

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"WOMAN'S WORK"

...NEVER ENDS!

Larry's father thought that his son would quickly tire of helping his mother.



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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

Volume 21

“WOMAN’S WORK”

By Kristy Love and friends...

Published by

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QUOTE BOARD

Q. How many TV's does it take to change a light bulb?
A. TWO. One to change the bulb and another to
take the pictures.

WOMAN'S WORK

By Kirsty Love

with special cultivation from
Alice Trail and Sandy

My name is Bob Starr, and for the last nine months I had been off to State University for my sophomore year studying horticulture and other agricultural sciences. I had been away the entire year except for short visits home during Christmas and Spring breaks. I felt a certain satisfaction with completing my second year of college and landing on the "Dean's List" both years.

Stepping off of the plane I was glad to be home for a long summer. I would be getting credits for working on a farm in the area. There were plenty around. Leroy, Illinois wasn't much, but it was home. I was greeted by my parents, and a couple of high school buddies. Missing from the group was my best high school buddy, Larry Gates.

I asked my parents where Larry was but they changed the subject, and never did answer my question. The others in the party were just as evasive. Somewhat perplexed, I soon put the question behind me and basked in the pleasure of the friends that were there to greet me.

After unpacking my clothes and answering the many questions about school asked of me, I started up my old Buick and went on a tour of the old home town. Nothing had really changed over the preceding months, not that I expected it to. Nothing ever happens in small towns.

I soon became bored and looked around for something else to do. Then I remembered Larry and decided to visit my old buddy. I wondered why he had not been down at the airport to greet me. To be honest, the reason I was so anxious to see him was not because he was popular with the girls, but he always knew where the pretty ones were. I think that was why his grades were so low. His mind was always on the girls. But I was back in town and ready to get back into circulation. I wondered which girls were still in town and not off at college.

The Gates' lived a ways out of town, but the drive was pleasant. I soon arrived at the Gates residence and parked my car in the driveway. Walking to the front door, I knocked and was greeted by Larry's father, Mr. Gates. I had always gotten along well with him since he was a farmer. I enjoyed farm work and getting my hands dirty.

Larry was the complete opposite. Larry was always in trouble but not in the traditional sense. It was like he had two left hands. Everything he touched seemed to go wrong. On the other hand, he was refined and into music and the arts. This caused a lot of friction between Larry and his father. Mr. Gates wanted a farmer for a son and Larry wanted to play music. He ran away from home twice before he was sixteen---once got all the way to Chicago before he was arrested for loitering. His trouble with the law was no big deal but Mr. Gates couldn't handle a son who played music. But Mr. Gates and I got along fine.

Thus, I was somewhat surprised to receive a somewhat less than cordial greeting from Larry's Dad. "Bob, so you're back for summer vacation. How are you doing?" asked a somber Mr. Gates.

"I'm doing fine, sir. Is anything wrong? Where is Larry?" My fear was that he had run away, never to be heard of again.

"I take it that no one has told you?" asked Mr. Gates.

"Told me what?" I asked.

"Larry i..isn't taking any visitors for a while," he replied rather hesitantly.

"I don't understand...Is he ill?" I replied.

"Well ... no ... not exactly. You see, he he is being punished."

"Punished? But Larry is nearly nineteen years old. What's he being punished for? ... and how?"

"As long as he is living under my roof, he obeys my orders, and he refused," replied Mr. Gates, "I didn't mind him dropping out of high school. I needed his help here on the farm...Someday his farm."

The Gates' farm had been passed down for generations. I think secretly Mr. Gates didn't want Larry to finish high school because he might want to run off to college and then not want the farm. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gates came from large families...but they were the last to stay in Leroy.

He rambled on, "I cut and baled the hay over in the bottoms and told him to haul it to the barn, while I was at the cattle auction a few weeks ago. Instead of getting in the hay, he went

over to that high school music teacher's house to practice for some piano concert or the other. While he was over there, it rained and over five hundred bales of quality hay were ruined! Well, I blew my top and told him that I could not stand for that! What if I have to buy hay to get through the winter?"

Larry had blown it. The life on a farm is unrelenting. You blow something like that and you could 'lose the farm'.

"Gee, that's too bad," I said adding, "Maybe I could help..."

Mr. Gates sermonized more, "He has been saving his money to go to some music school back east, as well as trying to get a scholarship. You know, I've never cottoned to his piano playing, but his mother always insisted. She and that music teacher are the ones responsible for all that foolishness and his lack of interest in farming."

Mr. and Mrs. Gates only had Larry. I felt sorry for him. He didn't really like farm work. If the Gates had been able to have other children maybe there wouldn't be so much pressure for Larry to stay on the farm.

"Maybe," I interrupted his rambling, "He could go back to school and study agriculture like I did. Might help around here."

Mr. Gates frowned and whispered, "Larry got arrested. Second time. He and those hoods down at the drug store stole a car."

"Ohhh," I said bleakly. I knew if Larry stayed around town he'd end up in trouble. Only the losers stayed.

"He blew it again," Mr. Gates stated, "They were going to send him to prison. I had to go down and beg the judge. I swore I needed him on the farm."

I looked around not seeing Larry helping.

Mr. Gates continued, "He got probation and the judge said I was accountable. If he so much as jaywalks, he's in the slammer. That probation officer, Miss Jones, comes by here all the time. She expects to see Larry working here on the farm, or else."

"Well, where is he?" I asked.

"After that hay episode I decided to show him what life around here would be like for him if he didn't help me in the fields," Mr. Gates continued. "Since he disobeyed my instructions about everything including the hay, I decided to make the punishment fit the crime, so to speak. Since I consider his main interest, that piano playing to be sissy business, his punishment would be to stay in and help his mother with the housework for a couple of weeks to see how he liked *that*. I figured he would

really appreciate working in the fields after doing woman's work," Mr. Gates finished.

By now the two of us were seated in the living room. I could hear the piano being played in the parlor, so I was sure Larry was home. He played the piano beautifully.

Soon Mrs. Gates joined us. She was looking radiant and quite happy. We engaged in quiet conversation for a few minutes before I asked whether Larry was home and if I could see him.

Mr. and Mrs. Gates exchanged glances. Mr. Gates finally said "Sure, why not"!

"Oh good! Thank you, dear," Mrs. Gates replied. "I'll get ... him."

After she disappeared, Mr. Gates remarked that they hadn't been allowing visitors since his probation and punishment started. He also said that the punishment had been extended several times because of other infractions, usually found by Mrs. Gates. But, four weeks without visitors was beyond the scope of normal discipline. Mr. Gates finished by saying that Mrs. Gates seemed to be getting more enjoyment out of having Larry 'grounded' with each passing day.

A few minutes later Mrs. Gates reappeared and said, "Bob, Larry's punishment necessitated some changes in his appearance. I know that you will be somewhat shocked by what you see, but please don't show too much surprise if you can help it. The last few weeks have been quite trying on the poor dear, and he values your friendship very much. The changes that you will see were necessary to prevent him from running off and to teach him a lesson."

With that introduction and with my agreeable, yet concerned nod of agreement, Mrs. Gates went back into the adjoining room and brought Larry out.

No amount of preparation would have been adequate to prepare me for the shock that hit me when Larry entered the room, because it wasn't the Larry I remembered that walked in. Walking behind Mrs. Gates was this young sissily dressed kid of maybe 14 years old.

He hadn't had a haircut for a while and his blond hair hung down over his ears with bangs that covered his forehead.

He was wearing a sissy looking Lord Fauntleroy suit that barely covered his rear. The flared legged shorts were black with large pearl buttons down the side, the white shirt looked like a blouse with lots of flounce and frills, and the black jacket was equally frilly and barely covered his upper body. White lace

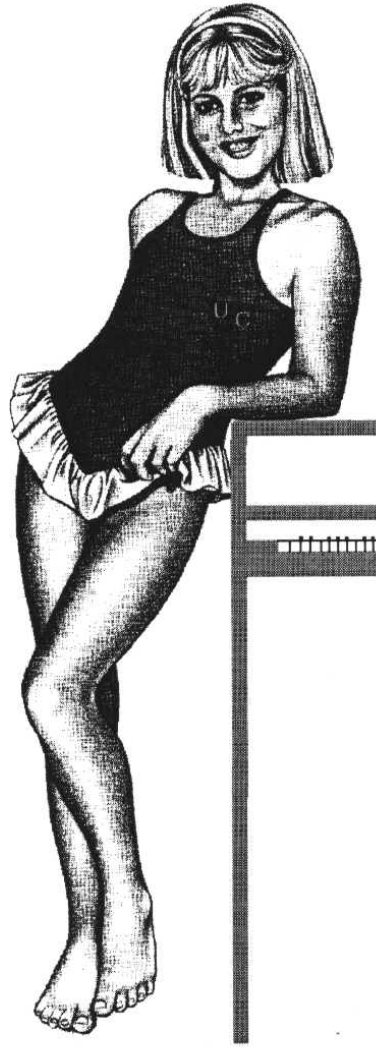
peeked out from the bottom of each leg of the shorts indicating that Larry was wearing some kind of frilly bloomers. Lace also peeked out from the sleeves of the jacket indicating that the blouse was similarly decorated.

His legs were smooth, and his feet had black patent leather Mary Jane shoes topped with lacy white mid calf length stockings. Larry's mustache had been shaved off, his face showed traces of makeup, and his nails were covered with a clear lacquer. The overall effect was that of a very sissy 14 year old boy just leaving adolescence and entering puberty.

As hard as I tried, I couldn't completely hide my shock at what I saw. I knew this sissy looking adolescent was my buddy Larry, but the contrast between what I knew and what I saw was too much for me to hide. "A..A.. What's going on here?" was all I could stutter. "I warned you that you might not understand what you would see," replied Mr. Gates. "Larry's punishment started out quite innocently until he ran off one day when he was suppose to help me mend fences. That's when we grounded him to *inside* the house. He was required to help his mother around the house and cater to her needs.

At that moment, Mrs. Gates injected, "Doesn't he look so sweet though? We found the outfit in a mail order catalog." She went to a drawer and pulled out a picture. "Here's another of his outfits." It was a picture of Larry in a leotard with a ruffle along the bottom.

Throughout this conversation, red-faced Larry was standing very close to his mother, as if trying to hide in her shadow. There wasn't any of the assertive boy that I had been friends with over the years, and had seen only a few months before.



"Larry looked like a sissy in the picture."

Finally, I spoke to him directly. "Is that really you, Larry?"

A tear trickled down one cheek as he answered, "Yes, Bob, it's me! I look awful, don't I?"

The answer brought on the next shock. The voice emanating from this person was Larry's, but it was very soft and submissive.

I had a hard time believing that this was Larry speaking.

Finally, I asked the obvious question. "How much longer will this punishment last, Mrs. Gates?"

She answered, "Oh, I don't exactly know. The original 'inside' punishment was supposed to last only a couple of weeks, but Mr. Gates keeps finding transgressions in his attitude and behavior. This has caused us to extend it longer by a day or two, here and there, according to the severity of his violation. This has been going for nearly a month now. At the moment, there are still nearly two weeks to go. As you can see, he hasn't made much progress toward the end.

"But, why such sissy attire? Why not just ground him for a few weeks?" I asked.

Mr. Gates answered, "It started out like that, but one day I came in from the fields for lunch, particularly tired and irritable from doing the hard work of two and found him setting the table wearing jeans and a tee shirt. He looked like he enjoyed being around the house. I mentioned that he was doing sissy work, but he didn't look much like a sissy. Well, my wife took that complaint seriously, and at dinner time, he came in wearing an apron."

"Over the next few days and weeks, whenever he was rebellious or uncooperative, she either added to his sissy outfit or extended his inside sentence. She found a mail order catalog that specializes in *unruly* boys and ordered a few things. I must admit that she got more and more enjoyment each time she added to his punishment. At first, I resisted her requests to implement such drastic changes, but relented in the end since they seemed to be working with Larry. He wasn't any good to me in the fields anyway. So, as you can see, it has sort of evolved into getting him to wear more and more sissy clothes. It's really harmless, and it won't last very much longer," he finished.

I looked at Mrs. Gates and the look she had made me wonder whether her husband's statement about the length of the punishment was true. She appeared to be a rather determined woman, and she was obviously enjoying Larry's situation a lot.

As much as I felt for my friend and wanted to help him, I could not see anything that I could do at the moment. This was a family affair, and I wasn't part of the family. Mrs. Gates

turned towards Larry and whispered, "You must get back to your piano practice now, dearie. You still have half an hour to go."

Patting the completely submissive Larry on the rear, he turned and went into the adjoining room, but not before meeting my eyes with his. I could see a plea for help in the look, but I couldn't do anything to help him. Quietly, Larry pattered into the piano room, closed the door, and soon the soft strains of piano music could be heard.

Mr. Gates grumbled, "Damned piano! It's the cause of this whole thing. Without it I would still have my boy! I tried to be lenient and it didn't work. One more time in trouble and it's off to jail for him."

Mrs. Gates soothed, "Now John, you must not fret. This is all for the best. You'll see." Grumbling, Mr. Gates left the room.

"You handled yourself quite well, Bob. I expected more of an outburst when you saw the changes in your friend," Mrs. Gates said. "Larry's hoodlum friends came over one day, made a big scene and haven't been back."

"I must admit that I am still in shock." I answered, "I guess the shock deadened my voice. Besides, it will be over soon and Larry and I will be able to look back on this affair and get a big laugh out of it."

Mrs. Gates had a far off look in her eyes as she replied, "If you say so. Don't let this affair stop *you* from visiting. You are one of Larry's decent friends, and Mr. Gates is quite fond of you as well. You fit the role model of what he's always wanted in a son."

With that, I bid farewell and left.

The next day I got a phone call from Mr. Gates, who invited me over for dinner and to "discuss a business proposition".

I couldn't imagine what kind of business proposition Mr. Gates could possibly want to discuss with me, but having no other plans, I accepted.

I was greeted at the door by Mrs. Gates, who led me into the living room where her husband was watching a baseball game on television. He promptly got out of his chair, looked me squarely in the eye, firmly shook my hand, and offered me the other easy chair. There was only a small end table between the chairs, and we could look at each other while we talked.

Before his wife left, he said, "Send in a couple of beers for us to enjoy while we talk business." When she was gone, he looked me directly in the eye again, and said, "Bob, I'll get right to the

point. I need someone to help me on the farm, and I assume you need a job to help with your college expenses. Will you be willing to help me out when ever you are in town?"

I thought his offer over, but before I could answer, Larry came in carrying a tray with two bottles of beer, two glasses, and a bowl of pretzels. He silently held the tray so we could each take a beer and a glass, then he put the pretzels on the table between us.

Either his cheeks were more rosy than the day before, or he was trying to set a world record for blushing, or he had on make-up. He was dressed exactly the same in his sissy suit, except that his blouse, and the lace visible under his shorts and sleeves was pink! His nails were a pink shade as well. He left the room as he had entered, without saying a word.

I was in shock.

After Larry left we discussed the work to be done, my salary, his livestock, the crops, his tractors, etc. Before long we had a deal, and I had a job I would enjoy. The Gates' farm was huge and a lot of work was needed particularly on the north forty acres. I also hoped taking the job might take the pressure off Larry. I didn't really know if there was anything I could do to help him.

Over dinner I tried not to bring up anything inflammatory. When we had finished eating, Mrs. Gates told Larry to clear the table and do the dishes. Obediently he got up took a few dishes into the kitchen.

Mr. Gates invited me back into the living room to continue our conversation, but I declined, saying that I would help Larry in the kitchen. I wanted desperately to talk with him alone.

Before we got started, Larry went into the kitchen and came out wearing a frilly, ruffled pinafore that wrapped completely around him and tied with a large bow in the back. With his short pants and shaved legs, he looked like he was wearing a dress! We cleared the table and took everything into the kitchen before either of us spoke a word.

As soon as we were alone, I asked, "Larry, what's going on? What are they doing to you? Is there anything I can do to help?"

Following a long pause, Larry spoke, again in his soft dejected voice, "If I can't tell you, my best friend, who can I tell. It's been awful Bob. I didn't even know the car was stolen. I just thought it was my friend's fathers car. Now look. I can't do anything on my own without being punished. To make matters worse, Mom takes me downtown and to the mall shopping dressed like this. Everyone must be having a lot of fun at my expense."

"She takes him out shopping dressed like this?" I thought. How could she be so cruel and heartless? No wonder everyone in town knew about Larry and wouldn't tell me. How do you tell someone that his best friend is being converted into a full fledged sissy? And, by his parents yet!

"No," I answered, "It's quite the opposite. When I got home from school, nobody would even talk about you. I had to come over here to find out for myself, honestly. I truthfully don't know anything except what I see. Tell me, what's been going on?"

"I got into a little trouble, that's all. What else do you want to know?" he asked.

"For a start, how about the fancy underwear?" I requested.

He blushed again but after a pause, shrugged his shoulders and said, "Momma bought them from that mail order place. She calls them knickers, but they are just old fashioned girl's nylon bloomers. I have six pair, all in different colors, with blouses to match. She calls this my 'pink outfit'. She made me buy the blouses. I think it's her way of embarrassing me in front of my friends."

"The thugs you mean," I added.

"OK, but this is too much. I had to go into the stores with her to buy some frilly blouses. Once we had picked them out, she made me go into the dressing room to try them on so we could tell if the proper amount of lace showed at the legs and cuffs. In your wildest dreams, you can't imagine how embarrassed I was in that store in front of those sales ladies dressed like this. Walking around in the mall and back to the car was no picnic either, I can assure you."

I stared at him. "She puts makeup and nail polish on you too, doesn't she?"

He hesitated again, before saying, "She did for the first few days. Now, I have to do it myself, and if it's not perfect, she makes me do it over and punishes me as well."

"Does she make you talk in that soft voice too?"

"Yes," he replied. "One day I popped off at Dad, and he got mad and told Momma that I looked like a sissy, but I didn't sound enough like one. He said he wanted her to see what she could do about it. She sent away for this book called, 'Soprano for Boys.' For practice, she makes me read out loud to her for half an hour every morning and every night at bedtime. It also came with a vocal spray that I use every night."

"What do you read, newspapers?"

"Heavens no! I'm not allowed to read the newspaper, especially the sports. She puts the paper by daddy's chair as soon as

it arrives, and I know better than to touch it. I can only read girl's fashion and romance magazines. I even have to go into the drug store alone, dressed this way, to purchase them. While I read, Momma critiques my tone and my voice inflections. She makes me do them over and over until I get them just right. This way of speaking is getting to be a habit. I'm afraid to speak any other way or they might go to the court and I might have to go to jail."

"They wouldn't do that? Would they?"

"Dad's ready to send me away. Then one day Mom said I wasn't trying hard enough and called my probation officer asking what would happen if they refused to be responsible for me. I tried harder after that, I can assure you," he said adding, "I think the probation officer is having a big laugh at all this. She even said she might suggest this to more parents."

Needless to say, I left the Gates house with a lot to think about that night. I didn't see Larry for the next few days.

About a week later, Mr. Gates and I were removing a stump from the back lawn. Obviously Larry couldn't help since he had a week left on his punishment. While we were digging, I asked about Larry and mentioned that I hadn't seen him for a while.

Mr. Gates said that his wife and Larry were out shopping ... again. He griped, "They must think we are made of money. You should see my credit card bill----mostly mail order. I don't know why she needs all that junk." I inferred from his tone that they did this quite often and that he didn't approve. I didn't press the matter since Mr. Gates didn't seem to want to talk about it.

Funny thing about farmers. They look unprosperous sometimes but think nothing of spending \$75,000 for a new cultivator or tractor. There *is* money in farming, why do you think all the big corporations own farms.

An hour later we were still deeply engrossed in the dirty task, when Mrs. Gates came out the back door. Seeing us, she said she would make some sandwiches and drinks and have Larry bring them out.

Fifteen minutes later, Larry brought the food to the two of us. I dropped my shovel when I saw my friend walk out with the sandwiches. Larry was no longer wearing the sissy boy's outfit. He now wore a tight fitting red girl's jumper. There was no pretence to sissy, this was a girl's outfit.

His tanned legs, still hair free, emerged from the tiny shorts of the jumper near the crotch and ended in matching red tennis shoes. He wore a frilly girl's blouse under the straps of the jumper. The blouse had a row of lace down its entire length and

puffy short sleeves that also ended in lace. Larry's hair had been styled with bangs in front, but with the back hair tied into two little pigtails, each with a matching red ribbon in it. He wore red lipstick, and his nails were painted a matching color.

Larry no longer looked like a sissy fourteen year old boy, he now looked like an awkward, plain looking, yet attractive, fourteen year old farm girl.

There wasn't anything to indicate that they were cutting back on his punishment with only a week to go. Taking a sandwich, I thanked him trying not to stare.

Larry replied, "You are welcome." I noticed that his voice was different, a sweet soprano. It was still submissive, but now, it sounded almost feminine. Obviously his vocal exercises were paying dividends.

I was impressed with how clear Larry's skin appeared. I didn't say anything, but I surmised that Larry was made to use lotions and creams along with his other humiliations. He smelled nice.

I had to spend the next two weeks at summer camp with my Marine Corps Reserve Unit. The night before I was to leave, I stuck around after work. I had a chance to sit on the back porch and talk with Larry. He was still dressed like a teenage girl. He was wearing a pair of tight white shorts, a red sleeveless pull over, the red sneakers from the other day, red lipstick, and matching nail polish. Hip-hugger panties were quite visible through the thin material of his shorts. I asked him why he was now wearing girl's clothes instead of his sissy suit.

"I complained about doing woman's work in the house all day," he said, "Mother got mad and said that if I wore girl's clothes, maybe I wouldn't mind doing girl's work. The next day, she took me shopping, and I had to try on girl's clothes right there in the store."

"You're kidding? I said."

"I wish I was," he moaned. "Right there in the store. . . she stated to the clerk, 'I want to buy some panties and a cute outfit for my son to do *woman's work* in.' We ended up buying the red jumper and this outfit along with some underwear. She said if I complained any more, she would buy me a few house dresses or I could always *go to jail*. I can assure you that I have watched my tongue ever since! I know she is not threatening or kidding; she is promising!"

Later that day, I saw Larry accept a package with a big U.C. on the side from the mailman. Larry looked so feminine I wondered if mailman knew he was a boy.



I was gone for the next two weeks, but Larry was never far from my thoughts during that time. When I reported for work the Monday after my return from camp, I expected to see Larry waiting for me. His punishment should be over by now, and surely enough time had passed for him to change back into a nineteen year old young man.

I was met at the door by Mrs. Gates who greeted me very warmly. She informed me that Mr. Gates had gone to the horse show in Farmer City and would not be back until the next day, around noon.

I said, "That's okay. Larry and I can do the chores. I know what to do, and this will allow us to spend some time together. I have really missed that rascal!"

Mrs. Gates said, "Larry hasn't been a good boy, so..."

I stood there with my mouth open looking stunned.

"Larry is still working around the house for the time being," his mother announced.

"I don't understand. Isn't Larry's punishment over? He only had a week to go when I left for summer camp."

"There have been some changes since you were last here, Bob," Mrs. Gates continued. "Larry tried to run away a couple of days after you left. I caught him packing, and his punishment has been extended as a result."

I was flabbergasted. "B..But..How long will his punishment last now?"

"I don't know. Maybe the entire six months of his probation!"

"Six months!!! B.B..But that's forever, Mrs. Gates."

"Now, don't worry son," she said. "I know what is best for my child."

"But Mrs. Gates, six months is unreasonable in that sissy stuff."

The determined look on her face told me that I would get nowhere talking to her, so I decided to talk to her husband when he got home.

"Where is Larry anyway?" I inquired.

"He is restricted to his room until I allow him to leave," Mrs. Gates replied. "We felt the sissy outfits were a bit too much..."

I took a breath. They had come to their senses.

But Mrs. Gates quickly added, "We thought of a better idea. We decided to keep him in girl's clothes. He won't be running off now! Do you understand?"

Stunned by the news, I merely nodded my head in the affirmative. "Restricted?? ... but Larry is 19 years old. He is an adult. How can you ground an adult?" I asked.

"Very easily dear! Larry may be an adult, but the court made us responsible for his actions. He acts like he is only fourteen years old, he's restricted like he's fourteen," replied Mrs. Gates.

"B..But.." I stammered.

"Now, don't worry yourself about it dear, just remember that for the next six months, Larry will be confined to the house with few exceptions. I doubt if he will want to leave the way he's dressed," explained Mrs. Gates.

"Does Mr. Gates agree with this arrangement?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, dear! He realizes that if Larry went to jail and was around gangsters, he'd probably never get out. Besides, Larry wasn't the son Mr. Gates wanted, so we agreed that I would have free reign with Larry and he would be able to get that four wheel drive truck that he has always wanted. He is quite happy with the new truck and having you help with the farm," she stated.

"I can't believe that he traded his son in for a truck," I replied.

"Oh, he doesn't see it that way. Larry wasn't the type of son he wanted, so he didn't lose anything in the trade. And, I got a little help around the house which I've always wanted," she replied.

"Well, for six months anyway," I stated.

"A..yes, for six months," Mrs. Gates agreed with a twisted grin.

I left soon after this conversation determined to help my friend out of his predicament any way possible.

On the way to fix the tractor I saw the Gates' laundry hanging out to dry. Between the rows of sheets, there was lingerie hanging out. . .and not Mrs. Gates. Lingerie a young girl would wear: white nylon bras, panties and slips. There were also several garments I'd never seen before---they were like jock straps only no cup. I tried not to think about the conclusion I was coming to.

Larry was definitely in over his head. Over the next two weeks I discretely inquired around about the implications of the domination by Mrs. Gates of Larry. What I learned didn't please me very much. Since Larry was an adult, child abuse couldn't be used against Mrs. Gates. Slavery couldn't be used since Larry was part of the Gates' family. The end result was that it was Larry's problem and he had to solve it.

Worse yet, the normally nosey town folk preferred the 'sissy' Larry to the 'hooligan' Larry.

Knowing the resolve of Mrs. Gates and the apathy of her husband, and Larry's legal jam, I didn't hold much hope of Larry being able to assert himself and break this silly punishment being imposed upon him.

Exactly two weeks later, Mrs. Gates caught me as I was leaving for home after work. She said that Larry was no longer restricted, and had asked whether he could cook dinner for the four of us some evening.

I was puzzled by the implication that Larry had freely made such a suggestion, but my curiosity got the better of me and I agreed to come over for dinner on Saturday evening.

As was our custom, we knocked off from work around noon on Saturdays. This gave me plenty of time to go home, clean up, and ride around town with some of the old gang for awhile.

At seven that evening, I arrived dressed in a casual sports jacket and slacks, and rang the bell to the Gates' house. To say that I was a little nervous would be an understatement. Ever since my conversation with Mrs. Gates, I had been curious about how well Larry had taken to this change of life style that had been imposed on him. I was also interested in the reaction of Mr. Gates as well.

Mrs. Gates greeted me at the door. The greeting was cordial and friendly. Mr. Gates was in the living room reading a newspaper and Larry was not to be seen. Mr. Gates greeted me and offered me a seat next to him. He seemed to be in an unusually

good mood. Mrs. Gates said that she had to finish setting the table and excused herself. When I was alone with Mr. Gates, I inquired as to the whereabouts of Larry.

Mr. Gates smiled and said matter-of-factly, "He is in the kitchen making dinner. He will be out shortly to get us our drinks."

I assumed that Larry would be wearing girlish clothes like last time. I said, "You seem to have accepted Larry better now, Mr. Gates,"

"Well, Bob, you have to be philosophical about these things. Mrs. Gates is happier than ever, I've got my truck, you're helping me on the farm, and Larry is learning a lesson that he will remember long after this affair is over," Mr. Gates philosophized.

"But when will it be over?" I inquired.

"When he's learned; maybe when his probation is over," Mr. Gates answered.

"Are you sure? It always seems to be extended and Mrs. Gates seems to be taking this rather seriously."

"Oh I wouldn't worry about that. I'm sure that the novelty will wear off and all will be back to normal at the end of the six months," he stated.

With that, Mrs. Gates called us into the dining room to be seated.

Once we were seated, Mrs. Gates called into the kitchen, "Okay dear, you can bring the food in now."

My stomach was doing cartwheels as the kitchen door opened and Larry entered with the appetizer trays. I was taken aback by what I saw! This person was definitely not my friend Larry! This appeared to be a most realistic and pretty young teenage girl carrying the food into the room.

He was wearing a blue and white cotton print dress with a full skirt obviously held out by a number of petticoats. The dress was ---well, too girlish. It had lace trim around the hem, around the collar, and on each of the puffed out sleeves, and the skirt fell to just above his knees. The front of the dress was covered with a frilly white apron that wrapped around his waist and was tied in a big bow at his back. The dress accentuated what looked like small breasts, and a closer look showed that Larry wore a bra.

I knew Larry would not be running off anymore if these were his only clothes.

His legs were covered with sheer nylon stockings. If one looked closely, they could see muscular definition about the calf,



but they were still quite lovely. His feet were encased in matching white pumps with practical two inch heels. His blonde hair now hung to his chin and was held in place with two hair clips, one located on each side of his head capturing all the feathery strands. He wore a conservative amount of makeup, blush, eye shadow, and pink lipstick. His fingernails, longer than normal, were shaped and colored to match the lipstick.

His high heels clicked back and forth to the kitchen while he was serving the food, a turkey dinner.

I could tell that this was my friend Larry, but he sure didn't look like Larry now. When his eyes met mine, color came into his cheeks and he lowered his eyelids while brushing back a lock of hair out of his eyes. Even that expression was childlike and girlish.

"Bob, I sometimes call him Lisa now. *Lisa*, say hello to Bob," Mrs. Gates beamed.

He glared at his mother then almost too quietly to hear, Larry whispered, "Hello Bob."

I returned the greeting almost as quietly, as I was completely frazzled by the event. This was worse than the sissy stuff.

"He's still a little shy, Bob. But, don't worry, he will open up once he gets used to you seeing him in skirts," Mrs. Gates injected.

Larry quietly dished out the appetizer and sat down at the table. I was amazed he was able to keep his composure. We all ate in silence, each of us somewhat afraid to start a conversation. Any conversation was started by either Mr. or Mrs. Gates. Larry only spoke when spoken to and then in a whisper. If possible, I was even more silent. I spent most of the meal wondering how my friend got himself into such a fix.

I also spent a lot of time examining 'Lisa' for signs of Larry. There were a few, but one had to look closely. The meal was served by Larry with few mistakes. The food was delicious and obviously took a lot of time to prepare. It was obvious that Larry had been trained to perform this duty since he would never have known how to do it before this punishment started. I couldn't help wondering why they made him wear a dress and not just sissy slacks or something.

After the meal, Mr. Gates insisted that he, his wife, and I sit on the back porch to talk while Larry did the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen.

We sat sipping lemonade. I watched Mrs. Gates relaxing while Larry did his work. We talked about the farm, the animals, the crops, and the weather, but we never got around to the subject weighing heavily on my mind. That was Larry!

When his domestic tasks were completed, Larry, having removed his apron, joined us on the porch. As I stood to offer him my chair, his mother said, "Why don't you two youngsters go for a walk in the countryside. The fresh air will do you good. Anyway, he hasn't been out of the house for quite some time.

With Larry's skirt swinging, we walked down a path beside the fields. Neither of us spoke until we were well out of earshot of the house. This privacy allowed us, the two old friends that we were, an opportunity to converse without being overheard.

"When I left for camp, you had less than a week to go on your punishment. Why did you try to run away with so little time to go? And, how did you get into this 'Lisa' pickle?" I asked.

"I didn't want you to see me in *that* jumper the day that I brought sandwiches out to you and Daddy. All I did was tell Momma that I didn't want you to see me dressed that way. She became angry and said I was insolent, defiant, and rude. As a punishment for my disrespect, she added two weeks to my sentence and made me go into the boutique at the mall, by myself wearing the jumper, to purchase a babydoll nightgown, while she waited outside. There were friends of mine there. She just did it to embarrass me. I couldn't stay in town anymore. I tried to run."

"A nightgown," I questioned?

"Yeah, and she makes me sleep in them every night. You don't know how embarrassed I was in that store surrounded by women, asking for and picking out that nightie. Now, I have to put on my baby doll nighty and curl up beside Momma to practice my reading lessons every night. Everything I do on my own is cause for addition to my sentence. I have to ask permission or wait to be told before I can make a move. I just couldn't stand it anymore! I had to get away!"

"You can speak louder around me. You don't have to persist in using that little girl's voice when your parents aren't around?" I said.

"You can never tell when they will show up, or when they might overhear. If they caught me speaking in any other tone, they would tack more time onto my six months. I'm not going to give them cause for any more time. Until my probation is up, I'll do whatever they ask. At the end of the six months probation, I'm gone!" Larry said with conviction.

"You mean that you are going to cooperate with them for six months?" I asked.

"Yes, for the next half year---anything they say. But after that, I'm history around here," Larry stated adamantly.

I looked him in the eyes and said, "You are even walking and moving like a girl. Why go along?"

"I'll play along. At first I thought I might get them to drop this thing if I looked sissy. That didn't work. Last week in town, one clerk thought I was actually a girl. It was easier to be taken for a real girl than a boy in a dress."

Throughout this conversation I quietly observed Larry for mistakes in his disguise, but I found none. His manner was always that of a prim young lady from the way he carried himself to how he looked. Obviously Larry had decided upon a plan of placating his mother until the punishment term was up, and he would do whatever she asked to insure no further increases to that term.

Since I couldn't find a better plan, I decided that maybe Larry knew what he was doing, although the look of determination on Mrs. Gates face gave me some doubts. But, since I had nothing better to suggest, I decided to not say anything and let Larry carry on with his plan.

I left soon after we returned from our walk and didn't see Larry for over two weeks. I disagreed with what was happening to my friend, but I was unable to influence the outcome. I decided to carry on with my own life and let Larry endure his punishment.

About two weeks after the meal, Mr. Gates and I were working in his north forty fields. He was now an unwilling participant in Larry's punishment now, although he apparently started the whole thing. We spent the whole day plowing without seeing either Larry or Mrs. Gates. He didn't say much about his son, although when the subject came up, he always referred to Larry in the male gender and called him Larry. He did say that their absence was due to shopping, and "taking care of essential business", as Mrs. Gates called it.

I was surprised when we quit early. Mr. gates said something about Larry cooking his favorite meal, lamb shank stew. I had noticed something else lately. Mr. Gates shirts and pants were pressed. He said once, "I hate it when he over starches my shirts.

Over the next month, I continued to help Mr. Gates on his farm, but during that time I never saw my friend. We were working far south of the Gates' house. I did see Mrs. Gates once, but she said Larry was "in town." She was quite vague and I didn't pursue it further.

About two months into Larry's punishment term, while helping Mr. Gates dig some fence post holes, I ran into my friend again, quite by accident. I had gone into the Gates' kitchen to get a couple of beers for Mr. Gates and myself, when the door opened and Larry walked in.

To say the least, each of us was startled by the presence of the other. Larry was wearing a short blue skirt, a simple white blouse, light blue tennis shoes with matching socks, and his hair had grown and was pushed back into a ponytail. His face was tastefully made up with a little eyeliner, lipstick, and blush. His fingers were painted a matching red. He presented the picture of a very pretty teenage girl. I could see no flaws.

"Oh, hello Bob," Larry said in a most convincing soprano. It was the voice of a teenage girl.

"Uh ... hi," I replied.

We looked at each other for a few seconds before Larry spoke, "C..can I get you something?"

"N..no, I just came in for a couple of beers for your Dad and me," I said.

"Oh, are you still helping Daddy with the post digging?" he asked.

"Yes. He and I have finished a lot of overdue projects together," I said.

"Poor Daddy. He always wanted a strong son and I never filled the bill. Now I guess he has gotten his wish through you," Larry sighed.

"Oh don't get discouraged Larry. You only have four more months and you can resume your place as his son. I'm sure he will be more understanding the next time around."

"I'm not so sure there will be a next time around," he said.

"What do you mean? This punishment can't last forever. You have been doing everything that your mother requests, haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes, Bob. She has no complaints and no further time has been assessed. But...well...things are happening that make me wonder whether I'll ever be the same."

"What are you talking about! Of course you will," I stated with concern in my voice.

"A lot of little things make me say that, Bob. Haven't you wondered where I have been over the last two months while you have been helping Daddy in the fields?" Larry asked.

"Well, yes I have, but your Dad didn't seem concerned." I answered.

"Poor, poor Daddy. He always wanted a son and I didn't measure up. But now he has you, and he is apparently satisfied. I.I.I think Mom is making me into a real girl, Bob!" Larry sobbed, breaking down with that last confession.

Coming to my friends rescue, I took Larry in my arms to comfort him. "You must be mistaken. She couldn't ... wouldn't ... do that. How would she ... how could she?? I mean, you're a boy, actually almost a man! This is just a temporary situation. . .Just to keep you at home."

Larry sniffled while being held to my chest. "I don't think so Bob. Feel my cheeks."

Gently disengaging myself from my friend, I did as requested. Larry's cheeks were as smooth as a baby's skin.

"A friend of mother's is studying to become an electrologist. She needed a hundred more hours of practice and she's been *practicing* on me. My whole face, Bob. I can never grow a beard now. My mustache, beard, the whole works have been removed by electrolysis. I haven't shaved in nearly two weeks. Any little

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stubble that grows is immediately removed by that friend of my mother's," Larry quietly said with his eyes downcast.

I was in shock. I looked at his highly arched feminine eye brows and asked, "Even those?"

He nodded.

"NO," I exhaled.

"Even if I dressed as a man again, I would never be able to grow a beard again, and you know how much pride I took in my mustache," Larry broke down and started to cry real tears.

Somewhat flustered, I could only mutter, "B.But..why did she do this?"

"She read some book that came in the mail. I don't think she plans on allowing me to ever return to being Larry again. I am becoming the daughter she has always wanted, and I think she plans on keeping me this way. She likes me cooking and keeping house," Larry sobbed.

"NO, NO," I comforted but wasn't entirely sure. Surely this was just his mother's way of controlling him; scare him into obedience. It was better than him going to jail.

All I could do was slowly back away in confusion. Seeing what appeared to be a cute teenage girl standing in front of me, crying her eyes out, only added to my confusion. There wasn't much to remind me of the friend I remembered only three short months ago.

Could he be right? Could Mrs. Gates have plans other than what she had told me? While these thoughts were going through my head, Larry lightly dabbed his eyes and pulled together his composure.

Then, remembering how small Larry had felt in my arms, another thought entered my head. "Weren't you bigger than this?" I asked.

"She has me on a diet and vitamins." He showed me the bottle with a big green label that said 'U.C. EVERYDAY VITAMINS'. He continued, "Mother won't let me near a scale, but I think I have lost a few pounds over the past month," Larry sighed.

"I think a lot of weight. You feel boney," I stated.

"I don't doubt you Bob; so much has happened lately. There are other things happening that make me think you are right," Larry whispered.

"What other things??" I asked with concern.

"W..Well, My muscle tone has all but disappeared. My hair is growing thicker and faster than ever. A..And t.t..this is my natural voice."

I noticed that Larry's hair hung to his shoulders now. His legs didn't show the muscle tone I had noticed before, and his voice was very teenage girlish.

"It's just the weight loss," I said adding, "And maybe the lack of athletic exercise. In no time..."

He interrupted, "I've haven't lost any weight in my chest area and my nipples are very sensitive."

"Do you always have to wear a bra?" I asked seeing the telltale strap marks.

He nodded.

Before I could comment further, Mrs. Gates entered the kitchen, and I could tell that Larry wanted the conversation to stop. Mrs. Gates was very friendly and thanked me for helping with the outdoor work. Then, she reminded Larry that his piano lessons were waiting. Without further comment, Larry left the kitchen for the piano room.

"He is becoming really pretty, isn't he, Bob?" Mrs. Gates asked after Larry left the room. "Sometimes I forget about his roughneck days completely."

"Y..Yes. . .I guess," I answered not mentioning the recent conversation I had just had with Larry.

"You must come in more often, Bob. He needs a friend," Mrs. Gates said. "In fact, would you be willing to take Larry to the movies next Saturday evening, Bob?" she asked realizing that I couldn't say no. The movies would give Larry and I a chance to talk alone.

"Uh...well, I guess so," I said then asked, "Dressed like he is now?"

"Heavens no! He has several even prettier dresses! Good. He'll be ready at 7:00, Bob," Mrs. Gates finished.

•••

That's enough! I'm Larry and I'm sounding like a real nincompoop in this story. Bob's got the facts right but has no idea why I had to do those things.

To be honest, I knew the car was stolen. I knew I might get in trouble but my life was so miserable at home I couldn't stand it. Now Bob's going to tell you about having to take me to a movie. How embarrassing for him. Taking his buddy out in a dress.

At first when mother said I could go with Bob to the movie I was excited. I assumed that I would be given my pants back. WRONG! I said to mother rather gingerly, "I think Bob will be embarrassed being seen with me?"

"Nonsense," Mother said, "Not if you wear nice clothes and do your hair."

I knew what she meant; I should try to look like a girl. I had no choice, only the hope that Bob would back out feigning sickness or something.

It was not until Saturday morning that I had real qualms about going. Bob hadn't backed out. I was going to have to go.

I knew two things. First of all, I had no choice. Second of all, I had to look as real as possible to avoid embarrassment for Bob. I washed my hair and put it up in pin curls, clamping each one with two bobby pins like mother had shown me.

Staring into the mirror, I carefully plucked several hairs out of each eyebrow—what was left after the electrolysis. I had discovered that she couldn't get what wasn't there! I opened my closet and studied my dress wardrobe to see what I could wear. All my pants had been moved somewhere so I examined the dresses one by one. How did I know what to wear to a movie?

The navy-blue silk was too dressy and he'd seen the cotton print. As I went through the closet I wished I had a gun.

The decision was made for me. My mother came in and said, "Wear the new skirt and blouse."

"Mom," I pleaded, "It's too short!"

"Fashionable," she corrected. "You better iron it though."

I spent half an hour pressing the black skirt and red blouse. The fabrics were very delicate so I had to be very careful not to burn them. I ironed and experienced pains of humiliation about myself. What could I say to Bob? Would he ask about my lingerie again? It would be stupid to talk about sports. I was going to be so embarrassed.

That afternoon, mother made me repaint my nails a darker shade of red and put my hair up in curlers. She wanted to make sure I did it right.

Just before I served supper, I took the bobby pins and out of my hair. My father didn't allow me to come to the table with curlers in my hair. I barely touched the casserole, this whole spectacle had spoiled my appetite. Dad asked me what I was wearing tonight and I told him. He seemed totally unconcerned that his son was going out in a dress. I guess taking me to court had shamed him more than I knew.

After cleaning up the dinner dishes, I went upstairs to get ready. That's when I realized that the skirt and blouse were all wrong; too short, too girlish, and too tight. I hastily pressed a brown cotton dress that was very conservative. In my haste I

burned the front and now I would have to wear the skirt and blouse.

I examined my face in the mirror and plucked out another stray eyebrow hair. My mother came to my door and said, "I'm here to help you."

To my surprise she came in carrying her makeup bag. "I'll do your makeup tonight," she said.

With the experience of years, she adeptly took a lipstick brush and outlined my lips with a deeper red than I'd ever worn, then filled them in with a lighter shade. She blotted off some with a tissue. Adding some shadow, mascara and blush she announced, "Perfect, now let's brush out your hair."

She teased the top and even took her sewing scissors and snipped across the back to make it even.

At quarter to seven, I was ready. Mother told me not to sit down so I wouldn't wrinkle my skirt. My mouth was dry and my hands felt cold. I wished I could die.

•••

The next Saturday evening I showed up at the Gates' door at 6:55 with butterflies buzzing around in my stomach. This would be the first time that Larry and I would be seen together in public since Larry started living in dresses. Was I ready to be seen in public with my best friend in his present condition?

Larry met me at the door. He was wearing a tight fitting dark skirt that only reached three inches above his knees. A conservative red blouse with a big bow at the back covered the upper portion of his body. His hair was curled and pulled back with a red ribbon. He wore a conservative amount of makeup and red pumps with 2" heels on his feet. In short, exactly what a 'nice' girl would wear out on a date.

"Now you two should be on your way. The movie starts soon. Be sure to have him home by 11:00, Bob. He has to get his beauty sleep," Larry's mother laughed.

I assured her that I would get Larry home in plenty of time.

"And, Larry, be careful with your skirt. Don't let it ride up. People may see your pretty panties," she finished. Blushing, Larry assured her that he would be careful.

As we walked to my truck Larry walked ahead of me. It was obvious by the wiggle in his walk that the tight skirt was restricting his movements. That plus the two inch heels he was wearing produced a feminine slink to his walk.

I hurried ahead to open the passenger side door for him. It became quickly obvious that Larry would need help getting into

the cab of my truck. It was too high and his tight skirt again restricted his movements.

I offered him my hand for balance while he lifted his skirt a little to allow enough freedom of movement to step into the open door. I didn't get a glimpse of his frilly panties but saw a lot of leg as he entered the cab with as much grace as he could muster.

I felt sorry for him and his struggle. A couple of months ago he would have bounded into the cab while wearing his jeans, but a couple of months ago, he wasn't being forced to wear tight skirts. I didn't know what to think. I was embarrassed that someone might see us together and know I was with 'Larry' in a dress. On the other hand, he looked like the prettiest girl in town.

The movie was in a local mall and it didn't take long to reach it. He didn't have as much trouble exiting the truck as entering it. We walked next to each other into the mall and up to the ticket booth. I volunteered to purchase both tickets since it would look a little strange having Larry purchase his own ticket when it was obvious that we were together.

Actually, I was hoping that the evening would pass with everyone thinking I was just out on a date with a lovely girl. I hoped I wouldn't see anyone I knew.

The movie was quite good. Larry gave me some money for popcorn and drinks and between the food and the movie, it was a most pleasant experience. For a time, I forgot about how he was dressed and just enjoyed my friend's company.

After leaving the movie, we walked by an ice cream parlor in the mall. He said that an ice cream would taste real good. I guess Mrs. Gates had him on a strict diet which didn't include sweets. I felt sorry for him, so, we walked into the parlor, purchased the ice cream and sat down to enjoy it.

Larry sat primly nibbling at his vanilla ice cream. His red lips smudged with white ice cream. He tossed his long blonde hair to the side. It was much curlier than I remembered. He looked so prissy sitting there all bundled up in girl's clothes.

We were about half way through the dessert when I heard a familiar voice call my name. Looking up from my conversation with Larry, I saw Bill Taylor and his girlfriend, April, walking towards us. My heart leaped into my throat. Bill and April knew Larry quite well and they knew that Larry and I were best friends.

I looked at Larry and could tell from the fear in his eyes that he recognized the voice and the consequences of their coming over to our table. I started to get up to go over to meet them

half way so that they wouldn't get to the table and see Larry, but they were quicker than I.

Bill was the first to reach our table. He reached out a hand to me and said, "Hi, Bob. How's it going? And who is your gorgeous date?" Before I could reply, Alice got to the table and was giving Larry the once over.

"LARRY???" W...why it's Larry," she squealed. Bill was startled by Alice's statement and gave Larry another look.

"What the.. .W...why it certainly is," he whispered.

Larry looked like he was ready to slide under the table. His cheeks were burning crimson and his eyes were looking into his lap. There was no use in denying the obvious. Larry's looks may have been changed by the makeup and hairdo, but his basic facial features were the same and these two people knew him well.

"Uh...uh, yes it is," I stammered.

"Wh..why are you wearing girls clothes?" Alice asked. Larry continued to stare into his lap and didn't answer the question. I came to his rescue by explaining, "Larry has had some legal problems lately. I'm sure you heard."

They both nodded. Everyone had heard of them.

I added, "He's sort of hiding out. . .so to speak. You know probation and all.

Surprisingly, Alice showed immediate sympathy for Larry's alleged problems. Bill, on the other hand began to snicker. When he said, "Nice legs, there, Larry. Maybe they should have put you in the woman's prison.

Alice quickly came to Larry's defense, "Now you be quiet, Bill. Larry is just trying to get his life together. He can't help what has happened to him."

Bill quieted down with that remark, but it was obvious that he found Larry's predicament amusing and wouldn't quit eye-balling him. It was also obvious that he would not keep a secret and the whole town, those that didn't already know, would know about Larry within two days.

After a couple of minutes of strained conversation where Larry didn't say a word, Bill and April took their leave. I could hear Bill snicker as they left the parlor with April telling him to be silent. All the while, Larry sat silently looking into his lap, his cheeks red as flame.

On the way home, Larry was very quiet. He sat with his nyloned legs pressed together and hands in his lap. At home, before he went in, we chatted as he sat on a brick wall, he apologized, "I'm sorry if I embarrassed you."

"Bill's a jerk," was all I was able to say.

•••

I felt so depressed after Bob dropped me off. Mother had waited up and asked, "How was your date dear?"

I told her about what happened at the ice cream parlor hoping she would realize what she was doing to me.

"You should have told them you were 'Lisa' now," she criticized. "We'll have to do something to help you."

A week later a large package arrived from California again filled with blue, pink and green items. There was a hair setting instruction kit with many sized rollers, clips, lotions and hair sprays. There was a daily lesson which at first mother helped me with but soon I found fun to do.

My hair was getting quite long. Some styles were easy like a straight bob or page boy but the lessons quickly turned complicated such as complex French braids and upswept formal styles. I really didn't have much to do so I guess I started to be delighted by what I saw in the mirror.

Part of the lesson was to wear the coiffure all day learning how to keep it pretty and adjust it occasionally. I must have spent hours each day fooling with it, brushing it and conditioning it. At times I genuinely wished it was longer.

Mother also bought a tape recorder to play 'relaxation' music to me before I went to bed. That's when I started dreaming as 'Lisa'. In my dreams, I was dressed as a girl and was happy.

•••

Another month passed before I saw my friend again. I was in the shopping mall looking for some shoes when I heard my



"Larry no longer looked like a boy."

name being called from across the walkway in front of a shoe store. Looking up, I saw Mrs. Gates and Larry.

Mrs. Gates was waving to me and asking me to come over. A couple of minutes later, I was standing next to the two ladies. Larry was wearing a navy-blue silk dress printed with white daisies, nylons, and a modest amount of jewelry. His shoes looked like pumps except that they had open toes and a strap across the top. I noticed that the pearl earrings were for pierced ears, and the dress was sheer enough that I could see his slip beneath. He had on a modest amount of makeup, eye shadow, and lipstick.

Something about him seemed different. The clothes looked very nice on him. His hair seemed lighter and was in a curled ponytail which hung below his shoulders. The outfit, hair ribbons, all indicated a young teenage girl.

"We are shopping for new clothes," Mrs. Gates stated. "Larry's figure has changed, and new clothes are necessary. Besides, school starts in another two weeks. Larry's going back to high school."

That was the difference, I thought. Larry was much thinner than I remembered him being. Also a different shape---curved. His hips seemed wider than ever but his upper shoulder area was delicate.

"We are shopping for shoes with real high heels," Mrs. Gates said, adding, "Like those!" She pointed to a beautiful airy pair with 4 inch heels, thin soles and a wisp of leather to hold them on.

What was going on...? I came out of my thought when school was mentioned. "School?...B..but.."

"Why yes, Bob. Larry re-enters high school next month," Mrs. Gates casually stated.

"B..but.. you mean. . .dressed. . .?," was all that I could say.

"Why not. Larry never finished school, remember? He dropped out after that first awful incident with the law. I never forgave him for that embarrassing episode. Now my child has a second chance to gain a high school education. He is going to be a junior in high school next term; accepted into Miss Barton's school for girls."

"B..but what about the six month sentence? Won't it be over long before school ends?" I asked, looking over at my friend who was standing quietly to the side dressed to the nines in teen girl fashion.

"Well, we will cross that bridge when we get there. For now, Larry is doing very well and I see no reason to change anything.

He might as well attend school," Mrs. Gates replied with finality in her voice.

We talked about farm work for another minute or so before I made an excuse to leave. Larry never uttered a word the whole time. A look of resignation was written all over his pretty face as they walked into the shoe store to buy him high heels.

Larry's plan to do as his mother asked for the six month sentence without protest, had backfired. When he let his defenses down and stopped protesting and resisting her efforts, her forces poured through his lines. With these barriers gone, she had gone to work changing him with a vengeance. The end result was that he apparently no longer had the will, nor the ability to fight her.

After that conversation, I felt certain that Larry's worst fears were coming true. His mother was determined to keep him in dresses from now on, and there was nothing he, nor I, could do to change her mind. Obviously, Larry had now accepted his fate, even though reluctantly. Maybe jail was a better place?

Several afternoons later I dropped by Larry's house to return one of his father's wrenches. Larry was in the kitchen cooking dinner for the family. He looked startled when he saw me standing at the back door.

"Oh, Bob, you scared me," Larry said, brushing a loose strand of hair out of his face. He looked embarrassed and rightly so. He was wearing a gingham print dress with a white lacy apron over top. He had several large pink curlers on the top of his head.

"Come in," he said softly. His face was red. Was it from the hot stove or the embarrassing situation. "Iced tea," he asked?

"Sure," I said trying again not to look too shocked. He quickly untied the apron and poured us a couple glasses.

"Take these into the living room and I'll be right with you. I just have to turn down the oven," he said.

I went into the living room and sat down on the couch taking a big gulp of tea. There was a thick mail order catalog on the coffee table. I picked it up in idle curiosity. My mouth dropped at the sight of what was in it. The company was called **UNDER CONTROL**. Inside the cover was a letter.

It read:

Dear Ms. Gates,

"Thank you for your interest in UNDER CONTROL. We are a very exclusive mail order company for the special items needed for feminizing your husband, son or special friend. We specialize in control garments and items to help your chosen man become a vision of femininity."

"Due to high demand we have now added a junior's department for mother's helping their sons through the difficult time of development. We have many new items for boys in 'girl' training, but can't for one reason or another appear as girls."

"One special item is a Crotch Former in the traditional Jockey look. While looking on the outside like boy's shorts (padded bulge and all), they are actually controlling his maleness and training it to conform to a more girlish mold. This avoids embarrassment during early figure training before their breasts and hips develop making it impossible to hide anyway."

"Also we have added a special section for fathers worried that they were losing their son, perhaps irrevocably. If there is any questions call our toll free number. We have many custom services. Call 1-800-555-MTOF."

Sincerely Yours,

Mia

Proprietress and Manager

Under Control, Inc.

a subsidiary of THE CHRISSEY INSTITUTE

In small print, there was a guide in the front giving a color code to each item. **Red = reversible. Yellow = irreversible. Blue = mental alteration. Pink = physical alteration. Green = unaware.** A shiver went up my back.

Larry walked into the room and saw me with the catalog. He blushed and said, "Mother ordered it." He came over and to my surprise sat down rather close to me. He had removed the pink curlers and freshened his makeup, adding lipstick and perfume. His hair was like a halo, all teased, curled and soft looking. With his fingers he dexterously adjusted a stray tendril around his shoulders. This feminine gesture would be ridiculously effeminate on a boy but I could only see 'girl' now.

I felt a little uncomfortable sitting so close to him in his present circumstances, his skirt was almost touching my pants. It was almost like "it" might be "catching" or something. I looked at him and then at the catalog.

"Let me show you a few of the things Mother ordered," Larry said as he took the catalog from my hands and began to flip through the pages. "You won't believe some of the stuff in here," he added.

We looked through the catalog. It was filled with pictures of different items being modeled by beautiful girls and women. "WOW," I said seeing one in a string bikini.

Larry smiled and winked, "They're mostly all boys!"

"NO?" I exclaimed.

"Yeah," he beamed.

"Amazing." I shook my head.

"They have everything. LOOK!"

He stopped on a furnishings page. There was a special pillow.

The caption said:

"As a male's breasts begin to expand, one very noticeable difference is the difficulty with sleeping on one's stomach. He may complain that it feels like he is sleeping on two little pillows. While he will find this a pleasant feeling later, during the first months of growth, he will constantly be restless trying to get comfortable. This special pillow is a must when breasts are beginning to bud and become tender and swollen. It allows a place for the nipples to rest while sleeping."

Larry smiled and flipped the pages and pointed out different items and explaining them to me since it was obvious that I was interested or bewildered.

There were pages of videos and music tapes...some with subliminal messages, each marked with a special color and a warning about playing the 'wrong' color tape. They were to desensitize the male about the changes taking place in their bodies. It was obvious that this catalog was meant for a mother or wife not the *changee*.

There were pages of guide books on feminizing techniques such as teaching body language and comporment. The headline said:

"*WALKING WITH A WIGGLE*. Teaching modestly and the natural motion of a female."

The books had titles like "Becoming Female", "Willing to Women" and "Male by Mistake."

Other items included permanent make-up, lotions and notions. There were many ads for feminizing potions and elixirs.

One ad concerned me. It was called **BARELY THERE™**.

The ad read:

"We've had many calls asking whether there is a better way to hide that unmentionable. Finally there is."

"Simply a lotion that you apply the non-greasy lotion twice a day to that bothersome maleness. You'll immediately notice a cool almost cold feeling that will cause everything to shrivel up like after a cold shower. What you won't notice immediately is that everything stays shriveled for up to twelve hours. What's amazing about this lotion is that with continued use, it actually 'shrinks' with each use. You can actually expect shrinkage of 1/4 inch per month."

There was one user testimonial that said:

"I started using 'Barely There™' at my wife's insistence. I had been going out dressed as a woman with her for several years before she discovered 'Barely There'. I naturally assumed that it wouldn't work, but at my wife's insistence I used it every day for eight or nine months. I knew the coolness caused things to shrink temporarily and noticed only moderate change but I continued anyway."

Larry said, "Look at them!"

I looked at the women's pictures next to the blown up picture of a yellow tube of 'BARELY THERE™'. A most sexy beach picture of two women in bikini's playing in knee high surf. I had to assume that one was the wife and the other was the husband. I looked close at the most obvious place, only to see identical flat triangles of femaleness.

My eyes went back to the picture's caption:

"At the end of a year using of 'BARELY THERE™', I had a most unusual shock. I was at work (still working as a man) and went into the restroom. I stood at the urinal and opened my fly like I had all my life and dug in to get some relief. Suddenly my heart started to pound when I realized I couldn't find it and when I did, it was too short to even pull out of the fly. Luckily there was no one in the bathroom at the time. I quickly went into a stall and dropped my shorts. My heart raced as I saw my minuscule maleness, hardly the size of a baby's. No wonder my wife had commented on how well my panties looked recently."

I looked at Larry asked, "You aren't...Are you?"

He giggled and blushed. "I just found out mother was buying stuff from here. She gave me a 15 day, sample tube yesterday that came with our last order. I applied some just before you arrived.

"NO?"

Larry blushed at my reaction, re-crossing his legs tightly together. He muttered, "It sort of feels nice," then sniggered, "What to try some?"

"NO!" I sighed in disbelief, "This is nuts. I wouldn't want a wife of mine to get a hold of this catalog."

We went on. There were pages and pages of breast pads and special padded bras with names like 'PRETEND-HERS' and 'PERT ONES FOR BOYS'. The bras were all sizes, many with padding and all very realistic. There was a sizing note that read: "We feel that all males should use the most realistic feeling breast forms. It takes time for them to get used to the additional weight and 'the way they get in the way'. Training bras and inserts should always be one size larger than he naturally is.

That way he gets used to maneuvering around with 'a little extra'.

There was more:

Title: **MUST ITEMS FOR THE IRREVOCABLE!**

There were latex training items in various sizes, (marked blue) for those who are to 'learn the female function'. There was also a 'sex education' series of video tapes to teach various methods of "Being the girl." That was the name of one of the videos showing the do's and don't of different situations that can happen. The headline said, **A MUST, IF YOU ARE DOUBLE DATING WITH YOUR HUSBAND!**

There was a picture of two young women in sexy dresses. One must have been a male but I couldn't tell which. The caption said:

"Sally (left) has properly trained her husband for anything that can happen when dating...have you?"

The husband looked more feminine than the wife. He also looked a little scared.

Larry pointed to one in the book and said, "Mother ordered this one for me. I didn't look.

Page by page we went through the catalog. There were voice aids with special exercises on giggling, singing, and other vocal expressions. There were ear piercing kits, walking exercises, beauty lotions, herbs and more.

There was a group of yellow pages in the catalog that listed a series of seminars that advertised:

"YOU WILL BE CHECKING YOUR 'MALENESS' AT THE DOOR AND LEARNING HOW TO BECOME A PRODUCTIVE FEMALE IN SOCIETY."

There will be guest speakers, one of whom is Dr. J.J. Hearsay, the noted researcher in medical reassignments. He will talk of new feminizing techniques and hormones he's using with outstanding results.

In his latest book: Adding Feminine Essence, a Sandy Thomas publication, he says, "an important part of femininity is the elimination of masculinity as a option. Once a patient realizes that male options are no longer open, femininity evolves easier and becomes natural."

Dr. Hearsay will bring along several of his clients and a video tape to demonstrate how effective his techniques are. The documentary video tape will show a gawky young man's first visit with his mother to Dr. Hearsay. From David's first embarrassing admission and first evaluation to his decision day regarding hormone therapy, you'll see all the subtle adjustments as this boy's body

changes from a thin nondescript boy into a soft curvacious young woman. You'll see him buying his first bra and the ultimate realization that he could no longer appear as male even if he wanted to..

You'll see David's counseling sessions with Dr. Hearsay's associate, Clinical Psychologist, Dr. Marian Berns. She helps David through the difficult periods of adjustment such as when he is called sissy by other boys and the emotional confrontations when Dr. Berns forces David to admit that he is for all intents and proposes, a female; that his male function was gone forever.

You'll see David, now Diane, years later getting ready for his wedding and the excitement in his eyes as he walks down the aisle in his white wedding gown with his proud father by his side. You'll experience the excitement as his father gives him away and he says 'I do' to the preacher as the handsome groom stands by his side.

Larry quickly turned the page. There was a legal forms kit which provided information for legally changing your name and sex.

It said:

"Most don't take this step until later in the transformation process." We recommended that this be done as soon as possible, perhaps right after his first hormones. Everything you will need to maneuver around the legal system is in this kit. In some cases it's just simply a matter of form 74578C, the MISTAKEN DOCUMENT correction form. Imagine his surprise when he receives new identification. A great gift item.

There was a whole section, about twenty pages long, on ALLURING FEMININITY, The Mental Process. He skipped that section.

Towards the back of the catalog it advertised:

SPECIAL VACATIONS: Special tours and vacations for the summer.

June 20-August 28 - California Bikini Summer.

A special week for boys about to attend college. Studies include: hair styling and coloring to the appropriate blonde shade. Included are all bikini support devices and dresses needed.

Requirements: Female hormone inoculation certificate and shoulder length hair. The first two weeks are spent at our clinic and the next two at our private pool. Then onto the beach. Mother's and wives are encouraged to join and enjoy the sun during the last two weeks.

The testimonial said:

One mother writes, "Bill didn't want to attend but I made him. When I first saw him in August, I was shocked. He had a healthy tan and his beautiful blonde hair curled around his shoulders. Being in a bikini changed him. Naturally his walk had changed. It was now a sultry swing. But also his attitude had changed. Showing me the cleavage rising slightly between the cups of his padded bikini top, he said in his now girlish voice, 'Oh, Mom, I love wearing bikini's on the beach.' I'm sending him back this year."

The price is high but the end result will be pleasing.

Another vacation was:

EUROPE ESCORTED

This summer tour is a supervised guided tour for a husband and wife. Make sure your husband is wearing his best dress, because you will be met at the airport by two handsome, virile Italian men who will be your escorts for the summer.

From that moment on you will travel as two married couples. Naturally, you'll love seeing the sights with a new 'husband' as your old one plays the 'wife' of his escort. This tour is especially helpful with husbands that are jealous. Your escorts know just what to do if he should get 'out of character'.

A note of caution: This vacation is not for the causal cross-dresser. Built into this vacation are many psychological feminizing delights that can not be taken lightly. Many husbands find this set-up troubling at first and have trouble staying in 'role'. Your 'guides' expect only completely feminine reactions from him and have been trained in keeping him in 'role.' You will see many changes in your husband after this vacation.

The "**SEND HIM AWAY**" summer vacation.

Just want him out of your hair? We send a Limo to pick him up on June 16th. We take him to an exclusive "resort" near Los Angeles where a staff will cater to his every need. World renowned, but unknown, this institute will create a "lady" out of even the roughest of dudes.

Larry closed the catalog. I was speechless.

(WATCH FOR MORE OF "UNDER CONTROL" in future Sandy Thomas Publications. Any products you'd like to see? Write to me. Sandy Thomas, P.O.

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ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
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OR SCENES?

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After reading this catalog, I was actually in a cold sweat. These people would do anything to get their way. Larry didn't tell me all the items his mother had ordered and I didn't ask. I was sure that Larry didn't stand a chance of returning with a mother willing to use these methods to gain her way.

To my surprise, Larry didn't talk or complain anymore about his plight. He sat there in his gingham dress and asked me questions about the farm almost like he was really interested.

The next day I saw Larry at the hardware store. To my surprise he was buying supplies to start his own little 'herb' garden. He was dressed just like any of the women in the store and no one looked at him weird.

I left for school shortly after our this meeting, and didn't return until the Christmas break. Almost immediately upon my return, I received a call from Mr. Gates with a request that I help with some chores on the farm. I accepted and went to the farm the next day.

I didn't see Larry since we were working outside, and Mr. Gates didn't speak of him at all. He referred to Larry as 'Lisa' whenever the conversation turned in that direction. Most puzzling was that he referred to Larry as 'she' and 'her' in a most natural fashion, as if Larry had never existed.

While I was working, Mrs. Gates came out to me in the field. She said that she had a request to make of me. "Larry is now in school and everything is going well, but he hasn't any male friends to go out with yet. It has been over three months since he last went to a movie, and that time it was with you. I was wondering if you would be so kind as to take him to a movie this coming weekend."

"Uh..to a movie," I asked remembering the disaster that occurred the last time Larry and I had gone to a movie.

"Why yes, you are Larry's best friend, aren't you? Well, he feels comfortable around you. In fact, you are the only person that he will go out with. I won't let him go by himself." Mrs. Gates replied.

"T..This weekend?" I asked.



"Yes..say Saturday evening."

"How does Larry feel about going out in public as a girl?" I asked, "I mean the last time we went to a movie, the whole town learned about his transformation."

"Really, Bob! Larry has been going out in public for months now, and he does go to school with 150 other girls every day. You must understand, Larry is like a girl now. He's not pretending any longer. He now knows that, and I hope you will soon learn to accept it also," Mrs. Gates explained. "He does want to go to the movies this weekend.. and he is your friend."

Although uncomfortable with the tone of the conversation, I agreed to take Larry to the movies. I was to pick him up at seven in the evening. Saturday evening I showed up at the Gates' house at the agreed upon time and was met at the door by Mr. Gates who greeted me warmly. I was dressed in a sports jacket and slacks, the agreed upon style of dress.

After being seated, Mr. Gates thanked me for taking his "little darling" out. I was somewhat taken aback by Mr. Gates' use of a term that could only be used for a girl. Apparently, even he had gotten caught up in the masquerade.

In about ten minutes, I heard Mrs. Gates and Larry coming down the stairs. I heard Larry ask his mother whether he looked okay. Mrs. Gates replied, "You are the cutest girl in the land, honey."

Larry came into the living room followed closely by his mother. I was again taken aback by what I saw. Where was my friend Larry? This lovely creature didn't look at all like my former friend.

He was wearing a tight form fitting green skirt that hugged every curve of his new figure, and a pale blouse covered up the upper part of his body. The blouse was semi-low cut in the front so that a strand of pearls could be seen around his neck. He had on nude colored nylons and white pumps with three inch heels.

His lengthy hair now hung well down his back. It was curled and held in place with two combs. His face was a vision of loveliness. It had an appropriate amount of makeup, with his lips coated with a moist red shade to match his fingernails.

"Hello, Bob," Larry shyly said.

I was flabbergasted. This wasn't my old friend. This looked like a real girl! And, she had a nice smile. This was the first time I had ever seen Larry really smile...that is, since dressing like this. He actually looked happy.

"Uh..Hello," I finally stammered.

Mrs. Gates interrupted, "Let's sit down and chat for a minute. Doesn't he look nice now. Just like a teenaged girl."

I stood with my mouth open.

"Is something wrong, Bob?" Larry asked.

"N..no..You look beautiful," was all I could say.

"Thank you," he answered. Even in the heels, he was shorter than me. Larry had always been slightly smaller but now seemed delicate. He had a feminine aura about him. He had settled into a chair, crossed his legs at the knee and continued to show a gentle submissive confidence. His nails were polished to a glossy sheen.

Mr. Gates had a Christmas gift for me that he made me open right then. A Swiss army knife.

Mrs. Gates handed a present to Larry, "Open this one now," she said, "You will need them tonight."

Inside was a pair of red girl's gloves. He thanked his mother. It was real cold out.

"Shall we go?" he asked with a wink. Without complaint, he put on his new gloves and a girl's wool coat.

Mrs. Gates smiled and said, "You two make a wonderful looking couple." It was my turn to blush. To my surprise, Larry kissed his father goodnight.

As we left the house, Mr. Gates told Larry that he had to be back by 11:00 P. M. Larry said that he would, then whispered to me, "Parents can be so protective. I'll bet they wouldn't have set such an early curfew if I were still a boy."

After opening the car door for Larry, (it seemed to be the thing to do), he slid onto the seat then swung his legs into the car. A most ladylike way of taking a seat. I shook my head as I rounded the car and got into the driver's seat. It was obvious

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

that my friend Larry was no longer around. He had been taken over by this new feminine persona, this "Lisa".

As we travelled into town, we carried on small talk, both of us apparently reluctant to bring up the subject most pressing. We talked of the temperature. . .it looked like it could snow any minute. Once, Larry turned down the sun screen on his side of the seat and opened up the mirror. He casually examined his face, brushed a curl back in place, and checked his lipstick. As we passed a young girl in a tight mini-dress we both looked as he said, "Wow!"

That was the old Larry. "She looked HOT, didn't she."

He suddenly became animated and blushed, "Oh, I meant *that* dreamy dress. I wish that I could find one like it."

I couldn't hold back any longer and said, "Do you really mean that Larry? Do you really want to wear dresses?"

Larry looked over at me, became serious, and answered, "Yes, I did mean it. This is what I wear now, everyday."

I said, "You mean you're only pretending to be Lisa. Larry will be back in another week or so. Right?"

Larry became angry and replied, "I am not pretending anything! Yes, I loved that dress and I would look good in it. I don't think I could ever act like a boy again! Anyway, if I could, Momma would never allow it."

I was taken aback by this outburst. "What has happened to you? You were so determined to return to being a boy. Now, look at you. You look like a girl, you smell like a girl, you act like a girl, and now, you say that you want to continue being a girl. I don't understand."

Larry calmed down and replied, "I'm sorry, Bob. I know this change has been hard on you. But, I've changed so much since you last saw me as Larry. I've changed both in body and mind! I really feel like a girl now. I even like being a girl! I don't want to return to being Larry anymore. I really don't think I could even if I were allowed. Too much has happened since last summer."

"It's that 'BARELY THERE' stuff. You've been using it. Your mother hasn't done anything permanent to you has she? I mean, like ... castration?"

Larry giggled, "No, Bob. I'm still a boy down there ... anyway for the time being. But, yes, permanent changes have taken place. I can no longer grow a beard. I haven't shaved in months now. My voice is naturally a soprano. I don't have any male muscle tone any longer. A..and, my body has taken on definite feminine traits."



"Larry opened his present to find a pair of girl's gloves."

I was startled! "Oh, no. What traits?"

Larry replied, "Now Bob, don't worry. It's okay. For instance, my waist is now 24", my hips are 35" and my chest is 36".

"Thirty six? For real?" I asked, "Isn't that somewhat larger than you used to be?"

Larry giggled, "Yes, Bob. I've got budding breasts now. A really nice set of tits. They are a bit small like a teenaged girl. Mom says that they will grow larger as I get older."

I looked down at the soft tops of his pert breasts peaking out of his blouse. "You mean that those are you?"

Larry replied, "Yes, Bob. I'm not only wearing a dress now, but I have a teenage girl's body too. Isn't it exciting?" He blushed and added, "BARELY THERE works."

I shook my head and wondered what had come over my friend. I didn't have long to think about what Larry had said, as we soon arrived at the Mall and went into the theater.

Walking into the theater, I couldn't get over how feminine my friend had become. He sauntered softly like a girl, he acted like a girl, if somewhat immature, and he certainly looked for all the world like a teenage miss. The men in the theater gawked at him.

In the end, both of us enjoyed the movie. When we came out it had snowed about 4 inches. Larry giggled and picked up a hand full of snow, then caught me off guard and rubbed it in my face just like when we were kids. I made a big snow ball and prepared to get him back. I stared into those big mischievous eyes waiting for my comeback. I couldn't do it.

That night we sort of reached a compromise wherein I wouldn't refer to him as Larry, and he wouldn't talk about his developing feminine body. I knew he just wanted to share his blossoming excitement. Anyway, I had Larry home by eleven. Both of us enjoyed each others company, although I did shake my head in bewilderment as I headed back to my car after dropping him off.

That night before I went to bed, I pictured what Larry's pert little developing breasts and feminized body must look like. I wished I hadn't been so cold to him. He must be very confused, perhaps I could have helped?

After returning to school following the Christmas break, I was extremely busy with my studies, but I never forgot about my friends predicament. I picture him and wondered if he was still developing. I couldn't wait to see him again. It wasn't until the Easter break that I saw him again.

As before, I helped Mr. Gates with the chores around the farm while on my spring break. Larry was never around. One day, Mr. Gates took a trip into town to get some fertilizer, leaving me to fend for myself for half an hour or so. Having caught up on my chores, I wandered into the house to watch some television. The extra car wasn't there so I thought that Larry and his mother were also gone.

The television downstairs was broken, so I wandered upstairs to look at the one in the den. Being unfamiliar with the Gate's house, I went to where I remembered the other television

being located a year or so ago. Without knocking, I opened the door to the room and walked in.

The first indication I had that I had made a mistake was when I heard a high pitched gasp. Looking in the direction of the sound, I saw Larry sitting on his bed nearly naked. He was wearing only a pair of pink panties and a bra. Apparently he was getting ready to rub a blue tube of lotion onto his body.

"Oh,..I'm sorry. I thought that this was the den. Anyway, this is where I remember it being," I said in an apologetic voice.

"That's OK, Bob. I didn't recognize you when you first came in. It must be those dirty jeans. Come on in!" Larry replied.

"Are you sure? You look like you're busy."

"I am busy, but I'm never too busy to talk to you. It has been quite some time since we last saw each other."

Shyly, I walked into what was obviously Larry's bedroom. The walls were pink, there was a four poster bed with white lace fringes, a vanity loaded with bottles, and an open closet brimming with girl's clothes and shoes.

"I'm sorry to disturb you. I was looking for a television set that worked. The one downstairs seems to be broken," was all I could think to say.

"That's alright! You're like one of the family. Do come in, please," Larry giggled.

I was flabbergasted by this feminine figure sitting on the bed nearly naked. Even in this near state of undress, Larry showed no signs of being a male. His legs were rounded, long and thin with no muscle definition, and his waist was naturally narrow and tapered. His hips were broad and curved like a girls; and his breasts... yes, breasts ... were rounded and full, not tiny peaks.

The bra he was wearing barely held them in. His blond hair now reached well below his shoulder blades in layers of golden waves. He had red color on his lips, finger tips, and toes. Everything about him said teenage girl.



"Now, you can see why I can never go back to being a boy, Bob. Momma changed me both physically and mentally into a girl. A good job, no?" Larry said as he posed on the bed laying back and pushing out his chest. His head was thrown back so that his hair hung from the bed is a mane of curled gold.

"Uh...Uh.." was all I could say. I couldn't take my eyes off this tantalizing curves.

"Well said, kind sir," Larry giggled. "Come over here and talk to me while I finish rubbing on this lotion." I tried not to stare but I did and Larry didn't seem to mind.

While I sat on the vanity chair next to the bed, Larry poured a good amount of lotion into his hand. Sticking one leg into the air, his red painted toes pointed skyward, he slowly rubbed the lotion all over his leg.

"You have no idea how long and how hard I resisted doing this. Mom kept insisting that I lotion myself each day, and I would refuse. She would end up adding days to my sentence or, sooner or later, I would burst into tears and give in. Now I do it freely. It feels so good and it keeps my skin soft and smooth," Larry explained.

Finishing one leg, he proceeded to the next. As he did this, he revealed his crotch. To my surprise, I saw no bulge where there should be one.

I commented on this and Larry explained, "Oh, isn't that amazing. Between the 'BARELY THERE' lotion and this fantastic device called 'DiVert', I can wear anything. Both come from that Under Control catalog. It basically squeezes everything between my legs and keeps it concealed. It's really quite convincing, no?"

I nodded.

He continued, "Once on, I can't easily remove the device, so I have to relieve myself sitting down, just like girls do. I've gotten so used to sitting that I would feel quite out of place if asked to do it standing up," he finished up.

As Larry put lotion on his hips, he had to lean over to reach behind his buns. While doing so, I saw the deep valley between his breasts. It looked as if there was no padding in the bra. I shyly asked about this observation.

Larry said that there wasn't any padding. In fact, he volunteered to remove his bra so that I could see for myself. When I didn't protest, he reached behind his back and expertly unfastened the confining garment. His action was quite natural, but he explained as he removed the bra, "Believe me, Bob, unfastening a bra isn't as easy as it may appear. I had to practice many

weeks before I got the hang of it," he giggled. "Those were in the days when I had to wear socks in my bra to give it fullness."

Sensuously Larry slid the straps from his shoulders, then with perfect timing, he lowered the bra cups from around his breasts. Revealed were two perfectly formed cones erupting from his chest by at least several inches. Each cone was topped by a large pink nipple. The nipple portion stuck out begging to be touched.

Setting the bra to one side, Larry gently rotated his shoulders making the breasts bob about like bowls of jelly. He giggled, and said, "I've never shown them to anyone other than my parents before. I want you to understand why I feel the way I do Bob. I feel like a girl now."

I just stared at the twin mounds as they gently moved with Larry's movements. "Uh ... can I touch them, Larry?" I asked. My heart was pounding hard.

"OK. They feel so good on me. I want you to touch the nipples too. They are really sensitive," he replied.

Tentatively, I reached over and touched the right nipple. It felt so real, so soft, so alive. Then, I gently cupped both of the sensuous mounds in my palms. They were very sensuous, and I felt a significant stirring in my jeans. Larry seemed to experience a thrill as well. I felt a slight tremble go through his body as I massaged his soft flesh. I didn't press my luck further, but I gave his nipples a slight pinch causing him to jump back. It sent a shiver through his body.

I could tell that these breasts were as natural as any I had ever felt, and I had felt my share. When I lingered longer than Larry thought I should, he backed off slightly and said that he should get dressed because his mother would be coming home soon. As if coming out of a trance, I agreed and returned to my chair.

Larry retrieved the bra and expertly inserted each tit into its respective cup. Inserting his arms into the straps, he confidently reached behind his back and attached the snap. After adjusting the straps for any twists, he reached under each breast and gently lifted each to insure a comfortable fit.

Once done, he smiled at me and asked if I enjoyed my touching his breasts. I gulped and said it was my pleasure. Larry smiled at my somewhat shy response. I was able to choke out a question, "Do you have 'girl feelings'? I mean inside?"

He smiled and shyly nodded, "I think so. I'd like to find out before I go any further."

"Do you know what that means?" I asked.

He nodded again looking directly into my eyes.

I told him that I better leave and allow him to dress in private. Larry thanked me for this consideration and walked me to his door. He told me where the den was now located, and I said I would go there to watch TV until his father returned.

•••

I felt more like a girl than ever before up until that time. After Bob left my room, I couldn't stop thinking about his nice touch, nor could I get the smile off my face. I wanted to be with him for a while longer, so I hurried to get dressed. I just had to get into the den before Daddy came back from town!

Almost floating to my closet, I selected the perfect dress. Remember the white spring dress with the large pink, blue, and yellow flowers that I wore? I put on my prettiest silk slip, because I knew it would show through my thin dress. I got goose pimples all over as I thought of you when the soft slip slithered over my body. I smoothed it down, threw the dress over my head, and zipped up the back. I stepped into those little two inch pumps quickly taking time to put on nylons. I was in a hurry.

"I touched up my makeup, fluffed out my blonde tresses, put on a hint of perfume, and flew down the hall to join Bob in the den. I knew he was Larry's best friend, and I was hoping that soon Bob would be Lisa's 'good' friend. Bob's visit was very nice."

•••

When Larry joined me in the den, I was lying back on the couch. Spreading the full skirt beneath him, he sat next to me, and asked, "When do you go back to college, Bob?"

"In a couple of days. I have to get back early for spring football practice," I answered.

After some small talk, I said, "I noticed that there weren't any boy's clothes in your closet. Do you keep them in another dresser?"

"No, Silly! Momma gave them all away not long after Christmas. Really Bob, you must get over thinking of me as Larry. I left him behind months ago. I AM LISA! I no longer have any need for male clothes.

"You mean that you wouldn't go back to being Larry even if your Mom let you?" I asked.

"Exactly!" Larry said, "I would look silly in boy's pants. Momma has succeeded in transforming me into a teenage girl. Besides, boy's clothes wouldn't fit me now."

"Well, clothes don't make the girl. You may look like a girl, but it's what's inside that counts. What is going to happen when

you meet the girl of your dreams and you look prettier than she? She won't give you the time of day," I countered.

"Oh, I wouldn't worry about that. I don't expect to attract a girl. Besides, girls don't attract me anymore," Larry said.

"Girls don't attract you? I guess you weren't the biggest ladies man in high school, but you did go on dates. The girls loved your good looks," I stated.

Larry giggled, "Yes, I suppose so, but that was then, and this is now. Larry did all those things. I'm Lisa now ... remember?"

"Well, a name change doesn't change a person's desires," I said.

"Yes, but if you'll remember from earlier, more than my name has changed," Larry said sticking out his chest.

"Your mother may have changed your body, but that doesn't change your desires, does it?" I countered.

"Momma changed more than my name and my body, Bob! I feel like a girl...!" Larry insisted.

"Oh... you mean she somehow changed your ... you know ... what attracts you?" I asked.

Giggling, Larry quietly said, "That's right, Bob. She succeeded in changing me into a girl...including my emotions and desires. I am no longer attracted to girls in that way. For instance, I can't even think of dating any of the girls I go to school with. I'm only interested in them as friends, nothing more. I find myself looking at boys!!" He blushed at the confession.

"Do you really mean that?" I asked with a disbelieving uncertainty.

"Yes, Bob! I feel differently now," he added with his face even redder. "I like it when the boys look at me."

"Uh, .. I guess I understand. You are very attractive. I have to admit that you have titillated me a bit, but it sure is confusing."

"Ha, ha, ha," Larry laughed. "You think you are confused? Think how confused I was those first months! But anyway, thanks for trying to understand, Bob," Larry giggled.

Then, without saying another word, Larry leaned across the couch and kissed me on the lips. This kiss, really a peck, lasted only a second. I just sat there as Larry gently kissed me. My eyes must have grown as large as saucers. I knew that Larry would never have done that. Truly, Larry was gone!!!

I caught my breath as Larry withdrew his lips and thanked me for being such a good friend, saying that he hoped I would be Lisa's friend from now on.

Shaking my head, I assured him that I would not abandon him just because he was now appeared to be a girl. While we continued small talk, I was fascinated by his smooth, lovely legs encased in chestnut nylon and high heels.

"Could you kiss me again," I asked.

Before I left, I breathlessly whispered, "I think I like this sissy stuff. Don't change."

Soon, Mr. Gates returned and I had to help him with the chores outside. We finished late and I went straight home. I didn't see Larry again over this vacation.

•••

I was delighted by our short meeting and discussions. I just knew that Bob now understood my new feelings a little better. For some reason I silently walked through the house smiling to myself, swinging the full skirt of my dress back and forth as I went. I even watched Bob working in the yard for a while.

After Bob went home, I asked my father whether he thought Bob would make a good son-in-law.

"Son-in-law?? What have you got on your mind, my sissy son?" he replied, adding, "No good?"

"Oh, nothing," I sighed. "I was just wondering." His name calling didn't bother me anymore.

"Hmmm... you mind yourself now. Remember that you are still really a boy," father replied. "Besides, Bob knew you when you were a boy and you two were buddies then. I doubt whether he would be attracted to you now, knowing what he does."

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure. He was quite interested in my boobies a little while ago, and he does like girls. And I am a lot like a girl now, Daddy," I giggled.

Father just shook his head and watched me fix dinner. He had gotten accustomed to me wearing lipstick, rouge, eyeliner and mascara even dainty lingerie and dresses. This last revelation was just another nail in his coffin. He tried to think of his new truck and the wonderful dinner about to be served.

•••

It was nearly four months before I saw Larry again. I had gone back to school and had not returned until the middle of June. I couldn't get him out of my mind.

When I did get home, I was told that Mrs. Gates and Larry were on a trip to Colorado. Mr. Gates said that they had taken off as soon as he had finished his high school term.

When I said that Larry hadn't said anything about a vacation to me when we had last met, he replied that Larry hadn't known about it at that time.

Apparently this trip was planned by Mrs. Gates without either Larry's or his father's knowledge. When I asked where they were in Colorado and what they were doing, Mr. Gates said that they were visiting a small town called Trinidad, but he didn't know exactly the purpose of the trip.

Mrs. Gates did all the planning and kept it pretty secretive. A surprise for Larry and Mr. Gates. He said that they would be gone for awhile yet and he didn't expect them to return until around the middle of July.

He did say that he talked with his wife nearly every day and both were in good health and enjoying themselves, although strangely, Larry never seemed to be available to speak. Mrs. Gates said that he was always out doing one thing or another.

•••

This is Larry again. Oh, it was a surprise! Mother had planned a vacation all right. To a clinic that specialized in gender problems.

We checked into a little hotel in the Rockies overlooking beautiful hills and valleys. The next morning mother took me to a clinic. Imagine my surprise when a doctor told me I was there for a gender re-assignment evaluation. I felt like a pin cushion, they took so much blood and did so many tests. I spent many an hour with a psychologist talking about my family and my problems. I came to realize my parents did love me.

After a couple days the doctor called mother and me into his office.

He got right to the point. "Larry makes a wonderful girl, fully suited to whatever option you choose."

"Options?" I asked.

"Yes, things are not black and white," he said slowly. "You have three basic alternatives. We can do a re-assignment making you physically feminine. Or we can give you the latest hormone implants which last for five years. Under this option you would be chemically female and would develop just like any woman your age. Because of the long term potency of these hormones, we are able to change your sexual status legally to 'female'. This allows you to do anything a genetic female can. Later, of course, you could have the final re-assignment. The third option is to do nothing and continue the way you are."

I asked mother, "Does dad know what we are doing?"

"No," she confessed, "It's a surprise."

"Oh, my," I muttered. I stroked my long hair enjoying the silken feel of it. I had a decision to make.

•••

Thus, I got caught up in my summer vacation. Right after the 4th of July, I was called up for two week Marine Reserve Training. It was nearly the first of August before I got back into town. Soon after getting back, I met up with Larry again.

I was taking in a movie at the local mall one evening, when I saw three young girls leaving one of the other theaters. One of the girls looked somewhat familiar from a distance, so I wandered over for a closer look. To my surprise, the familiar girl turned out to be Larry, or rather 'Lisa Gates'.

Only, he looked even more like a girl than I had ever seen him. He was undetectable as my former friend, Larry. His blonde hair hung in curls down his back to below the shoulder blades. He wore a straight lavender mini-skirt topped by a scooped neck, white blouse. His smooth legs seemed to last forever encased in their nude nylons ending with purple slippers with three inch heels. His long fingernails, as well as his lips were painted a shiny red.

He had lost even more weight since I had last seen him. Why, he couldn't weigh more than 115 lbs, although his breasts and hips were obviously larger and better proportioned. This was evidenced by the deep cleavage seen above the scoop of the blouse. All in all, as a girl, he was a knockout!

As I approached the group, I called out his name. . .or new name, "Lisa." He quickly turned around at the sound of my voice and called out my name in a high soprano squeal. Running up to me, he threw himself into my arms and gave me a passionate kiss right in front of everyone.

I was very surprised with this reception to say the least. I found the kiss surprisingly pleasant, considering that this 'girl' used to be my best male friend. As Larry kissed me, he pressed his rounded hips and pointed breasts against my body. I couldn't help it, and felt myself experience an unexpected delight with this reception. Larry smelled like, tasted like, and felt like a luscious teenage girl. Where was the friend I had only a year ago?

Slowly, Larry disengaged himself from me and with an embarrassed smile apologized for being so forward. He said he was so delighted to see me again, that he just lost control for a moment. He then introduced the other girls in his group to me. They were both girls that went to the same school as he did. This group was certainly different than Larry's old 'gang' of friends.

They giggled with the introduction because I appeared so much older than Larry and definitely a catch. Larry beamed proudly at being on such friendly terms with a college boy.

I asked Larry whether he was committed to go with his friends or whether I could give him a ride home. Rather quickly, Larry assured me that the other girls could find their own way home and that he would love to have me drive him home. So, after saying goodbye to his friends, and amidst their giggles, he took my arm and accompanied me to my car.

I know what I knew, but I still couldn't get over the complete change in Larry. He walked, talked, acted, and looked just like a gorgeous teenage prom queen. This creature walking next to me definitely was not a male. As we walked together, I couldn't help but notice the definite wiggle of his full rear. His curled blond hair hung to his shoulder blades and swayed back and forth as he walked.

At my car, I naturally opened the passenger door for Larry and delicately he sat in the seat, then swung his legs into the car. Once seated, he straightened his short skirt and made sure that it covered as much thigh as possible. As I walked around the car, I noticed Larry pull down the passenger sunshade and examine himself in the mirror. He used a long painted nail to move a curl into place and to make sure that his lipstick was properly applied.

After I sat on the driver's side, he slipped over next to me so that our hips touched. Smiling up at me, he delicately laid his head on my shoulder and thanked me for offering to take him home.

I told him that it was the least that I could do. Then, I told him about my conversations with his father. I had been looking for him, but I thought he was still vacationing in Colorado.

"Poor Daddy, he was lost with the two women in his life gone for weeks. But, it was best that he didn't come. He wouldn't have enjoyed himself. Besides, it was hardly a vacation," Larry replied.

"Oh, you weren't vacationing?" I asked.

"No, darling. It was mother's idea. You know woman's business." Larry answered.

"Woman's business? In Colorado? What possible woman's business could be done in Colorado?" I asked.

"Never you mind, smarty pants. I guess I can tell you the that I'm now legally female," Larry replied with a coquettish giggle.

As we drove off, Larry asked whether anyone ever went up to Miller's Point anymore. Miller's Point was a popular necking spot for the town's teenage crowd. We both used to go up there with our respective girlfriends before Larry was transformed into Lisa.

I informed him that I hadn't been up there in over a year and didn't know whether it was still used. Larry asked if I would be interested in going up there before taking him home. He had been back from Colorado only a week and I assumed he wanted to remember old times.

As Lisa, he had never been there. He explained that he wanted to see it again through the eyes of a girl to determine whether it was different than through Larry's eyes.

My heart pounding, I agreed to take him since it wasn't too far out of the way. The drive wasn't very long and at the end of a twisting road I brought my car to a halt among some trees near the top. Turning off the engine, I looked around the area and noticed some other cars in the neighborhood.

While doing this, Larry sat in the seat next to me and stared at my face. "You look so handsome in the moonlight, Bob," he suddenly said.

"Huh?" was my reaction.

"Your face...it is so handsome in this light," he said again.

Turning in his direction, I suddenly saw his eyes boring directly into mine. While looking at me, Larry lifted his right hand to my face and traced the outline of my cheek bone with his long colored nail. "You really are very handsome, Bob," he said.

I just continued to stare into his eyes looking for some dash of boy left. I could only find sweet receptive feminine radiance. I was finding him tantalizing.

Seemingly without speculation I felt my lips seek out his. I waited for opposition as I felt our lips touch. We kissed for nearly fifteen seconds before Larry brought his arm around my head and pulled me into him. I tried to find Larry but only found Lisa. Our lips crushed against each other for over thirty seconds in that deep heart-felt kiss.

I whispered breathlessly, "You turn me on. I wish..."

"Do you want to see my driver's license?" Larry smiled, placing my hand on his chest so I could feel his chock full dainty brassiere and whispered, "I girl enough now to make you feel like a man, and only you can make me feel like a woman."

That was more than two years ago. Since that time, I graduated from college with honors, and I have been working on the Gates' family farm. I've worked hard and have managed to save quite a bit of money along the way.

Lisa also had a graduation. She graduated from her girl's school last spring. Since then she has been working in the music

store, and giving piano lessons on the side to raise extra money. The older she has gotten, the more beautiful and sexy she has become.

I have put off telling you this for as long as I can. We plan to be married in August and, after a short honeymoon, build a new love cottage on the north forty acres of Mr. Gates farm. I guess we will have to live with Lisa's parents for a while until I finish our house. That is going to be strange. Mr. Gates still looks at me funny.

You see, I finally came to realize that I LOVE LISA!!!!!!!!!! I really do!!!!!!!!

The End

●●●Well, not quite●●●

Post Script:

Darlings, this is Lisa writing again.

I thought you lovely people might be interested in the wonderful things that happened to me since Bobby finished his story.

Of course, the most exciting thing to happen was our wedding and this is the story I'll tell you about. Bobby and I knew that we loved each other after that kiss at Miller's Point. How could either of us deny what was so obvious?

I could tell that Bobby still had doubts when I looked into his eyes, but I also knew that I could erase those doubts. We may have been best friends when I was a boy, but we were going to be even better friends now that I was a girl.

Anyway, I was still in school and Bobby still had more college before he would be able to support a wife. Thus we betrothed our love to each other that night amongst the overhanging trees of Miller's Point, but we dated for years before we were to bring our love together.

After graduating from school, I from high school and Bob from college, we each took up our careers in Leroy. Everyone seems to have forgotten that I had once been the Gates boy. Even the girls that I had dated when I was that other person seemed to have forgotten about Larry.

In fact, Marylou Keptner, a girl I dated rather seriously just before Momma got hold of me and redirected my life, owns the music store I work at. It was rather awkward when I first applied for work there, but she knew my situation and decided to give me a chance. Once I started to work there, we became

really good girlfriends. Now, you may wonder why I bring this up so late in this story. Well, read on and learn.

Anyway, Bobby wasn't home a week when he popped the question to me. We were again at Miller's Point. This was the first time we had returned to the spot of our love's first awakening. I had admitted that I had dated a few other boys and that made him jealous.

I was snuggled in his arms feeling the strength of his body when he reached into his coat and pulled out a little jewelry box. I didn't know what to expect, but I loved jewelry. I was excited to see what my boyfriend would be giving me.

When he opened the box and showed me this gorgeous engagement ring, I nearly fainted. I was expecting a piece of jewelry, but an engagement ring???

I looked at the lovely rock, then I looked into Bobby's eyes. I saw a pleading look of someone too scared to voice his desires. Without Bob ever muttering a sound, I reached my left hand around his head and drew his lips into mine. As our lips met, I murmured, "Oh, Yes, dear!!"

That happened nearly months ago. We set our wedding for August 4th, three years to the day after we kissed on Miller's Point. The following months were so hectic as "we" prepared for our wedding day. I say "we" because that is the royal "we". Bobby didn't have to do hardly a thing; whereas, I was forever getting something organized.

Men!!! Talk about privileged!! But I loved it!

Anyway, I won't go into the preparations for the wedding, but let it be known that Momma expected a large wedding for her only child. Unfortunately for Daddy, that meant a lot of expense.

I can't count the times when he would groan, "If only your mother had left



well enough alone." Or "If you were still dressing like a boy, your fiancée would be picking up these bills. But since you are the bride, I have to cover them." or "I'd be a rich man if only your mother hadn't gotten a wild hair and changed you into a sissy."

NEVER in my wildest dreams did I ever think that when I got married I would be the one to walk down the aisle in a WHITE WEDDING GOWN!! I had always thought that the gown would be worn by someone like Marylou and I'd be wearing the tuxedo...

Now, I had been living as a female for years when the wedding occurred, yet I was always being surprised by how little I really knew about being a girl... Oh, I knew how to dress and I am quite pretty, if I do say so, but there are aspects about being a woman that continue to mystify me.

For instance, there was the day when mother decided to pull me to the side and tell me about the 'birds and the bees'. I told her, "Momma, I've known about that for ages now. What can you tell me that I don't already know?"

"Bob loves you very much in his own way, but you must learn that men's motivations are not the same as women's. Women get tired sometimes," she expounded, "You knew that once, but your years as a girl have obviously dulled your memory."

"Momma!!!" I cried.

Well, the next three hours were a revelation. She told me all about her marriage with Dad. She elaborated on what was expected and what was not. She talked about the bed and what a woman must endure to make the marriage work. Then she told me about all the wonderful things that go with being a wife.

For the life of me, I don't remember having the male desires she talked about when I was Larry... My life as a girl must have erased those memories...or Mom really doesn't understand men as well as she thinks...

On the other hand, it really doesn't matter whether she really knows what makes a man function or not. She was telling me what makes a marriage function based upon 25 years experience... And experience is always more valuable than fact.



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To say the least, I emerged from that discussion a much wiser girl!!!

Well, let it be known that we all survived the wedding preparations and the wedding day was upon us. MY WEDDING DAY!!!

The wedding was being performed by Father Astor in the local Catholic church. It was to take place at 2:00 P.M. and I was frantic as I tried to get ready. My Maid of Honor, Marylou Keptner, was helping me don my gown while mother was frantically chasing down last minute details about the flower arrangements and the photographer.

"I'm so nervous, I could simply scream," I stammered to Marylou as I rolled my sheer nylons up my smooth legs. My red painted toes peeked from my open toed, white silk covered, 3" heeled slippers as I stood to adjust my stockings and make sure they were on straight. What a picture I made; standing there in my dainty brassiere, the same color as my panties with the soft nylon cups lace trimmed in off white. There was a exquisite lavender ribbon bow between the bra cups.

Marylou knelt down to straighten the hem of my slip and ran her hand down my leg. "Such great legs! You are such a lucky boy. . .ah . . .girl. Sorry."

I groaned, "Ohhh. I don't know what's happening to me."

"Now, don't get all uptight, Lisa," Marylou said, "Remember what you said when we went to John and Eva's wedding a few years back. You said, 'I'll never understand women. They plan a wedding for 6 months and it's still being prepared until they walk down the aisle.'"

I blushed a deep red. The incident she referred to happened when I was still Larry and she and I were an item. We had attended the wedding of some friends and I had commented on the frantic activity by the bride and her parents prior to the wedding. I had also noticed that the groom wasn't doing a thing except straightening his tie.

I wondered whether Bob was straightening his tie right now. I knew that he couldn't be as frantic as I was at that moment.

I was so embarrassed thinking of that previous memory. I had commented to Marylou at that time that I was glad that I was a man and wouldn't have to endure the activities that brides obviously had to go through.

Now here I was. I was the bride!! And I was as frantic as Eva had been. Rightfully, I should be down straightening my bow tie right now and Marylou should be up here getting ready. Had Momma not had her way with me, that may have been the way it would have been.

Marylou could tell what I was thinking and she giggled at me. She then lowered my wedding gown over my head and reality struck. I would soon be a man's WIFE! A nervous shudder ran down my spine at the thought. I would soon allow a man to have his way with me!!

Confusion was still spinning around my head as Marylou carefully adjusted the dress and buttoned all the buttons. The dress was gorgeous. It was white tully lace with a long train. The front was rather low cut to expose a goodly amount of my breasts without being obscene. The lace and satin caressed my sensitive breasts and hugged my buttocks in a way that screamed feminine sex.

The next half hour was spent making sure that my makeup was on correctly, that my hair was perfect, tamed and flowed over my shoulder like a waterfall. I just hoped that I could walk in the dress without stumbling over the train, and that I had on all of my accessories. "Oh, the garter!" I screamed. Marylou helped me slip it up my leg.

I was about to leave when Marylou said, "Lisa! You can't leave without wearing 'something old, something new, something borrowed and something blue'." She then handed me the 'something old'.

I nearly gagged!!! She handed me my old class ring from high school...from when I was Larry!!! I had given it to her when I'd asked her to go steady with me. That was in my first try at 10th grade, before I'd dropped out of school because of a legal problem

My 'something old' was to be a ring that I had given to my old girlfriend..and who should eventually have been my bride... only now I was the bride and she was my Maid of Honor!! Again, I blushed with the surfacing of this memory.

Marylou giggled at my looks. "I just couldn't resist it, just this last time," she said with a smile.

I looked at the ring and after a little thought, I dropped it down my bodice between the cleavage of my breasts.

Giggling at each other, we exited the preparation room and started towards the chapel. Momma caught up with us and asked what was so funny. We just giggled more and told her that we were sharing a funny memory.

Marylou helped me descend the steps by lifting the train of my dress to make sure that I wouldn't trip over it. I gathered the sides and held them up so I wouldn't step on the hem of the gorgeous gown.

A few minutes later, I was standing at the back of the main aisle to the pulpit with Daddy standing at my side. The train of

my gown was spread out in back of me and Marylou and the other girls that were my bridesmaid's formed behind me. Two young girls from my music class were flower girls and were standing in front of me ready to start down the aisle when the music started.

Daddy reached over and gave me a peck on the cheek. "You are absolutely radiant, Lisa," he proudly stated, "I'm the proudest father that ever lived. You landed a really good man and are giving me a wonderful son-in-law." He then lowered my veil.

"Thank you, Daddy. I know," I whispered as I looked down the aisle at Bob standing at the pulpit with his best man, Burt Parkson.

Suddenly the music began and it was time to march down the aisle into a new life.... almost as new as the one I reluctantly ventured into years ago.

The little girl's started their slow walk, then it was my turn. Taking Daddy's arm, I took my first step. The gown rustled softly as I made that long walk. I knew that I looked beautiful. All the people in the church were my friends. Bob looked so...so handsome!

As I slowly descended down the aisle, I passed Momma sitting in the front pew. Large tears were rolling down her cheeks as she watched me being escorted to my vows by Daddy. I wondered what was going through her mind at this moment. Was she thinking that I wouldn't be here, in a white gown, being married to my former best buddy, if I hadn't gotten in so much trouble?

Before I knew it, I was standing next to Bob before the kindly Father with Daddy taking his station behind me. I looked up at Bob and smiled into his strong face.

Father Astor then started to make a little speech about the sanctity of marriage, how two people come together to make a life together. He said, "Marriage should made the good times twice as good and the bad half as hard."

Suddenly, I heard Father Astor ask the question for which I was waiting, "Do you, Lisa Gates, take this man, Bob Starr, to be your lawfully wedded husband to.....honor and obey....??" A shiver ran up my spine as I listened to the fateful words.

Honor and obey???

I was becoming the property of my old buddy.

When he had finished, I looked lovingly into Bob's eyes and thought of those apprehensive nights at Miller's. The shock of coming to terms. I said, "I do!"

Father Astor nodded to Burt and he fished my wedding band from his tuxedo pocket. Suddenly I realized that I should be the one handing the ring to Bob. After all, I was his best friend for most of our lives. I should be the best man at Bob's wedding, not his bride.

Bob noticed my sudden uneasiness and asked if anything was wrong. I quickly told him that I was alright.

He then took my left hand and gently put the lovely ring onto my ring finger. I watched as the golden band passed my long red nail and easily slipped to the back of my finger.

Father Astor continued, "Do you, Bob Starr, take this woman, Lisa Gates, to be your lawfully wedded wife.....".

I heard Bob firmly say, "I do!"

"I then pronounce you husband and wife," Father Astor finished, "You may kiss the bride."

Bob gently lifted my veil. My face was lit up with a radiant smile for my husband. I was now Bobby's lawfully wedded wife!!!

He brought his lips to mine and gently gave me my first kiss as a wife. My emotions got the best of me and I reached behind his head and brought him forcefully into me. Why not? He was my husband now, wasn't he??

After that first loving kiss, we separated and walked together, husband and wife, down the aisle to the smiles and applause of all gathered.

Later, that evening, Bobby and I were getting undressed at my parent's house. We would be living there until we finished building our new house on the land daddy gave us. We were flying to Hawaii the next morning for our honeymoon, but this evening was the real start of our wedded life.

My parent's room was right next door. I was a bit concerned that they could hear everything. Daddy would probably look at me funny in the morning but so what. . .I had given him the son he always wanted!

Bob was in our bed much faster than I could ever manage. Men have so many advantages! We women have so much to do before we can call it a night. But I can assure you that I did not hurry. I was scared. I would be sleeping with him for the rest of my life.

Dressed in the loveliest, long, silky, white nightgown, I exited the bathroom and slithered over to the bed. My breasts were nearly flowing from the bodice of the nighty and my nipples stood out at least an inch in my excited state.

Tonight was the night!!

I saw Bobby's aroused glare. I saw the animal hunger in his eyes. I knew Momma was right! Men were animals..

I took the clip out of my long hair freeing it to cascade down my back. I descended onto the bed as Bobby turned the lights down low. He brought my face to his and we started our frantic love play with another lingering kiss.

Shortly, Bobby yanked down my virgin white panties making me completely vulnerable to Bobby. His face had just left my left breast and I was a quiver all over as he lifted the skirt of my nightgown. He whispered, "You have a nice bottom. Not too skinny like some girls."

He positioned himself between my rounded thighs and slowly Bobby descended onto me and removed all remaining manlike perspective from my life. It could have taken a minute, an hour or a lifetime.

All I know now is that I LOVE WOMAN'S WORK!!!! I REALLY DO!!!!

THE END

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IN THE PINK Part 59



*"Frank and Tom's campy joke had back-fired.
Everyone at the beach thought they were girls."*



MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN

24 HOURS!

We appreciate your business!

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OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

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

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

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

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

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

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

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

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PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

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

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and

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..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
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