

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND"



**IN SEARCH OF A ROOMMATE, A
NURSE FINDS A BEST FRIEND AND MORE!
VOLUME 74**

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VOLUME #74

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**Based on a short story “Love Affair”
in Transvestia #99 &101**

By DEE RAYMOND

**Illustrations by
GABI**

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QUOTE BOARD

“People change and forget to tell each other.”

Lillian Hellman

“A GIRL’S BEST FRIEND”

“Nicky to Cissy”

**Based on a short story “Love Affair”
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By DEE RAYMOND

One of the first things they teach you about being a nurse is to not show emotion. When the blood and guts are flowing, you just go about your job and focus on the patients needs.

But sometimes it’s hard. The first time was when I saw a rather embarrassed look on my employer’s face. Dr. Lewis asked me not to leave his office. For a moment, I didn’t get it. I couldn’t quite figure out why he wanted me to stay. Now I am in the room to prepare injections, minor surgery, etc but none of that was happening.

The patient was a big, burly fellow, who was squeezed into the armchair we kept for patients. I waited for my instructions like a good nurse.

“I want to examine this patient,” said Dr. Lewis hesitantly.

I nodded, still not seeing what he wanted from me. After all, I only had to stay in the room when he examined his female patients. He saw me confused and nodded slightly giving me the “just wait” expression.

I didn’t know what kind of look was on my face, but suddenly I caught on. My temperature had sure shot up fast. I didn’t dare look at the patient.

4 -- TV FICTION CLASSICS

Once the shirt and some sort of a binding had been removed, I went to my training. This WOMAN hadn't responded at all when I'd referred to her as "him".

How could I have been so stupid and why hadn't this woman corrected me? I was embarrassed for her and me.

All through the examination, I could feel my heart pounding as I fumbled with several of the examining instruments.

That the patient was female was only obvious when she had removed all her clothes. She showed no emotion at all throughout the detailed examination, even when the doctor checked the small nipples of her breasts.

She made no comment at all as Dr. Lewis talked over the value of pap smears. I thought that she was totally devoid of any kind of feeling at all, until, on returning to place the tissues that we'd used up, I heard Dr. Lewis saying, "You're as healthy as a OX."

Not something that I would say to a woman but Dr. Lewis was smarter and more experienced than me.

I asked Dr. Lewis about her later. He's a kind man, in his late fifties, sometimes quite absent-minded, but a peach of a doctor to work for.

He flipped his glasses back up onto the bridge of his nose like he does a million times a day, and wrinkled up his face as he does whenever he's upset. "Not everyone is the same, Nurse Foster?" he stated. "But that is what makes the world so darn interesting."

Usually when the patients are gone for the day, he calls me Dorothy, which is my name or Dot, if he's in a good mood or silly frame of mind. 'Nurse Foster' kind of shook me.

Now Dr. Lewis is classed as a general practitioner of medicine, which he is, but he's got one of the dandiest caseloads you've ever seen.

He could be a full-time surgeon, or gynecologist, or pediatrician or whatever, if he wanted, but he doesn't. I guess he likes variety, but this time he wouldn't talk about it.

So I was in the dark much later when a Nicky Evans came for an appointment.

Nothing was unusual about her. She had short, blonde hair, not curled, but waved about her head. She wore black high-heel boots, black stockings and a short, black mini-skirt. She had a gorgeous figure and a young, innocent face. She had gray-blue eyes, framed with thick lashes, to which she'd applied mascara.

Too much makeup? I guess they'd have been too fair if she hadn't. Other than the eyes, she didn't use much makeup, but she didn't need to.

She gave me an innocent smile when I took her into the examining room to see Dr. Lewis. There were a couple "detail men" in the waiting room. I saw them ogling her, but she didn't seem to mind...actually seemed to be enjoying it.

I was taking her blood pressure when Dr. Lewis came in. He fussed around for a bit while I finished up. "110 over 70, very good," I stated and wrote it on the chart.

There was a long moment when we all just stood there. At last, I caught on that he was trying to get rid of me before he examined her. Now that was very odd. I asked him point-blank, "Doctor, do you want me to stay while you examine the patient?"

You could have knocked me down with a feather when he said, "No," just as plain as could be.

"NO?" I asked.

"I'll want you to prepare an estrogen injection after I examine the patient. I'll call you and tell you what to prepare."

At least he had the consideration to be a little embarrassed by it. Nicky Evans smiled at me and threw back her head. She'd already taken off her sweater, a sleeveless blue and white thing and had opened the front.

She was wearing one of those black uplift bras. She was not a schoolteacher for sure but she looked too pretty to be some kind of hooker. I was worried about how would it look if it became known that Dr. Lewis examined his female patients...especially the young, cute ones without his nurse being present?

I went out and moved some patients around. Then the billing clerk came up and asked, "Is Nicky Evans in room three?"

"Yeah," I said. "Just her and the doctor."

There must have been some bitterness in my voice because looked at me funny. Even she knew that was odd.

"What is it?" I said crossly, "something wrong with her insurance?"

"There's a mistake. Your insurance company must have a computer error."

She held up the card for me to see. After the medical insurance number and Nicky Evans' name, the column headed 'sex' was clearly marked 'M.' Her birthday also showed that she was 24, though she'd barely looked more than 18 to me.

"I've seen that before. It's a mistake," I said roughly, "I'll bring it to her attention when I clean up the room."

I was getting particulars from another patient when I heard Dr. Lewis stepping out of room three and come in behind me. He said, "You go finish up in three. Check the chart on the door."

I went over to the chart and read the instructions. I was to give Nicky 2cc's of Depo-estradiol in oil injected into the hip. It said that she was to come back every 3-4 weeks. I was also to give her a month's supply of cycled progesterone. I went and prepared the injection then went and rapped on the door then and barged in.

She was still in her underwear when I went in. She was putting a dark, blue mini-slip over her bra and panties. She didn't seem too surprised by my walking in with a needle.

"I smiled and said, "Don't worry, I give painless shots."

I prepared the injection to the stares of this pretty gal standing so prettily in her silky slip. I had no idea why a pretty girl like this would need such a 'hot shot' of hormones. But I wasn't a doctor.

A moan sounding like an expression of pleasure escaped Nicky's pink lips when I injected the contents into her hip. She had known to pull up her slip and pull down her panties just enough so I

could hit the right spot. I could tell that this wasn't her first shot. She sighed when I removed the needle, and then lowered her slip.

She looked in the full-length mirror and checked her hair before continuing to dress.

"See! No pain," I said confidently before I added, "Did you know that there's a mistake on the record?"

"Oh?" she said. She'd begun to put on her dark pantyhose, quite oblivious to me. She had a marvelous figure, rounded in all the right places.

"Yes," I said. "It happens all the time. These HMO's and insurance companies mess up. I think there's something wrong with your insurance print out." I smiled viciously at her, but she just fastened her blouse and raised an eyebrow to me. "Under your sex here," I waved the form at her, "It has you listed as a male."

She nodded. "I know," she said glumly.

"You know!" I was speechless. "Maybe you should call them and do something about it?" I asked petulantly at last.

"They won't change it." She was very cool and began adjusting her short skirt. "The record's quite accurate at present, I am indeed a male...at least where they think it matters."

Her blue-gray eyes had held mine with such a calculating look that I was instantly sure that she wasn't joking.

I gasped, "The estrogen shot..."

She nodded. It hadn't been often in my life that I've been totally at a loss for words, but at that moment I was. I couldn't think of anything to say.

I had just given a guy an emasculating shot of hormones! After that first penetrating look, she'd, I mean, he'd turned away and finished his dressing. He touched up his lips, gave me a little smile and left.

Later I told Dr. Lewis about my discovery.

"Well, you got what you deserved," was all the commiseration my wounded sensibilities got from Dr. Lewis.

"Is that why he's here? What are you going to do for him?" I asked.

"It's none of your business, now is it?" There was a twinkle in his eye as he said it.

"Is THAT really a man?" I asked.

"I'd say that 'male' is a better term. He's male but not much of a man."

"Well, what could such a person want with you? Are you going to help him become a woman?" I asked. There must have been disgust all over my face.

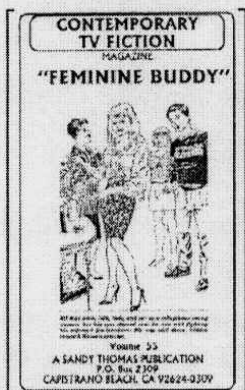
"Oh, Dorothy," sighed the doctor. "Where've you been hiding the last few years? That young man isn't so untypical. Did he look unhealthy to you?"

"No," I stated. "But he has boobs!"

"And so does half the population," the Doctor laughed. "Don't worry, I don't know if we'll see him again. He was referred to me for feminization while his doctor is on vacation."

That would have been the end of it...

10 -- TV FICTION CLASSICS



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ALL ALONE...

A week after that, my roommate, up and married. It was a 'quickie' Vegas marriage. I wasn't sure but she might of "had" to get married.

I understood the word "had" but her leaving put me in a quandary. I needed someone to help out with the rent and fast. I mean, I know I'm 30 and have been working for ten years, but I couldn't afford a two-bedroom apartment in the best part of town all by myself. And I didn't want to move. I'd lived in that high-rise for nearly eight years.

I approached almost every grad from the nursing school, and probably every one of their friends too, trying to find someone to share with me--but no luck. So desperate, I did the only thing I could think of, I advertised in the local money saver rag.

I specifically said, "Phone after 6:30," in the ad and whether there were calls before that, I'll never know. As far as I know, after a week of running the ad, I had only one call. The voice was kind, gentle and full of humor.

She said her name was Cissy MacMillan and she'd be over as soon as she could.

When she came inside the door, she introduced herself again as Cissy, her silver painted nails pressing into the back of my hand. "Nice to meet you," she said.

"Nice to meet you too," I smiled. I knew she wasn't Cissy MacMillan. She was Nicky Evans. Or, should I say, HE was Nicky Evans.

I let him walk about the place, not letting on I knew him. He was going on in ecstasy about how

beautiful the place was and how thrilled he'd be if I'd let him share with me.

He wore more makeup this time, blue eye shadow and black eyeliner. His dress was white, pleated and fashionably knee-length. He wore the most gorgeous white and silver shoes with high, thin heels. He obviously didn't recognize me at all.

As he undid his coat, his breasts thrust forward in that low-cut dress. I must have turned away in revulsion.

He stopped in the middle of praise of the beautiful commode in what would have been 'her' room. "Okay. What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"You're Nicky Evans," I blurted out.

For a short time, he stood there, looking at me. I must admit that I've rarely before even been in the company of such a beautiful woman. "You're Dr. Lewis' nurse," he said.

I nodded dumbly. There wasn't much else I could do. He looked regretfully around the room, at the white and pink bedspread and matching curtains.

"Too bad, I could have been happy here," he said wistfully. Then he shrugged, straightened his navy-blue coat, fastening the huge buttons slowly.

"Well," he said, giving me a tight little smile, very controlled, "I guess I should get out of here... you've probably get lots of other girls to see."

I nodded, "Lots," I lied. 'Other girls,' I thought indignantly.

He nodded slowly. He lifted his long curls over the upturned collar of his coat. In a most feminine manner, he put on thin, white gloves. "Maybe I'll see you at Dr. Lewis'," he smiled and gave a little wave.

Then in a waft of perfume, he turned, stepped brightly out of the room, crossed to the entrance and was gone.

I watched him walk across the wooded parking lot below, several men turning their heads to watch 'her' go by.

He got into a bright, new, American sports car and fairly whizzed out of the parking lot. In the sudden quiet, I kind of regretted that he'd gone. He was, as I said captivating.

I stayed on at the apartment after that, but despite running my ad for two more weeks and getting five or six crank calls, I could see that I'd have to move out of my comfortable niche.

Things got so depressing for a day or two that I even thought of marrying Ed, my so-called boyfriend. Ed had asked me before, but, if I married him, I'd just be a full-time nurse to his mother, who's a permanent wheelchair case. Living with a man and his mother was not my idea of living.

I was down and going lower. It's not that I'm so bad-looking or anything. I'm pretty regular, I guess. When I'm all dressed, I can be as good as any one with brown eyes, mousy hair and a twenty buck hairdo.

Knowing I'd have to move made things even more desperate for me. No matter what other places I looked at, I wanted to stay more in my place. The rents for a one bedroom were staggering too and most were in bad neighborhoods.

I would hardly be better off even if I found a place and moved. And work was hectic, too.

SECOND CHANCE...

We were so busy that I didn't even realize that Nicky Evans was there until the doctor said, "Will you put Miss Evans in room three, Dot?" There was a stress on the word 'Miss' and a kind of lilt to Dr. Lewis' voice that alerted me.

"Miss Evans," I called and Nicky came from the far corner of the L shaped room; the corner you can't see from the desk. I wouldn't have recognized him anyway.

He was wearing an auburn wig, at least I guessed it was a wig, styled in a long, bushy Afro. Again, he wore boots and tinted stockings and his short, maroon mini-skirt was a match for his maroon sweater.

He wasn't wearing a bra yet the sweater had all the right curves. Looking the way he does in a sweater, I thought cattily, "He ought to put on a bra!" It's only fair that he give us real girls a slim, fighting chance.

As I usually do, I followed 'Miss' Evans into the examining room. "How are you?" he asked.

"Fine."

"Does the doctor want me to strip?"

The provocative way he said it, his hand with its dark red nails tritely perched on his hip, was too much for me. I blushed and would have left. "Hey, I'm sorry," he said. "I don't mean to put YOU on."

I smiled and said, "You better not! I'm going to have a needle in my hands in a few minutes... You are here for your shot, right?"

He nodded and sat up on the examining table with an easy jump. There was a flash showing me that he was also wearing maroon panties.

He asked, "Tell me, have you found someone to share the place with you yet?"

"No," I moaned without thinking. "It looks like I'll be moving out at the end of the month."

"Maybe I could rent it!" he exclaimed.

I moaned. That was all I needed to hear.

He looked at me for a moment, his dark red lips pursed. "You really don't want to move, do you?" he asked. He spoke so softly and huskily, just like a woman. The tone was such that I couldn't have told the difference.

I hesitated a bit. I didn't really want to get into a personal discussion with this, well, this odd ball. I said, "No, I don't want to move."

I looked away and turned to the chart that showed his measurements taken by Lewis at the earlier examination. They were pretty impressive, even for a woman. But for a man? I think I must have shuddered.

He couldn't have seen me because he was going on. "I haven't found anyplace as nice as yours. Seems I can't find a place anywhere people will just leave me alone, everywhere I go, people always want into my life. What's the rent there?"

I told him. "But I think it'll go up a lot when I move out."

He began to take off his skirt, the zipper rasping sharply as he sighed. "I just want a place with a room to myself where no one will bother me. If I rented it... You could rent a room from me?"

It was silly. We both knew THAT wasn't the problem. Despite myself, I was curious. "What do you do for a living?" I asked.

He smiled, even, pearly-white teeth showing between the dark lipstick. "Oh, I model a bit," he said. And I dance whenever I need quick money. But mostly I just live on the income from the savings my mother left me—which doesn't make me rich, I assure you."

"No sugar daddies coming to visit?" I must have made a terrible sneer.

A shadow passed over his pretty face. His made-up eyes looked darkly at me. "Never," he said softly with a sigh. "I just want a place to be alone."

Dr. Lewis came in then and ushered me out of the room. I was busy enough that I didn't see Nicky leave but I did see Dr. Lewis give him his injection.

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I saw Dr. Lewis giving Nicky his hormone injection.

I wasn't really thinking too much about it either until the billing clerk came bubbling over to me later.

"Hey, Dot," she said. "I think I've found someone to live with you," she was positively beaming.

"Who?" I said quickly.

"Nicky Evans left you her phone number," she said excitedly.

I hadn't told her why there was an M on Nicky Evans' health card, and now, she'd clearly forgotten about it.

"What a sweet, pretty girl! She was telling me that she can't find a place to share anywhere in the city. I told her all about you, and she said she'd love to share with you. She said she had to run but left you this number to call her." She bubbled on for a while about what a nice girl Nicky was, how charming and well-spoken and so-well dressed.

I could hardly contain my disappointment because I simply couldn't share my apartment with a man, could I? Not even a part-man like Nicky Evans. But as the billing clerk rattled on with only an occasional hum of encouragement from me, the idea began to sound less crazy.

Nicky Evans wasn't really a man, was he? Just thinking of the way he'd looked the three times I'd met him made me start to think twice. Who would know? Even Dr. Lewis had said, "Nicky Evans is more woman than man?"

This wasn't like having a beer drinking, male truck driver move in. Nicky wasn't going to try to steal my underwear...his were actually nicer than mine. As for Dr. Lewis, I didn't have to tell him. I

could keep my apartment, and I didn't have to see much of MR. Nicky Evans!

My thoughts raced on and on. I didn't tell the billing clerk that I'd phone. I just said I'd think about it, which left her puzzled and a little put out with my lack of enthusiasm for her idea.

MOVING, MOVING...

Nicky moved in that same night. He was a blonde in a black dress and raincoat when we met again. It took him three trips from his last place, wherever that was. All he seemed to have was clothes and more clothes. Since the room was furnished, that was great!

As he unpacked and put things away, I just had to watch, goggle-eyed, at the marvelous feminine wardrobe he had...and not a pair of pants in the whole lot!

"Nothing male?" I caught myself asking.

"Nothing," he said with a smile, "I don't think it's right that I wear pants. I do have a few pairs of hot pants and a pair of shorts in the white suitcase if you want to look--but that's about all the pants you'll ever see me in."

"Girls can wear pants anywhere now," I stated.

"But why?" he said. "Look, I'll put on my shorts and you'll see that a short skirt is much more feminine."

He quickly slipped off his skirt and put on a pair of summer shorts. I had to agree.



While he still showed nothing “male,” a skirt was more feminine. I guess a boy like him needs reminded that he’s not much of a guy anymore.

He carefully put away more of the niftiest negligees and peignoirs I'd ever seen--all frilly, silky and covered with ribbons and about as feminine as it was possible to be.

"Why'd you call yourself 'Cissy' when you phoned before?" I asked, sitting on the end of his bed.

He was bustling about, taking his lingerie from a suit case and putting it away.

"Cissy Macmillan is my modeling name," he said. "I use it most of the time now. I only use Nicky when I have to...for legal stuff."

"What do you want me to call you?" I asked.

He thought for a moment, kicking off his heels. He put them away with his other shoes, nearly all high heels. "I much prefer Cissy," he said. "Being called 'Cissy' reminds me who I am now. Besides 'Nicky' has too many bad times in it for me."

"Cissy, eh?" I said. "That's a pretty girlish name."

I found it pretty hard to call him "Cissy" at first, although I began to quite naturally after a few days. "Cissy," you see, is my aunt's name and so with it I was used to saying "she and "her."

I don't know why but knowing that Nicky Evans was a man, despite his girlish appearance, I thought of him as a "him," using "he" in my own thoughts.

But with a "Cissy" being around, there were some changes in my thinking. Having "him" around, curled up in a feminine manner in a negligee on the sofa watching TV, using the name "Cissy," made me start to think of him as a "her". Of

course, I had to use the feminine pronouns anyway when I spoke of my roommate to others.

I rehearsed my use of pronouns and I doubt that they noticed any of my embarrassment when I told them about "Cissy" and what "she" was like.

Cissy kept pretty much to himself for the first few days just as he said he would. He went out before I came home and usually got back late.

He was quite used to looking after a home and, in fact, was much neater and tidier than I am. Especially in the bathroom. I always leave stuff scattered all over the place: pins, clothes, tissues--but Cissy never did. As the saying might go, 'he' was a real doll. Even on Saturday, he kept pretty much to himself, discreetly staying out of the way when my boyfriend Ed called to take me out. He was already in bed when we returned and, as far as I know, asleep.

I checked, thinking Ed ought to meet my new roommate sooner or later, but decided he had to wait till much later!

On Sunday, Cissy was up before I was, all sparkling in an orange print dress and a white apron, bringing me breakfast in bed. There was never a hint of maleness showing in any thing he did.

He came briskly into my bedroom, already made-up and wearing one of his long, blonde wigs. I think he had nearly twenty wigs in all. His tiredness had evaporated and he looked, well, lovely, if you can use such a word about a man.

I looked a wreck, of course, as I usually do on most mornings when I don't put my rollers in. I got

up, looking at this boy in a apron and dress, brightly whizzing about the apartment, vacuuming, dusting and generally being very domestic...it depressed me to no end.

When he was through, the apartment had been so blitz cleaned like never before. My old roommate had matched my inept housekeeping, even, on occasions, surpassing my worst sloppiness.

"Well, I'll be off," Cissy said brightly, arranging the wig in the mirror that hangs on the back of the outside door; arranging the wig so that it fitted around her ears, but allowed her big, gypsy earrings to show.

"Where are you going?" I asked. I'd gotten dressed, but my hair wouldn't be awake for at least a couple of hours.

"Probably to the zoo, though sometimes I go to church," she said, satisfied at last with her appearance. "Depending on how I feel, but I don't like to stay in on Sundays, particularly in the mornings."

"Neither do I," I agreed, surprised to find someone who felt as I do about Sunday mornings. It's the deadest part of the week. I laughed and joked, "I don't have any choice about it... My hair needs the rest." I pulled unhappily at a few, straggly wisps.

Cissy laughed. "Why don't you get a wig?" he asked.

"On my salary?" I'm a perpetual grumbler, as you can see, and I haven't improved with age.

"Oh," he thought for a moment. "If you'd like to go out this morning, why don't you borrow one of mine?"

Cissy's hair looked so nice I had to give it a try. So I did--after a little more persuasion. It was the wig I'd admired from the moment I saw it on the block in his room. I guess Cissy had noticed the way I'd looked at it. It was a brown wig, with blonde streaks. It was the way I'd have my hair if I could afford to have it done every week.

In fact, I used to have my hair done weekly before I gave up hospital night shifts for the low pay of a doctor's office.

Cissy suggested I add a little liner and mascara beneath my eyes and I was surprised how instantly my eyes seemed to stand out.

Even though I was a bit threatened, I guessed with all his girlish modeling, it was natural for him to know more about makeup than me. But I wasn't sure how I should react that a man would be able to tell me how to be prettier and more of a woman. And particularly one who'd have to lend me a wig.

The way Cissy was looking, I dressed pretty smartly for a morning outing. Of course, I was like a moth to a butterfly compared to Cissy.

He wore a chocolate-brown fitted coat with orange buttons that looked spectacular with the honey-blond hair floating over his shoulders.

I guess I was prettier than I usually was but I sure felt dumpy beside him.

We went to the zoological gardens. It was still fairly chilly that time in the morning though the sun shone brightly through the skeleton of the poplar trees that lined the walks. Most of the leaves had disappeared from the paths as well as the trees. I

was surprised by the numbers of people walking about, and particularly by the number of men.

We were stared and even whistled at several times as we strolled about the zoo. We headed towards the bear pits, where Cissy wanted to go in particular.

He spoke to several of the keepers by name so I knew he came here often.

We looked down into the great concrete compound with the brown bears. It was pleasant but lonely feeling even though the Pine trees and evergreens gave the concrete rock slabs a kind of wilderness look.

Cissy was staring intently at several of the largest bears, two blacks and a cinnamon.

"The older cubs are penned off now," he said. "The black bear with the chewed ear wasn't a good mother. She killed one of her own cubs. They won't breed her again."

Cissy's face was fierce and brooding, the first time I'd seen deep emotion there. There was such a note of sadness in his voice that I felt sure that Cissy was relating to something in his own life.

Suddenly he broke off. "I'm on a diet but I'm hungry," he said, putting his hand on his hip in a girlish pose. "Let's get a drink and a bite?"

He smiled and began to dance off down the path, swinging his hips like a young girl of eighteen.

I'd been brought up that a woman never calls attention to herself. But Cissy flirted outrageously with the young university and high school boys who ran the cafeteria in the gardens. It was all in good fun and I found myself giggling like a schoolgirl.

"They are too young for us," he said with a grin after we ate. "But flirting can make EVERYONE's day."

We almost skipped along. I just wasn't used to all the attention that Cissy attracted. Almost everywhere we walked there were men who smiled and winked at us.

It made me feel like a young girl again and that was so exhilarating I could have stayed in the gardens for the rest of the day.

Cissy told me he had a job that night, a dancing job, so we had to get back to the apartment. I tried to pump him about the job, but he was very non-committal and so I dropped it.

I felt positively ancient.

As we got out of his yellow sports car, the high-rise looming over he said in a most grateful voice. "You know, I'm really glad to be here with you, Dot," he said, slipping his arm through mine as we walked in. "But please don't push me to tell you more about myself than I want to tell you. I suppose in time I'll tell you every nook and cranny of my life, but for now, I'm happy just to be here."

"Didn't you like where you were before?" I asked.

"No," he said. "Living around other models is not fun. They're quite selfish and inconsiderate. Me. Me. Me."

"Did they KNOW?"

"In the last place no one knew. I was just one of the girls there. The place before there were a couple people who knew about me," the light had gone from her face. "Once someone has something on you, they

want to use it and they made too many demands on me."

Questions were on the tip of my tongue, but I held them back.

Cissy tried to stay out of my life and he was cautious in what he exposed to me. But his influence was soon seen in me.

He loved to experiment with different "looks." He looked great in his "seventies" look with clunky high heels; straps and all. When he was home all day, I never knew just who or what kind of woman would answer the door when I got home.

That led me into experimenting, too, and to changing the way I dressed. Living with a cross-dresser had one big advantage. I had more that tripled my wardrobe!

He started me off, of course, with the tentative offer of a red silk body shirt that really set off my new hairstyle. Of course, the body shirt looked better with one of his special push-up brassieres. Next thing I knew, I'd plunged for streaking again, even though I couldn't really afford it.

Dr. Lewis and the people at the office were astounded at the changes in me. No one caught on until Dr. Lewis mentioned, "Miss Evans is in room four...wearing what you had on Monday."

I probably turned twelve shade of red. He came over and put his arm around me. "Dot, you don't need to hide anything from me. What you do personally is none of my business. But don't think that I didn't notice that Miss Evan's insurance address is now the same as yours?"



As I walked in to give my roomie his hormone shot, I thought about what he'd taught me. My hair was done up nicer, my skirt was shorter and I might have even been wearing a pair of his panties! I forgot.

"I...I..." I started to explain. He put his hand up and said, "Just go give your roomie a blast of estrogen..."

I felt like a load was off my shoulders. All the changes led to men and one in particular, David Brass, taking an interest in me.

David Brass was one of the medicine salesmen who occasionally drops by the office. He often exchanged pleasantries with me while he waited for Dr. Lewis. He was six feet tall, with leathery skin and a general well-worn expression that I find hard to resist. He was genuinely staggered by my new appearance.

I felt his admiring eyes on me as I tried to carry on normally. While he chatted with Dr. Lewis I found myself working where he could see me. Before Cissy's wardrobe, it had been a long time since a man followed me with his eyes.

You can't imagine how good it made me feel. I was as giggly as a schoolgirl. I was glad Cissy couldn't see me. Then when David asked to see me on the weekend...well, I almost went into shock. You could hardly say I accepted with dignity. I almost grabbed him to say "Yes!"

I was sure I must have appeared desperate, but I guess he was too much of a gentleman to back out, particularly after my reaction.

Surprisingly, Cissy was less enthusiastic than Dr. Lewis about my going out with David. I knew Cissy was working on Saturday and even though we'd taken to going out to dinners and movies together, I hadn't expected his cool reaction.

But I was so happy to have a man interested in me that I shrugged it off to hormones. I thought, "With a person like him on such a strong hormone cycle, you couldn't ever be sure how one would take anything. But actually Cissy was rock steady in his emotions.

We'd kind of got our living together into a steady routine, particularly on the weekends. Even I didn't want to break the routine.

Despite winter, we still went for a drive and a walk on the weekends. I don't know how Cissy stood the cold in his midi skirts. He'd never wear pants, even on really cold days.

Some weekends we were inside the museums and places I didn't know existed. Cissy knew the city better than anyone I've ever known. Little places like walks and lanes that were pleasant despite the snow and cold.

DATE WITH DAVID...

I got along really well with David after we both got over our initial awkwardness. He really was a nice guy with a real sly sense of humor. We had a lot of fun.

Cissy was really quiet when I told him all about it Sunday morning. He was even a bit put out, though he denied it when I asked, "You don't appear interested in my date with David?"

"No," he said, crossing his smooth long legs. "I want to hear..."

When I told him that David wanted to see me again, Cissy made some excuse to go to his room saying, "Look, don't get serious about the first guy

that shows interest now that you are wearing short skirts..."

David wasn't the only one who saw something different in me. I was getting invitations. A lawyer asked me out, a friend of my old roommates, even a guy at the grocery store said he hadn't realized how attractive I was.

So, what with David, occasionally my old boyfriend Ed and a couple others, I was suddenly pretty busy on weekends and I only saw Cissy to more or less say hello and goodbye.

I was feeling so good about myself that I loved being seen and dressing up to go out. One night when David was feeling a little frisky after we'd been dining out rather late, he suggested that we go on to a nightclub. There wasn't any particular reason why we chose the Red Slipper, except that people were still going in there when we cruised the downtown area around one am. We were ushered to a table already partly occupied.

There was a band playing and the dance floor was packed. The cigarette smoke stung my eyes and my ears were assaulted by the undisciplined sound of the band. I'd have left right away but I could see by David's excited face that he really wanted to get into the action!

David ordered some kind of drink but I couldn't hear him even though he was yelling into the waiter's ear. Two drinks appeared almost instantly, mine was some kind of "Sling", as far as I remember. I paid little attention to the drink because the floor was being cleared for the cabaret show.

The group of soul singers had the place jumping in no time and there was no let up as a blonde girl singer, with obvious non-musical talents, followed.

I was quite unprepared then for the club's main attraction. The lights over the audience suddenly went out and a solitary spotlight shone at the top of a small set of stairs on the stage.

The band had switched into a steady blues-type beat music, sultry and aimed entirely at creating a sensuous atmosphere. "Katrina," a heavy voice gasped somewhere into a microphone. She parted the sheer curtains and stepped out into the spotlight. The grace and sensuousness of her performance riveted every eye on her so that her slow stepping down to the stage was accompanied by almost total silence.

Katrina wore a long, see through robe of dark brown silk. It was slit up to her waist. Her black hair was swept back into a tight knot, from which came a long, black ponytail. The diamond tiara that held her hair in place was matched by the sparkling from the bra and panties she wore which were only dimly to be seen through the silk.

The outline of her figure, however, was clear. She was thrillingly feminine in form. Her movements matched the insistent beat of the music, her hips swaying seductively as she unclipped the gown, and began her exotic dance.

I suppose some people would describe Katrina's dance as a striptease, but I never would. Sure she removed her bra and her jewelry, ending up naked save for the g-string which covered her most private parts, but it was all done so sensually and artistically.

cally that there was no doubt in anyone's mind that Katrina was one of the most gorgeous women in the whole world-an epitome of femininity.

Perhaps I was the only one who wasn't convinced. As much as I enjoyed and was impressed by her dance, there was a problem...I had been living with those blue-gray eyes for more than three months! Yes, Katrina was, in fact, my roommate, Cissy! Cissy the man living under my roof. The man who'd lent me the dress I was wearing!

After Katrina's exit, there was a kind of stunned silence in the audience before the applause broke out.

No one, I think had been aware, least of all me, in how involved we'd been in her, I mean HIS dance. When the lights went on and the illusion was broken, we all applauded.

David had no clue. He hugged me pretty close after that and wanted to stay on and dance. But I was pretty confused after seeing Cissy that way. I hadn't realized until then just how far out of my circle he normally moved.

David sensed that I didn't want to stay and he was pretty gracious about leaving. He did go on quite a bit about Katrina, however, he was more interested in getting me back to the apartment.

In fact, he didn't want to leave, and surprisingly, I didn't want him to either. Naturally, Cissy wasn't home when we got there, so David stayed.

It was nice to be so wanted by a man. It had been a while. We didn't get much sleep and I pushed him out the door about six in the morning. I was embarrassed. I hadn't heard Cissy come in, but

I saw his grey, leather coat hung up beside David's raincoat. As I ushered David out, I was uncomfortable that we'd made too much noise. David had been rather rough.

On Sunday and for the first time since we'd teamed up, Cissy didn't go out. He stayed in his room most of the day playing his CDs.

When I popped my head into his room, he was sorting out a bunch of body shirts, stitching away and being thoroughly domestic again. Without eye shadow and just a touch of lipstick, he looked incredibly innocent and young. Nothing like the "Katrina" we'd seen on stage the night before. What with the wig, stage make-up, and obvious focal attention points, I was sure David would never put the one and one together.

When David came around later, that was how Cissy was, in a striped shirt and black skirt, his blonde hair parted in the middle and brushed down to just touch the nape of his back.

"I didn't know your roommate was so young," he said to me. As I hesitated, he went on, "She's just the kind of girl my boss dotes on."

"I doubt that!" I said.

David had been going on about his boss, a guy named Ralph, almost since I'd known him. Ralph wasn't yet out of his twenties, but already was the Vice-President in charge of sales in David's company, and he was riding his salesmen hard, accompanying them on their rounds and then setting what David felt were impossible sales quotes.

For some reason, he got along well with David, perhaps appreciation of David's sense of humor. He brought up Cissy again and asked, "Would she mind if I arranged a double date with us and Ralph?"

Cissy came back into our main room at just that minute. "Would she mind what?" he asked, giving David a demure smile as he curled his feet up under his bottom on the sofa and began to sip his coffee.

David said back, "I was just wondering if you'd like to come on a date with Dot and me. I know a really great guy who'd just love to meet you."

Cissy's eyes flicked over to me. He must have read the expression on my face. After all, he knew what he really was, and this was taking my involvement just a little too far.

As a roommate he'd worked out fine, but my mind was still reeling under the exotic impression he'd made on my senses the night before. It was wrong that a man should be so feminine. Even the way he stood was so girlish, his nylon stockinged legs, so perfectly shaped and poised as he leaned on the sofa, just a little of his silk-ribboned petticoat revealed in the pose he'd chosen.

"You both want me to go?" Cissy asked.

"Sure," David said for the two of us.

Cissy looked at me then smiled back at David then back at me. David was looking at me so I half nodded acceptance.

"Okay," he said, "I'd just love to double date with you and Dorothy. Any time at all." There was not a doubt in my mind that Cissy knew I didn't want him to double date David's boss, but he'd accepted anyway. Maybe he was just being nice to David.

David wanted to go out to a movie Sunday night. He invited Cissy to come with us, but this time, maybe because he noticed the daggered looks I was giving him, he declined prettily, saying he had to be ready for an early job on Monday.

I could hardly discuss what I was feeling and thinking with David, though he seemed to get the message that I was upset with his asking Cissy to go out with us.

At the movie, he asked me about it and, well, what could I say? I think he was hoping to get lucky again but I claimed a headache and David didn't press it.

But when he left me at the door, he said he'd talk to Ralph and call me. I immediately went to Cissy's room to talk, but if he wasn't really asleep, he was making a really great job of faking it.

In the morning, he was gone before I even got up, and his 'modeling bag' was gone. I didn't get a chance to talk to him before David called and told me he'd booked us a table at the Tropicana; the best of all the nightclubs in town. It was set up for the following Friday and that "Ralph was just dying to meet Cissy."

When I told Cissy what David had done, he just nodded at me and said he'd get free. He was so calm about the date that I was shaken up. He quite casually accepted that he was going to the most 'in' place in town, where evening dresses were obligatory, and he didn't turn a hair.

Going there with a man as her date didn't seem to upset him either. In fact, it was upsetting me much more than her, him or whatever. I found that I couldn't broach the topic with him at all.

The very thought that Cissy was in fact a man left me tongue-tied. But I rationalized that if Cissy had no male clothes, he was pumped up with female hormones, and he had a girlish figure. Maybe going out with a man was okay? It was only a date. It wasn't like Ralph was taking Cissy home to meet Mom! Right?

FRIDAY DATE...

Friday morning, Cissy asked me if I'd give him his hormone shot a day early. I'd usually been giving him the injections on Saturday mornings. Dr. Lewis suggested that instead of monthly hormone shots, I could give him weekly ones to better mimic the female cycle.

"I feel more feminine for a day or two after a shot," he said as I prepared the injector. He pulled up his skirt and lowered the side of his high waisted panties. I dabbed the fleshy hip with alcohol and pressed the needle in fully before pressing the amber contents into his thigh.

As I gave him his hormone shot, he licked his lips like the action would offset the tightness in his breasts. I wondered if the glossy feel of lipstick, moistened by his tongue, increased the feminine buzz shimmering through his veins.

"I'm sorry again for getting you into this," I said.

"It's just a date," Cissy said, his face already with a pink glow.

He helped me considerably in getting ready for our Friday date.

I doubt if I could have managed to look good if it weren't for him for him and his endless wardrobe. He arranged and combed out my newly streaked hair and did my make-up with green and brown eye shadow in a way that made me appear positively attractive.

"Magnificent!" he said, running his French-manicured nails through a loose tendril. "What are you going to wear?"

"Got any ideas?" I asked.

Cissy loaned me a black leather skirt and a black and blue halter top. With a black lace bra underneath, I felt HOT! I wore black high heels and dark hose and of course black panties.

Cissy told me I should considered going bra-less, but thought I might look too slutty.

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All too soon the men were at our door. David was stunned by my appearance, but I'm afraid I was still too uptight at the thought of what might happen between Cissy and Ralph to really appreciate David's admiration.

Ralph had instantly moved in on Cissy when I introduced them. He wore a black, silk evening dress, with thin, silver straps over his bare shoulders to hold up the backless dress. His hair was parted in the center and he'd put an artificial braid on the back.

He was going for a glamorous look with large, silver earrings and darkly-painted eyes making them seem huge and accentuating his youth and girlish innocence. Both of which among other things was an outward show.

Ralph was almost fawning over Cissy, and he was lapping it up, a permanent smile on his pink lips. He had a sable wrap that he insisted on wearing, although I thought it wouldn't be warm enough. Ralph was there instantly to help drape it about his shoulders and to slip his arm about a girlish slim waist.

When we walked into the bar, Cissy and I turned more than a few heads. I tried to relax and enjoy what could be a most enjoyable evening.

As the evening wore on, I could see why David felt as he did about Ralph. I found it sickening the way he accosted Cissy, holding his hand and putting his arm around him, like he owned him. He was flamboyant in almost everything he did, and Cissy didn't appear to be unwilling to follow his lead.

Cissy looked like he was actually enjoying being the center of so much attention. Ralph had a big hug for Cissy at the end of every dance and even David, on the occasional dance, treated me the same way.

Cissy was playing girl all the way. He seemed to enjoy the slow dances, also snuggling his head into Ralph's shoulder and neck just as if he was a real girl.

I was relieved at last to get him away from our table to 'powder our noses' and to talk to her. Cissy was more interested in fixing my make-up, than in talking about Ralph.

"I've met worse," was his cryptic comment when I acidly said I didn't know how anyone could stand such a show-off.

We went back to our table, hand in hand the way girls do when Ralph bounced up and started to hug me. "Wonderful!" he said. "David just told me about you two. I hope you'll both be very happy."

I looked and felt embarrassed. Ralph's words were as much news to me as they were to Cissy. We both went rigid as Ralph went on and on and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek.

All David did was to give me a little shrug and to stand there helplessly, not contradicting Ralph at all.

Cissy's hand slipped out of mine and Ralph broke away from me to help him sit down, careful not to wrinkle his dress.

Cissy was visibly shaken by Ralph's words and his pink-tipped fingers were twisting and untwisting one of the napkins. Luckily, Ralph was too in-

sensitive to have noticed. He was going on about how great a salesman David was and the high sales to visits ratio he had--the highest in the company.

David started in too, about how he did it. I couldn't have gotten a word in without shouting one of them down. Give a man a drink and the bragging begins...

Then Ralph pulled Cissy onto the dance floor. The bright smile had already returned to his face and he seemed to melt and looked most delighted to be in Ralph's arms as they danced tightly in a waltz.

Leaving the club, David gave Ralph the keys to his car and made some fatuous remark about them having had the use of the back seat on the way to the club and now it was our turn. That was something I hadn't expected.

Ralph drove without complaint. Once home, I was suddenly aware that Ralph was driving to a "nice little lookout spot he knew... I hadn't expected that nor had I expected the enthusiastic way the two of them began to neck in the front seat while David and I sat in the back for the drive home...mostly engaging in small talk.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA



I gasped! There was Cissy with Ralph. He was doing what a girl would do. Why was I surprised?

"Let's go to our place!" I said.

Thinking they were going to get lucky, Ralph was all for going to our place. So was David. By the way Cissy was clinging to Ralph, he seemed ready for that, too. His pink lipstick was quite smudged and his face was flushed.

At the door, I put my foot down, though, and insisted that both Cissy and I needed our beauty sleep.

David whispered something like, "Cissy is old enough to do what she likes." I whispered back a promise to make it up to him in the next day or so.

Ralph regretfully broke away from Cissy and our sofa, where they'd said a very passionate "good-night."

I guess it puzzled both men little by my insistence that they go. "Good-night, sweetheart," Ralph said with a laugh as he and David left. Turning, Ralph blew a kiss to Cissy. "Next time we can the wallflowers and go out alone!"

I wanted to talk to Cissy about what Ralph had said, but he was already stripping off to his dress, slip and bra as soon as the door closed.

He went tripping off to his bedroom with a bright smile. "Thanks for arranging for such a nice night," he said huskily, as he took off his high heels. "I really enjoyed myself."

Then he slipped off his bra, his ample breasts showing firm, full and unquestionably female. I was left gasping and looking for how to ask questions as he softly closed her door and, I guess, went off to bed.

David was back for me at our place by noon the next day, though Cissy hadn't yet put in an appearance. I got to him immediately.

"What did you tell Ralph about us last night?" My voice was angry and full of accusations.

"Nothing much," he was quite taken aback by my attack. "I just told him that we were heading towards a lasting relationship." There was worry on his face. "Aren't we?"

I was shaken. "What's a lasting relationship?" I stated.

It was his turn to be surprised. "Well," he said, "I thought we might get engaged pretty soon?"

What could I say? I was stunned. Besides Ed Birley, I thought to myself that no one had ever really asked me to marry him.

David's question was a funny kind of proposal. I was standing there open mouthed when a sleepy Cissy came out of his bedroom. She hadn't put on a robe or a negligee. His black, frilly nightie, black bikini panties and tousled blonde hair gave him a sexiness that David responded to in open-mouthed wonder. His beautiful legs were entirely bare and you could see his well-shaped bust and nipples through the nightie.

"Oh, sorry!" his voice was huskier than usual. "I didn't know anyone was here."

"Just me," said David with a gulp. He stared, and I was sure to burn the image in his mind for later when he was alone. He shook his head a bit and said, "I just asked your roommate to marry me, but she's thinking it over."

"And..." Cissy's voice trailed off. He stood in her doorway, staring at the pair of us. "I thought Ralph said it was a done deal?"

"He just misunderstood me," said David, his eyes looking down at his pink toenails. "But at least he forced me to be honest and ask the question I should have asked the other night."

He turned to me. "Well, what do you say?"

Both of them were watching me expectantly. "What can I say?" I started out hesitantly, still astonished beyond words.

"Excuse me," Cissy had realized how he must appear but there was a funny look on his face. "I must get some clothes on." His door closed firmly behind him.

"I can't think," I said to David. "I never expected this. I was happy just to be noticed by people," I muttered lazily.

David looked hurt. "The other night... You don't want to marry me?" There seemed to be both question and relief in his voice.

"I don't know," I said honestly. "Isn't this too quick for both of us?"

"You're right," he agreed quickly. There was an awkward silence. "Okay, but I still very much want to see you and take you out. We can see where this goes."

"I'd enjoy that," I smiled. Cissy came back out at just that moment. He still wore no makeup and his hair was the same pleasant mess. He slipped into a dark brown mini-dress and was putting on matching heels as she came out. His panty hose were also dark tinted.

"You two look happy," he said to me cautiously.

"Yes," I said, "I think it's for the best."

"We've got to run," David said, "We've got tickets to a hockey game."

He smiled at Cissy, who gave him a nervous little smile back.

"I'm ready," I said grabbing my bag. I turned to Cissy. "I don't expect we'll be back till late tonight. Are you working late?"

He nodded woodenly and was going off to the kitchen as we shouted a good-bye, grabbed our coats and left.

It wasn't actually our intention to go back to the apartment at all before going out to dinner and the theatre, but the game was unusually penalty free for hockey and we found ourselves with more time than we expected.

Then we ran into Dr. Lewis and his, wife and she invited us to their home for dinner and bridge, which is one of David's weaknesses. I agreed but insisted on going back to the apartment to change.

Although we had a few drinks, it was still fairly early when we got back home. It must have been a little before eight. The Lewis' had already gone on to prepare dinner, and I agreed to be quick. David stayed in the car while I ran up to change.

The lights were out when I opened the door save for a soft glow from Cissy's room. I burst in to turn it off and the movement on the bed was the first indication I had that someone was in there.

"Cissy?" I said, flicking on the main room light.

"Don't!" said Cissy's husky voice as I was moving towards the switch. With the room flooded with light, I wished I'd listened to the voice. The two figures were not yet into the bed, but from the way that they were intertwined, I had no doubts that they'd soon be beneath the sheets.

For a moment the person who was partly covering the sparsely clad Cissy didn't register with me at all. Then I realized she was a woman. Cissy was on his bed with another woman. Cissy sat up and pulled himself away from the woman who was most reluctant to let him go.

"This is Natalie," Cissy said shakily. "A friend of mine."

"That I can see," I said dryly. "A woman?"

Natalie sat up, too. She was wearing a green blouse and a dark green pantsuit. "I thought she knew about you," she said accusingly to Cissy.

"She does," there was insecurity and nervousness in Cissy's voice and manner that I'd never seen before.

Natalie looked at me. "So why are you so cynical?" she said in a challenging tone but almost professional tone. Cissy may be a cross-dresser, but he's into women. He's had many other girlfriends."

My whole body registered the shock of that remark and I was paralyzed. Cissy came rushing from the bed to take my hand. "Oh. I didn't want this," he said desperately. "But now that you and David are hooked up, I needed to be close to someone. Natalie and I have always been here for each other."

My senses were still reeling from the assault on my perception of the order of things. "No," I said. "David and I agreed to be friends, not to be married."

It was his turn to be astonished. He was lost for words. "Well," I shrugged and backed away. "I'll see you later. I'm supposed to be changing for dinner at the Lewis'. Are you working?"

"Later," Cissy almost whispered.

"I'll see you then," I said, pulling out of that room as fast as I could.

I've never changed so fast in all my life. I must have been out of there in five minutes flat. Not that I could eat anything at all. All I could think about was what Natalie had said. Cissy wasn't gay. He had girlfriends! And why not, I thought bitterly. He's a man, isn't he? Or she? He'd fooled me just as much as he'd fooled everybody else.

And what about his performance with Ralph? What was that about? I was revolted.

Needless to say, I played some of the worst bridge of my life that night. The Lewis', I think were heartily glad when we broke off early and David took me home.

David wanted to come in so that I could keep my promise to him from the night before--but there was no way. Eventually he got the message and went off in a huff.

I could tell he thought that what had gone on earlier between us had somehow changed my opinion of him. It was a pity. I had intended to let him stay that evening right up until the moment when I saw Natalie cuddling Cissy on the bed.

I went into Cissy's room. It was so neat that you'd never have known that anyone had been there earlier. I brooded about for a little while. By my watch, Cissy would just be starting his act. I doubted I could keep awake long enough that night for him to be home.

There was only one thing to do. I went back to my room and prepared myself for bed. Then I went

into Cissy's room and got into his bed. It was a good thing it was queen-size, I thought sourly. I lay back on his silk-covered pillows.

On the bed, he'd laid out a soft, blue nightgown. I touched it with my fingers and lifted it to my face. It smelled like Cissy and before I knew it, I was sound asleep.

I didn't hear him come in, get changed for bed or slip into the bed beside me.

He must have disturbed the pillow, because I was aware of him, of the perfume he'd just started using, all in a flash. I sat up and would have gone for the light but his long nails touched my arm and he whispered, "Don't."

I reconsidered and lay back. He was laying just about as far from me as it was possible to be in that bed.

"I want to talk to you," I said, trying to shake the cobwebs out of my head. I was waking up fast.

There was a rustle as his head moved. I think he must have nodded. "You couldn't wait until morning." It was a flat statement of fact.

"No," I said. "Tell me about Natalie."

"She went home five minutes after you dashed out," he said huskily. "I think he realized...why she was here."

"Where did she come from?" I cut in.

"From out of my past," Cissy's voice showed uncertainty again.

"I mean," I said pointedly, "Why was she here today? Was this going on before when I wasn't here?"

I didn't think he'd answer me for a moment. There was a little silence before he went on carefully. "I asked her over. I was lonely and emotional, I guess. I haven't been with another woman since I met you. She and I were, well, we were very good friends once, but it's long over now. And I think we both realized it after you left."

"I thought you wanted to be a woman? What are you, Cissy?" I finally asked, ignoring the soft, conciliatory tone of his voice. "That's really what I want to know. I saw you with Ralph and I've seen you enjoy the attention from other men as they pass you by."

"So? I've seen you with men too," a gasp came from out of the darkness.

"I'm a woman. I thought you wanted to be a real woman," I said. "I treated you like a woman because ... because..." Words failed me. I was getting into an area where I didn't actually know what I thought any more. I didn't really know why I was so upset, either.

"I suppose you need to know the story of my life," he had regained his calm again. It was I who was tongue-tied and defensive.

I mumbled something and he began to talk in a low murmur. "All right, but hear me out and listen to it all."

"Well, I had the usual unhappy childhood. As a young boy, I found that I felt comfortable and loved to dress in girl's clothes and even my mother's clothes. She hated me for it and punished me pretty harshly when she caught me. At first she just took the clothes away but later she called me names..."

"Like Sissy?" I asked.

He looked down and nodded. She bought me a shirt that said 'Sissy' and made me wear it out when she caught me. That happened many times before she died."

"Where was your father?"

"My father had died when I was just a little boy. I had no male role model so I guess I was a sissy."

A shiver ran up my spine as he described himself that way.

"My Mother's death left me largely to my own devices, save for my trustee, Miss Woodside. She was a young friend of my mothers. She thought my cross-dressing was cute and she encouraged me. At first she bought me a nightgown to sleep in, then a house dress. Pretty soon, I had a wardrobe. She even interested me in sex. She was the one who introduced me to female hormones and surgery as well. Oh, yes, I've seen you looking at me, but you don't know what I've gone through in having my nose, my face, and my breasts fixed up to pass for real.

"See, Miss Woodside thought I was like Christine Jorgensen and she thought she was helping me to emerge into womanhood. I guess. Even though we were making out almost every night and twice on weekends, that didn't give her the message that I wasn't gay or a transsexual. But what did I know? I liked wearing dresses and was eager to continue. She said I could become like a woman—to have real breasts and really experience my fantasies."



"Miss Woodside thought my cross-dressing was cute and she encouraged me."

"But reality intervened. Miss Woodside set me up with a man, whom I started dating. He was wonderful and made me feel so feminine. My breasts had just come in and it wasn't long before I imagined I was in love with him. I went with him for six months before he asked me to marry him. Miss Woodside even started the arrangements for me to have the last surgery that changes a man to woman, but luckily, I told the man all about myself."

There was sardonic humor in his voice.

"I wanted to be so pure and honest, a good and submissive wife. Something happened the minute I told him. I realized that I liked him because he made me feel feminine, not because I loved him or even men! He wanted to try and was supportive but the glow was off the relationship. Confused by what happened, I went to see a psychiatrist. He tested and retested me and then came up with the astonishing conclusion that I ought not to be operated on. And by then, I knew I didn't want it either. There is a big difference between a cross dresser and a transsexual. One loves the clothes and femininity, the other wants to be female. I guess you'd say I was happy being a weird guy with tits and wearing dresses."

He went on, "Natalie is one of the psychologists who tested me. She was the one who largely got me through this period, by treating me as me, as a person, not a freak."

My eyes, accustomed to the gloom now, could see his soft, feminine profile as he spoke. His eyes were glistening with tears.

"And Ralph?"

"Guys sometimes still make me feel feminine. Like a new dress would. When I'm out with a man, I respond like a woman. I even let them kiss me, and, I guess, I respond a little bit like any woman would," he sighed heavily, "but I only went along with Ralph because of you. I thought you wanted me to. And when you were going to marry David..."

"Never," I interrupted.

"Never," he turned toward me in the bed and I felt his foot touch mine. There was a tingling in my whole body.

"I couldn't seem to talk with you before," he whispered huskily. "I couldn't get you to see me as I really am. You treated me just like a woman. You even set me up to date your male friends."

"No," I almost shouted. "I didn't want you to go out with Ralph. It was wrong!"

He moved close, his shoulder touching mine, a strand of hair stroking my cheek. "Dorothy?" he said, a quiver in his voice. "There's been no one in my thoughts since I met you. Can you ever accept me as a man?"

There was such a naive and sincere quality in his voice that I couldn't help myself. I began to giggle. I felt him stiffen and begin to pull away, but I reached out, grabbed him and pulled him close.

I kissed him first, feeling his soft body yield instantly to my touch. But then he was onto me, kissing my body and making love to me.

I loved it. Cissy was so different! So soft, curved, and gentle, and he was all male when he removed his panties. The perfume of his hair and body was

more exciting to me than anything any other man had to offer.

Men like David are so focused on one thing and that can be nice too but Cissy was something else. His slender arms and shoulders were no stronger than mine, his breasts as responsive and he was in no hurry to mount me. He whispered, "With all the female hormones, it takes time but everything works..."

Time was something we had plenty of. We touched, kissed, and loved. I couldn't help but compare this sissified, emasculated male's figure to my own. From the tips of our painted toenails to the little gold studs in our pierced ears, we were the same. Only where our smooth, shaved legs came together was there a difference. Not a big difference but a striking one. I suckled at one breast and then the other, seeing that it was making a difference in the "difference".

Cissy was able to get me riled up into a hot frenzy before those full hips climbed between my receptive thighs.

I won't say I fell in instantly in love or anything right there, but having Cissy make love to me was the most enjoyable experience of my life. He understood women and was also much more experienced than I was--everything a woman wants in a man. Now I knew why I'd been so upset at his closeness to Ralph and to Natalie.

I'd been jealous. From the start, he'd captivated me and that's all there was to it. But I still found it hard, if not impossible, to think of Cissy in the same

terms as a man like David. Cissy was a hybrid, the best of a man and the best of a woman.

A man he might be, but he was also feminine, and Cissy was something different, something else.

Sleep when it came was from an ecstatic exhaustion, both of us wound up in each other's arms, hugging and holding each other tightly. We were reluctant to get up too, finding too much to explore about each other in bed. But at last hunger drove us out and we began to put the world back together again.

When we finally "talked", Cissy was muttering something about "being a man again" and "going off female hormones."

"Don't do that for me! I dig your smooth, sexy figure," I said, joking, "Maybe I'm beginning to see why men like boobs!"

Cissy blushed, covering the little ruffle on his cool, green blouse. "Really?"

"Really. What other boyfriend can I go lingerie shopping with? Or double date and have the guys pick up the check?" I looked at the shining pink lips on the feminine image in front of me and added, "No, I think I'm going to keep you a girl."



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I looked at the shining pink lips on the feminine image in front of me and added, "No, I think I'm going to keep you a girl."

It's a very odd relationship we have. When Laura, our oldest daughter was born, we moved out of the apartment to an old, respectable district with good schools.

Though our neighbors accepted my tales about Laura's absentee father in the military, they've become quite standoffish now that I'm pregnant again and showing. I'm sure they think I was knocked up by one of the men who take Cissy and I out on the town.

My parents too are irate. They know I'm married but they've never met my husband Nicky. They think I'm sleeping with any guy I want and my sister, who knows Cissy lives with me, thinks I'm a lesbian.

Cissy doesn't fit into what you'd call the typical devoted father but he is. He's become more comfortable and secure in his femininity. He even wore a pantsuit to the bizarre Vegas quickie wedding service we had. I've convinced him that wearing tight fitted pants or shorts can be just as girlish as a skirt...in some ways more so! With all the hormones, he has no trouble 'keeping a smooth line.'

I'd never seen a man so red and flustered as the clerk who filled out the papers. Natalie was a great help through the ceremonies and our marriage gives the kids the security of Cissy's money, which is far greater than he ever let on.

He's getting richer all the time, too. His acting career is busy. He begged me to go on location with him this time in the new film in which he's starring--but I don't want to. I just wouldn't feel right seeing how those people, particularly the men, treat Cissy.

It's bad enough watching him in the movies he's made. Seeing men make love to "her" on the screen really upsets me--but then, no one really knows him the way I do.

He says he's going to quit after one more film. We'll have enough to live on in comfort the rest of our days. But he also says that if our next baby is a boy, he'll never take another hormone, he'll cut his hair, start wearing pants and have his breasts removed. But somehow we both know that he'll never do that. I don't really worry either.

Our love life is wonderful when we're together and I think I fulfill him in some way he just can't be fulfilled by a man.

I believe he knows it, too. And so we go on living each day one after the other. Me as Mrs. Dorothy Evans, and my husband...well, they call him, Cissy Russell, or as the movie reviews say, the girl with the face and figure made in heaven. (I know where it really came from!)

The End

If you'd like more about this story, write to me. There is more about their life, Cissy's career and how they got pregnant. Fun stuff!

Let me know!

Sandy Thomas

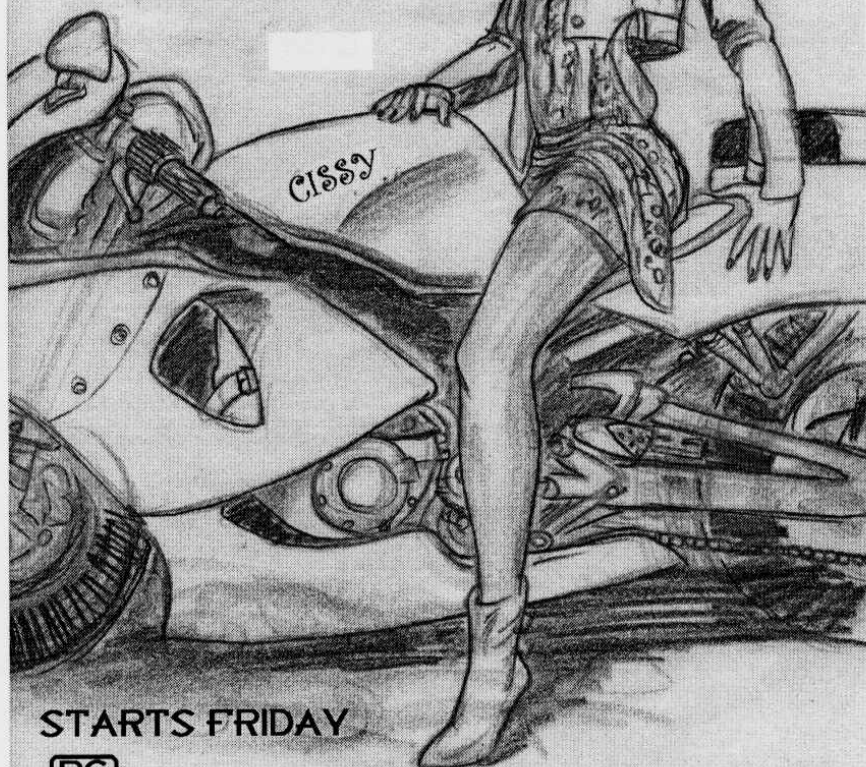
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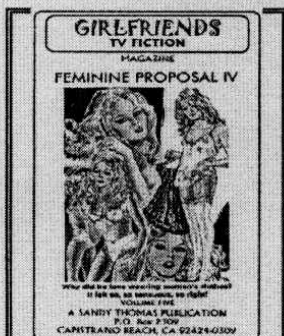
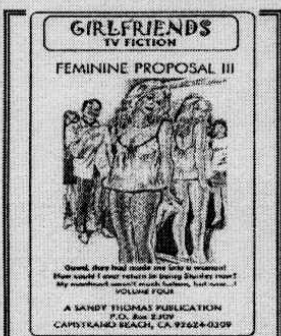
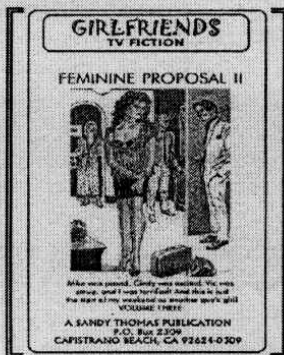
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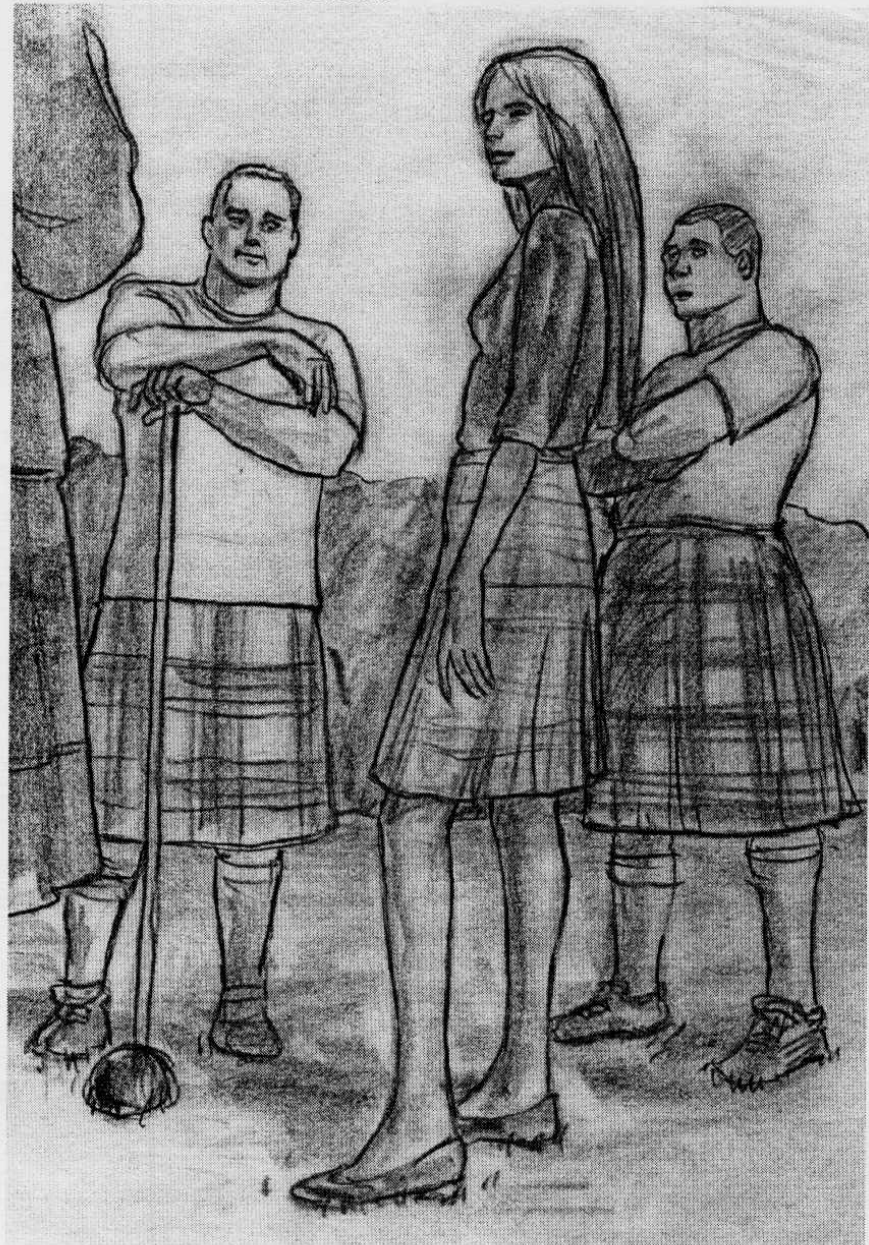
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