill effects from the food. But, after we left Mexico City, we went somewhere, I still don't know where, but she had some ruins or other that she wanted to see, one of those innumerable sites with the impossible Mayan or Aztec names. However, we never got there, if in fact they ever did exist. I came down with some sort of illness. I suspect now that it wasn't the local food but rather something that Margo brought with her to induce the same. Well, there we were, far from any real civilization, or so I thought and I was sick! As a matter of convenience or "coincidence", we just "happened" upon a small clinic, at least that's what it turned out to be, in the middle of no where. It also turned out to be up to date and modern. You'll see what I mean when I say modern as I tell you just what went on in that god forsaken place.

Well, there I was, feeling as miserable and poorly as you could imagine and Margo was all sympathy when we came to the clinic. She then stopped immediately and helped me into it although you realize I was still wearing my dress, makeup and all. My feelings, however, were overriding so that dress or no I go in. There were several doctors and nurses, an amazement to begin with since this place I thought was far away from everything (actually it was on the outskirts of a good sized city, we just approached it from the country side.

I was taken into an office where I was to be examined. The doctor, however, spoke only Spanish to Margo who then translated what he said to me. I had to take off my dress and slip. When the corset came into view with the small bra sitting at its top, the doctor smiled, but rather pleasantly, I thought. He asked Margo to remove the corset, which she did, and immediately the "natural" thinness of my waist after the long corset training was all too evident, even to me. So, there I was, in a Mexican clinic — I didn't know where, before an unknown doctor and, to boot,

I was clad only in bra, which seemed too full even though smallish, panties and hose, very loose without the corset's garters, and heels. I had makeup on, long painted fingernails, not to mention the coifed hair and pierced ears. The panties were frilly enough that my true sex was still hidden, but all he had to do was to lower them and there would be a total incongruity to the rest of my appearance. However, he listened to my heart and breathing with a stethoscope, checked pulse and blood pressure, took some blood samples and then, oddly, checked my breasts. At this point I heard the word "premarin" pop up several times in the conversation to which the doctor smiled pleasantly again and nodded his head. Thankfully, the bra was the last thing that had to come off. While Margo and the doctor held a long discussion which she did not translate, I was given a hospital gown to put on to cover my nakedness and was taken to a bathroom where I gave them a urine specimen. As I returned, it was painfully evident under that gown that my breasts were sticking out, in spite of having no padded bra on.

The net result of their conversation was that they wanted to hold me there for observation. Other than the ill feelings that I felt, all seemed to be well. I tried to talk her into going to a hotel and then returning the next day, but she would not hear of it. So, I ended up going to a room where, under the cover of the gown, I shed the last of my clothing and climbed into bed. The room, except for some Spanish words, could have been a room in any good American hospital. Before she left, she told me that they would give me something to ease my misery. I took the pills offered and promptly went to sleep.

The next morning I didn't really wake up but was in some sort of stupor, probably from the medication, though they may have given me some shot or other during the night before the original knock out drops had worn off. In any case, I was aware of them coming in and shaving me, of all places between my legs, the only place where I had any body hair left. In my stupor I was too out of it to even be embarrassed. But then I was transferred to a wheeled bed and then pushed into what looked like a modern operating room. I was too groggy to even react and thus, when the anesthetist put the mask over my face, it didn't take more than two seconds and I was out.

I'll bet you're laughing to yourselves up your blouse sleeves in recognition of what went on. You're right. At that clinic I suf-

ferred more pain than I knew I could endure and spent almost the rest of my vacation there. And, You know damn well what it was that I left there when we departed — my manhood. Yes, Margo had culminated her training and hormone therapy (I learned about that later) by making me into a woman in the physical sense with vagina, new breasts (larger than hers), and even a sort of a clitoris, all that was left, so it seems, of my male counterpart. I had gone into that clinic a man and came out with no more male parts than the genetic code in my cells.

When I finally got home, my voice had no more need to be low as it would only have caused confusion with my big breasted, narrow waisted, broad hipped appearance. Now I had no more use for male attire as the shirts would be too small and Margo never let me wear pants. I had to quit my job, not that it was all that well paying, but it then left me at the mercy of Margo who installed me, as it were, as the housewife, responsible for the upkeep of the house while SHE earned the daily bread. She went about the business of changing all of the necessary papers (birth certificate, etc.) to my new sex and name. She did not change the marriage licence, however, so that we are still legally married although there is no way on earth that she could have a child by me now. Nonetheless, she seems to be pleased that I was now almost as functional of a female as she. She lost no time as soon as she could (pain and all) in showing me the techniques I'd have to use with her and they did just about drive

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her crazy. Some of them on me are also quite stimulating, but the old form of sex was to be a thing of the past forever, and I do miss it.

I don't care what difficulties you've had with your magazine. I have checked with a lawyer and found that I would probably not have a chance, otherwise I would sue you for everything that I could get. Through the influence of your magazine you have warped my wife to the point that I am now HER wife and have lost all vestiges of manhood forever. I hope you're happy and that you rot in HELL!

Never yours again,

Samantha Tina Fennley



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