

TV FICTION CLASSICS

CALL HIM "SIS"



**HEATHER TEACHES SHANNON
EVERYTHING A GIRL SHOULD KNOW.
BUT SHANNON IS A BOY!?**

VOLUME 78

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

VOLUME 78

CALL HIM "SIS"

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QUOTE BOARD

"God gave us our sex. Thank Gawd we can
choose our gender."

CALL HIM "SIS"

By Sara Warren

For of Part one of two...

SEE TVC #77, CALL HIM "MISS"

After a day of shopping and mistaken for being a girl, Shannon found himself...

The three of them found a table in the crowded food court, where Heather and Emily discussed the pros and cons of him becoming a "candy striper."

"You don't have to do it if you don't want to," Emily pointed out. "But what else is there for you to do all summer? Heather volunteers three days a week. Are you going to stay out at the house by yourself?"

Heather said, "We really need extra volunteers. "And just think of all the fun we could have working together. Mrs. Kingston would team us up together if I asked her. That way I could teach you what we do and also help you out if you ever found yourself in an uncomfortable position. What do you say?"

"Are you two crazy? I'm a boy. Besides what would mom say? How would she react if I told her I was going to spend my summer posing as a girl?" he blushed a deep red.

"I'll talk to her," Emily offered. "But I don't think she'd have any objection. After all, you haven't exactly been Mr. Macho Man since you been here? And she hasn't said anything so far, has she?"

"There's a big difference between being mistaken for a girl and TRYING to be one," the emasculated boy said, pushing a long stray lock of his hair aside.

"Are you afraid to try?" Heather asked.

Shannon looked down at the table and shook his head slowly.

Both Emily and Heather noted that he wasn't protesting the idea of posing as a girl. Instead he was worried about what other people would think, and about whether he could pull it off successfully.

Heather reached across the table and took his hand in hers. She looked him in the eye and said, "You don't know how much I've enjoyed having you around these past few days. The other morning I slipped up and said that it was almost like having a girl-friend or sister living with me. But it's true. You're a very sweet, loving person who's letting his feminine side peek out. There just happens to be three other females living in the house too. We love being females and we can't see why you shouldn't too. Tell me you hate the way your hair looks and I'll drop the whole thing..."

"I like my hair this way," Shannon said softly.

"So let's have some fun and try being a girl for the summer and see how it fits. You can always go back to being a stupid boy if you find you don't like it."

Shannon turned from Heather to Emily, who smiled and nodded encouragingly. Tears started forming in the corners of eyes. As they started rolling down his cheeks he reached up to wipe them away.

"There's mom," he stammered, "and I don't know where to begin. I've been afraid that you all would think that I was weird. You're right, I haven't been much of a

boy lately. I've loved all the girlish things you two have introduced me too."

"We are just beginning," Heather giggled then squealed as she hugged the effeminate boy tightly. "I'm going to make you the happiest girl in the world."

He blushed again, then turned to Emily. "What about my mom?"

"I'll talk to her. But believe me, I'm sure she'll be as thrilled as we all are."

"We'd better get a move on," Heather jumped up. "We've got so much to do to get our newest 'candy striper' ready for work tomorrow."

"The first thing we need to do is get you a uniform," Emily told him.

"Uniform?"

"It's a jumper, with pink and white stripes. That's why we're called 'candy-strippers,'" Heather pointed out.

"Oh," was all the boy could say.

They went directly to Andrea's, the only dress shop in town that carried them. The clerk knew exactly what they wanted when they introduced her to Shannon.

"Another volunteer, how nice. I'm glad to see that there are still some teenagers with a sense of responsibility. I see so many of them hanging around here at the mall and on the street corners downtown," she said as she led them toward the back of the store. She grabbed her tape measure and was about to take Shannon's measurements when Emily intervened.

"We already know her size," she told her.

"Well, we ought to check anyway. You know we pride ourselves on always giving our customers a perfect fit

here at Andrea's," the clerk pointed out. As she advanced on Shannon the poor boy started to back away.

"We're in a big hurry," Emily said as she attempted to get in between the determined clerk and the boy. "Please."

"Well this is highly unusual," the clerk huffed. "We can't guarantee it'll fit if we're not allowed to take her measurements, you know."

Emily took a deep breath. "Look madam, it's only a jumper. As far as I know, it only comes in three sizes, small, medium, and large. Shannon and Heather are the same size. I happen to know that Heather wears a medium. I know that because I'm her mother. Now I would like to buy another medium for Shannon here. May I do that?"

"Certainly," the clerk sniffed. "Will there be anything else?"

"Don't forget the cap," Heather reminded them.

"Of course," the clerk turned on her heel and strode into the back room.

Back out on the street, Emily sighed and shook her head. "That's one of the snootiest clerks I've ever run into."

"I was afraid she wasn't going to sell it to us without measuring me," a relieved Shannon pointed out.

"So. I don't understand what the two of you got so worked up about," Heather said.

"Shannon's wearing that bulky tunic that sort of hides his figure, but he'd come up a little short if the clerk had measured him," Emily pointed out.

"Oh, yeah," Heather nodded. "I hadn't thought about that."

"Well there's all sorts of things we're going to have to take into consideration if we're going to mold Shannon here into a successful girl." She turned to the boy. "Isn't that right, sweetheart?"

He just stood there blushing a deep red.

Heather grabbed his arm and whispered in his ear, "Don't you worry. Before you even know it, you'll be the prettiest girl in town."

They went back to Macy's, where they headed directly to the lingerie department. This area had always held a particular fascination for Shannon, but he had always been too afraid to linger there. Now he found himself inspecting panties and bras with Heather.

"Look at this," Heather's eyes looked mischievous as she held up a pair of hot pink see-through lace panties trimmed in black. This only caused Shannon to blush again while her mother merely rolled her eyes and groaned.

"We need to start with the basics," Emily pointed out as she inspected some matching, floral-print bra and panty sets. "What about something like this?" she showed the boy.

"I suppose," he stammered. "I don't know much about girl's underwear," he said in a low voice as he stared at the floor.

"Why don't you let me pick out some appropriate things while you and Heather take a look at nightgowns," she suggested.

The two teens wandered across the aisle and began inspecting the racks of nightwear. Shannon paused at a display of frothy lace trimmed baby doll pajamas.

Heather sidled up to him and whispered, "You'd look delicious in those. Do you like them?"

The boy nodded silently.

"Maybe mom will buy us matching pairs. Wouldn't that be neat?"

Shannon's eyes lit up and they both began giggling. After much discussion they both decided to get pink. Emily expressed some surprise when they told her about their decision.

"I didn't realize your tastes ran to such ultra-feminine styles," she said to her daughter.

"I guess Shannon just helps bring out the girl in me," she replied as she gave the effeminate boy a hug.

Emily just smiled and shook her head.

From the lingerie department they next went looking for dresses and skirts. "Mrs. Kingston forbids us to wear slacks at work," Heather explained to the boy.

"I think we should start with some basic things," Emily suggested. "Some skirts and tops that he can mix and match. We can expand his wardrobe slowly. Besides, didn't you offer to let him borrow some things of yours?"

"Sure, he can borrow anything of mine that he wants," she said. Actually she got a little thrill at the thought of the boy wearing one of her dresses.

The three of them finally picked out a couple of skirts and three tops. Then they stopped at the cosmetics counter, where they purchased an entire set of makeup for the boy, everything from foundation and cover-up stick, to blusher and mascara. A little chill ran down Shannon's spine when Heather whispered in his ear, "I can't wait to show you how to do your face," while they were looking at the lipsticks.

"I've got one more thing I need to get," Emily announced when they finally wandered out of the store. "Why don't you two take a look in the Gap while I run over and pick up what I need? I meet you back here in ten minutes."

They were waiting for her when she returned. "Did you find anything you liked?" she wanted to know.

"Not a thing," Shannon told her.

"The stuff in the Gap isn't frilly enough for Shannon," Heather teased him.

As soon as they got home Heather insisted on taking Shannon upstairs to dress him up. "I want you to be ready when your mother gets home," she said excitedly.

Shannon had gotten so caught up in the excitement that he had forgotten that his mother still had no idea of their decision to have him live as a girl for the summer. He started to get nervous all over again.

"Maybe we'd better wait until we talk it over with her," he suggested. "What if she says no?"

"Once she sees you, I don't think that will happen," Emily volunteered. "When she see how pretty and girlish you are when we ask her--she won't have any doubts or worries about how you'll look."

That's all it took to convince the now eager boy. They laid out his new things in his bedroom and quickly went to work on him. Heather held up a bra and panty set and told him to get undressed. When he hesitated Emily intervened.

"Maybe you'd feel more comfortable changing in the bathroom," she suggested to the relieved boy. However just as he was about to close the door she handed him

another garment. When he looked at her quizzically, she explained.

"It's a little something to hide that unladylike bulge," she nodded at him as he again blushed a deep red. "It's called a gaff. I picked it up while you two were at the Gap. It's especially designed to take care of your particular problem. Slip it on and tuck yourself up between your legs. It fits tight so that you present a smooth front."

Heather started giggling again, but her mother quickly shushed her. "The poor dear is embarrassed enough as it is without you laughing at him."

She quickly realized her mistake and apologized. She didn't want to do anything that might make the boy change his mind.

Emily went on, "It may feel a little uncomfortable at first, but you'll soon get used to it. They recommend that you wear it all the time, day and night."

Alone in the bathroom, he stripped off his clothes and struggled to pull up the gaff. It was very tight and he had some difficulty getting it up around his hips. Then he reached in and carefully pushed his maleness down and between his legs.

"Gawd, he thought, if my father could only see me now..." It awkward to do, and it took him awhile to get everything adjusted. The unyielding sensation was almost too much for him to bear. When he finally stepped back and looked in the mirror, he was enchanted by the image that he saw.

His front was perfectly flat and smooth without the slightest hint of maleness. He shivered with excitement as he ran his hand down below his belly. A slight "Wow" escaped his lips. He moved his hips back and forth but the garment held everything up and back.

Next he stepped into the panties and pulled them up. Then he slipped his arms through the straps of the bra and tried to fasten it in the back. He struggled for several minutes before finally giving up.

When he opened the door and stepped back into the bedroom the bra was loosely draped over his chest. Suddenly he felt very embarrassed to be standing in front of Emily and Heather partially dressed in girl's underclothes.

He saw their eyes go to the crotch of his panties but the two of them were very businesslike as they crossed the room to help him. Heather stepped behind him and quickly hooked the bra together, while at the same time Emily slipped a couple of breast forms into the cups of his bra. She spoke up before the startled boy could say anything.

"They used to be Heather's," she explained. "All girls want to appear grown up, even if their bodies haven't developed yet. She no longer needs them and they've just been sitting in a box in her closet for a long time. Now they're yours."

"I loved those," Heather said. "They got me used to having breasts and now they will do the same for you."

The boy first looked down at his new chest, then at his image in the full-length mirror. His jaw dropped when he saw himself in the mirror. Dressed in bra and panties, with his feminine hairdo, he looked for all the world like a teenaged girl. He continued to stare at himself as Heather moved to stand next to him.

"Se? You do make a very convincing girl," she told him.

Unable to speak, he just nodded in agreement. Finally Emily spoke up. "I think we ought to finish what we were doing," she said. "You're going to catch a cold

standing around here dressed like that," she pointed out as she offered the boy a camisole and half-slip.

He felt a little more comfortable after slipping them on. He even managed to give Heather a slight smile while she stood there grinning at him. He stepped into the skirt that Emily offered him and pulled it up to his waist. Then she helped him with the blouse she had picked out.

"These buttons are on the wrong side," he complained as he fumbled to fasten the tiny pearl buttons on the front of the blouse.

Both Emily and Heather laughed at his confusion. "It's a woman's blouse silly," Heather told him. "Sometimes that's the only way you can tell the difference between men's and women's shirts."

"That and darts," Emily reminded her.

"Darts?" the boy said. "What do darts have to do with clothes?"

He blushed again as Heather explained in detail. Meanwhile Emily gave him a pair of Heather's shoes. She had considered giving him a pair of high heels to try out, but instead she opted for a pair of flats. The poor boy was experiencing enough for one day and she didn't want to discourage him by giving him shoes that might hurt his feet. There'll be plenty of time for heels in the future she mused as she stood back to admire the effeminate lad. He really looks good in that outfit, she said to herself.

"Let's do your face!" Heather said as she led him to the vanity.

He watched with great interest as she carefully made up his face with the cosmetics they had just purchased. Fortunately he was still too young to worry

about any facial hair. First she showed him how to apply a light coating of foundation with a damp sponge. Then she started to pluck some stray hairs from his eyebrows. First one, then another, then another.

"Ouch," he finally complained.

"Oh don't be such a baby," she scolded him. "Girls have to pluck their eyebrows to keep them neat and feminine looking."

"But it hurts," he told her not mentioning the obvious part.

"It's part of the price we pay for beauty," she said. "Being a girl IS a bed of roses but there are a bunch of thorns!"

"OUCH!" he yelled as she pulled out a stubborn hair.

"It takes lots of hard work and some sacrifices to look beautiful. You'll learn," she told him as she plucked a few more hairs.

He sat there silently in pain until she finished. "This could be a lot more complicated than I thought," he said to himself. He soon forgot about his self-doubts however, as she began to fill in his brows with a pencil. Next she got out the eye shadow and showed him how to carefully brush the color onto his lids.

"Not too much for daywear," she cautioned him. "Subtlety is what you're looking for. What you really want is for your face to look like you're not even wearing makeup."

"Huh?"

"Trust me."

He had more fun twirling the mascara onto his lashes with the round brush. He loved the way they seemed to grow longer and fuller. Next she showed him

how to apply just a hint of blush to his cheeks and blend it in with a tissue, and then lightly dust his face with powder. A little lip gloss completed the picture. He sat there staring at the feminine face that looked back at him in the mirror. He was fascinated with his new image. "That's really me," he said softly.

Emily had been sitting on the bed across the room watching the boy's transformation. Now she came and stood behind him with her hands on his shoulders. "You make a very pretty young lady," she told him. "You realize of course that you could go anywhere and no one would ever suspect that you are anything but one hundred percent girl."

"Do you really think so?"

"Absolutely," Heather concurred. "Just wait till your mom sees you!"

"Oh," the boy shuddered, suddenly nervous again.

"She'll be thrilled," Emily assured him. "Rather than worry about that, I think that you should practice some feminine mannerisms."

They spent the rest of the afternoon showing the boy how to talk and act like a girl. He had to relearn how to walk, with a slight sway of the hips, and his back straight with his chest out. "To show off your feminine assets," Heather told him with a nod toward the unfamiliar, new mounds he wore. He blushed in response.

He also learned how to straighten out the back of his skirt when he sat down, so it didn't wrinkle, and how to bend at the knees rather than at the waist when picking something up off the floor.

"Keep those knees together," Emily warned him when he sat down.

"Yeah. You don't want anyone to see what color panties you're wearing," teased Heather. The poor boy blushed even more.

They even had him practice walking around with a book balanced on his head.

"Jeez, I never knew being a girl was such hard work," he lamented at one point.

"It's not," Heather assured him, "If you've been a girl all your life! But you've got to unlearn all the crude boyish habits you picked over the years."

They also pointed out to the lad how a girl's speech patterns differ from a boy's. "Boys are more assertive when they talk. They also interrupt more. Girls tend to speak more hesitantly. Even when making a statement they often hang a question mark on the end of it," Emily told him.

"But that doesn't seem fair?" he complained.

"That's the way!" she told him.

"Huh?"

"You're doing just fine, dear," she said without further elaboration.

The three of them were busy in the kitchen fixing dinner when Shannon's mother arrived from work. Emily and Heather turned expectantly when she walked in the door, but Shannon nervously stood at the counter with his back to her.

"Hi, everyone," she said as she breezed in the door. She immediately caught significant looks from the other two before her gaze settled on her son. Her eyes widened and her jaw dropped at the sight of the femininely clad boy. "Shannon?" she said. "Is that you?"

He turned slowly. "Hi, mom," he said softly, keeping his voice high. "How are you doing?"

"Oh my! I..., I'm doing fine." She hesitated, looking him over from head to toe. "How was YOUR day?"

"Okay, I guess," he replied. His fingers went timidly to his hair.

"WELL!" she laughed, "I can tell you all have been very busy. That's a lovely skirt you have on," his mother told him as she began to recover from the shock. "Is that one of Heather's?"

"No," Heather piped up. "It's his. We went shopping again today."

"Oh really? And he really needed a new skirt!"



"Doesn't he look like a girl?" Heather asked.

Heather came over and put her head next to Shannon's. "Doesn't he look like a girl?"

Emily quickly intervened and began to explain what had happened. She told Rachel all about running into Mrs. Kingston at the mall, how she had mistaken Shannon for a girl, and how Heather had ended up volunteering him to be a "candy striper." All the while Shannon stood quietly, fumbling with the hem of his apron.

"And that's pretty much the whole story," Emily concluded. "Shannon was a little worried about your reaction, but I assured him that I would take full responsibility if you were upset."

"Well, I'm at a loss for words. This is quite a surprise," she said as she sat down at the kitchen table. "I think this is going to take some getting used to. Give me a minute or two." She turned to her son. "Is this is something you want to do?"

"Oh, yeah. He loves being a girl. Don't you Shannon?" Heather interjected.

"Please let him speak for himself," Rachel told her. "Well?" she looked at him.

The red-faced boy continued to stare at the floor for a few moments before replying. "I've really had fun these past few days, mom. Dad always gave me such trouble about my hair. I know that boys shouldn't admit that they enjoy setting their hair..."

"I think we are way beyond setting one's hair now," his mother stated. "Turn around and let me get a good look?"

Shannon slowly did a pirouette. His mother said, "I'm not seeing my son here. Do you like wearing all that stuff on your face like a girl?"

"I like it a lot," he said, seeing her eye his figure.

"And under the pretty blouse and skirt--I assume you have a bra and panties? You like wearing them too?"

"Oh yes, mother."

"You're sure you want to become one of us women for a while? You can't go switching back and forth..."

"I am sure."

"You sound pretty positive. Turn around again. Your figure looked quite nice. I'd never realized how girlish your is. How'd you get the curves on top?"

"They are Heathers."

"They are his now," Heather giggled and pulled her shoulders back. "I don't need them."

She turned to her son, "I hope you like them because I don't ever want to see you without them..."

"I'll wear them always!" Shannon said, sensing a decision.

"You are going to have to learn how to do your makeup and hair yourself? You can't be relying on Heather all the time, you know."

"I'm going to teach him everything I know," Heather offered.

Shannon's mother sat quietly. The room was quiet. "This is crazy, Shannon's a boy!"

Heather said, "Shannon, show her your panties!"

"Heather!" her mother said. "Stay out of this!"

"Okay," his mother said, "Show me your panties."

The red-faced boy removed his apron and lifted his skirt so his mother could see his smooth fitting panties.

Seeing the fit, she gasped, "Oh honey, you really want to do this, don't you?"

"More than anything..."

"More importantly however, what about school. If you spend all summer living as a girl, and everyone around here gets to know you as a girl, what do you plan to do in the fall when school starts? Have you thought about that?"

"Not really," he admitted. "I guess I'd just go to school like this?"

"Please, let's be realistic about this," Rachel reminded everyone. "First of all, he is a boy, not a girl. All his school records show that he's a boy! He couldn't just show up on the first day of school dressed like this and expect that no one would notice. But that's besides the point. What if after a full summer of living like a girl he decides that he wants to go back to being a boy? How is he going to explain that to everyone he meets this summer? I have a feeling that by the time the summer's over the novelty of wearing bras and setting his hair in rollers every night will have worn off. I'll be willing to bet that he'll welcome the thought of going back to living in jeans and tee shirts rather than pantyhose and skirts. What do you say, Shannon?"

"I don't know. I guess I hadn't thought it out that far. Besides, I thought we were only staying here for a little while until we found a house of our own to move into. If we end up getting a house in another school district then I'll probably never see any of these kids again. Please mom. Just for the summer."

"And what about the fall? Are you going to be able to change back to living full time as a boy?"

"I guess so," he looked down at the floor.

"What's your opinion, Emily? Or need I ask?"

"It's obvious that Shannon makes a very sweet and pretty girl. I've watched him closely and he has a naturally girlish personality. Yesterday when we went shopping--even without makeup, and consciously trying, everyone we met treated him like a girl. I'd vote to let him try it out for the summer."

"That's a way, mom," Heather cheered, while Shannon beamed at her.

"Looks like I'm out-voted," his mother said with a sigh. She crossed the room to where her femininely clad son stood and gave him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. "I can't believe I'm doing this but let me be the first to welcome my new daughter into this world."

"Really!" Shannon cheered. "I get to be a girl?"

"As much as you want!" As an aside she said, "I just hope we're making the right decision."

He hugged her back. "Don't worry. I'll make you very proud of your new daughter."

"Oh Shannon, congratulations," Heather squealed as she too hugged the smiling boy. "This is just so cool!"

"Don't worry," Emily told Rachel. "From the way things have been going so far, I honestly don't foresee any problems with him fitting in as a girl."

"I'm not worried about his ability to carry off this new role," Rachel replied. "I can see how well he's adapted. It's the long-term effects that I'm concerned about. Will he be able to revert back to being a boy after this is over?"

Emily shrugged. "Maybe he won't want to switch back."

"What? You mean live the rest of his life as a woman?"

"He wouldn't be the first one, you know."

"Oh, gawd! I don't even want to think about this right now."

"Why don't we all sit down and eat dinner, okay?" She turned to the two teenagers, "Girls, why don't you set the table. We can work out the rules after we eat."

Shannon tingled with excitement when he heard Emily refer to him and Heather as "girls." He had been listening closely to the conversation. Although he had embraced his girlish role completely, it was true that he had never given a thought towards the future.

He had to concede that his mother did have a point. Was this good for him? They would have to talk further. But for now, he had approval and all he wanted to do was be a girl.

The two "girls" didn't have to be reminded to clean up the kitchen after dinner. As soon as everyone was finished eating they jumped up and started clearing the table. They made quick work of the dishes and then they each shampooed their hair at the sink. Then they retreated to Heather's room, where Shannon set her hair on large rollers. He had paid careful attention over the past few days while watching her do her own hair and had obviously learned a lot. It didn't take long before her head was covered with colorful plastic rollers.

"Gee, Shannon," she commented as she admired his work in the mirror, "You did a great job."

"Thank you," he beamed with pride. "I guess I have a knack for it."

"Sit here and let me do to your hair now," she gestured toward the chair.

The boy sat quietly and watched while she combed his hair and sectioned it. Then she spirited each section with setting lotion before winding it onto a large roller.

"I want to do a real good job so your hair will look perfect tomorrow for your first full day as a 'candy striper,'" she told him, then added, "and as a girl!"

"I get nervous just thinking about it," he confessed. "I hope no one suspects me."

"Not to worry, my dear. You fooled them without even trying. Just imagine how convincing you'll be when you go all-out to fool them. Besides," she said as she looked at his reflection in the mirror, "I'm beginning to think this is the real you, and that your role as a boy was really the deception."

"You really think so?" he desperately wanted to believe her.

"Look how quickly you've gotten used to having breasts not to mention that gaff! Not many boys could give up their masculinity so quickly. You take to femininity like you'd been born a girl."

"It's weird," he confessed, "I feel so peaceful and at ease when in girl's things. I guess all my father's pressure to 'be a man' is mute!"

"We'll show your mom that that she really has a daughter," she laughed as she hugged him. A couple of big tears of joy rolled down his cheeks.

When she was finished with his hair she removed the clear polish from his nails and recoated them with a soft, pink polish. "It'll match your lipstick tomorrow," she told him as he held his limp wrists out while the enamel dried.

Later that evening his mother came to his room to say good night. He was propped up in bed reading "Seventeen." He smiled when he noticed that she was ready for bed, in her nightgown with her hair in curlers, just like him. He slid over to make room and she sat down next to him.

"That's a cute nightie you're wearing. Did Emily buy it for you?"

"Uh, huh. And she bought Heather one just like it."

"It shows off your new curves nicely," she noted as her gaze traveled down to his chest.

"Heather suggested I wear a bra and padding at night, so I get used to them."

"And that gaff thing? Isn't that uncomfortable?" she asked as she glanced at his curler-covered head.

"No," he said with a hint of pride in his voice. "I have to get used to it." He patted his head. Then he added, "Just like you said I would."

"When I said that I had no idea you'd embrace femininity so quickly and completely. I must say I'm a little surprised."

"Me too," he admitted as his pink fingertips played with the hem of his baby doll pajamas. "It's fun. Heather has become a real good friend. I've never had a real close friend like her before."

"Well, I'm glad you've found a good friend. She's a sweet girl. I just hope you're going to be able to cope with all the repercussions of your new-found identity."

"I love everything about being a girl. I just wish I'd gotten into this sooner."

"But you're not a real girl," his mother sighed. "That's the whole point. You're fascinated with all the

externals of girlishness. But deep down inside you still are a boy. Do you see what I mean?"

"Are you sure?"

She stared at him. "What do you mean?"

"Are you sure that deep down inside I'm really a boy? I mean, what if this is the real me, and I've finally just discovered who I truly am?"

"But I'm your mother. Don't you think I know who you are?"

"I don't know," he looked away.

"You've been raised as a boy. You have all the social skills of a boy, not a girl."

"I'll learn," he protested.

"There's so much more to being a girl than just make-up, and hair styles, and pretty clothes."

"Like what?"

"Like society's attitudes and expectations concerning women."

"That's changing."

"But not fast enough!"

"I'll work it out. I figure I've got three female role models to learn from," he pointed out.

"What about boys?"

"What about them?"

"Boys and girls act in particular ways toward each other. Up till now you've dealt with girls from a boy's perspective."

"So?"

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"So from now on you're going to have to deal with boys from a girl's perspective."

"Girls generally avoid boys," he spoke from his own experience.

"Not as they get older, they don't."

"Oh."

"What are you going to do if a boy asks you out on a date?"

"Turn him down!" he said emphatically.

"And what if Heather wants to double-date with you? Are you going to disappoint your best friend?"

"She wouldn't do anything to embarrass me."

"She may think that's she doing you a favor."

"I'll talk to her about it. You have nothing to worry about."

"I'm your mother. I'll never stop worrying about you," she said tenderly as she leaned over and kissed his cheek. "Enough of this for tonight. Sleep tight, darling. I look forward to hearing all about your further adventures tomorrow." She crossed the room and turned to pause at the doorway.

"Good night, mom. And don't worry about me. I'll make you proud of your new daughter. Honest."

"I just want you to be happy, darling," she told him.

"Thanks mom. Me too."

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Heather woke him early the next morning. "Get up girl friend," she announced loudly. "We've got to get ready to go to the hospital."

"Hmm...", he mumbled as he pulled the covers over his head. "Maybe I'll just stay home today."

"Not on your first day," she told him as she tugged on the covers. "Come on, get up. It takes a girl a lot longer to get ready, you know."

"Then I'll be a boy today," he groaned as he struggled with her for the covers.

"Okay," she said as she let go of the blanket. "I'm sure no one will notice your hairdo or your polished nails."

"All right, all right," he grumbled as he slowly sat up. "I guess I'm just not a morning person. And I had trouble falling asleep last night."

"Still not used to sleeping in curlers?"

"That and the gaff and bra. I just laid awake thinking about all the changes I've been going through."

"Well, I think I can understand that. Are you having second thoughts?"

"Oh, no. Just the opposite. I'm too excited, I guess."

"Good. I don't want to lose my new girlfriend after only one day. But come on, we really do have to get moving."

He found his new slippers and padded into the bathroom. Without thinking he automatically sat down to pee. He was startled when Heather came into the room while he was still sitting on the stool. He started to say something but she noticed his reaction and spoke first.

"Don't be embarrassed. It's just us girls now, remember?"

He nodded dumbly as he continued to sit there. Only when she returned to her own room did he finish his business. Stepping over to the sink to wash his face, he gazed at his reflection in the mirror. "Look at me. I'm a girl," he mused as he admired himself. His polished nails sparkled as he reached up to toy with the ruffles of his baby doll pajamas. He pursed his lips and blew himself a kiss. "Dad, if you could only see your darling little boy now!" he said half aloud.

"What did you say?" Heather called from her room, interrupting his reverie.

"Nothing," he replied, his cheeks flushing a dark red as he realized what he had done. He quickly leaned over the sink to wash his face.

Emily turned to look at the two teenagers as then walked into the kitchen. "How cute," she said to herself as she eyed them. Their hair was still in curlers and they were wearing their matching baby doll pajamas. "You look like twin sisters," she told them, and they both giggled.

After a quick breakfast they went back upstairs to get ready. Heather helped Shannon pick out what to wear. He felt a little strange as she handed him a matching bra and panty set. "Start with these," she told him. "Oh, and you are gaffed, right?" she reminded him.

"Of course," he blushed.

He retreated to his room to begin dressing. After donning the clean garments and positioning the breast forms, he stopped in front of his mirror to admire himself. He was still standing there when Heather walked in. She was dressed identically, He was startled to notice.

"I thought I'd show you how to put these on," she said as she handed him a new pair of white pantyhose. "They want us to wear these as part of the uniform," she explained.

She sat down on the edge of the bed and showed him how to roll the legs up before slipping his feet into them. Following her example he carefully pulled them up to his waist. The tightness of the material on his legs felt sublime as he sensuously rubbed the calves of his legs together. Heather smiled as she watched this little exploration of femininity.

"Feels neat, eh?" she wanted to know.

"Yeah," he responded. "I had no idea."

"It's only the beginning, kiddo. You're going to love being a girl."

"I already do," he assured her as she led him over to the vanity table.

"Sit here while I do your hair," she instructed him. The boy watched with rapt attention while she first carefully unrolled the curlers, starting from the bottom, then she back-combed and styled it into a mass of curls. She finished with a spritz of hair spray.

"It looks even better than it did yesterday," he told her as he turned his head from side to side to admire himself.

"Why, thank you ma'am," she replied modestly. "Now get out of the way so I can sit down. We haven't got a whole lot of time. Do you remember how to do mine?"

"I think so," the effeminate boy told her as he began to remove the curlers. With a few instructions and a little encouragement, he soon had her hair styled in a manner similar to his.

"That's great," Heather praised him lavishly. "I'm just amazed at how quickly you pick up these feminine tasks. It's almost like you were born to be a girl," she winked at him. The boy blushed in response.

They sat together and did their faces. Shannon watched and imitated Heather's every move, from sponging on foundation, to twirling on mascara with a brush, to finally blotting the second coat of lipstick with a tissue. He continued to follow Heather's lead as they finished dressing.

Several girls in the neighborhood also volunteered at the hospital. Their mothers took turns driving them in and then picking them up in the afternoon.

This week it was Karen Logan's mom's turn to be the chauffeur. Karen had been the first girl to befriend Heather when she moved here several years ago, and they had become close friends. Heather and Shannon were supposed to be ready by 8:30, when Mrs. Logan was due.

Both of them were excited as they bounced down the stairs and into the kitchen, where Emily was waiting. She wanted to give Shannon a final inspection before sending him off for the day. She needn't have worried however. Heather had done a great job of supervising the boy's preparation. He wore a simple white cotton blouse under the pink and white, candy-striped jumper that just came to his knees. His makeup was flawless, as was the cute hairdo, on top of which Heather had pinned his little cap. He slowly turned around while Emily eyed him critically.

"Very pretty," she smiled and nodded.

"Doesn't he make a perfect girl?" Heather said.

"Do you feel pretty?" Emily asked.



Heather had done a great job of supervising the boy's preparation. He wore a simple white cotton blouse under the pink and white, candy-striped jumper that just came to his knees.

"Oh yes!" he said proudly as he stood up straight with his chest out. "Of course, I couldn't have done it without Heather's help," he pointed out.

"I'm sure," Emily replied.

"But it was easy, mom. He's a natural," she said as the boy glowed in response to these compliments.

A horn blew outside at that moment. "Karen's mom's here. We got to go. See you later mom," Heather called over her shoulder as she and the effeminate boy skipped out the door. Up until now Shannon had been too caught up in the excitement of getting ready to be nervous. Now as the door closed behind him and he glimpsed the car full of teenaged girls in the driveway, his stomach lurched and his legs started to shake. Heather was half-way to the car before she realized he wasn't with her. As she turned to look at him she noticed that his knees were visibly knocking.

She hurried to his side. "Come on, Shannon. Everyone is waiting. Don't make a scene."

"I'm nervous," he sputtered.

"Everyone's nervous when they first meet new people. But believe me, all of these girls are friends. They'll like you and you'll like them. Honest," she kept reassuring the edgy boy as she coaxed him across the yard and into the car.

Heather quickly introduced Shannon to everyone. She had no trouble telling them the whole story, from Shannon's move to California, to running into Mrs. Kingston at the mall.

The only thing she left out was Shannon's true gender. It all sounded so reasonable that everyone just accepted him at face value. He was just "one of the girls." He was amazed at how quickly he fit in. No one looked

at him suspiciously. One of the other girls, Dawn, even complimented him on his hairdo.

"Thank you," he responded with a smile. "Heather helped me with it."

"Yeah," she said. "We do each other's hair every night."

"How neat," said another of the girls, Irene. "I wish I had someone to do my hair."

"It's great having her as a roommate," Heather went on. "Did I mention that we're the same size? We get to share clothes and everything."

"That's cool. Say, you got any extra room?" Karen wanted to know. "I'd love to move in with you girls. Living with my brother is starting to get on my nerves."

"Yeah," the others joined in. "Boys can be such jerks!"

Shannon nodded in sympathy as he glanced over at Heather. She gave him a big grin and winked.

"Now, don't be too hard on your poor brother," Mrs. Logan told her daughter. "He can't help it that he's a boy. Just be thankful you weren't born a boy too."

"Oh god, mother!" she replied. "Don't even think that. Please!"

"Yuck!" the others joined in. "How gross!"

Shannon prayed that Heather would keep her mouth shut. He could see that she was enjoying this conversation more than the others could even imagine. He needn't have worried, however. As tempted as she was to tell the boy's secret, she decided to be discrete instead. He had worked so hard to transform himself that it would be cruel to expose him like this. Besides, she really liked having him as a girl friend, and she didn't

want to do anything that would cause him to change back.

The teens immediately went to Mrs. Kingston's office when they got to the hospital. She suggested that at least for the first day Shannon should work along side Heather in order to learn the routine. He spent the morning tagging along beside her while she made her rounds.

The "candy stripers" main job was to help make the patients' stay a little more comfortable. They would stop to chat with each one, and offer whatever help they could, such as refilling flower vases with water, or picking up something from the gift shop, or mailing a card. The idea was to present a smiling, helpful face to those most in need of cheering up. Shannon was a little surprised to find how much pleasure he got out of helping others. He especially got a kick out it when he heard the patients call him "dear," or "a darling girl," as he fluffed up their pillows and fussed over them.

At noon they went down to the cafeteria for lunch. All the "candy stripers" were sitting together. They had pushed a couple of large tables together and now they were talking and laughing noisily. Shannon might have been nervous under other circumstances, but he had gained a lot of feminine self-confidence in dealing with people all morning.

The other girls greeted them warmly and Heather introduced him to everyone. They all responded to him very naturally, accepting him for just what he appeared to be. He felt quite comfortable and at ease as he settled into his chair. Heather noticed how he automatically reached behind himself to straighten his skirt as he sat down, then arranged it over his knees once he was seated. It was all done so unconsciously, as if he had been wearing skirts and dresses all his life. "He's just so

precious," she said to herself. "I've got to do everything I can to help this poor boy become a real girl!"

One of the girls, Dawn Hamilton, announced that she was having a party next Saturday night. She made a point of inviting Shannon along with Heather and everyone else at the table. "You've got to come," she told him. "All the kids from school will be there. You can meet everyone. It'll be fun, I promise."

The others all agreed that Dawn gave great parties. She lived in big house on a bluff, with a spectacular view of the town. There was a huge party room on the lower level, with glass doors that opened onto the patio and pool area. Whenever she had parties her parents would retreat to their wing of the house and leave the kids alone.

"She's invited all the boys too," someone piped up.

"Yeah, both the football team and the basketball team!"

"You'll get to check out the selection. See what's available. I think Kevin Dobson is just so dreamy," said another girl.

"You'd better keep your hands off of him, or Susan Garritty will scratch your eyes out!" responded another.

The discussion dissolved in burst of laughter. Shannon joined in with the others, grateful that he didn't have to commit himself. He wasn't sure if he was ready for a party, especially with a bunch of boys. However, Heather was determined to get him there, one way or another.

When the teens got home that afternoon, Emily insisted that they tell her all about Shannon's first day as a "candy striper."

"It was great mom!" Heather exclaimed. "He fit in perfectly...just like one of the girls."

The boy blushed in response, but she could tell that he felt proud of his accomplishment. "It was fun," he finally said. "I'm glad you talked me into it."

"So, are you going to continue volunteering at the hospital?"

"Yeah. I liked helping people. It felt good to see them smile. I feel sorry for them being sick and confined to bed and all."

"That's wonderful," Emily told him. "I think you're doing a great service. And who knows? Maybe it'll inspire you to go to school and become a doctor when you grow up."

"Yeah, or a nurse," Heather giggled. "Maybe by then you'll have enough experience being a girl, you can be a gynecologist!"

"Oh, stop it," her mother chided her as the poor boy blushed an even deeper red. She changed the subject. "You two better take off your uniforms," she told them. "Then you can help me start getting dinner ready."

Before they went upstairs, Heather took a bunch of instant pictures of Shannon so that his mother could see her son in his pink-stripped jumper on his first day as a girl.

Upstairs in his room, he carefully took off the jumper and hung it in his closet. Then he unpinning the cap from his hair and placed it on top of his bureau. He was seated at his vanity table, retouching his makeup, when Heather walked in.

"I can't wait till Saturday night," she told him as she plopped down on the bed. "Dawn's parties are always a blast."

"I don't know if I want to go," he replied. "It's one thing to be in a more controlled environment, like today. But a party with other kids, I just don't know. I'd be awful nervous."

"I don't think you realize just how naturally girlish you look and act. I watched you all day today, to make sure you didn't do anything that might give you away. I needn't have worried though," she laughed. "You're a perfect girl. Are you sure you really have a willie down there?" she gestured toward his lap.

"Yes, I'm sure! I'd even show it to you, but it's much too buried to dig it out at the moment." He tried to change the subject. "We'd better get downstairs and help your mom."

When Rachel came home, her son was busy cooking dinner. He was wearing a "housedress" made of soft and cool in a classic blue and white chambray checks. It had flower-shaped pearl buttons down the front and simple white lace at the bodice. He wore a white apron to protect the dress.

When he saw his mother, he swished up to her and gave her a big hug. "Oh mother!" he gushed. "I had such a wonderful day!"

"Is that a new dress?" Rachel asked.

Emily answered, "My daughter loved the dress. I just had to buy him a new dress to celebrate his first day as a girl. I hope you don't mind?"

"I guess not."

"So tell your mother about your day," Heather said.

"Oh mother!" he struck a modeling pose in front of her. "Everyone thought I was a girl!" He was busting with pride and exuberance. "How do you like my new dress, mother, isn't it just stunning? Tonight Heather is going to teach me how to put my hair up..." He reached up to check his hair girlishly with his fingertips.

Shannon continued to gush forth girlishly, "Everyone said I was so cute. One of the doctors said he wished his daughter was like me!"

They all laughed. Shannon rattled on and on, not sensing that his passion was not being contagious to his mother.

"And," he said, barely able to catch his breath, "Emily also bought me some new undies...really cute ones but still comfy..." With that he pulled up his skirt and showed her his frilly new nylon panties. He gushed on, "I just love the way they fit. Aren't they pretty?"

His mother looked at him and tears came to her eyes. "Your father called me today. That man just won't leave me alone. He hates me but suddenly he wants to see you."

"I hate him."

"But he has legal rights...and if he found out about THIS! I'd lose you forever."

"What are we going to do?"

"For now, let's just try to focus on fun things," she said trying to smile. "Now, as to your questions, 'yes,' you look positively adorable in that dress. And those panties are exquisite!" With that she dug into her purse and pulled out a little black box saying, "I couldn't let your first day as a girl go by without a gift from me." Inside the box was a sweet little pair of gold hoop ear-

rings. "They are very hollow and lightweight so you can wear them now."

Shannon threw his arms around her and gushed, "Oh mom! Thank you!"

THE PARTY

Heather needn't have worried about Shannon. By Friday evening the effeminate boy was looking forward to the party. It was all the "candy stripers" had talked about all week at work. Their enthusiasm had been infective, and eventually Shannon had been won over. Heather was ecstatic. Even his mother was excited.

"I remember going to parties when I was your age," she told him. They were both sitting on his bed. He was already in his baby doll pajamas, his hair in curlers, applying a second coat of polish to his toenails. "You're going to have a lot of fun. What are you going to wear?"

"I don't know," he complained. He and Heather had tried on every outfit they owned. They'd spent hours in front of the mirror trying to decide what would look best.

"How about that bulky white cable-knit sweater and your denim skirt?" she asked.

"It makes me look fat!"

"You've got a twenty-four inch waist. You're not fat."

"Sometimes I feel like it." He paused. "You know," he confided to her, "Some things were easier when I was a boy."

"Oh?" she caught the past tense of his statement.

"Back then it was just tee shirts and jeans. Real simple. Now there's all kinds of rules and stuff. This color doesn't go with that color. And this style clashes with that style. And one thing is too formal, and another

is too informal. Everything's so complicated now, you know?"

"Uh huh, I'm a woman," she nodded sympathetically. "Maybe it would be easier if you just went back to being a boy."

"Oh mother! Please! I could never do that now!" he yelled and almost spilled the bottle of nail polish.

Heather heard him from her room and came to the door. "What's going on?"

"Shannon was telling me how complicated his life is now, and I just asked him if he wanted to go back to living as a boy."

"No wonder he yelled. What a horrible thing to say!"

"It was just a question," Rachel defended herself.

"He's my best girlfriend," she said as she crossed the room and sat down next to the femininely clad boy. She gave him a hug. They were dressed identically. "He's never going to change back. Are you Shannon?"

"Not if I can help it," he said hopefully.

"What about once school starts?" his mother wanted to know.

"Uh, well..., " he mumbled.

"We'll figure something out, I'm sure," Heather told her.

"I'm sure he'll make quite an impression in the girl's locker room during gym class," she noted.

"I don't want to talk about this anymore," he announced. "I want to go to bed now. Good night, mother." He rolled his eyes and pursed his lips.

"See. He even pouts like a girl," Heather pointed out.

"Out. Both of you!"

"We'll talk some more tomorrow, darling," Rachel said as she rose from the bed. She leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek. "In the meantime, you get your beauty sleep." At the door she turned, "And don't slip your feet under the covers till your toenails are dry, sweetheart."

All of Shannon's nervousness evaporated as soon as he got to Dawn's house. The downstairs playroom and patio were crowded with teenagers. Some were dancing to the loud music and the rest stood around chattering constantly. As at the hospital, all of the kids just accepted him for what he appeared to be, Heather's new girl friend.

He did notice some of the boys eyeing him, but he quickly realized that they were looks of admiration, and he felt flattered by the attention. What he failed to notice were some envious looks from several of the girls. Realizing that he was nervous and didn't know hardly anyone, Heather stayed by his side and introduced him to everyone she could.

"How are you doing?" she asked him at one point when they were alone out by the pool.

"Great," he acknowledged, fluffing his hair. "I'm glad you talked me into coming."

"I knew you'd enjoy yourself," she replied. Then she leaned in toward him and whispered, "You're so convincing, even the boys haven't a clue. If they only knew that you're not a pretty girl..."

"And you aren't going to tell them, right?"

She giggled, "And lose my pretty girlfriend? Never. We are two of the best looking girls at the party."

"I'm beginning to realize that," he whispered back. "And I'm amazed!"

"I'm not. You're a natural!" She looked him in the eyes, "Welcome to girlhood," she said as she hugged him.

"Thanks," he grinned back at her.

The two teens turned and leaned against the patio railing. They watched the partying teenagers for a few minutes. A tall, lanky boy approached them as they stood in silence.

"Hi Heather," he greeted the teenager. "It's good to see you again. I'm glad you made it to the party."

"Hi Brad," she grinned widely as she gave him a hug. They'd been friends, but never sweethearts, for years. She knew that he had recently broken up with Linda Thompson.

"Are you going to introduce me?" he asked as he gestured toward Shannon.

"Brad, this is Shannon. Shannon, Brad," she said as she made the introductions. Turning to the boy, "Shannon just moved here from Massachusetts. She and her mom are staying with us until they find a place of their own."

"Welcome to California," Brad said as he held out his hand. Shannon responded in kind and timidly shook his hand. When he tried to withdraw his hand, however, Brad wouldn't let go. "How do you like it out here, so far?" he asked.

"It's okay, I guess," the shy boy replied. "Just very different."

"You'll get used to it," Brad said. "Everybody does. Did you know that half the people living in California were born somewhere else?"

"No. Really?"

"Yeah. Like me. I was born in Chicago. But I've been living here now for nearly ten years. Almost long enough to qualify as a native."

Shannon laughed.

"You two excuse me. I'm going to get another soda," Heather announced as she deliberately moved away. Brad was obviously smitten with Shannon and she wanted the two of them to have a chance to get acquainted. Shannon started to go after her, but Brad deftly side-stepped in front of him and kept talking.

The effeminate lad had no choice but to remain alone with the handsome young man. After getting another soda Heather strategically positioned herself inside the house where she could watch Shannon and Brad through the sliding glass doors. She knew Brad was a nice boy and she hoped that maybe he and Shannon would hit it off together. The thought of Shannon with a boy friend made her giggle.

For his part, Brad had turned on the charm and Shannon soon got over his earlier nervousness as he gazed up at the taller boy. At some point he realized that he felt quite comfortable and at ease to be in his company. Shannon said very little, but he listened intently as Brad talked on. Of course, this behavior only encouraged Brad.

He noticed with interest how neatly dressed Brad was, almost preppy but in a tasteful way, not at all like some of the more slovenly dressed boys at the party. So when, after a few minutes, Brad asked him if he'd like to go inside and dance, Shannon didn't think twice about accepting the invitation.

Heather was grinning from ear to ear as she watched Brad take Shannon's hand and lead the femi-

nine lad into the house. As soon as they joined the other teens dancing in the party room, she moved over to the stereo and whispered a request to the boy who was handling the music selections. Then she sidled over to where she could watch the dance floor. After another fast number, the slow song she had requested was played.

As the music started Shannon hesitated a moment but Brad quickly stepped up and held out his arms. Shannon had never danced with anyone before, let alone dance slowly with a boy. Somehow the two arranged themselves correctly and for the first time Shannon experienced the sensation of being led across the dance floor in the arms of a strong male. It felt heavenly. As Brad drew him closer, Shannon rested his head on the masculine boy's shoulder. He felt Brad face softly caress his hair.

"Your hair smells wonderful," he whispered in his ear.

At one point Shannon caught sight of Heather grinning at him and he winked back, which caused the girl to crack up. The other teenagers standing around her gave her puzzled looks, unaware of what she was laughing at.

When the song was over Shannon looked up at Brad to thank him for the dance. In response, Brad leaned down and softly kissed his lips. Shannon was startled and fluttered his eyelashes. Brad interpreted this action differently and felt encouraged to kiss the effeminate boy again, more deeply. He drew Shannon even closer as their lips firmly met. A shiver of excitement ran up Shannon's spine as he was helplessly pinned against the boy's firm muscular body. His arms involuntarily reached out and circled Brad's neck as they embraced. He had never felt so warm and protected, so content and utterly girlish, in his entire life.

Then in a flash he was snapped back to reality as he realized that the hard, firm shape pressing against his belly was Brad's heightened manhood. What's going on here? he asked himself. A confusion of thoughts rushed through his head as he tried to make sense of his situation. I'm a boy, he said to himself. What am I doing kissing this other boy? And turning him on too! Look at me.

Shannon broke off the kiss and turned his head to bury his face against Brad's shoulder. Even as he struggled to make sense of his situation, he sought the comfort of Brad's masculine presence. Of course Brad was completely unaware of Shannon's complex emotions. His desire only deepened with Shannon's feminine reaction to the kiss. He hugged the effeminate boy even closer as he inhaled his perfumed hair. When Shannon finally looked up over Brad's shoulder he saw Heather across the room grinning from ear to ear.

"Brad, I think I drank too much soda," Shannon whispered in the boy's ear before he could kiss him again. "I need to go to the girl's room."

"Sure, baby," he whispered back. "I'll be here waiting for you when you're done," he grinned.

Shannon broke free of the embrace and quickly made his way across the room to Heather. "Come with me, please," he pleaded. He took the girl's hand and they stepped in the hall. "Where's the bathroom?"

"What's wrong? Brad got you so hot and bothered you're going to wet your panties?" she giggled.

"That is definitely not the problem," Shannon hissed back. "You got me into this mess and now you need to help me get out of it. Where's the bathroom? We need to talk about this in private. I told him I was going to the bathroom and he's back there waiting for me."

"Okay, okay. Don't get so excited. Follow me."

Fortunately the bathroom was free, and Shannon locked the door as soon as they were inside. "What am I going to do?" he moaned as he leaned against the door.

"Just calm down, for starters," she advised him. "What's the big deal, anyhow? He only kissed you, right?"

"Only kissed me? I'm not supposed to be kissing boys. I am a boy, remember?"

Heather stepped back and slowly eyed him up and down. "I may know better, but you'd have a hard time convincing anyone else of that fact."

"What am I going to do?"

"So he kissed you a couple of times. It didn't hurt, right?"

"I thought I'd heave..."

"You'll get used to it," she said softly. "Just like shaving your legs or plucking your eyebrows. It's uncomfortable at first but you get used to it."

"I don't like the way he caught me off guard..."

"Just cause he kissed you doesn't mean he has the right to do it again. You've got to learn how to control the situation with a boy. That's something all girls learn, one way or another."

"What do you mean, one way or another?"

"Well, I can give you some hints on what to do. Each guy is different, you know? And each situation is different. Sometimes it's just trial and error. Don't worry, you'll figure it out with enough experience."

"But I don't think I want any more kissing experience!"

"What? You want to go back to being a boy?"

"I don't know. This is all happening so fast. Right now I don't know what I want."

"Boys are a fact of life," Heather pointed out to the distressed teen. "A lot of the time they're a real pain and should be avoided at all costs. But for girls, at least for most girls, they're nice to have around once in awhile."

"Well, I'm not like most girls," he pointed out the obvious.

"No you're not," she laughed. "But maybe you can learn how to get along with boys anyway."

"I doubt it," he said grimly.

"Chill out, girl. Loosen up. You've been having lots of fun lately exploring your girlish side. Now you're at a party where you're supposed to have fun. You're not going to let some icky boy spoil your good time, are you? If that's the case, you might as well go back to being a boy yourself."

"Hey, other people have to go too," a voice from the other side of the door announced, to the accompaniment of knocking. "Open up in there!"

"In a minute," Heather yelled back. Then she turned to Shannon. "Fix your face and let's go back out and have a good time, okay? I'll protect you from Brad. Besides, he may have gotten tired of waiting for you and gone off to find new conquests."

Shannon inspected his face in the mirror. His lipstick was smeared all around his mouth as a result of Brad's kisses. He took a tissue and cleaned it up as much as possible, then reapplied a fresh coat. Then he took out his compact and powdered his nose and cheeks, just as he'd seen his mother so many times. Just performing this most feminine of rituals had a calming effect on the boy. Heather had been watching approvingly

and when he was done he turned to her. She gave him a warm smile and a big hug.

"You truly are a girl at heart, aren't you?" she said.

He just smiled at her.

Later that night, as the two teens got ready for bed, the subject of boys came up again. Already in his new baby doll pajamas, Shannon watched in the mirror as Heather finished putting his hair up on rollers. She was similarly dressed, with her hair already set.

"I think Brad is really good-looking. Don't you?" she said as she clipped another roller into place. "And wasn't it fun to be held in his arms, pressed up against his strong masculine chest?"

"That wasn't the only thing I was pressed up against," the boy said. He told her about feeling Brad's arousal.

"That's no big deal," she told him. "It happens all the time."

"Not to me it doesn't."

"You mean you've never gotten hard? Doesn't your thing work?"

"No. I mean, yes...it works. What I meant was that I've never gotten a boy excited before. Maybe you're used to it because it happens to you all the time, but not me."

"But it's a sign of how convincing you are as a girl," she told him. "You do like being a girl, don't you?"

He glanced at the mirror and a shiver ran down his spine at the sight of his feminine reflection. "Yeah," he said softly.

"Then what's the problem? I think Brad's dreamy. All the girls are dying to go out with him. You should consider yourself lucky."

As the summer days turned to weeks, Shannon's feminine transformation progressed. The constant twenty-four-hour-a-day immersion in femininity had progressively changed his outlook and personality. Dressing, talking, and acting like a girl had gradually come to feel normal and natural.

He rarely, if ever, thought about his previous male existence. He loved his volunteer job at the hospital and had become friends with all the other girls he worked with. And with some coaching from Heather he had even become comfortable interacting with boys.

While he hadn't yet been out on a real "date," he and Heather had occasionally met boys downtown. They would go to a movie or to a pizza parlor. On those occasions he had become accustomed to holding hands, or allowing a boy to put his arm around him. He'd even experienced a few tentative kisses in the darkened theater. It was a revelation to him when he realized that it no longer repulsed him. It made him feel feminine.

When Rachel overheard Heather teasing Shannon about kissing boys, a discussion between Rachel and Emily ensued. Rachel moaned, "I don't think it's right..."

"Kissing is normal at their age."

"I know but what is that going to do to his male spirit?"

"Instead of worrying about a few kisses," Emily said, "focus instead on establishing an honest, trusting relationship, and on giving him the tools he needs to make healthy choices."

"You sound like I should encourage him?"

"He's exploring his femininity. It's time to discuss intimacy and sex with him."

"As a boy or girl?"

"Right now, he needs to know about being a girl. Chances are he will react with discomfort. Don't overwhelm him with a long monologue or reprimand him. If you're going to have further confidential discussions, he needs to feel comfortable talking to you about what he's feeling."

"Are you saying I should encourage him to kiss boys?" Rachel asked.

"Look at him? He doesn't need any encouragement. Talk to him about how boys pressure girls to engage in sex. He needs to maintain his own identity to resist the influence of boyfriends. As his mother, reinforce that he can be feminine without some boy's approval. He's evolving from an insecure boy into a confident young lady. Show your interest in that development, but respect his boundaries."

One Saturday afternoon he and his mother went shopping downtown. She had been working such long hours all summer that they rarely got to spend much time together. Rachel figured this would be a good way to spend time with her "daughter." Besides, there were some important things they needed to talk about.

"Have you given any thought to school?" she asked him as they slowly strolled down a tree-shaded avenue.

He had deliberately avoided thinking about it, he told her. But deep down he knew that the subject was bound to arise sooner or later.

"You've certainly become quite a convincing young lady," she observed.

"Thank you, I've really tried," he beamed. Then he stopped and turned to her. "All this feels so good and natural. I wish I'd discovered dresses a long time ago..."

"Your father would have really liked that!" she joked.

He looked her directly in the eye, "I wish I could be a girl forever."

"Nobody stays a girl forever," she reminded him. "Girls eventually grow up to be women."

"I know, I know. I'd love to grow up to be a woman," he disclosed. "Just like you."

"Well, you could never be just like me, you know."

"I could try."

"You could never be a mother," she pointed out.

He paused. "I know, but other than that I could be a woman."

"What? You'd get married, of course."

"Uh..."

"And be a good wife to some lucky man, right?"

"Uh..."

"You haven't thought about any of this, have you?"

"I guess not," he finally admitted.

"I have to admit, you've turned yourself into a charming girl. I've never seen you so lively and cheerful."

"I do love it," he said emphatically.

"It seems a shame to force you back into being a boy when school starts," she observed. "You are going to need a haircut..."

This conversation was suddenly taking a turn he wasn't expecting. "I'm going to hate that!"

"Emily suggested we enroll you in school as a girl. That would require that you continue living as a girl...is that what you want."

"Oh, mother! Are you serious?"

She shook her head, "I can't believe I'm saying this, but it seems easier than turning you back into a boy."

"Oh mom! I'd do anything to stay like this."

"It will take some planning, but you'd better make sure it's what you want."

"Look at me, mother," the effeminately clad boy gushed. "This IS what I want."

They hugged each other tightly. Tears welled up in the eyes of both mother and son. Then both of them dug tissues out of their respective purses and began to wipe away mascara streaks. Rachel noticed that some passersby were giving them curious looks. She suggested they find some place to sit down.

Around the corner they found a little cafe with outdoor tables. A waiter appeared soon after they sat down, an earnest looking young man, probably a college student working his way through school. Although he spoke to Rachel, she noticed that his eyes were glued on Shannon.

Shannon noticed too, and he played to his audience, fluttering his eyelashes and fingering his hair coyly as he tried to decide what to order. The waiter was entranced with his act.

Rachel finally spoke up and ordered for both of them. After the waiter reluctantly left, she leaned across the table and whispered, "Where did you learn how to do that?"

"How to do what?" her son asked innocently.

"Flirt with waiters," she replied.

The teenager blushed a deep red. "I don't know what you're talking about," he stammered in protest.

"Oh yes you do. I'm not that old, you know. I can still remember flirting with boys when I was your age. If I'm going to help you, I want you to be honest with me about your feelings...all feelings."

The skirted boy blushed. "Boys like me," he stammered.

"Do you like kissing boys?" she asked.

"Sometimes they are fun," he finally admitted. "Boys are so transparent and easy to manipulate. It's amazing. I can't believe it."

She reached across the table and gently squeezed her son's hand. "You really are a girl at heart, aren't you?" she said softly.

"Maybe so," he said, blushing. "Is that okay?"

"Yes, darling. Certainly it's okay. I've loved you as a son, and now I can love you as a daughter. In some ways I could even consider it an improvement, since there's more I can share with you now. Mother-daughter things. You know what I mean?"

He smiled and nodded.

"Not that I didn't enjoy having a son, mind you," she said defensively. "On the other hand, I have had rather mixed relations with some of the men in my life," she went on. "And in that sense maybe it's nicer to have a daughter," she ruminated.

Shannon knew that she was referring to his father, whom seemed to just want to bully both of them. And

because both of them were angry with him for their own reasons, neither of them missed the contact.

He looked directly at her. "I'll make you very proud of me. I'll be the best daughter in the world," he promised.

"I'm sure you will, darling."

Shannon kept his eyes down when the waiter returned with their cappuccinos. He figured he'd probably done enough flirting in front of his mother for one day. The young man lingered for a few moments, hoping to get to know the pretty girl sitting with her mother, but he finally moved away when she didn't even look up at him.

The two of them sat in relaxed quiet for several minutes, slowly stirring their drinks and idly gazing at the passersby. Then Rachel casually spoke, "You know, there's a doctor over in Santa Rosa who specializes in treating boys like you."

"What do you mean, boys like me?"

"I mean boys who would rather be girls. A medical doctor, but one who specializes in gender problems."

"Like me, huh?"

"Yes, like you. You do have a gender problem, don't you agree?"

"I guess I do," he laughed. "Is it a man or a woman?"

"A woman doctor."

"Oh, good. I don't think I'd feel comfortable talking to a man about all of this. It's kind of like being a traitor to the male sex or something. You know what I mean?"

"I don't think you'll have to worry about that. I understand that she is very good, an authority in the field."

"What will she tell me?"

"Why don't you ask her?"

OFF TO SEE THE DOCTOR...

"You're lucky to get an appointment this soon," the receptionist told Shannon as she handed the pretty, feminine boy a clipboard with a questionnaire to fill out. "If we hadn't had a cancellation, it might have taken you a month or more to get in to see the doctor," she explained.

It had been only two weeks since he and his mother had decided to call for an appointment. Shannon was relieved to get in so soon. Initially hesitant about seeing the doctor, he had gradually gotten excited at the thought of seeking some assistance, and now he was eager.

He reached back to straighten his skirt as he sat down next to his mother in the waiting room. He had debated with himself about what to wear, and finally sought advice from his mother.

"Since the reason you're seeing the doctor is that you want to be a girl, I suggest you dress as femininely and tastefully as possible," she advised him.

"That's no help," he complained. "That's how I dress every day!"

In the end she helped him pick out his outfit and do his hair. "I want it to be perfect," he told her.

There was the typical greeting and the taking of blood pressure, weight and height. All just like seeing a doctor for a cold. There was one big question on Shan-

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non's mother's mind. "Am I doing the right thing for my son?"

The doctor smiled. "The question is: Is he doing the right thing for himself." He turned to Shannon and asked, "Did you do your hair and makeup today?"

"Oh yes, do you like it?"

"It's very nice," the doctor said. "There are a lot of general attitudes of those males who are successful in establishing and maintaining an enjoyable female life-style. Most important is the *full support and encouragement* of people around him. A boy must have sufficient self-confidence and determination to overcome possible negative response from friends, relatives, or other persons." She looked at Rachel.

"I support him," Rachel said. "But sometimes wonder if I should be encouraging him. At this point it seems easier to turn him into a girl than back into a boy."

The doctor said, "We'll take his feminization slow at first. A few pills and get him on a monthly cycle of female hormones. Totally reversible for a while but by the end of a year, there won't be much boy left. I'll give you a note for the school. He won't be taking P.E. with this year."

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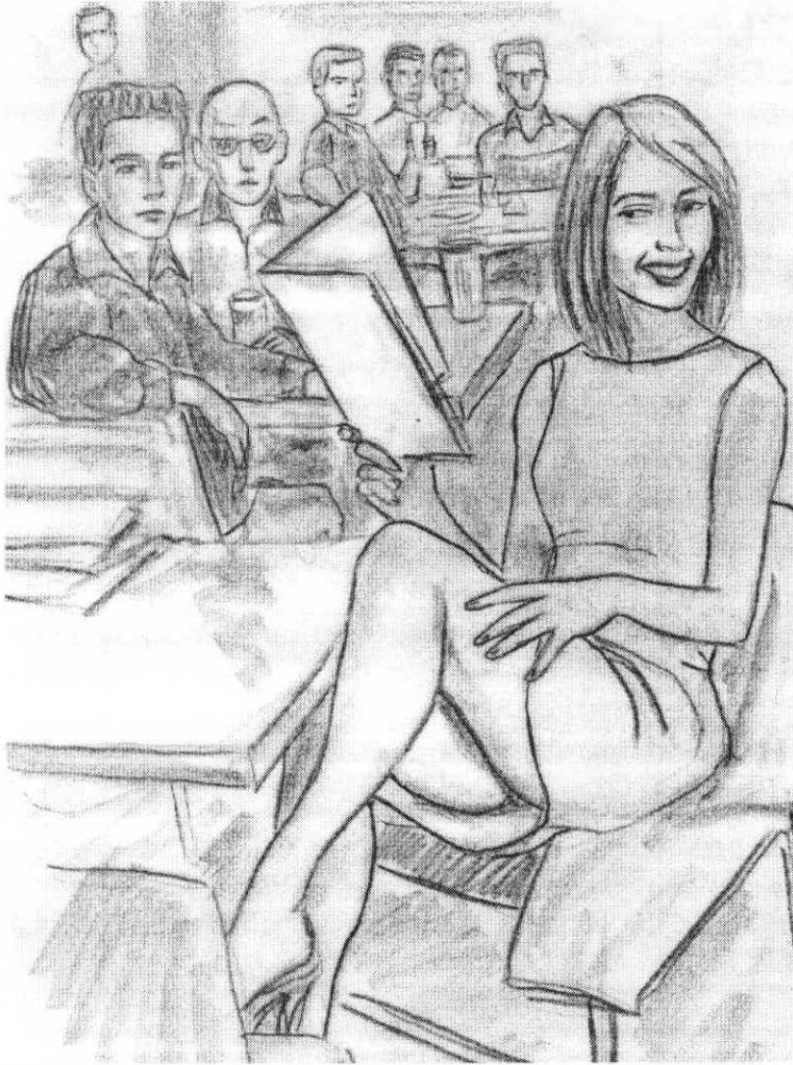
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It was amazing how simple it was for Shannon to start school as a girl. He laughed, "If other boys only knew how easy it is! A little dress, panties and bra and a full shot of estrogen! They wouldn't be so obsessed with peeping up a gal's skirt..." With Heather's help, Shannon quickly became one of the "in" crowd. His mother just shook her head...

At first, taking pills and going to the doctor for shots confused Shannon. They sent him into dizzying combination of emotions that included everything from elation to outright terror. As the estrogen and girl juice hormones began to bubble, a year seemed like a long time, but it's incredibly short when you consider all that was changing inside him.

Almost immediately, he underwent a sea of change in feelings, appearance, mood, and energy level that ranged from frightful to delightful.

The doctor warned, "When you finally meet the woman now growing inside you, it will all make sense. But for now, fasten your seat belt: You are in for quite a ride."

What's Happened: Taking the first pill out of the cardboard dispenser, Shannon swallowed it with water. He took a breath and nothing happened.

Heather laughed, "What did you expect?"

Shannon had been told to expect nothing unusual for four weeks. The program his doctor had him on dated his emasculation — which took an average of 52 weeks — beginning from that first pill. His life was now set in typical female 28-day cycles...Something that Heather couldn't wait to teach him all about.

While Shannon felt nothing, within hours of that first pill, hormone levels were changed ever so slightly. Estrogen and progesterone are stepped up, and testosterone levels move up to hold on to its precious dominance. By the end of week four, Shannon experienced some slight nausea in the morning.

He kept checking the mirror. There weren't any visible signs of feminization right off, but the changes his

body was undergoing were profound, leaving him exhausted. Besides all the work it takes to emasculate a male body, the estrogen had a sedative effect.

By the end of the second month, Shannon was officially estrogenized. The estrogen levels were moving upward by week five. The "get acquainted period" which is what the doctor called it would last until about 10 weeks. The only thing Shannon noticed was his skin softening and his hipline expanding a bit from being a bit bloated due to hormones.

In the mornings, Shannon felt queasy. Thanks to high levels of hormones certain odors and tastes bothered him, some mornings sending him careening toward the bathroom. He ate smaller meals of foods and kept his calorie count down. Heather said, "No one likes a fat chick..."

By the third month, Shannon's breasts were beginning to bud. Between weeks 12 and 14, his nipples sprouted tiny bud like lumps. They were sensitive and itched sometimes keeping him up at night. The nausea was letting up, he no longer felt queasy in the morning. His hair, nails, skin, and nipples were taking on a lush new life of their own. Shannon was truly feeling feminine and feeling a bit giddy about the whole deal.

The doctor said that at this point, the risk of Shannon changing his mind about emasculation had dropped. The doctor raised estrogen levels and took some tests, teasing him by saying, "It's okay to sneak a peek at some unpadded bras, although you may not need them just yet."

By the end of the fourth month, Shannon's nipples were large, puffy and pink swellings. They were out-of-proportion to Shannon's mostly flat chest but a base of fat was beginning to grow. They were sensitive and quick to respond to temperature. He sometimes felt a

fluttering feeling when he moved quickly which made him feel girlish, in every sense.

He was dying to proclaim his femininity to the world by wearing low cut tops with peep-a-hoo bra straps. He was full of energy and bounce, feeling downright sexy at times. His mother just shrugged and said, "Let's get you some new bras and blouses...even if you don't fill them out yet."

After nearly six months of treatment, Shannon was surprised. Suddenly he felt a movement, a good movement at his chest. He was told that between 20 and 23 weeks is when most boys notice their breasts have taken on a movement of their own — an exciting if somewhat bizarre sensation at first. His sensitive breasts were really beginning to make their presence known. It's time to switch from heavily padded bras to something more comfortable.

After so many hormone cycles, Shannon knew to expect his breasts to get harder and sorer near the end of the month. In fact, he had all the usual PMS symptoms — cramping, backache, bloating, mood swings — without the eventual bleeding.

With another step up in estrogen, Shannon's breasts were beginning to feel like party central. His breast's movements quickly progressed from gentle jiggles to movements that sent odd sensations through out his body and kept him up at night.

Certainly uncomfortable and probably nervous, the sensations at his chest and bottom were forcing Shannon to think about being a woman—and even wondering if he'd made the right decision. These erotic sensations weren't exactly painful, but they were annoyingly intense.

Being around boys made them more persistent. Once, when kissing a boy goodnight, Shannon experienced a sensation like contraction—a tightening of his nipples that went down to his belly and lasted a while.

Worried, Shannon asked his doctor about it and she laughed, "Dear, that fluttering in your tummy are the girl version of an erection—something that you won't be having any more."

Over the next few months, Shannon's breasts doubled in size in seven or eight weeks causing them to be more than 1,000 times their original flat size!

At times he felt like he had hard baseballs on his chest and he had to lean to sleep on his back and side. Buying good support bras were no longer just for fun.

He was thrilled when the many guys admired his hard earned prominences, which he displayed proudly in form fitting sweaters and tops.

During the year, Heather and Shannon were like sisters. They had many slumber parties and giggled late into the night, most of the time ending up in the same bed. Shannon was having no male response but Heather's closeness excited Shannon in a weird and wonderful way. He liked it when they hugged, did each other's makeup, and hair.

With the awareness that Shannon's body was becoming just like hers, Heather insisted that they dress alike. Once when a man at the mall, called them "twins," Shannon nearly swooned. He had become to all appearances and functions as feminine as her.



Shannon's goal was to be as feminine as Heather.

At the mall, their short skirts swayed and high heels clicked in unison, and were the objects of many flattering male observation. Both obviously enjoyed the attention and Shannon learned to flutter his eyelashes and smile back to call attention to himself.

"You little tease!" Heather would whisper. "One day you are going to have to put up or shut up."

Each night before bed, Heather gave Shannon such an arousing good night kiss, that he had trouble going to sleep. He felt an intense desire to be with Heather, but not like his boy crushes on girls. It was a new sensation...more passionate than anything he had ever felt before. He did not want to take her like a man but simply exist with her, letting their lush soft bodies touch and be girlish together.

It wasn't long after that Heather admitted that she was having intense feelings for Shannon, "I know you'll think I'm nuts but the more feminine you become, the more I love you!"

With all the hormones, his desire to grow into a woman amplified as did his desire for Heather.

He ran to her and gave her a big hug and said, "I love you too!" Then tears came to his eyes. "But look at me? I'm a girl now..."

"That's what I love!" she said. "I never want you to have any male feelings for me."

"I thought you liked boys?"

Heather had been exploring and shared all her boy explorations with her "best girlfriend."

"Boys are fun and we need them in our life but you and I are soul mates."

"What about sex? I can't..."

"SHHH!" Heather giggled. "I'll teach you. We'll both get what we need..."

It had started out as a nice dinner. It wasn't until the two were home alone that Brad began to wonder what was up. He was giving Shannon a passionate goodnight kiss.

Shannon's lips parted as Brad's tongue sought to probe the inside of his mouth. The virile male's exploration caused Shannon to softly sigh with pleasure. Brad hands roamed the effeminate boy's torso, cupping first one, then the other full, pliant breast. Only when his hand crept within reach of the smooth vee of Shannon's panties did the pretty teenage boy attempt to stop him.

"No, Brad. Not here," he reminded. Then his eyes lit up. "No one is home but Heather. Do you want to come in?"

"Sure! But you've got me so excited," the boy told him. He guided Shannon's hand to the distended front of his trousers.

A feeling of feminine satisfaction and power filled Shannon as his hand closed around the heightened manhood. "Oh my! I don't know if I can handle one that big all by myself. I might need Heather's help?"

Brad laughed. "Sure call in the troops!"

Once inside, to Brad's surprise, Shannon called Heather down.

"Brad has a problem...a big problem?" Shannon mused dreamily, still firmly stroking Brad's arousal.

"Hey, don't tease me girls," the boy growled. Brad's exclamation didn't stop the motion of his hand. Suddenly he was laid back on the couch and with both Shannon and Heather playing with the lump.

"Easy! I'm going to make a mess in my trousers. You know what I mean?" Brad gasped.

Shannon did indeed. "We're sorry," he told him. "We were only trying to help with your problem."

"Here, let's try this," Brad suggested as he reached down and unzipped his fly. His jockey shorts tented out. Heather and Shannon's delicate, pink-tipped fingers reached through the opening in the shorts and encircled the hard, male flesh. A renewed surge of feminine vitality filled Shannon as he made contact with this most intimate of Brad's anatomy. The two began to softly and sensuously stoke the excitement. Brad groaned.

The virile maleness was so unfamiliar now. Shannon slid down a little so that he could get a better look at the object of his attention but the opening in Brad's shorts hindered him.

"Let me help you," Brad graciously offered as he unbuckled his belt and slipped his trousers and shorts down to his knees. "How's that?"

Shannon was at a loss for words. While he had previously glimpsed other boys' accessories in the school locker room, he'd never had the slightest interest.

But he was different now and had never gotten anywhere near as close as he now found himself. And of course, he had never touched another boy so intimately.

"It's so big," was all Shannon could finally manage to gasp. He looked at Heather who was enjoying seeing him so flustered.

"I know," Brad said proudly. "And it really likes what you're doing to it. Take a closer look," he encouraged the effeminate lad as his hand gently pushed Shannon's head down.

Shannon adjusted his skirt and got comfortable on his knees. Brad liked the looks of that. With his normal style and grace, Shannon girlishly pulled back his long

hair, preparing to do what had always been the farthest thing from his mind. Time and estrogen had had the desired affect and he was about to do the inconceivable.

Shannon edged closer and closer until his nose was barely a couple of inches from the stiff pillar of flesh. While his fingers gently massaging the fleshy contents of Brad's sac, he inspected first the flared head, then the throbbing blue veins that encircled the hard tube.

With no further encouragement from Brad, both Heather and Shannon leaned in the last couple of inches and planted hesitant kisses on the tip. The shaft shuddered in response.



Heather's eyes said it all. Brad was Shannon's problem. "Okay girl," she whispered.

Heather nodded for Shannon to take the lead. He slipped his tongue out and gently traced the tip. He detected the slightly salty tang of the fluid that was now oozing from the pulsating opening.

"Oh, jeez," was all Brad could manage to utter as he arched his hips up toward Shannon's mouth. Acting more on instinct than anything else, Shannon opened his mouth wide and his lips slowly engulfed the head of Brad's manhood. Shannon felt his nipples erect into little hard balls and contraction sensations in his tummy.

Brad shuddered and groaned with pleasure as Shannon eased his lips down until fully half of the erect shaft was buried in his warm, wet mouth.

Clumsily at first, Shannon couldn't contain his sheer amazement at what he was doing. His cheeks became concave as he gently sucked. His tongue softly twirled the sensitive underside of Brad's virile manhood.

Shannon marveled to himself that it all seemed so natural and right. It's what girls did with boys. Shouldn't he feel repulsed by engaging in this intimate act with a boy? Instead, he felt a deep sense of satisfaction as he sexually pleased his handsome, masculine date in front of Heather.

While continuing to maintain the pressure on Brad's manhood with his lips, he slowly raised his head until all but the flared head was exposed, then he just as slowly lowered his lips down the spit-slick tube, taking in even more of the boy's erection this time.

Fighting the urge to gag, he increased the depths of his strokes, letting the broad glans push into his throat.

Up and down, slowly and deliberately, he milked Brad's manhood, each time taking more of it between his willing, sensuous lips until his nose was tickled by the

stiff, bristly hair sprouting from the base, and his chin rested on the soft sac that hung suspended from below.

"Wow," exclaimed Brad. "You swallowed the whole thing!"

Heather watched, silently entranced, watching as Shannon's head slowly bobbed up and down and Brad writhed and moaned with pleasure.

Suddenly, Brad's whole body stiffened. Shannon felt the sudden twitching, then a surge in size. Shannon's lips felt the pulsations rising in Brad's manhood but before he could react, Brad held Shannon's head firmly down.

The first burst shot cleanly down his throat and surprised Shannon, as did the resulting flood of thick seed. Shannon gulped in surprise as much as anything else, swallowing but Brad's hot seed surged, overwhelming Shannon's frothy mouth. The feminine lad swallowed as fast as he could, but his throat was full and he was trying not to choke as some of it still escaped from his lips.

Shannon pulled back, aghast at what he'd done. Heather took over and continued to clean and pleasure the young man.

She was quite accomplished and enthusiastic in her approach. As Shannon tried to clear his throat, seeing Heather work made him realize that most things "girl" took some getting used to. A bothersome breaking in period...kinda like a new pair of high heels.

Finally, Brad could take no more, and he tried to push Heather's head away. "Stop, please," he pleaded. "No more...for right now."

Heather reluctantly raised her head and gazed seductively at him. "But we were just getting started, darling," she protested gently as Shannon licked the corner

of his mouth to clean up the drops of semen that had escaped.

"It's too sensitive right now. Give it a break for a few minutes. Please."

"Just let me clean this up for you," Shannon purred as he bent over and sensuously licked first the tip, then worked his tongue down the still rigid shaft. Shannon held the shaft between his lips as it softened, the trickles of seed fading to nothing at all.

Heather leaned over and kissed the effeminate boy on the lips. "You were great!" she said.

"I'd like to satisfy you both too," Brad gasped.

"Giving you pleasure is satisfaction enough for us," Shannon replied.

"But I can do more than that for you."

"Not tonight, okay? Let's leave it at that..."

Shannon and Heather could hardly contain themselves until Brad was gone and they were upstairs getting ready for bed. "So? Tell me. Did you like it?" she insisted.

"I guess." Shannon said nonchalantly, as he sat down on the edge of the bed and kicked off his high heels.

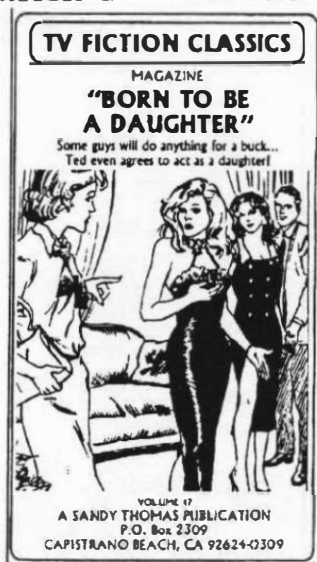
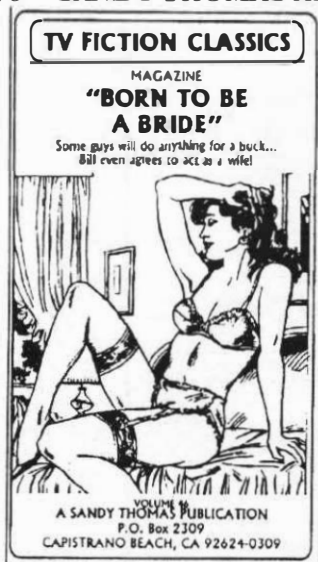
Heather put her arm around the effeminate boy pulled him into the bed. "You're more of a girl every day, aren't you? What are you going to do next? Have a baby?"

"Could we?"

THE END



This is the picture Rachel sent to Shannon's father on his 21st birthday. The note said, "So sorry you missed his birthday. Your child support bought Shannon that pretty new Easter dress!"



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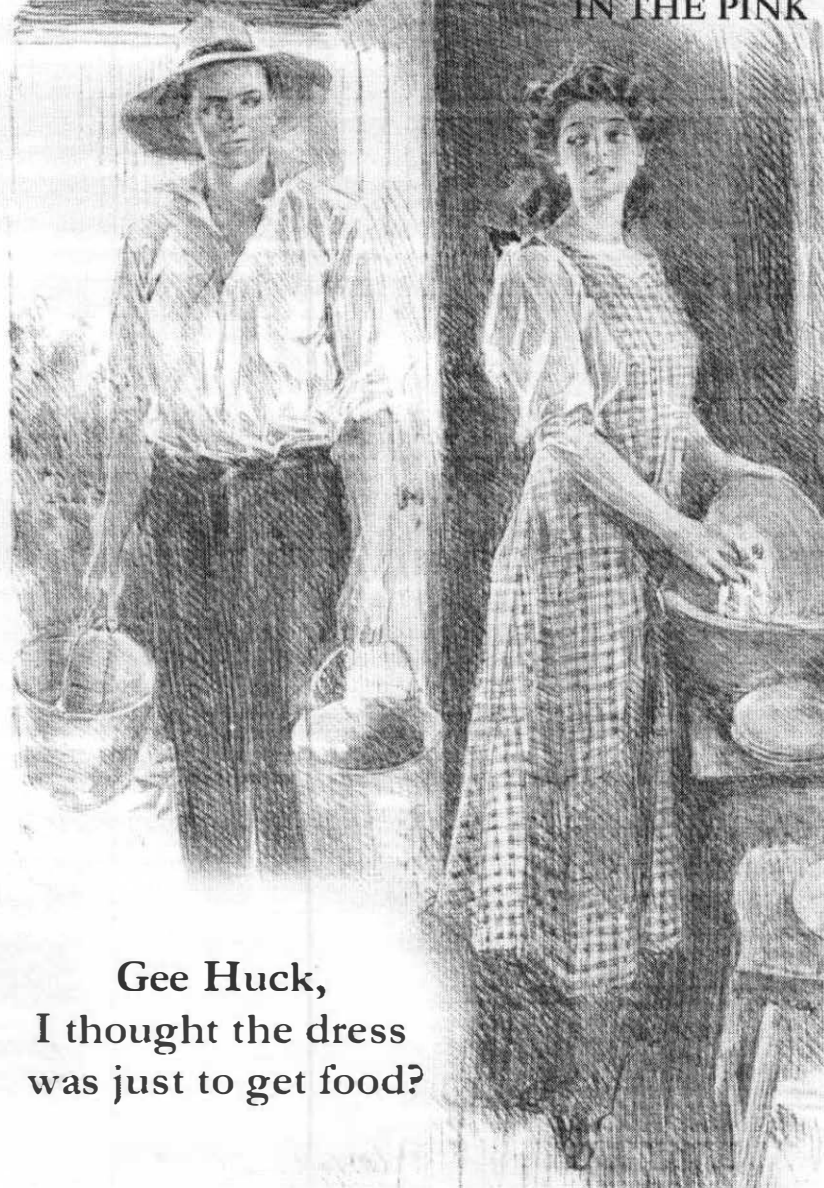
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