

TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 42

COED CREATED

"FOR A SCHOLARSHIP, CARL IS FORCED
TO ATTEND COLLEGE AS A GIRL"



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

TWO OF TWO

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME 42

“COED CREATED”

by D. CREASE AND ALICE

BOOK TWO OF TWO

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SANDY THOMAS ADV.
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QUOTE BOARD

Male Gynecologist: "Like taking your car to a mechanic that doesn't own a car."

COED CREATED

By D. Crease

Edited by: Alice Trail & D. Crease

BOOK TWO OF TWO

CONTINUED FROM BOOK ONE

Arriving back at the apartment in January, the first thing I did was pick up the mail. Along with the bills and circulars were a couple of letters addressed to someone named “Chloe” that were in care of me. I hadn’t a clue who that was. Figuring it was some prank, I planned to give them back to the mailman the next day.

When I entered the apartment, I was glad to find Carl there. While I didn’t see him, I sensed his presence because I smelled something good cooking in the oven. Tossing the mail on the coffee table, I called out for him.

“In a sec’, Billy!” he sang in a voice sounding even softer and more feminine than I recalled.

As was my custom, I opened the refrigerator to check out its contents. Seeing the six pack of good, imported beer, I figured Carl had forgiven me for whatever I did that night before winter break.

I had just grabbed a beer when Carl suddenly rushed from his room, into the kitchen. “Stupid me!” he sighed. “I hope it hasn’t burned!”

I was startled to see his hair had grown out to near shoulder length and was now light blonde! As he ran by me, his bosom was different. He was thinner but it was the bust that caught my attention. Not just the normal jostle—oddly, it appeared smaller than the last time I saw him.

Maybe Dr. Baldwin had given him a break and let him wear smaller falsies, considering how the larger cup size hurt his shoulders and chest. As he bend down and peered into the oven, I noticed his waist seemed smaller, while his buttocks

and thighs looked more shapely. His walk was naturally girlish as he swished side to side in a tight pink wool skirt.

Since he had no family, Dr. Baldwin must have made him stay on campus and practice his lessons through Christmas. Maybe this was why he was so upset when I saw him last.

“Cherry pie, Bill?” Carl smilingly asked. “I baked it for my cooking class, but since I’m still on my diet, you can be my taste tester.”

Just then, an old child’s song popped into my head. “So, you baked a cherry pie for me. . .”

Bashfully lowering his eyes, he blushed, “Uh huh. . .but I’m a young thing and cannot leave my mother. . .”

As we both chuckled, I noticed something else different about Carl. He seemed happier, less uptight. It was as if he was more confident and comfortable with his femininity and that scared me!

After removing his pie from the oven and setting out to cool, Carl joined me in the living room. As he minced toward me in his three inch, pink pumps, I was amazed over how much more feminine he was now.

“Hey, did you give up the ‘preppie’ look?” I asked.

He just smiled shyly. His soft white winter sweater with its wide cowl neck contrasted perfectly with the pink short skirt and sheer white nylons. He also seemed to be wearing more, or perhaps just heavier makeup, because his lashes were separated and extended with mascara, his eyes lined very dark, while his lips and long tapered fingernails were colored a matching shade of a frosted pearly pink.

Sitting at the opposite end of the sofa, Carl demurely crossed his smooth legs before fluffing his retro ‘flip’ hairdo. As his fingers pushed his shoulder length blonde mane away from his ears, I noted that both of his lobes were now double pierced! The upper holes sported small diamond studs, while the lower ones held long dangling gold pendants.

“Ears pierced too, huh? Are you okay now?”

Toying his earrings, Carl seemed anxious, like he didn’t really want to discuss the fact that he now wore such unalterable symbols of femininity. Then, seemingly swallowing his



"It wasn't just how he looked. . . it was the manner which he moved in a skirt."

masculine pride, he sighed and answered, "Guess I'm getting used to being unmanly. Remember how totally embarrassed I was at first?"

"But the earrings. How long have you had them?"

"Since the day you left for break. Megan took me to the mall just as the stores were opening. I was so depressed. Megan thought new earrings might cheer me up. She said two holes were so 'trendy' and insisted on a double piercing.

"I do remember you mentioning something about your ears being pierced. Sorry I was drunk. You were so upset, and I just stood around like an imbecile. . . a drunk imbecile!"

"It's okay now," he replied with an earnest smile. "I had no right to drag you into my problems. Besides, if you had been stone cold sober, there wasn't a darn thing you could have done."

"All I remember is that you were mad at the world, or at least Dr. Baldwin, Megan, and the school. What happened?"

Pulling himself higher on the sofa, Carl curled his legs beneath his hips. From the way he bit his pink frosted lips he wasn't looking forward to what he was about to say. "After my last final, I went directly to Dr. Baldwin's office for my usual afternoon counselling

session and aerobics workout, but when I arrived, Megan and the assistant registrar were there with her.”

“The registrar? What for?”

“I’ll get to that, Bill. Anyway, Dr. Baldwin began reviewing the terms of my scholarship by asking if I fully understood the clause requiring me to submit to her discretionary authority.”

“Did you?”

“I thought so until she told me just how extensive her discretion and authority really was. When I found out what she was doing to me, I thought I would die!”

“It had something to do with those vitamins, right? Now I remember, you were really pissed off, and you flushed them down the toilet. Yeah, I remember now!”

Blushing, Carl turned his head away and admitted, “You’re right, but I told Dr. Baldwin how I felt, and she promised that I wouldn’t have to take them any longer.”

That was a relief because I figured they must have been some sort of mind control drug. I only hoped that the residual affects were reversible.

“What about the registrar?”

“It turns out that since I had to change majors to art history, I won’t have enough credits to graduate with you this May.”

“What a rip off! How much longer until you do?”

“Another year. Here I was, allowing them to dress and make me up like a girl, and they refused bend the rules to let me graduate. After seeing how angry I was, Dr. Baldwin said she understood that I would be upset, and she offered an addendum to my scholarship that covers my tuition, room, board, and all other expenses through graduation. In exchange, I agreed to let Dr. Baldwin widen the scope of the experiment.”

“WHAT? Did you agree to be a girl for another whole year?”

“Heavens no! The experiment will be over in June as scheduled,” he explained before adding, “I just had to agree to submit to a few extra tests.”

“Like?”

Apparently embarrassed, he frowned, “Sorry Bill. I can’t tell you. . .except that I promised to not resist being feminine.” Carl was truly upset. He cradled his head in his hands, and with tears cascading down his cheeks, he whimpered, “You hate me. . .I’ve disappointed you. . .”

“Hey! No way! What gave you that idea? If you need another year to get you diploma and it’s on their buck, go for it.” I lied.

“Really?”

“Absolutely!” I lied again. “We’re pals, remember. When all this girl stuff is over, I’ll be there to make a man out of you again, promise!”

Dabbing his cheeks with a tissue, he had stuffed in the cuff of his sweater, Carl’s blue eyes sparkled, and his glossy pink lips spread into a toothy smile. “That means a lot me, Bill.”

“How much more girlish do they want you to be?” I asked softly.

“Just until I stop fighting it,” he said softly. “They want me to like it.”

Yet, despite his earnestness, everything defied his return to manhood. His movements, posture, voice, and demeanor were more girlish than ever. Now that he had volunteered for further feminization, I had no idea what to expect from him.

The next morning, Carl fixed a french toast and sausage breakfast after which I lounged about in the living room with the Sunday paper. After tidying the kitchen and our bedrooms, he joined me. Kicking off his slippers to expose his pink polished toes, Carl coiled his legs up in the easy chair. His pale blonde hair, neatly laced into a thick dangling braid, was held in place by a wide powder blue bow. Even his thin highly arched eyebrows had been bleached the same shade of blonde.

“So do blondes have more fun?”

“They get more attention,” he coyly simpered, playing with end of his braided mane. “Megan thought I’d be more stunning as an ash blonde.”

“Who you looking to attract?” I challenged.

But Carl only blushed silently then stated, “MEN. That’s the whole idea, Bill,” he snapped testily. “Dr. Baldwin doesn’t want me to be just a ‘wall flower’ this semester. She insists I stand out and get noticed.”

“By guys? How do you feel about that?”

“How do you think? Attention, especially from men, is the last thing I want, but what choice do I have?”

“Well, it begins with a ‘Q’ and ends with a ‘T’.”

“Quit? Be serious, Bill. I’ve come too far to quit now. I’m not exactly thrilled by the things I have to do, but I’m not going to quit.” Picking up the feature section of the paper and burying his face behind it, Carl ended the discussion. Yet, I couldn’t get over how he told me off—like genuine girl!

I was also bothered by his apparent surrender. It sure looked certain that he was giving in to still more feminization without a fight!

I was still mulling over our confrontation when Carl, without taking his eyes off the paper, asked, “Got a pen, Bill?”

“Sure. Got one right here. What’s it for, checking off latest fashions?” I cynically replied.

“No, silly. I’m doing the crossword puzzle!”

I was beside myself and couldn’t hold back laughing. Carl’s timing was perfect, and his joke all but eliminated the mounting tension between us. Still chuckling, I reached out and handed him a pen, but as I did so, I noticed two small, yet very distinct, mounds pushing outward from his narrow chest beneath his powder blue baby doll nightie.

They didn’t appear as large as his bosom looked the day before, but the vision still seemed strange because I had never seen him wear his realistic falsies with bed clothes before. “So what’s up, Carl,” I asked as tactfully as possible. “Dr. Baldwin making you wear those all the time?”

“HUH?” he choked as he quickly crossing his slender arms over his chest.

“At least they’re smaller than last semester.” I chattered. “I remember you complained that the weight of the bigger

ones cut into your shoulders. I guess having to wear them to bed is a decent trade off, huh?"

His arm clutched his sides and he said, "Oh yeah. . .right. Having a small bosom is SO much more comfortable. . ."

"That itching you had from wearing bras. Did it go away?"

"A little," he blushed. "Guess I've gotten used to it. It ought to be gone soon."

I wondered aloud. "That salve is working, huh?"

"The salve? Yeah, everything is fine."

Obviously Carl was evasive. Seeing that he was getting really irritable, I quit asking him about them. Just then, I glanced at the coffee table, I saw those two junk mail letters. Picking them up, I smirked, "Check this out. Some jerk is trying to pull a prank on me. Know anyone named 'Chloe'?"

Instantly, all the color drained from Carl's cheeks right before he shielded his face in shame. I knew right off the letters were the source of his humiliation, but before I could press him it, Megan barged through the front door.

Enraged, I yelled, "Megan, get the hell out of here!"

"Chill out, Bill!" she snapped. "You know the deal. If you don't want me around, you're free to alter the arrangement and move."

"NO!" Carl squealed. "Don't do anything impulsive! Please, Bill, be nice!"

Ignoring me, Megan made herself at home. Taking the letters out of my hand, she announced, "Look, Chloe. Your mail is getting through."

Cowering like a scared rabbit, Carl slumped into the deepest corner of the sofa.

Flustered, I fumed, "You're CHLOE?"

"Here sweetie, these belong to you," Megan impishly grinned as she handed Carl the letters. "I suggest you tell Bill the news."

Carl's pretty manicured fingers tensely quivered as he took the envelopes. Anxiously glancing between Megan and me, his soft face sagged with despair and turned red as a beet.

“Think about it, Bill,” his voice cracked. “I didn’t have a choice.”

“What?”

Calmly, Megan walked away and returned with Carl’s purse. Rummaging through it, she removed one of those long women’s wallets in shiny pink leather and handed it to Carl and said, “Show Bill your new student I.D. I think the picture is very good.”

Taking the wallet, Carl fumbled with the snap. On the verge of tears, he handed me the card. “I had to take a girl’s name. My name’s Chloe now. It’s part of the new deal with Dr. Baldwin. . .besides, it looked stupid saying Carl.”

The churning in my stomach was making me ill even though Carl was clearly worse off. As a steady stream of tears flooded his soft delicate cheeks, I only wished this nightmare would end. . .for the both of us!

Haltingly, I gazed into my hand. The laminated card contained a photograph of Carl’s head and shoulders against a royal blue background. He wore a high necked white blouse with a ruffled front, and small mounds clearly swelled from where his bosom would be. He ears sported twin sets of pearl studs while his face was framed by a shoulder length blonde page boy, and he wore conservative makeup with light blush, eyeshadow, mascara, and a soft shade of red lipstick. Beside the photo, I read the name and noticed that the space reserved for ‘sex’ was conspicuously left blank. “CHLOE ANN CLAUSSEN!” I choked. “That’s YOU NOW?”

Megan asked, genuinely puzzled. “She actually didn’t tell you?”

“SHE?”

“Chloe, of course,” Megan replied quite matter-of-factly. “Dr. Baldwin chose Carl’s new name and the University’s lawyer changed it legally through the court. I think Chloe is simply an adorable name!”

“But why did you have to change his name?”

“If you must know, the experiment has gone much farther than originally anticipated. This all leading edge stuff. Look at your buddy. . .we decided it would be best to dispense with

all masculine references, names as well as pronouns. It's to avoid any embarrassment to Carl."

Feeling betrayed, I turned to Carl. "Why didn't you tell me about this?"

"I was ashamed," he whimpered. "I wanted to, but—" His explanation unfinished, he buried his head in his hands and sobbed.

Turning back to Megan, I asked in a bewildered tone, "Won't this experiment be over in a few months?"

"We are learning so much," she informed. "This experiment is very important to the university. Please help and use Carl's new name."

Turning to Carl, I asked, "You want me to call you Chloe?"

"It makes sense now, Bill," Carl begged, his big eyes glazed over with tears.

"Fine, but what else haven't you told me?"

"You know, Chloe, you really ought to be more open with Bill," Megan remarked, uncharacteristically sincere. "It's only right he know about everything that's going on."

"There's more?" I asked Carl, narrowing my stare.

"This is all very complex," Megan announced like I was stupid. "Come on, honey, tell him." Placing her hand on Carl's rounded shoulder, Megan cajoled, "Go ahead, sweetheart. Sooner or later he's gonna know."

Leaning over, Megan whispered into Carl's ear. "Show him."

Before I could make out the rest, Carl leaped from the sofa, wrapped his arms across his chest and scurried to his room. "I can't," he cried pathetically.

"Maybe you ought to take a long walk, Bill," Megan said candidly. "We need some time to sort things out?"

"Why did he get so upset?"

"Please, Bill, it's 'her' and 'she'. I've told Chloe to be up front with you, but I guess it's really embarrassing."

"Why don't you just tell me?"

"It's got to come from Carl. Don't think I'm being a bitch but let's just say there's a lot more to this experiment than

wearing women's clothes and behaving girlishly. We want him to have the physical, mental, and emotional traits as well. Carl is exploring those now and if he wants you to know, he's the one who must tell you."

Retreating to my room to dress, I had a load on my mind. Carl's name change was a big shock, as well as having to remember to call him 'her' and 'she'. But, I was even more perplexed over Megan as there was a sweetness about her that I hadn't seen for a very long time. As I left the apartment, the faint sounds of quivering, whimpers still came from beyond Carl's bedroom door. What began as a nice day had turned sour and ugly, and I blamed myself.

Eventually, I ended up at O'Brien's Pub where Murph served up a beer without my saying a word. As I placed the glass to my lips, I recalled the last time Carl was this miserable. "No, thanks, Murph," I said, pushing it away. "Just soda, today."

After sitting at the bar for two hours, I headed home. When I arrived, I found a note from Carl. Even his writing had drastically changed, becoming girlishly cursive, with overly done swirls and curly cues. He and Megan had gone shopping. What a fem! "When the going got tough, the tough went shopping!"

Alone in our apartment, I agonized over what I could have done to stop Carl before he got involved in this darn experiment. After a while, I remembered a business tip my Dad taught me which rescued me from wallowing in self pity. "If you want action, by-pass the middle man and go right to the top." With that in mind, I decided that dealing with Megan all these months had been total waste of time! I had to see Dr. Baldwin, herself!

I was beginning to see that maybe I was an part of this experiment too.

When I arrived at Dr. Baldwin's office the next day, I was met by a mousey looking girl with stringy hair and glasses who appeared to be a typical female grad student. When I asked to see Dr. Baldwin, she snobbishly replied, "You don't have an appointment."

“No, but my business is very important. I’m Carl Claussen’s roommate.” But when she gave me a blank stare, I corrected myself, “Chloe Claussen.”

“Ah yes. . .of course. . .one moment please.” After a brief and hushed telephone conversation she said, “Dr. Baldwin’s office is at the end of the hall and to your left.”

On the brass plaque was inscribed, “Geneva Baldwin, M.D., Ph.d.” No sooner had I read it when a pleasant voice called out, “Come on in, Bill!”

As I entered, I became immediately relaxed by the office’s calming ambiance. The picture glass window overlooked the lush foliage of the campus forest preserve, and the room’s decor, with its subtle brown and soft beige toned wallpaper, indirect lighting, blonde wood furnishings, and soft suede sofa emitted a feeling of warmth and serenity.

Standing behind a desk was Dr. Baldwin. “I’m so pleased to finally meet you, Bill,” she warmly smiled. “Chloe has talked so much about you.”

Honestly, I expected to find a harsh, evil old battle axe! Instead, Dr. Baldwin was fairly young and quite pretty. Standing about five feet nine inches tall, her thick wavy shoulder length medium brown hair framed a plain, yet attractive face. Beneath her white lab coat, she wore a conservative burgundy print dress, and it was clear that her well toned figure was nicely proportioned. I quickly forget all the nasty things I had planned to tell her because her warm hearted smile melted all my pent up anger and aggression. She just seemed too nice!

Once I sat down, she asked sincerely, “So, Bill, what do I owe the pleasure of your visit?” But before I could reply, she added, “I’m so glad we could finally meet. Chloe is quite fond of you, and I think it’s wonderful that you’ve taken such an active interest in her welfare.”

When I tried to speak, she again cut me off saying, “I can’t begin to emphasize the importance of our work and your support. It must have been tough on you?”

“Yeah,” I said almost choking on my emotions.

“You must be a wonderful man to understand the trauma and frustration of it all. Just being a woman in today’s society

is a challenge, but to be a male suddenly thrust into a female role can be next to impossible.”

She was buttering me up. “I’ve tried to be helpful where I can, but. . .”

“I’m sure our experiment would have been dismantled long ago without you!” she cut in.

Suddenly this was my fault? My mouth opened.

“Your help is why we are learning so much! You may not be aware, but your friend and others on campuses around the country have done more for gender research in the past five months than all the empirical studies over the past ten years combined. Still, there’s much to do, and we have a long way to go before we’re finished gathering data. I hope we can count on you. . . I’m going to add a letter to your University file. Trust me it’ll help where ever you end up.”

“But. . .” I choked out, realizing what she was saying. I knew about those “recommendation” letters.

She went on, “Your continued support is vital to our success. The effort you made to meet with me today makes me confident that you’ll be there for your friend, no matter what. On behalf of the University, the Psychology Department, and all of us involved with this experiment, I cannot thank you enough. If there’s anything more I can do, Bill, don’t hesitate to ask.”

As she escorted me from her office, I found myself saying, “You can count on me, Dr. Baldwin.” Then, after shaking her hand, I left. It wasn’t until I was across campus did I realize that I had been hoodwinked! Was I ever played for a sucker by an expert!

My big plans to end to Carl’s feminization had blown up in my face. Was Dr. Baldwin playing me for a fool? She not only mollified me, but her manipulation was so expert, I actually walked away believing it was good that Carl was becoming a girl and that I had helped!

Realizing she took less than fifteen minutes to trick me was frightening, but nowhere near as much as it must have been for Carl, who had been under her thumb for five months!

The recommendation letter thing frightened me. The letter could just as easily BAD!

During my final semester I kept busy, but I had more free time than the semester before. Consequently, Carl and I saw each other almost every day and, on occasion, we hung out around campus together. Since the girls I'd been dating seemed to have forgotten that Carl was a boy, they got jealous, and that created a difficult problem for my social life.

Still, I felt it was more important for me to spend time with Carl to keep him from forgetting that he was really a guy. Yet, my efforts seemed useless. As the weeks passed, Carl became increasingly docile to the point that it was difficult to believe he had ever been my old buddy. His advancing femininity seemed to accelerate daily. As he became more girlish, the time he spent primping and preening took longer and longer.

Along with his excessive grooming habits, Carl again insisted on privacy. I thought he had gotten over that secrecy crap months before, but it was no big deal for me. I had seen all his girlish clothes and feminine undies. In his new privacy kick, I wasn't only banished from his bedroom, he even locked the door when he was in the bathroom. I couldn't figure!

Perhaps it was because he changed his look. Gone were the cute, preppie, college coed outfits. He now wore more fashionable skirts and dresses. His clothes personified a 'proper' young lady, and he meticulously tended to his lengthening ash blonde hair. His long, tapered fingernails were always polished, and his makeup was appropriate for every occasion. Along with his change of wardrobe came changes in his body! He must have been wearing some sort of waist cinch and hip padding, along with his breast forms, because his figure was definitely taking on a feminine, hour-glass shape.

While his dress, behavior, and other outward signs of femininity were troublesome, I noticed his personality was also changing, and that worried me the most! Early one evening when I returned from my C.P.A. review class, and I found Carl seated at the kitchen table, crying his eyes out.

"Hey pal, what's wrong?"

“Oh Bill,” he blubbered as mascara drenched tears trickled down his smooth cheeks. “It’s just awful!”

“You okay? You hurt?”

“I was just getting dinner ready. I was careful but the knife slipped and. . .”

Right then, I saw him clutching his left hand with his right. Thinking the worst, I grabbed his arm and shouted, “Let’s GO!”

“Where?”

“To the hospital! I’ll drive! Hope the cut’s not too deep. I’ll call 911 and. . .”

“Cut? I’m not cut.” Holding up his left index finger, Carl pale blue eyes sadly drooped as his pink glossed lips pouted. “I broke a nail!”

Seeing my panicked face, Carl blushed so deeply, his face was as crimson as the ribbed sweater he wore over his tan, knee length, “A” line skirt.

All that excitement left me drained. Plopping back into a kitchen chair, I inspected the damage.

“Broken? Heck, that’s hardly a dent!” I huffed when I saw but a small scratch at the very tip of his long pink fingernail.

“Guess I overreacted,” he cutely grinned, shying his eyes away from me.

“No kidding! And another thing— you’ve been really weird lately. Another thing. You’re in the bathroom when I go to sleep and you’re in there when I wake up. What’s going on?”

“I’m not sure. I feel like I’m on an emotional roller coaster. One second I’m so happy, I could burst out singing. Yesterday, I took a short-cut to class through the University Atrium. Seeing all those pretty flowers in bloom made me tingle all over. But other times, I’m so down.”

“Was that what I just saw—a ‘down moment’?”

“Yeah,” he pouted. “Gosh, I never used to cry about anything, except when my parents died and when the pressures of the experiment got to me—those were the only time since I was a little kid. I’m clueless about why I made such a fuss

over something so trivial as a chipped fingernail, and it's happening more and more often."

"Chipping fingernails?"

"No, silly. Getting dreadfully upset over nothing!"

"Say, why don't we just start the whole evening from scratch. We'll make like you never got upset. Whadaya say?"

"That's a lovely idea," Carl sweetly smiled. "Be right back."

"Where you going?" I asked as he scamper out of the kitchen.

"Just fixing my face—I shan't be a moment."

I suppose a 'moment' is really all relative. Fifteen minutes later, Carl reappeared looking really beautiful. . . for a girl, that is. He had brushed his blonde, shoulder length hair back, and using a maroon scrunchie, tied it off into a loose ponytail. With his hair away from his ears, his twin sets of small gold hoops earrings were in plain sight. "Better, right?" he whispered, wistfully gazing into my eyes.

Seeing the smile, I said, "Yeah, lots better."

"You've been so good to me," he cooed, coming a bit too close for comfort. "How can I ever repay you?" Before I could speak or move, Carl planted a soft kiss on my cheek. Well, maybe it was no more than a peck, but it dazed me, nevertheless.

"What was THAT for?" I faltered.

"For being a great friend and a swell guy."

"Hey, guys don't thank other guys with kisses, remember?"

"Guess I'm not much of a guy then."

"Well, no but you still are a guy, aren't you?"

Laughing, Carl grinned, "Don't worry, I am where it really counts. However lately, I've been having mood swings, and I get mushy all over."

"Mushy?"

"Yeah. In the beginning, I hated the ungodly amounts of time I had to spend making up my face, moisturizing my skin, dressing just right, and all the rest of my girlish duties. I did

it only to comply with my scholarship—and to get Megan off my back! But now, I do them because I like to. They make me feel attractive.”

Throwing my arms in the air, I sighed, “What am I going to do with you?”

“Just be my friend and understand what I’m going through,” Carl softly peeped.

As I stared into his big, doe-like eyes, I too, nodded. Since that heart to heart chat, my behavior toward Carl began changing, too. I found myself holding doors open and pushing chairs in for him. When he asked for anything, in that tiny, docile, feminine voice, I quickly fetched it for him. The more time we spent together and I found myself treating him like a woman. Consequently, Carl responded in kind! It wasn’t unpleasant.

One day, about a month into spring semester, I was out shopping in campus town. With job interviews nearing, I bought a new suit. Actually, it was the first I’d ever owned. It was a toss up between the navy gabardine and the charcoal gray flannel. I wanted a ‘power’ look without appearing too presumptuous. I picked the navy suit and bought two ties, one yellow print and a solid red.

Home from my errand, I put my new suit in my closet. Carl wasn’t around, but a note in his writing was left by the phone.

“Dear Bill,

Please call Dr. Baldwin’s office A.S.A.P.

Thanks, ‘XOXO,’

Chloe.”

“Yuck!” I spat aloud. He was even kissing in his letters! Anyway, when I called, one of the snobbish grad assistants told me that I had an appointment with the doctor next Monday at noon. After the way she made a fool of me the last time we met, I didn’t want to go, but I couldn’t let Carl down.

“So nice to see you again, Bill,” Dr. Baldwin grinned as I cautiously entered her office. I wasn’t letting my guard down so she could trick me again.

Seated, I said, “What’s this all about it? I have interviews all day.”

“No need to be testy, Bill. I have something FOR you.”

“HUH?” I grunted as she handed me a narrow, red envelope.

“Two tickets to the annual Valentine’s Dance, this Saturday night. And they’re all your’s, Bill.”

“Wow! It’s the biggest campus social event of the year! Thanks, Dr. Baldwin. Okay, what’s the catch?”

“Just use the spare ticket to take Chloe to the dance.”

“You’re kidding, right? The who’s who of the University will be there.”

“Bill, you couldn’t be ashamed of Chloe, could you? You live together, you’ve been seen about campus together. I thought you were the best of friends? Why, I hear you’ve even kissed!”

“Wait a second! It’s not what you think.”

“My point is, going to the dance is essential for the success of our project. As you know, young males across the country are participating in like experiments. Chloe’s progress consistently scores in the top ten percentile of any other test subject, and I intent to keep it that way!”

“I’m not a part of your STUDY!”

There was a cool, authoritarian tone to her voice I didn’t hear during our last meeting, you know, the type you are hesitant to disobey! “Would you like to read the letter I’m putting in your file?”

She handed me a copy of a letter. You’d think I deserved the Metal of Honor and on official stationary. This would get me a great job with a top firm!

“What do I have to do to get this?” I asked.

“It’s your’s, the original is in your file for life,” she smiled. “You are a wonderful young man and the tickets are my way of saying ‘thanks’. . .no obligation.”

“No obligation” meant OBLIGATION!

“You do not have to take your roommate. I just assumed you might want to?”

“NO! I would like to take him. . .er. . .her, but I’m kind of strapped for cash. That Valentine Ball is really formal and expensive, you know. I would have to buy a corsage and dinner. . .why, the tips alone would break me,” I sputtered, trying another way to weasel out.

“I understand,” she said. “I was in college and know how hard it can be. I know if you had the money, you’d love to go. . .with Chloe?”

“Yeah,” I said, breathing a sigh, “Sure wish I had the money but I’m a church mouse.”

“Then there’s no problem!” she exclaimed while pressing a button on her phone and saying, “Peggy, bring the petty cash box, please.”

Moments later, the stringy haired grad student marched in and handed Dr. Baldwin a metal box. Turning to me, the doctor asked, “How much will you need to do it right? Two, three, four. . .”

“Dollars?”

“No silly, hundred. You can have whatever is necessary. It’s all been budgeted.”

“For a Valentine’s Dance?”

“Yes, my dear. We’re seeking to validate our subject’s sensuality and give him some more girlish experiences.”

I hemmed, “A lot of guys at the dance will know about Carl?”

“And they will see that he is ‘presentable’ and ‘available’. We actually expect he’ll have offers of ‘dating’.”

As I listened, I tried to picture some guy asking him out. I subconsciously rubbed my cheek in the exact spot where Carl kissed me. A chill ran up my spine as I realized how much Carl had actually changed!

With the tickets and more money than I knew where to spend, I headed home. Carl was there when I arrived, and he

was thrilled that I asked him to the dance. His main concern; however, was that he didn't have a thing to wear!

Usually, I hungered for the weekend. That was my time to kick back, but with the Valentine Dance on the horizon this Saturday, I dreaded the events to come—it arrived all too quickly.

I spent Saturday morning in my C.P.A. review class, or I'd have been a total basket case! When I got back to the apartment that afternoon, I was surprised not to find Carl home. I knew he went shopping with Megan that morning, but how long did it take to buy a dress?

Grabbing a beer, I sat on the sofa and watched the basketball game. State was playing an away game against last year's conference champ. Even though we didn't have any chance to win, the game kept my mind off things I didn't want to think about.

I had just gone to the fridge for another beer, when the front door flew open. "Hurry, hurry!" Megan cried, her arms filled with packages. "We're LATE!"

"Coming!" Carl called back in a harried voice. Scampering into our flat, his arms were also laden with boxes and bags. As they both scurried past me, toward Carl's bedroom, the tops of their heads were completely covered with billowy plastic turbans.

"Where you two been?" I asked as they skipped by.

"Guess!" Megan huffed in exhaustion. "If they gave out medals for shopping, we'd deserve the gold!"

"What's that on your heads? New sort of hat?"

"Silly Billy," Carl giggled. "We've been to the beauty shop. . ."

"Enough, honey," Megan cut him off. "We have only four hours to get ready. If we're lucky, we'll just get to the dance on time."

Clutching Carl's arm, Megan dragged him into his bedroom and shut the door. Shrugging my shoulders, I returned to the game when Megan popped her head out from behind Carl's door. "Bill, be a doll and get lost for a couple of hours.

We got a lot of girl stuff to do and, well, we sort of need the whole place to ourselves.”

“Fine,” I grunted. “When may I return to MY apartment?”

“Not before 5:30, to be safe. That should leave you plenty of time to shave, shower, and get dressed.”

As Megan disappeared behind the bedroom door, I reluctantly grabbed my coat and headed out. With no particular place to go, I just started walking and boy, was I steamed!

At a quarter of six, I returned only to find boxes, bags and tissue paper strewn about the living room and kitchen. Meanwhile, the sound of girlish chatter emanated from within Carl’s sealed bedroom. Heck, my sister didn’t carry on this much on her wedding day!

“That you, Bill?” Megan called from behind the closed door.

“Yeah! Is it safe? May I stay, PLEASE! I do have to get ready, you know.” Not wanting an answer, I went ahead and showered. . .after I cleared out the scented soaps and moisturizer tubes from the bathtub!

Twenty minutes later, I was showered, shaved, dressed, and drinking a beer while I waited. For the life of me, I couldn’t imagine what the two of them were doing that took so darn long!

It was nearly 7:30 when the door to Carl’s bedroom finally opened and Megan came out. Her short, black velvet cocktail dress fit very tightly and left nothing of her voluptuous body to the imagination! Her endlessly long legs, encased in sheer nude nylon, stood atop three inch black suede pumps. Her thick, fiery red hair was in an elegant swept up style. She was gorgeous, and despite our problems in the past, I wanted her so bad.

Totally forgetting what a pain in the butt she really was, I stammered, “Gosh, Megan, you look great!”

“Thanks Bill, but don’t get too excited. You already have a date, and so do I.”

“Yeah? Do I know him?”

“Probably not. He’s a grad student. . .an engineer.”

"I never knew you went for the analytical type, Megan."

"You had your chance, Billy boy. So don't waste your time flirting with me. Pay attention to your own DATE!"

The blunt emphasis she placed on 'date' jolted me back to reality. . . a place I didn't particularly want to be! Sure, Carl and I had gone out before, but it really wasn't dating. We were just two pals hanging out, but this Valentine's gig was different. It was too formal to be anything else but a date—I was dating another guy!

"Where's Car..., I mean Chloe?" I faltered, anxiously checking my watch. "The party starts in half an hour."

"Turn around and find out," Megan winked.

I did, and I could have died! I had never seen Carl so beautiful or so feminine! His fire engine red silk dress hugged his narrow frame like a second skin. His skirt, with its short taffeta flounce, billowed about the top of his shapely nylon clad thighs, and the snug bodice rose to just off his creamy white rounded shoulders.

The time he had spent at the beauty parlor really paid off! His pale blonde hair cascaded to just below his shoulders in a mass of soft wide ringlets, twin sets of long sparkling pendants dangled from his lobes, and diamond studs sparkled from the top holes in his ears.

Stepping toward me in his red silk slippers with four inch spiked heels, he pursed his high glossed crimson lips. "Am I girl enough not to embarrass you?" he whispered softly, his airy soprano voice conveying anxious uncertainty. As he awaited my reply, Carl patted a spiraled lock of hair back into place, flashing his long red perfectly manicured nails.

"You look tantalizing!" I choked. "You look so. . ."

"Feminine?" he asked. As I nodded, he played with the hem of his short red skirt and coyly added, "I don't want you to be embarrassed." He asked, "Is this dress too provocative?"

"I thought that was the idea," I stated sarcastically. I know I was just another ginny pig tonight.

As my stare lingered, I saw a hint of flesh rising just above his small, fake bosom. For an instant I wondered if his breasts

could actually be real. I had heard of those new 'miracle bras' that did amazing things for flat chests.

Conscious of my intense gaze, Carl batted his thick mascara laden lashes and turned away. . .blushing as red as his dress!

"Will you two quit making googoo eyes!" Megan sneered. "Let's go before my date thinks I stood him up."

"We can't go, not yet," Carl abruptly announced. "This is a formal affair, and Bill can't go dressed like that."

Confused, I stared down at my blue blazer, khaki chinos, and blue and green rep tie. "What's wrong? No one's ever complained before."

"Please, Bill, do it for me," Carl begged in the small girlishly tone that always won me over.

Maybe if I had been in my right mind, I would've just blown off the stupid dance, but my brain was definitely warped that evening. Five minutes later, I was wearing my brand new navy suit and red 'power' tie.

"You're SO handsome!" Carl winked and smiled to reveal perfect white teeth between his bright crimson lips. Perhaps I was, but the way he emphasized 'so,' as his blue eyes twinkled, gave me the willies!

Since my sports car was so small, I used some of Dr. Baldwin's cash to rent a large sedan for the evening. Megan knew about the money and let me know that she preferred a limousine with a chauffeur, but that wasn't my style. After we picked up Megan's date at the graduate dorm, we headed to the dance.

At the University Center ballroom, we sat at a table with Megan and her date, Larry. While this engineering grad may have been a brain, he was also a real nerd! Even though he hadn't dated Megan for very long, she already had him wrapped around her little finger. She constantly henpecked him, expecting him to stand when she stood and follow her around like a puppy dog. I pitied the guy, but I was relieved that it was him instead of me!



‘It was disturbing to see other guys courting Carl and seeing him respond like any girl.’

I said to myself, “Okay, they want Carl to experience being a girl, I’ll treat him like one. Gawd knows he looked like one.”

When Carl and I danced to a brisk waltz, I was surprised at how well he danced. . .as a girl! As a guy, he danced pretty well, but now he followed my lead without missing a step or a skipping beat! I don’t know how he walked in those stilt heels, much less danced in them!

As I twirled Carl across the dance floor, I eyed Megan and Larry on the other side of the room. Apparently, Larry had fouled up and Megan was really letting him have it.

“Looks like Larry is in the dog house,” I chuckled. “What a masochist!”

“That’s not true,” Carl retorted. “Larry is quite fond of Megan, and he would do anything for her.”

“Yeah, she’s got him by the gonads!” I observed. “It’s easy to see who wears the pants in that relationship. He would probably even wear her panties if that’s what it took to make her happy!”

At that instant, Carl pushed me away, and I realized my mistake. “Hey, come back. I’m sorry!” I

yelled, chasing after him out of the ballroom. Fortunately, he couldn't move very fast in his four inch heels, and I caught up with him just before he reached the women's rest room.

"So! I'm just a pantywaist sissy, huh?" Carl huffed, his eyes afire with anger. "I thought you knew me better than that!"

"I do, and I didn't mean it that way. I just meant that Megan gets too bossy with her boyfriends, that's all."

After a long pause, Carl bit his red glossed lip and grinned, "She is kind of bossy, isn't she." he giggled. "I ought to know!"

With that, we made up and returned to the party, but not before he slipped into the ladies room to 'powder his nose.' When he emerged, his makeup was freshened and his hair more teased. Although he looked as radiantly feminine as ever, his tantrum over my panty remark encouraged me that he wanted to be a guy again.

Back in the ballroom, we danced a bit more. I wasn't all that fond of the waltz, but quite a few unsuspecting men eagerly lined up for a chance to dance with Carl. Only if they really knew or maybe they didn't care?

Standing by the bar, I drank a beer and watched in amazement as Carl was gracefully whirled about the dance floor. Just then, Megan walked up and whispered, "What do you think of your old buddy now. . .really something, eh?"

"You know what I think."

"Don't play dumb with me, Bill. I saw how your mouth hung open. . .Face it, you like the way Carl looks now."

"You're out of your mind! That's my buddy out there. Under all that silk and padding, he's as much of a guy as me. Besides, I'm partial to girls, remember Megan?"

"I concede. You're 100% heterosexual, but can you honestly say that your best friend looks, acts, or moves like anything but a girl? Admit it, you're attracted to 'Chloe'"

Believe me, I tried, but I couldn't rebut her argument. "If it's any conciliation Bill, I'll let you in on a little secret about you friend."

Leaning into my ear, she whispered, "The feeling is mutual! Chloe has been having 'girlish feelings' for you!"

Before I could respond and ask the questions that flooded my mind, she slipped into the crowd and out of sight. Moments later, I saw her hailing a taxi just outside University Center, with Larry safely in tow.

At the same time, the orchestra took a break, and Carl scurried to me. "That was fun. Where's Megan?" he asked breathlessly, winded from his frolic on the dance floor. He must have danced with twenty different guys.

"She just left," I answered, still in a daze from Megan's statement. "It's getting kind of late. Maybe we should take off too."

"You're the boss," Carl meekly, yet earnestly smiled.

During the drive home, Carl was bubbling over. Talking a mile a minute, he vivaciously waved his arms about as he described how much fun he had at the dance.

"It's fun being a popular girl," he stated, playing with the hem of his skirt.

"Any one ask you out?"

Carl blushed and nodded. "A few are going to call me," he admitted then added apologetically, "I'm supposed to start dating. . .if I'm asked. I guess I was asked."

Yet, with all his exuberance, I could only brood. Megan's little secret weighed heavily on my mind.

When we arrived home, Carl skipped into the living room. Tossing his coat on the sofa, he girlishly twirled as the billowy flounce around his skirt played about his shapely thighs and purred, "This night has been so perfect! I never want it to end."

"It's after one in the morning. Aren't you exhausted?"

"Not me? I'm walking on air! How about a nightcap?"

"A drink? Aren't you still dieting?"

"Of course!" he replied adamantly, smoothing over his flat tummy, shrinking waist, and widening hips. "But this is a special occasion."

"Fine. What'll you have?"

“I’ll have a glass of wine, but you have whatever you want,” he sang out as he skipped off to his bedroom. As he passed through the door, he called out over his shoulder, “Go ahead and fix the drinks! I’ll be right back—after I slip into something more comfortable.”

After Megan’s revelation, I sort of wondered what he meant! Removing my suit coat and tie, I downed a drink, poured Carl’s wine, and fixed another for myself. As I started on my second, my nerves were as frazzled as before.

“I’m back!” Carl purred, slinking back into the living room after changing into a long shimmering silky white nightgown. It’s narrow floor length skirt and tight bodice hugged his narrow waist, and the mounds high on his chest showed that he was wearing his falsies. Yet, I didn’t understand. If he was getting comfortable, why would he want to wear his prosthesis and a waist cinch, and since the micro-thin spaghetti straps showed no sign of a bra, how did his falsies stay in place?

Speechless, I stared at his mass of loose, ashen blonde ringlets as they gently brushed my friend’s bare creamy white shoulders. Demurely averting his darkly made up eyes from my gaze, a sweet smile spread across Carl’s glossy red lips. “Want to watch some T.V. or something?” I stammered, trying to avert my obvious interests.

“No,” he purred. “Let’s just sit awhile and talk for a while.” Skipping past me, Carl girlishly curled up in the corner of the sofa. As he patted the cushion beside him, his long, shiny red fingernails softly reflected the dim light of the room.

Afraid to get too close, I sat two cushions over from him. While we were supposed to be talking, neither of us said a word. I just kept sneaking a peek at the mounds on his chest, wondering how they could look so real.

“They look good, eh?” Carl asked, aware of my stare. He puffed his chest out.

“How do you make them look so real? I mean, are they glued on?”

“Glued?”

“Yeah. Falsies usually need a bra, right?”

Without saying a word, Carl crossed his willowy arms and let the thin straps of his nightgown slip off his narrow shoulders. As the white silk bodice slithered to his lap, Carl cupped his slender hands about his fleshy chest.

“My GAWD! They’re REAL. You have BREASTS!”

“Sorry I kept it from you, Bill,” he whispered remorsefully. “I wasn’t sure how you’d take it. Frankly, I’ve had a hard time dealing with them myself, as well the other physical changes. But now, they’re getting too big to hide.”

“But how? I mean, guys don’t have breasts.”

“Remember before Christmas? You were drunk and I was crying? Well, piercing my ears and changing my name wasn’t all Dr. Baldwin did to me.” he admitted as he lifted his left arm and pointed at a pronounced pout in his hairless armpit.

The faint linear mark was reddish in color and barely inch long. Confused, I asked, “What’s that? Cut yourself shaving?”

“NO!” he snapped impatiently. “It’s an incision scar. Dr. Baldwin implanted a time release supply of estrogen under my arm. That’s how my breasts grew, why my waist is so narrow, and the reason my hips and fanny are so round and feminine!”

“You let them give you Female HORMONES? Are you out of your mind?”

“You think I had a choice? When Dr. Baldwin told me my vitamins were really estrogen pills, I wanted to quit! I really did, but then she showed me the articles about how the effects could be reversed and the research that said time release delivery was safer than pills. To make a long story short, she convinced me that since I was already on estrogen, I might as well continue. Bill, she was SO persuasive. You’ve met her. You know how she is!”

“Don’t I know it!” I continued to ogle my pal’s small pert breasts with their wide rosy pink areolas and dark thick distended nipples. His womanly shape, increasingly feminine behavior, and girlish personality finally made sense. It was all drug induced!

Out of the blue, Carl asked, “Want to feel them?” Demurely crossing his arms, he blushed, “You haven’t taken your

eyes off my bosom all evening. If you're so curious, touch them." Gently taking my hand, he guided it toward his girlish chest.

I was much stronger than Carl, and I could have easily pulled away, but I didn't! My fingertips brushed against his shoulder, and I felt his soft supple skin. He meticulously cared for his body, but moisturizers alone couldn't have given it such a silky smooth texture.

I found myself gingerly cupping his feminine orb and saw that the two small jelly-like mounds rose pertly high on his chest. Their look, feel, and promise were identical to those of the fourteen year old girls I had dated back in junior high! As my hands lingered, I fingered his swollen nipples. When I tenderly pinched it, it hardened and Carl shivered with goose bumps. To my surprise, his breathing became heavier, and he his lips met mine.

Whether I was lost in illusion or lust, I don't know, but as he tried to thrust his hot tongue into my mouth, I urgently pushed him away. "I can't do this! I'm sorry Carl. I just can't!"

As we sat in silence at opposite ends of the sofa, the top of his silky gown was bunched at his waist and his face was sullen, expressing his complete humiliation. Realizing I had over reacted, I reached over, laid my hand on his soft shoulder, and said, "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know, Bill. I'm just upset with myself," he sniffled with his red lips quivering, "I'm sorry. I just got carried away." While he tried holding them back, tears started to flow freely.

As he cried, Carl twisted his weightless body around, and he ended up cradled in my arms. "Poor Carl," I thought. "Those diabolical women changed him so much. He even cries and craves comfort like a woman. Yet, he is my best friend and I can't turn him away."

Weeping, he buried against my chest, and soon, I found myself gently caressing him to ease his suffering. Stroking his delicate shoulders and narrow back, I ran my fingers through his soft, bouncy curls. Silently, I thought about what Carl had become. Was he still a guy deep down inside where it

counted? Could I help him become the man he was? And what about our relationship? I was so confused!

A while later, I felt Carl stir. Flipping around, he was now sitting on my lap, looking up at me. "Feel better?" I asked with a smile.

"Thanks, Bill," he sighed, drying his eyes before reaching up and kissing me lightly on cheek. "I'm exhausted. Help me to bed?"

After adjusting his tiny straps atop his soft shoulders, I carried him to his room and covered him up beneath his frilly sheets. As I was about to turn out the light, Carl opened his eyes and sheepishly asked, "Are we still friends, Bill?"

"Best friends!"

With a grateful smile on his lips, Carl scrunched up and pulled the covers about his neck.

After that fateful night, our relationship changed. We remained good friends, but the dance was our last date—together!

Right after Valentine's day, our phone started ringing. Guy's from the dance. Carl told me that Dr. Baldwin wanted to test his reactions to dating men. Although she offered me more money to date him, I refused. With me out of the picture, Megan arranged or rather approved his dates, one a week, sometimes two. At first they double dated then Carl was on his own. I noticed that he always dressed nicely for his dates, but he never looked very happy.

"You look real nice," I told Carl before a Saturday night date.

"Sure for a girl. . ." he verbally jabbed then said, "Sorry, it's just that I'm not all that keen on dating. Every week it's a different guy. Megan says variety is the spice of life, but I don't know. Actually, I'd rather just hang out with you at home."

"What do you do on these dates," I asked.

“You don’t want to know,” he said that answered, “Boy-girl stuff. I wish it was just the two of us again.”

Carl’s loyalty was comforting, yet very puzzling. Did he want my company as a guy, or did he want to date me like a girl? I was hesitant to ask.

As winter moved into spring, I saw Carl every day and watched as the hormones transformed his body while Dr. Baldwin and her weird experiments changed his personality. Every day he became more docile and soft spoken, while his girlish voice inflections and body language were as animated as ever. Lotions and moisturizers kept his feminized skin soft and clear. He kept his long fingernails neatly polished, and he was always stylishly dressed with impeccable hair and makeup. In short, he was becoming a totally vivacious female!

When daylight savings time arrived, the clock wasn’t the only thing to spring forward! On a particularly dreary Thursday afternoon in early April, the day before the start of Spring Break, I decided to give my Mom a break by doing my laundry instead of dumping it on her.

With my dirty clothes stuffed in a duffel bag, I was heading to the laundromat just as Carl arrived back from his afternoon session with Dr. Baldwin. His face was aglow, and he seemed excited over something. When he saw me with a box of detergent, he girlishly asked, “Will you wash a few of my things, too?”

“No problem—you usually do mine,” I answered. “What’s the occasion?”

Before he answered, Carl shed his yellow rain slicker. When he pulled off the hood, his long, ashen blonde hair was neatly piled high atop his head, with the ends of his evenly cut bangs extending just below his pencil thin brows. The hem of his form fitting black and white glen plaid sleeveless sheath dress rose several inches above his sheer black nylon clad knees. The tight dress emphasized his flawless feminine proportions, especially his bust! His bra must have had extra padding.

“Dr. Baldwin is taking me to New York!” he thrilled as his deep crimson glossed lips spread into a giddy smile. As he scampered to his room atop black three inch patent leather

sling back pumps, he sighed, "I've barely time to pack. Thanks for doing my laundry, Billy. It's just a few odds and ends."

"That's okay, I don't mind. Hey, what's in New York?"

"Some sort of conference," he replied while rummaging through his closet. "I'm not sure what it's all about, except it has something to do with the experiment."

"How long will you be there? The entire break?"

"Don't know," he girlishly shrugged, but then grimaced, "It sort of depends on how many places Megan drags me to. It's my first trip out of town as a girl, and she wants to gage my feminine reaction to as much unfamiliar stimuli as possible."

"New York in high heels! Wow, sounds great. Sorry I'll miss all the fun," I mocked.

"Hey comedian," he winked, poking me with a long scarlet fingernail, "Just make sure you wash my things in the cold, gentle cycle and DON'T dry them! Hang them in the bathroom when you return." Then, handing me the small, white cotton bag, Carl kiddingly pushed me out of his room.

At the laundromat, I discovered that Carl gave me his unmentionables and I wasn't at all pleased. Thank goodness the place was deserted. Otherwise, I'd be a laughing stock for washing my male roommate's feminine undies! Why, some unsuspecting lout might even think they were mine!

While hanging Carl's damp underwear in the bathroom. I was surprised to see that his bra cups weren't padded as I had assumed. Peeking at the tag, I was shocked. "34 B!"

By June, finals were over. I passed the C.P.A. exam and I was approved for graduation. Yet, since Carl's scholarship forced him to stay behind another year, my excitement was tempered.

My entire family came to the campus for commencement. My Dad, the 'shutter bug', was putting together a photo album and insisted I pose in front of all my class buildings and favorite hangouts. He also wanted shots of all my friends as well. I

felt bad, but I lied to him about Carl, saying he was 'out of town'.

Putting on my lucky navy suit, I smiled. Along with the recommendation letter, it had landed me a great job with a top accounting firm. I grimaced and remembered that I also wore it on my date with Carl and the agitation that had caused!

Grabbing my mortar board and gown, I headed out to meet my folks at their hotel, but first, I stopped to say good bye to Carl.

"Leaving so early," he smiled as he did stretching exercises on the carpet. "Commencement is at two this afternoon, isn't it?"

"Yeah, but my folks are down and you know Dad and his camera!"

"The pictures will turn out wonderfully Billy, and you look especially handsome in that suit," he girlishly cheered.

Sheathed in shiny pink spandex leotards and matching athletic top, Carl stretched his right leg high above his head. As he did so, his bosom, concealed by only his clingy tank top, jutted forward to reveal a hint of deep cleavage between his burgeoning breasts.

Springing to his feet, Carl dropped a tape into his boom box, but as he did, a disconcerted pout spread across his lips.

"Sorry you're not up there with me. You okay?" I asked with concern.

"Yeah. I'm just disappointed about having to stay another year without you. I was really looking forward to graduating this year. In my wildest dreams, I never would have thought things could end up like this!"

"Look on the bright side, in another few weeks the experiment will be over, and you can forget all this feminine foolishness."

"Hope I can," he sputtered. His reply baffled me. It wasn't at all what I expected.

"See ya before I go?" I asked hopefully.

"Absolutely. I'll be here all day except tonight I'm joining Megan and Dr. Baldwin for dinner."

As I left, Carl turned on his disco tape. As his hips swirled, arms thrust out, and his legs kicking high in the air, his aerobic workout looked more like a dance routine. His sexy provocative moves sure didn't seem appropriate for someone who would become a guy again in just a few weeks!

After commencement, I checked my car to be sure my stuff was all loaded and then stopped back by the apartment to leave my key for the landlord. Giving the place one last look, my heart sank with regret. Academically, it brought me more success than I ever dreamed, but this was supposed to have been a party house. Carl and I were going to chase babes and slosh down beer, but our big plans were derailed and never materialized. Maybe it was for the best. . .drinking and serious study didn't go together.

Just then, Carl stepped out of his room in a sleeveless, pale yellow sun dress with a form fitted bodice and wide billowing ankle length skirt and matching yellow espadrilles. Even without nylons, his delicately tanned legs were silky smooth. Sun streaked, his ash blonde hair was as light as ever and styled in braided tail with his long even bangs shading the tops of his darkly made up eyes. "You startled me, Bill!" he sighed, palming his chest with his long pearly pink nails. Then pursing his frosted lips, he smiled, "But I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Just giving the place a once over before hitting the road. How about you?"

"I'm meeting Megan before dinner at Dr. Baldwin's house."

Eyeing Carl's feminine posture, as he limply cradled his hands against his bosom, I remarked, "Just a few more weeks, and you'll be back to your old self again, huh pal?"

"It won't happen overnight, you know. It took a long time to get me like this. Who knows how long it'll take to change back."

"Don't you want to be a guy?"

"All I'm saying is that it's not as easy as you make it sound. Besides, the experiment won't be over for another three weeks, and to make sure I honor my contract to the letter, Megan is

staying on campus. I can't even begin to think about being male again until she's gone!"

"No sweat! My job doesn't start until the first of August, and I'll be at my folk's house until then. If you need anything, or if there's anything I can do to help, just call. I promised to get you back to being your old self, remember?"

"Sure, Bill," he sweetly smiled, "I remember."

As I left, we shook hands, but it was uncomfortable and awkward. Not only was his skin girlishly soft and his fingernails long and elegant, his hand felt as though it was smaller and more petite.

"Don't forget, call me!" I reminded him.

"I won't—OOPS! Can you wait a minute Bill? I have something for you."

Carl skipped off to his room and returned with a small, gift wrapped box. Handing it to my, he grinned, "Open it." When I saw what was inside, I really felt awful. "I can't take your class ring!" I exclaimed. "It was a gift from your folks."

"Please Bill. It's too big for my fingers, and wearing it around my neck is too juvenile. Besides, I'm not graduating with my class anyway.

I didn't want to take his ring, but I did. I couldn't say no to Carl's pleading gaze.

"Thank's Bill," he said, petting my arm, "This means a lot to me."

"Well, you're getting it back as soon as this darn experiment is over and we get you back to normal!"

"We'll see." Then, out of blue, he stood on his tip toes and kissed me square on the lips! "You're the best, Bill. There's no friend like you."

"Gee thank's," I muttered.

Looking back, I saw Carl start to cry. "Drive safely," he whimpered, rapidly dabbing his eyes to save his makeup before quickly turning away and scampering back into the apartment.

On the long drive home, I couldn't get Carl out of my mind. His weak commitment to call me was only matched by his apparent ambivalence to recovering his manhood.

Back at my folks' house, Dad pulled out his camera, while Mom looked like the cat who swallowed the canary. They all cheered, "Surprise!" and Dad snapped a picture as Mom handed me my graduation gift, round trip airline tickets to France and a month long Eurail pass!

Three days later, I was on a plane to Paris. In all the excitement I had forgotten about Carl. Not until I was celebrating the Fourth of July on a train between Berlin and Prague did I remember that the experiment had finally ended. Two days later, I finally found a phone that made international calls, but by then, it was already too late. His line had been disconnected, and he left no forwarding number.

When I got back to the States, I called again. I even left messages with Megan, Dr. Baldwin, and the University, but they were no help. My inability to locate Carl frustrated me, but eventually, I grew indifferent and gave up. Ultimately, I concluded that Carl knew where to find me. He hadn't bothered to call my folks while I was away, so I wasn't going to continue trying to hunt him down.

Thus, I began my career as a junior associate with the top accounting firm in Capitol City. We serviced most of the state agencies, many large corporations, and the biggest lobbyists in town. I knew if I worked hard and played my cards right, I'd be a powerful and wealthy partner some day.

Most of the firm's principals, including the senior partner, were State U alums, and on homecoming weekend, it was the firm's tradition to rent a couple of buses and ride to the campus for the big football game. Being new, I was honored to be included.

This year, State had a winning football team, for a change. At the end of the first quarter, we had scored four touchdowns while holding our opponent to a single field goal. I figured the game was won and started watching the cheerleaders. One in particular really caught my eye. She was the leggiest of the girls out there, and her exuberance really inspired the crowd. For my part, I was aroused by her dynamite figure and her dark

chocolate brown hair that was pulled back into a saucy pony-tail!

As she shimmied and cheered, I stared starry eyed at her short, pleated skirt dancing about her shapely thighs and dreamed of running my hands up under her bulky sweater, down to wrap my arms around her narrow waist, and then slide them farther down to squeeze her firm fanny. She had a face of an angel with large doe-like eyes, a tiny button nose, and full pouted lips. If I had only met someone like her while I was at State U, my life would be set!

"Some chick, huh?" Jeff chuckled. We were both junior associates in the firm, and we were both single as well. Therefore, we shared a hotel room for the weekend. He said, "They didn't make em' like that when I went here."

"Yeah," I said keeping an eye on the brunette. "Well, if State can score big, so can I. At half time, I'm going down there and hit on her. I've just got to get my hands on that doll!"

"Dream on brother!" Jeff laughed. "That babe is probably going out with the starting quarterback or that huge middle linebacker."

"Bet you a steak dinner she goes with me to the Homecoming dance tonight."

"You're on! By the way, I like my t-bone medium well!"

At half-time, I strolled down toward the field and found the cheerleaders taking a break along the sideline. The band was marching to a disco hit, and most of the cheerleaders were dancing along. As the brunette swung her hips, thrust her arms out, and kicked her legs high in the air, I got an eerie feeling. . . I had been here before. I was twenty yards away when the brunette looked up at me and squealed, "Billy! Is that really you?"

"OH MY GAWD!" I anxiously gasped. A pit grew in my stomach as I realized the identity of that sexy buxom brunette. "CARL?"

"SHHH!" he warned, guarding his full red lips with a slender extended finger. "Not here! I'll be right back." As

he skipped girlishly away, I couldn't believe my fantasy girl was really my pal, Carl.

Within seconds he returned, his blue eyes sparkling. "BILLY!" he smiled, reaching over the fence to hug me. Since Jeff was probably watching from the stands, I closed my eyes and let Carl kiss me on the cheek. "I was hoping you'd come to the game. I've really missed you, and we have so much to discuss."

"Here?" I gasped, nervously looking around.

"Everything is okay. . . I got the captain to let me off for the second half."

"No I mean. . ."

"I'll tell you all about it. We can go back to my place."

As I followed him through the tunnel and out of the stadium, I couldn't get over the drastic changes in him. His slim body was now full figured and femininely well rounded. His pixie nose and full lips were totally different, and he had gone back to his original hair color.

For a moment, I thought this was some prank. Maybe this wasn't really Carl. But then he said, "I see you're wearing my ring. Looks good on your pinky."

"Well, the truth is, it's sort of stuck." Only Carl could have known about that!

"That's what you get for not calling me all summer," he giggled.

I tried explaining my surprise trip, but he told me he already knew about it and wasn't upset. Apparently Megan got my message and told him. As we walked along the campus green, I wanted to ask a zillion questions, but I couldn't take my eyes off Carl. His image was mesmerizing! He looked, spoke, moved, and acted more femininely than any real woman I knew, especially in that short cheerleading uniform! "So Carl," I started to say.

"That's not my name anymore. Call me Chloe, okay?"

As I soberly nodded, he fluffed his pompons in my face and taunted, "Don't be so serious. I certainly don't look like a Carl, do I?"

“No, but when did you stop being a blonde?”

“As soon as Megan left campus. The blonde hair was her idea. She thought I’d attract more guys and feel more feminine. Trust me, I don’t need anymore male attention!” he bashfully giggled. “Besides, I hated the weekly touch ups. Dark brunette is sexy too, don’t you think?”

“I didn’t recognize you.” I said.

“Oh, then I just lured you down from the stands, didn’t I?”

“I suppose, but I’ve always been a sucker for cheerleaders. Since when did you become one?”

Glancing at his red and white pleated mini skirt, he blushed, “About a month before school started. My gym workout was at the same time as the cheerleaders’ practice. To break the monotony, I mimicked their drills and routines, and after a couple of weeks, I was as good they were. When one of the girls got pregnant and was dropped from the squad, the captain asked me to take her place. The rest is history.”

“But that’s not all that happened this summer. You look so different.”

“Not yet, Bill. Wait until we get to my apartment. Then, I tell you everything, and I do mean everything.”

Silently, I followed Carl. Just as we got off campus, we walked through a park where several small children were playing in the sand box. When we neared them, a girl no older than five, ran toward us shouting, “CHLOE! CHLOE!”

“SUZZIE!” Carl smiled as the child ran into his open arms.

As the girl skipped back to the sand box, I asked Carl, “What was that all about?”

“She’s one of the kids from the University day care center. I work there a couple of mornings a week.”

“That’s great. I never knew you were into kids that much.”

“I never was. But toward the end of the summer, I got this overpowering desire to nurture. The center was looking for help, so I volunteered. It’s very fulfilling, and I really relate to the young girls. The experience is like we’re both learning how to become women at the same time—together.”

His answer perplexed me even more. Five months earlier, Carl was set on becoming a guy again, but now, he was trying to become more feminine. Nothing made sense!

When we finally reached his place, I was surprised to see that it was the same old, converted house that we roomed in during my senior year, except that he had taken over Megan's one bedroom unit on the second floor.

I asked, "Do you have anything to drink? I have a feeling I may need it."

"Some white wine," he smiled.

"Wish you had something stronger but I guess it will do," I replied in my disappointment. "I really don't drink much anymore."

Carl slipped off his sneakers, folded his legs beneath him, and adjusted his short cheerleading skirt over his bare thighs as he sat beside me on the sofa.

"You're more feminine than ever. What gives?" I scolded. "Your hair is longer and smells like a perfume factory! Those curves on your body are dangerous—especially your breasts, and your face. You're prettier than any girl I've ever met. What happened?"

"Plastic surgery. Right after the experiment ended, Dr. Baldwin made all the arrangements. I had a nose job, and my lips were augmented."

"But why? The project was over."

"I never really liked nose. . ."

"It wasn't necessary."

"Yes it was!" he snapped back. "All over campus, people stared at me like I was a freak. They'd call me awful things like 'the guinea pig' or 'FrankenBaldwin's monster'. It took almost a year to make me into a girl, and guess what? I couldn't become a guy again over night. You saw what I'd become. With another year to get my degree, I needed anonymity."

"Fine, you don't want people to know who you really are, but that's no reason to surgically alter your face and stay dolled up as a girl?"

After a long, anxious pause, Carl adjusted his short skirt and stammered, "Well, there was another reason. . .my major. Guys with art history degrees just don't get work. The good jobs as assistant museum curators or art gallery matrons go to women."

"For a job? Hey pal, that's lame! Try again."

An even longer, tension filled pause followed. Carl fidgeted, running his long clear polished fingers through his mass of brown hair and bit his red lip. Then, as tears streamed down his smooth cheeks, he sobbed, "Okay Bill, you're going to make me say it. I sort of like being a girl."

"WHAT?"

"It's a long story," he said softly. "At first, I hated everything about having to dress as a girl, the soft lingerie, the dresses and skirts, fixing my hair, wearing makeup, learning to walk like a girl, having to talk in a feminine tone, and especially shaving my legs! Remember when you hated playing golf?"

"Golf? What's that got to do with it?"

"You love golf now because you're good at it. With all the training, I got good at it. Along with the hormones, the experience of being like a girl gave me a new sex appeal. . .guys liked being around me. Additional hormones made me start liking boy's attention. that's when I stopped wanting to be one. It's hard to explain what happened."

"Those bitches!" I fumed. "You'll get a lawyer, you'll sue them."

"No, Bill. This is how I am now and I like it. I'm Chloe now. Carl is gone."

Reaching for my crotch, I panicked, "Completely gone?"

"Sex change? No. I'm not ready for that. . .yet." Tightly crossing his thighs, he tearfully sighed, "Everything is still there. . .but you'd never recognize it. It's very small—like an infant's."

Our talk left me dizzy. Carl wanted to be a girl, but wasn't. He attracted and was attracted to men, but physically remained one. OH BROTHER!

I looked around Carl's apartment. Everything from the furniture to the wall paper looked so feminine. Finally, I broke the deafening silence and asked, "This used to be Megan's place. Still hear from her?"

"Rarely. She's going to grad school back east. Dr. Baldwin got her an internship with her new company."

"So, the doctor is gone too, huh. Where to?"

"New York. She's with the company that funded my scholarship, G.D.P."

"Who?"

"Gender Dysphoria Partnership. Most of their clients are large corporations. G.D.P. uses data collected from my experiment and the others. When companies need to comply with affirmative action regulations, Dr. Baldwin and her assistants take young upwardly mobile male executives and subjects them to the same training I went through. Within six months or so, 'women' are in charge of top departments, and the company is in compliance with the law without disturbing the corporate structure. That's why she took me to New York last spring. . .to show me off to potential clients."

"No. Do corporations really do that. . .ask men to be women?"

"The practice is a lot more common than you would think. I've learned that big business executives will do anything to enhance their 'bottom line'!"

"And guys, normal heterosexual family men, actually agree to go through with this insane feminine nonsense?"

"For the money and the career advancements they're promised. What else?"

Now, everything made a lot more sense. Carl was a guinea pig alright! He had traded his masculinity so Dr. Baldwin and a group of corporations could make big bucks and avoid the 'rules'!

Carl added, "While we were there, I also met the guys who were participating in the experiment at other colleges around the country. You should have seen them—beautiful!"

"There's other guys like you?" I gasped. "How many?"

“Over thirty. There were fifty in the beginning, but about a third dropped out for one reason or another,” he said then proudly added, “I finished third among all those beauties. It made me take another look at myself! I guess that’s when I began to come out of my shell.”

“You finished third? Who won?”

“A boy from the south named Veronica. Unlike most of us, he was a freshman. He didn’t want to participate in the experiment, but his rich aunt made him. She had been his guardian since infancy and had made him wear dresses and other feminine things a lot when he was growing up. In fact, he already had a complete wardrobe of girl’s clothes when he graduated from high school.”

“Oh he wanted to be a girl?”

“No, he thought he was getting away from his eccentric aunt and having to dress as a girl when he went away to college, but she burst his bubble by enrolling him in the experiment without his knowledge. She even hired a ‘bodyguard’ who accompanied him every where and forced him to participate. Now, despite his wishes to the contrary, he has to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl all the time!”

“After all he’s been through, does he like being a girl now?”

“Not on your life! I heard him begging his aunt to let him return to being a boy, but she wouldn’t hear of such a thing. Without trying, he was drop dead gorgeous, and his figure was to die for!”

“Will he ever get to be a boy again?”

“Not if his determined aunt has anything to say about it! She has seen to it that his body was pumped full of feminine hormones, and that he has been drilled so thoroughly in feminine mannerisms that he never makes even the slightest masculine movement. I don’t think he remembers how to act like a boy in spite of his protests about having to dress as a girl!”

“Wow!” I gasped. “At least, you had a choice. You could have quit any time you wanted. Were any of the other boys forced into the experiment?”

"A few maybe, but by that time, with the hormones, body development, and having to date guys, most of them had come to like being girls. At least, I didn't hear them complaining very much."

"They all fell in love with being a girl? Like you?"

"Yes," he grinned.

I was dying to learn more about this bizarre experiment and its participants, but glancing at my watch, I spat, "DARN! It's four o'clock. The Homecoming dance starts in a few hours."

Tossing his long brunette tresses over his narrow shoulders and giving me a sultry look, Carl impishly purred, "You know, the purpose of Homecoming is to renew old acquaintances. You and I haven't even begun to start."

"Are you asking me to take you to the dance?"

"No, Billy. I'm asking you to make mad, passionate love to me," he whispered in a low seductive voice. "What did you think I was asking?"

I found myself blushing. I didn't know what to think. While his answer was patently sarcastic, I knew Carl, and I detected an inkling of sincerity in his gibe. On top of that, he was looking very sexy and desirable in that little cheerleading skirt with his ample breasts rising and falling as he breathed.

"Who knows about you now?" I asked thinking about the ruin of my reputation if anyone found out Carl was a guy.

"It's a non issue now," he said crossing his legs. "I've been asked out by every stud on campus."

"Wow! This will work out okay," I said, a bit ashamed but hoping to make the best of an awkward situation. "I sort of bet a buddy from work that I'd get you to go out with me tonight—that is, before I knew who you really were."

"Are you saying you wouldn't have asked if you had known it was me from the start?"

"You've become a woman, alright," I chuckled tensely. "You really know how to put a guy between a rock and a hard place! Do I have to beg?"

After we both laughed, he agreed to be my date for the dance, and I would pick him up at seven.

Carl called me a taxi, and while we waited, he said, "Honestly, if you aren't comfortable going out with me, I'll understand. I won't like it, but I'll understand."

"No, that's not it at all. I'm really glad to see you. It's not the bet, either. You just threw me. It's the thing you said about making love like a woman."

"And?"

"GAWD! I can't get over how gorgeous you are. You're obviously so different, yet still so much the same, I'm confused. . ."

"It okay," he soothed, tenderly caressing my cheek with his long soft decorated fingers. "I know exactly what you mean."

"But, you're so damned beautiful. . .so incredibly sexy as a woman! Believe me, if I didn't know. . ."

Moving closer, Carl gently laid his head on my shoulder and purred, "I'm just glad you find me sexy. My secret is when I fix myself up, I always pretend it's for you, even when you aren't around. And, just so you know, I love you, Billy. I have ever since my hormones started kicking in, but knew I couldn't tell you. And now, like you said, everything so different."

We continued to hold each other until the cab arrived. Our intimate closeness confused me at first, but as Carl snuggled more tightly into my arms, purring like a kitten, I sensed that maybe a relationship with him might be okay. He may not have been a female, but he was more feminine than any woman I had ever known!

"Where the heck have you been all afternoon?" Jeff shouted as I walked into our hotel room. "We shattered 'em!"

"Say, man, got another beer?" I muttered still confused about Carl.

"Not until you tell me if you got lucky with that cheerleader babe you left the stadium with."

"You'll see," I chuckled. "By the way, I like filet mignon rare, red, and juicy!"

The taxi from the hotel got me to Carl's place at seven sharp. The door was open a crack, so I walked in.

"Is that you, Billy?" Carl called from behind his bedroom door. "Give me about ten minutes more, okay!"

"Some things haven't changed," I joked.

While I waited, I had some more white wine, and as I removed the bottle, I saw a pill bottle on the refrigerator shelf. The prescription on the label read, "Premarin". Curious, I opened it and found the purple 'vitamins' Carl had taken before. Only now, his femininity was totally voluntary!

Nearly half an hour later, Carl minced from his room, towering atop four inch, black spiked heels. His long, flowing hair was now piled high atop his head with loosely curled strands twirling about his lovely face. His lashes were extended with mascara, and his eyes were darkly lined. Soft shades highlighted his cheeks and accented the pale blue of his eyes, while a very dark maroon lipstick adorned his full sexy lips.

"I'm not over dressed, am I?" he cutely squeaked, biting his lip while toying with his large hoop earrings.

"Oh, no. I'm just wearing trousers and a sweater. Anyway, this isn't a come as you are affair. Shouldn't you wear a dress over your slip?"

"This is a dress, silly!" he giggled. "A slip dress! I bought it last week, and I've been dying to wear it." Thrusting his hand on his hips, Carl flashed his long, fingernails, polished to match his lipstick and purred, "Like it?"

"What's not to like!" I stuttered while ogling my feminized buddy. There wasn't much to his skimpy dress, and the bulges that were scantily sheathed beneath his black satin bodice really caught my eye. "Your breasts, were they made bigger in the operation too?"

"Nope! It's all me, Billy," he blushed, demurely lowering his eyes. "It's all genetics, you know."

"Your Mom wasn't that stacked. . . I mean, I don't think she was."

“Her mother was. Actually grandma was bustier than me. I’m sort of hoping I’m fully developed. I’m big enough, don’t you think?” Then he winked, “You like us full figured girls, don’t you, Billy?”

The dance was in full swing when we got there. While most of my peers from the firm were elbowing the bar, whooping it up over the football win, I guided Carl toward the dance floor. It was nearly nine months to the day that we were last at University Centre for the Valentine Dance, and things were very different now.

“I owe you that steak, good buddy,” Jeff yelled over the crowd.

Smiling back at Carl, I said, “Jeff, this is Chloe. Chloe, Jeff.”

“Just answer one question, Bill,” Jeff asked, looking baffled. “How did you get this gorgeous babe to date you at the drop of a hat? Didn’t she already have a date?”

Carl, biting his lip, coyly grinned, “Actually I had a date but I cancelled it. . .besides Jeff, Billy didn’t ask me, I asked him to the dance!”

Shaking his head in disbelief, Jeff staggered back to the bar, muttering, “Why doesn’t anything like that ever happen to me?”

After the dance, I took Carl home. It was very late, and I had to leave early the next morning on the firm’s bus. But when I asked the taxi driver to wait, Carl pouted, “You mean you’re not staying here with me?” When I didn’t reply right away, he opened his purse, paid the driver, grabbed my hand, and pulled me out of the cab.

“What are you doing?” I nervously asked as he pushed me up the stairs.

“Who knows when I’ll see you again,” Carl said with a smile. “We still have a lot to talk about.”

Back inside Carl's apartment, I sat at the far end of his flowered print sofa while he made some coffee to sober us up. As he pattered around in the kitchen, he hummed a sweet melody in his soft soprano voice.

"Black, right?" he asked, placing the delicate china cup and saucer on the glass coffee table. When I nodded and sipped my coffee, he chimed, "Whadaya think, Bill? Would I make a half decent housewife, huh?"

Suffice it to say, the shock made me lose my grip on the cup and scalding liquid spilled into my lap. Damn those tiny cup handles!

"Oh my!" Carl squealed, rushing off for a towel. It really wasn't all that bad, but he made a terrible fuss. "I'm SO, SO sorry," he gushed on and on.

"I'm okay, really. I've got a clean pair of pants back at the hotel. Let me go back now, and I'll call you before we leave in the morning."

"Don't go, Billy," he implored, sitting close beside me. "I would just feel awful."

I had a bird's eye view of top of his mature breasts and their deep, valley like cleavage, but as he snuggled closely, our intimacy made me uneasy. On one hand, he was my best friend, the guy I chased girls and hung out with.

On the other, he had become the girl I thought existed only in my dreams, one with both beauty and intelligence who, while affectionate and giving, remained lady-like and feminine. No women's lib in this one!

Having placed a bath towel on my lap, Carl was now sitting on it, with his arms loosely encircling my neck. His eyes were staring intensely into mine, and neither of us were saying a word.

"I thought we came up to talk," I faltered as Carl's breathing became more heavy. "Say, how about some more coffee?"

Leaning toward my ear, he nibbled at my earlobe, whispering, "There isn't anymore coffee, my darling, but there's plenty of sugar."

"Are you trying to seduce me?"

“I’m failing pathetically, right?” he coquettishly grinned. “I thought I had a chance.” Clamping his long slender legs around my waist while allowing his soft sexy skirt to bunch at his waist, he purred, “I’ve waited an eternity to do this,” then he planted his full lips on mine.

At first, I tried to push away, but as he probed my mouth with his torrid tongue and massaged my chest with his ample breasts, I responded in kind. For the first time, I was thinking of my old buddy a desirable woman instead of just another guy! Holding him tightly around his waist, I impulsively lowered my hands and caressed his tight rounded fanny underneath his flimsy dress.

When we came up for air, Carl released me. Crossing his arms, he quickly peeled off his dress and unfastened his strapless bra, but before he peeled off his panties, I stopped him.

“What are we doing?” I cried, nervously wringing my hands. “I mean, you’re everything I’ve dreamed about in a woman, but you’re not!”

“A REAL female, Bill?” Carl panted, still hotly aroused. “I am all woman. . .”

“I want to—but how?”

“There are ways, sweetheart,” he cooed, again nibbling at my earlobe. “Come with me, Billy. Chloe will show you I’m all woman. . .”

I didn’t know what to expect as I followed Carl into his bedroom, but I was scared silly! The idea of making it with another guy repulsed me no end, but Carl wasn’t much of a guy anymore. In fact, he was more of a woman than I ever dreamed of having!

“I love your strong broad shoulders Bill,” Carl cooed as he removed my shirt, running his hands over my hairy chest. He saw I was fidgety and said, “Just relax. Nothing on my body reacts like a male anymore.” Then, before I could say a word, he planted his full lips on mine and pulled me down on top of him.

For a long moment, the we stared at each other, our breathing filling the darkened room. Carl’s eyes glittered



"What ever boy was left, I could ignore. He was all woman to me!"

dangerously and his hair fell around his face in a shower. His white globes glistened and pressed against my chest. Their dark, swollen tips held me trapped in their power.

So intense was my wide-eyed concentration, that I only then realized how turned on I was. A low, animal growl came from my mouth as I reared back nakedly. Carl was pinned helplessly, stunned by my sudden passion.

Carl lay twisting and rolling beneath my weight, whimpering weakly between cries of astonishment and passion. My hands seemed to be everywhere, holding and pressing, probing and seeking, then triumphantly finding just feminine flesh and reactions.

My fingers relentlessly patting and paring the quivering flesh as if Carl's body were an instrument to which only I had the key.

"How beautifully you play me," Carl said softly, as passion soared in response to the countless tiny shocks exploding along the network of our nerves. My whole being was now tingling with desire, summoned to new life by the magical mastery of the hybrid body.

As my kissing lips went whispering along the winding

corridors of soft flesh, Carl could only writhe in helpless, blissful response, sobbing out gratitude and love.

I had no idea what to do and I had every idea what to do. My mouth bore down upon Carl's to plunge deep into his mouth. He could only gurgle his feminine delight. Carl's parted lips involuntarily widened as his tongue fluttered up weakly, eagerly inviting my domination.

When my tongue stopped its deep thrusting, I knew that Carl knew how to handle my masculinity—and the best was to come but I had to be sure.

My lips moved down to Carl's bosom, trailing kisses to the tips of each breast. Carl moaned as my fingers skillfully tweaked the tender tips till they were sore. I felt his nipples swelling as I mercilessly squeezed and nibbled, feeling his whole body stiffened and tense expectantly. Carl wriggled ecstatically as my sharp teeth playfully nipped one of them. He pulled away his breast and squealed girlishly.

"Can't take it?" I growled again and shoved his breast into my mouth again.

"Oh, I can take it," Carl gasped as the soft flesh surged inward. The action served to arch his bosom upward, thrusting the breast in even deeper. My tongue rapidly circling felt his nipple stiffen and grow in my mouth.

Carl squealed but I gamely refused to let go. Carl moaned as warm waves of pleasure washed through us both. His wet nipples tingled and throbbed—more responsive than any woman I'd known.

I suckled, feeling as if his breast were giving some magical nutriment. I could feel the Carl's nipples still growing as it plunged ever deeper with each pulsing stroke, could feel it flooding me with passion, filling him with girlish delight.

Carl's rounded body flushed hotly and was glistening with sweat as I mounted the feminine shape beneath me.

Carl's moans mounted in volume and his hips began to churn as he felt my maleness swelling and getting ready to burst. Carl began flinging his head from side to side and beating his fists upon the mattress. His moans mounted higher as he flung his thighs wide and stared wide-eyed at the ceiling.

My hands slid under his velvety buttocks as my maleness dug deeply into the soft flesh in time to his thrusting motion. I wondered what Carl was thinking, but I was too far gone to care.

Carl gave a startled cry and fearfully thrust her hips upward, feebly trying resist what was happening.

Nakedly, Carl writhed and twisted and his shrill cries filled the room. I suddenly stiffened and gave a ragged little cry.

Fires darted through me and I flooded each artery and vein in the feminine creature as ecstasy exploded within me. Then a high, thin waft came from his clenched lips as he utterly surrendered to my fury at his thighs.

We lay together quietly on their backs and stared up at the ceiling. I felt limp and drained yet Carl was calm and contented, completely relaxed. "It's good," he said, "after making love—to stretch out like this, naked and exhausted, with your lover at your side."

Carl rolled over onto his side and pressed his small body against mine. Then Carl lightly kissed my cheek.

"What time do you have to be back?" he asked.

"Who cares?" I said, smiling.

His long hair fell about his face in a glorious golden tangle, and his round, faintly puffy cheeks were flushed and rosy from his recent girlish exertions. I surveyed Carl's pink-and-white nudity, the ruby-tipped breasts, the tiny waist and womanly flare of his hips and the smooth curve of his thigh. I thought, "He is lovely. The face of an angelic child, the ripe body of a tempting woman. . .the mind of a. . .oh my, that's a dangerous combination!"

The night had slipped away too quickly. What we had done together seemed unreal, too incredibly wonderful to have actually occurred.

In the morning my arms reached out to touch and hold this fragile creature, who was sleeping lightly in a pink nightgown. "You are lovely," I whispered so softly that I was only mouthing the words.

Carl's eyes opened and was smiling gently.

Staring through the open window, I thought about what had just occurred. No girl had ever given of herself so completely and yieldingly as Carl had given his feminized body to me.

He responded to my every touch, and made me feel more alive than I had ever felt before. The Carl I used to know was now a distant memory. I was in love with Chloe!

I was startled when he stated, "I was going to I fix you breakfast in bed."

"You cooked enough meals when we roomed together. I'm taking you to the champagne breakfast at the hotel."

"Anything you say Billy," he sighed, smiling demurely.

I waited a for him to get ready, the end result was well worth the wait. With his long brown hair braided down his slender back, his thick wispy bangs dangled just above his large doe-like eyes, a light touch of eye makeup, and a frosty pink lipstick, his heart shaped face glowed like an angel's. He had even re-polished his nails to match his lips. "You're prettier every time I see you," I grinned.

"Thank's Billy. You make me glow."

I blushed as he asked, "Like the skirt? It's my favorite." Twirling atop his navy pumps, his green and blue tartan plaid miniskirt played about his sheer nylon clad thighs. Coming to a sudden halt, his firm, ample breasts freely jiggled beneath his clingy sweater dress. The imprint from his nipples clearly showed he wasn't wearing a bra!

"I thought you gave up the 'preppie' look." I remarked

"I've always liked it. It was Megan who didn't. Don't you remember who I used to date all the time when I was a guy?"

"Yeah, sorority girls! I guess some things don't change, huh?"

"At least not when it comes to taste in clothes," he giggled girlishly.

Back at the hotel, I crept up to my room and, without awaking Jeff, put on a clean pair of pants. Chloe and I caught

an early seating for breakfast. After the night before, my appetite was in high gear. I ate heartily, but my beautiful companion only nibbled girlishly.

"I'm stuffed!" he sighed, pushing the small, half eaten portion of scrambled eggs away. Searching through his purse, he removed a small mirror and a tube of lipstick.

Shaking my head in amazement, I remarked, "A secretary at the office had collagen injections, too and. . ."

"But I didn't," he said, just before blotting the excess color with a tissue. "Collagen dissipates after several months. My lips were enhanced surgically. They'll always be this full. Don't you like them?"

"Like 'em? I can't wait for the next kiss!"

Blushing, Carl just smiled while silently replacing his mirror and lipstick back in his purse.

After breakfast, I grabbed my bags and checked out. Jeff was leaving, too when he saw us in the lobby. "You'd better hurry," he warned, his tone slightly jealous. "The bus is about to pull out!"

"Cool your jets, man," I sighed. Then I turned, "Guess this is it, huh Chloe?"

"It was wonderful seeing you again," he cooed.

"Same here. It only goes to show once a friend, always a friend."

Drawing him into my arms, his feminine response was effortless, as he kicked up one leg and planted a lingering kiss on my lips. "See you soon, okay Chloe?"

"How soon, Bill?"

"I've got to work. . is next weekend too long a wait?"

"Yes, if I must," he winked, kissing me again.

Boarding the bus, I was greeted with a bevy of catcalls. Looking back at Carl, his cute endearing grin told me he was loving every bit of it.

"Free for dinner tonight?" Jeff grunted as I took a seat beside him.

"Sure. Planning on paying up right away?"

“That’s part of it. Actually, I want to know your secret with women. You must have a dynamite pick up line!”

“There’s no secret, Jeff,” I chuckled. “Become a friend first. . .friendship is the key. Once a friend, always a friend!”

Jeff looked peeved, but I didn’t care. I was basking in the inner glow of knowing that I was in love with my very best friend!

THE END

EPILOGUE

After Homecoming, I made trips from Capitol City to State U. campus, at least once a week! I was there so much, the running joke at the office was that I was really a grad student!

Every week, I watched my influence over Chloe made her became more and more feminine. I fell deeper and deeper in love with her.

During her Spring Break, she came to stay with me at my apartment in Capitol City, and although I put her up my spare bedroom, she didn’t spend but a minute there. Yet, it felt so right being so close with her, even though she wasn’t really all the woman she could be, at least not yet. While she visited me, she interviewed with State Art Museum and was hired as an assistant director of the children’s art exhibit. She was overjoyed when the museum curator offered her the job. It was perfect, and she could hardly wait until she graduated to begin work.

Thus, I returned to State U. once again, this time for Chloe’s commencement. After all, I promised that we’d graduate together. As the year before, the same speakers addressed the graduates. The ceremony would have been as boring as mine except I had Chloe to gaze at this time, and that made all the difference!

As we filed out of the arena, I locked arms with her. Beneath her mortarboard, Chloe’s long, thick, brown hair, now reaching beyond her tightly rounded fanny, fluttered freely in the light spring breeze. The loose graduation gown did little to obscure her slender, yet womanly figure. Clearly, she had

been graced by her grandmother's genes, as testified by her voluptuous bosom!

"Get rid of that cap and gown, and lets get out of here," I said. "I want to celebrate my art historian's big graduation!"

"Not here, Bill!" she shyly blushed. "I can't."

"Why?"

Leaning toward my ear, she secretly whispered, "I'm not wearing anything underneath, expect my bra, panties, garter belt, and nylons!"

"You like taking advantage of being a girl, huh?"

"So do you!" she laughed, stabbing me with a long, pink polished fingernail.

Grabbing her by the waist, I lifted her weightless body into the air, making her squeal. "Give me a kiss, you minx!"

"If I do, whadya going to give me?" she coyly simpered.

"This!" I said, pulling the ring from my pocket.

"That's my old graduation ring! But I gave it to you, Billy."

"True, but I had a few improvements made. Here, try it on."

Slipping it on her narrow finger, Chloe girlishly extended her hand to gaze at the ring. Just as I expected, a perplexed look crossed her full, pink glossed lips.

"That's not the garnet stone that's supposed to be there—WAIT! That's a DIAMOND! Ohhh, Billy, are you asking me to...?"

"I thought I already did."

Needless to say, I got my kiss—and many, many more!

FIN!

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