

TITILLATING TV TALES

MAGAZINE

"HUSBAND TO SISTER"

FATHER AND SON SHARE A
FATE IN PANTIES AND LINGERIE!

VOLUME TWO

ILLUSTRATED



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HUSBAND TO SISTER --1

TITILLATING TV TALES

Volume 2

HUSBAND TO SISTER Book 2

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Book 2**

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**“Women would rather have beauty than brains because men
can see better than they can think.”**

Husband to Sister

Book 2

By Kristi Love, Puyal, & Alice Trail

Chapter 7

I couldn't believe it! Helen was suggesting that I go out in public while wearing a dress, high heels, makeup, and a curly feminine hairstyle like any normal housewife, and shop for groceries! "I can't do *that*," I stammered, "I can't go outside looking like *this*! Everyone will know that I'm a man in a dress, I will become a laughing stock, Sid will get word of my disguise, and Louie will be back for another visit. Do you want me dead?"

"Oh, come on! Look in the mirror and honestly tell me if you see anything resembling a man? Okay, I'll admit that your shape is still a little masculine, your face is sort of 'tomboyish', and you have to work on your feminine comportment, but you have all the ingredients to be a lovely woman. I think we have a winner!"

"This is a bad mistake," I moaned as I bowed my head in shame. Feeling the tightness of my bra about my chest and pain in my lower legs from standing in the high heels, I sighed, "I don't think I can go through with this."

"I don't know of any other way to hide you," Helen sighed, "Do you want Louie the Mauler to get his big brawny hands on you?"

"Of course not!" I growled, "I just don't think I can pull this off!"

"Okay, perhaps your appearance is a bit too masculine," Helen mused. "We could get you some clothes of your own and enhance your image by doing something about your shape."

“Clothes? Shape? What are you talking about?” I gasped. “I don’t need women’s clothes of my own and my shape is just fine, thank you!”

“You said it, not me! Your current disguise isn’t sufficient to fool those gangsters if they get a close look. It’s your shape that will give you away. Still, I think you can carry it off if you lose a few pounds and develop some curves in the right places.”

“Clothes? Curves? I’m just trying to hide from the mob until we can pay off Sid. Dressing this way isn’t permanent and I have no desire to *become* a woman!”

“If women’s clothes and makeup alone won’t hide you when Louie gets a really close look,” Helen reasoned, “then the only way to hide from those bastards is to appear natural in your disguise.”

“Agreed, but how do I accomplish that?”

“I can help you develop a convincing figure, but you must fully cooperate. Of course, that kind of miracle necessitates help from the proper undergarments and certain medications.”

“Medications? What kind of medications?”

“Low level doses of estrogen taken on a regular basis will soften your appearance and round out your contours enough to make you appear to be a woman whether you wear slacks, dresses, or skirts.”

“Estrogen? Female hormones?” I gasped, “Oh no! I didn’t sign on for that!”

“There is no gray here, only black and white, Dan! Either you go along with my suggestion or you march over to Sid’s and give yourself up!” she snarled. “If you won’t do the things necessary to stay alive, go ahead and get killed the easy way!”

“Are you crazy? I can’t just walk into Sid’s hangout! That would be the end of me!”

"If you go to Sid's looking like you do, he'd probably turn you out on the street to earn the money you owe him instead of killing you," Helen snickered."

"Helen, this is serious!"

"I know! That's why you had better forget all that macho nonsense and listen to me if you want to survive this crisis! You've been doing housework in blouses, skirts, panties, and slips for weeks. Now, you're wearing makeup and have a woman's hairstyle. What's the big deal about taking a few pills to enhance your feminine appearance if it will save your life?"

Unable to refute her logic, I threw up my hands in resignation and sighed, "Okay! I'll give your idea a try against my better judgment. What do I do?"

"We shouldn't rush into anything," Helen contemplated. "Continue wearing your skirts, blouses, and undies to do your housework, but set aside some time each day to practice applying makeup and styling your hair. Use the techniques I showed you. If you have problems or questions, I'll help you when I return from work. You should be fairly proficient with the basics by the weekend."

Again, her logic was flawless, so I nodded and said, "I'll try, but you don't know how humiliating it is to dress and make myself up as a woman! You saw how Andy reacted to my appearance and I wasn't even wearing makeup."

"I know this is hard on you, darling," Helen purred. "I love you, and this is the only way I know to keep you alive." Giving me a light pat on my posterior, she smiled, "Run along and change into one of your pretty skirts and blouses. Your housework is waiting and I have to get to work."

After doing the breakfast dishes and cleaning the kitchen, I decided to have a go at applying makeup as Helen had suggested. Boy, was that a disaster! My inexperience was evident from the beginning. I couldn't get my liquid makeup on without streaks and I never got the same amount of blush on both cheekbones.

My natural aversion to wearing lipstick caused my hand to shake, causing me to smear it outside my lip line.

That wasn't the worst. Attempts around my eyes were the ultimate catastrophe! My eyeliner was an uneven wreck, my mascara blotted without separating or lengthening my lashes, and my eyeshadow was the same dark color without tapering off. The pencil I added to my brows was the only redeeming facet of my efforts! I tried several times to apply my makeup correctly because I had to look like a woman as I performed my housework, but I made little, if any progress.

When Helen returned from work, she laughed at my pitiful appearance. I had dinner almost ready, but she said, "I can't eat while looking at you with your makeup in such disarray. Come upstairs and let's repair that horrible mess!"

"But, Helen, I did the best I could. Really, I did..."

"I know, sweetheart, but you have a lot to learn. Remove that clown face and we'll start over. Since you experimented and made your share of mistakes, you should grasp makeup application much quicker this time."

Sure enough, I understood as Helen showed me correct techniques. My earlier mishaps gave me an incentive to learn, but I still shook when I held the red lipstick shaft before my trembling lips. After about an hour, my makeup was more or less presentable. "I still need a lot of practice," I sighed as I reviewed the finished product.

"Just be glad that Louie the Mauler didn't see you with your streaked makeup. You'll be applying your makeup like a pro in no time if you keep working at it like you did today." Despite myself, I blushed at her compliment as I stood and brushed my skirt into place.

Sure enough, I had a lot less trouble applying makeup the next day, and I was less apprehensive with my lipstick. My progress was evident, but the final result was still far from perfect.

tion. "Maybe it's good enough to fool Louie if he shows up," I sighed hopefully.

When Saturday arrived, Helen said, "Put on the dress and heels you wore the other day. Even though you are getting quite good with your makeup, I'll do it for you just to make sure everything is okay for our trip to the mall."

"MALL!" I cried, "I can't go to the mall wearing a dress!"

"Sure you can. Besides, where else can we find clothes for you?"

"I...I don't..."

"Oh, come on! We've been planning this all week. Why else did you work so hard to perfect your makeup technique? Do you want to hide from Sid and his goons or do you want to die?"

Peeling my nightgown over my head, I silently got dressed as she instructed. After buttoning my dress, I turned to and fro before the mirror to insure that my slip didn't show. When I was satisfied, I sat at the vanity so Helen could do my makeup.

"I have the perfect earrings to go with your dress," Helen bubbled cheerfully as she clipped the feminizing jewelry to my ears. "Grab your purse and we're off to the mall!"

"But..." I sputtered, "Everyone will know that I'm a guy in a dress!"

"We can go to a mall across town where we aren't known. If anyone suspects that you're a guy, they won't know your identity, so let's go."

Shaking like a leaf, I placed some makeup, blush, mascara, eyeliner, and lipstick in my purse. As I was adding a brush and comb, Helen handed me a tampon saying, "Put this in there too. Women often carry them in case of an emergency. It will add validity to your disguise." I accepted this last affront to my masculinity with a bright blush.

I looked to the left and right to make sure no one saw me in these embarrassing feminine clothes as Helen backed the car from the garage and down the driveway. "Don't worry, dear. Anyone watching us will only think that my sister and I are going shopping. I made a point of spreading the word that my sister was visiting to console me in my husband's absence."

True to her word, Helen drove across town to a mall I had never visited. After parking the car, she told me to check my makeup in the passenger side mirror before getting out.

I trembled like a leaf as I inspected my look. With the hem of my skirt at mid-thigh as I sat, I opened the door and stepped onto the pavement. To my surprise, the strain on my straight skirt caused the two lower buttons to pop open, creating a very naughty display of my lace edged slip and the tops of my nylons.

A group of nearby construction workers saw my dilemma. As might be expected, they let loose with a chorus of laughter and catcalls. Hearing their reaction, I quickly reentered the car and slammed the door.

While I breathlessly adjusted my skirt back to a modest length and refastened the buttons, Helen observed, "There is a right way and a wrong way to exit a car while wearing a tight skirt. You just demonstrated the wrong way."

"What...how? I can't go through with this, Helen! Let's go back home, please!"

"When you're wearing a short, tight skirt, you can't step out of a car like you can while wearing slacks," Helen smiled at my embarrassment. "Open the door, turn both knees toward the outside while trying to prevent your skirt from riding higher, place both feet on the ground, and stand up. Then, and only then, can you pull your skirt down and adjust it properly."

Nervously, I followed Helen's instructions and managed to get out of the car without giving the workers too much of a *show*. A cool breeze whipped about my nylon encased legs sending

shivers up my spine as we walked toward the mall. My tight skirt restricted my stride and my high heels forced me to walk with a wiggle.

Looking about, I noticed that most people gave me little more than a cursory glance, but a few registered looks of surprise. I felt certain that they recognized me as a man in a dress, but they didn't make an issue of my appearance or supposed gender.

We entered a lingerie store where a salesgirl greeted us. "My sister wants to look at some waist cinches," Helen offered. "She recently put on some weight and..."

"Say no more," the girl smiled, "We have a wide and varied selection of all foundation garments. Step this way, please."

I was sure the clerk didn't buy the *sister* story. The look in her eyes indicated that she knew something was awry. Was seeing men in drag a common occurrence in this place or did the prospect of a large sale forestall her from broaching the subject?

Helen herded me into a dressing room and told me to strip to my bra and panties. Shortly, she returned with several torturous garments. Believe me, they lived up to their billing, as I was stuffed into one type of waist cinch after another.

Helen took special pleasure in tightening the offending garments about my waist. When I complained, she insisted that this was necessary to "start molding your shape to a more feminine profile".

Finally, she selected a particularly cruel design called a waist cinch garter belt. The top reached to just under my bra and the bottom to just above my panties. I felt as though I was crushed when Helen finally wrestled the laces closed! I could hardly breathe and I couldn't bend more than an inch or so as I tried to thread the garter straps under my panties and fasten them to my nylons!

Next came a panty girdle. The front was tight and eliminated all masculine bulges from sight. The back was padded to give my

buttocks a fuller and rounder appearance. To my surprise, Helen even brought in breast prostheses with the weight and feel of the real thing "to more realistically fill out your bra".

I suffered from the discomfort of my waist cinch, panty girdle, and the unaccustomed weight of my new breasts, so Helen had to help me into my dress and fasten the lower buttons after I dropped my slip over my head. Despite my agony, my shape was much more feminine. Maybe that's why I didn't have to be reminded to repair my makeup and freshen my lipstick before leaving the dressing room.

Helen and I browsed through the lingerie while I tried to become accustomed to my new restrictions. I was totally embarrassed as I fondled the silky garments and held them up for inspection under Helen's watchful eye. She even talked me into buying an assortment of feminine undies.

I left the store carrying a bag full of silky lingerie that included an assortment of multicolored panties and matching bras, several slips and half-slips, a dozen pair of nylons, a bustier, and a very sexy teddie. Lastly, we bought a full-length yellow nylon nightgown held up by the tiniest shoulder straps, a lavender knee length satin nightie, a pink babydoll that reached only to my hips, and a long flowing translucent negligee in blushing pink!

"Now, we have to buy you some outer clothes," Helen decreed, and we were off to a trendy dress shop. With her help because of my restrictive foundation garments, I tried on one feminine ensemble after another. After an agonizing session, we bought two dresses, three skirts, four blouses, and a couple of sweaters.

"I don't need all these things!" I protested, "I'm just doing this until we pay Sid off!"

"Trust me," Helen purred as she guided me toward the shoe department, "before your ordeal is over, you will need much more than this." Believe it or not, I left with four pairs of women's shoes. Three of them had high heels!



I was embarrassed beyond words as I left the boutique with my arms loaded with silky feminine lingerie I would soon be wearing! What if someone recognized me as a man in a dress?

Taking my arm and pulling me into a little boutique, Helen declared, “I don’t relish the thought of sharing my jewelry, so we must purchase you some jewelry of your own.”

“After all I’ve been through this morning, I thought we were through!” I moaned.

“My *sister* wants her ears pierced,” Helen proclaimed to a salesgirl while ignoring my appeal. “She was always a tomboy, but I finally convinced her that the only way to find a decent man is to become more feminine. She’s shy and still a bit uncertain, so be gentle.”

I nearly fainted at Helen’s statement! I didn’t want pierced ears and I certainly didn’t want to find a *man*! I was totally dismayed by her awful suggestion, but I didn’t protest for fear that my voice would give me away.

Unlike the other clerk, this one didn’t let on if she knew I was other than what I appeared, and I wasn’t about to educate her. Trapped, I sat demurely on a stool, and a few minutes later, I sported two holes in each ear! Helen pocketed the clip-on earrings I wore into the shop and my ears were adorned with gold keepers.

To my chagrin, she insisted on buying me some pierced earrings! After an exasperating search, I had five pairs of gold hoops and dangling pendants for my lower holes, and three pairs of studs, pearl, diamond, and gold, for my upper holes!

When we returned to the car, we had so many packages that the trunk almost didn’t hold them all! “What am I to do with all these feminine clothes?” I gasped.

“Wear them!” Helen proclaimed in an adamant tone. “I have gone to a lot of trouble and expense to see that no one kills my husband, so you will wear them!”

“I guess you’re right,” I sighed in anguish.

"Of course, I'm right! Remember that the hard hat crew will be watching, so unless you want to give them another show, you should enter the car the exact opposite of the way you got out."

She was right! From past experience, I knew that rough and tumble guys always watch for an encore after a sexy female accidentally reveals her *assets*. Although I was as careful as possible, my unrelenting foundation garments prevented me from entering the car gracefully. I didn't show nearly as much nylon and lace as before, but my admirers were treated to an extensive leg display!

Our next stop was the grocery store where I had shopped many times as a man. I don't know if the grocer recognized me, but he appeared to have trouble suppressing a grin. A couple of men that looked like Sid's lowlife hoods were laughing vociferously at the magazine rack. "Must be a good joke," I thought with gloom, "I haven't heard a good tale in ages!"

Paying the goons little heed, Helen introduced me as her sister and authorized me to charge to her account saying, "She will be buying our groceries for the foreseeable future."

During the ride home, Helen lectured, "Remember that my sister, Eve, is supposed to be living with me. If anyone finds out differently, including our neighbors, Sid will be on us like the plague. Think of what will happen to your reputation if word gets out that you dress as a woman. To prevent that from happening, you must wear your feminine garments at all times and work hard at perfecting the necessary makeup techniques, hairstyling ability, and most importantly, your feminine image."

That afternoon, Helen gave me a tape recorder, a set of tapes, and instructions on how to speak as a woman. She said I should spend at least two hours each day speaking into the microphone and modulating my voice to match the woman on the tapes. I had become quite proficient at my housework, so plenty of time remained for my voice lessons and makeup practice.

On Monday, Helen brought home a supply of estrogen supplements. It was in granule form to be mixed with water or other

liquids and ingested twice daily. There was also a potion to be administered by injection once a week. I was sick for a week after starting the estrogen pills, and my nipples became extremely sensitive as the nausea subsided. It wasn't until I started to sprout breasts that I became suspicious of the true dosage of the hormones. I complained, but Helen assured me that this was the minimum dosage.

My muscles vanished as the days passed, and my skin became clear and translucent. The hair on my head grew full and luxurious even as my body hair became soft and sparse.

That's when Helen insisted on doing something about my beard. "It's impossible for you to really pass as a woman with that five o'clock shadow showing up every day!" she growled. "There will always be room for doubt about your gender unless you have electrolysis to get rid of that awful beard."

"But, Helen!" I protested, "What will I do for a beard when I return to my rightful place as a man?"

"You'll save ten minutes each morning by not having to shave," she answered. Without further conversation on the subject, she made arrangements to drop me off every other morning on her way to work and pick me up a noon. I went three days a week until my manly beard was history.

She was religious about giving me hormones both morning and night. She critiqued my walk, how I sat, how I dressed, and my makeup. She insisted that I apply my own makeup and style my hair.

Chapter 8

By the end of the summer, my breasts were more than a figment of my imagination. They were real breasts...breasts that femininely erupted from my chest. True, they were only an A+ cup, but that was a lot more than I wanted. At the same time, I no longer shaved and my voice lessons produced a throaty femi-

nine contralto. I would never be a soprano, but Helen thought my voice was quite passable.



I couldn't believe how rapidly my body was changing with such small doses of hormones

"Lots of men think women with husky voices are sexy," she observed.

“Sexy or not, I’m not interested in guys,” I grumbled, “Besides, I can’t wait to get out of these clothes and back to talking the way I should...like a *man*!”

Helen was particularly impressed with my legs. “Wow, Eve,” she would coo, “I know real women that would pay a million dollars for sexy legs like yours.”

“It’s too bad I can’t sell them mine,” I groaned, “They would get what they want and I’d have the money to pay off Sid and return to being a man. Everyone would be happy all around!”

She laughed at my statement, then observed, “Keep them nicely shaven and coated with soothing moisturizing cream. Display them prettily and no man will ever suspect that they belong to another man. They are yours for good or bad, and you should make the most of them.”

I took her counsel to heart and made sure to always wear silky nylons, short dresses or skirts, and high heels. I wore so few pants that I felt strangely naked without the confining restriction of a tight skirt.

At first, the constant weight and the bobbing of my breasts as I walked felt strange on my chest. Soon wearing bras felt normal and I wouldn’t be caught without wearing a lovely, silky creation.

During this time of change, a tough looking stranger would occasionally appear at the door and ask for Dan. I was able to dissuade them since I was wearing a dress, heels, makeup, and didn’t look like the person they were looking for.

That is, until Louie the Mauler showed up again! He said that he was certain that Dan was hiding inside and he threatened violence if I didn’t let him in to look around.



I could see and feel my body slowly, surely, changing from masculine to feminine. This was far worse than wearing soft lingerie, dresses, and makeup!

As Louie looked around, he insisted that I follow him so I could tell him where certain clothes were stored. I was terrified with fear that he might see through my disguise as I trailed behind this viscous mob enforcer. I shook from fright and I became acutely aware of my skirt and slip swirling about my nylon covered thighs and my dangling earrings tickling my cheeks.

As Helen predicted, he not only searched for Dan, he looked through the masculine clothes hanging in the closets and the underwear stored in the drawers. Seeing that it hadn't been worn in quite some time, he moved to the bathrooms to make sure the toilet seats were down. In the laundry room, where he found only dresses, skirts, and blouses in the washer, he casually glanced at the panties, bras, slips, nighties, and nylons hanging up to dry.

After taking one final look around, he seemed satisfied that his prey was not staying here. Handing me a card, he growled, "If that son of a bitch comes around here, you broads had better call me!"

He looked at my hands softened by creams and lotions, and observed my long oval nails polished to match my lipstick. His gruff expression changed to a smile.

"Y...yes sir," I squeaked, shivering with fear. My voice didn't set off any alarms. With that, he stormed out the door.

Thank goodness Helen had foreseen the possibility of this search and insisted that I dress in a totally feminine manner at all times, including makeup and undies! My voice lessons and her constant critique of my feminine mannerisms and comportment really paid dividends. I resolved not to complain in the future when she corrected my demeanor.

I was shaking like a leaf as I stood behind the curtains and peeked out as Louie strolled to a car where he met another thug. After a brief conversation, they both burst into roaring belly laughs. "Damn!" I groaned as the car sped away, "I really miss the jokes and funny stories guys always tell each other."

"I told you that those thugs would come around again," Helen declared confidently when I reported the event. "It's not like those hoods to give up, especially when such a large sum of money is involved. It's a good thing you were at your feminine best behavior, attitude, and appearance, or you would have been toast! Keep that in mind in the future because they'll be back."

As the summer passed, sure enough, Louie the Mauler came by from time to time, just as Helen predicted. One particular time, he asked about Andy! Where was he? What school did he attend? When did the fall term begin?

Believing my only chance to survive was to play ignorant, I threw myself into the role of a female bimbo and replied in a tiny voice, "I don't know where Andy is. I haven't heard from him, but I suppose he ran away with his father."

Although he had a strange expression on his face, Louie seemed to accept my answer and went away. I did, however, see him laughing uncontrollably with another man at the street.

"I was concerned that something like this might happen," Helen sighed when I told her the purpose of Louie's visit. "That's why I insisted on sending him to mother's."

"What can we do? If Louie gets his hands on Andy, I'll have to turn myself in and suffer the consequences. I can't let those goons take their anger out on my son!"

"Don't be too hasty," Helen soothed, "I saw this situation coming, so I have taken steps to keep Andy safe."

"What is it, pray tell?"

"Let me make sure my plan is working and I'll let you know in a few days. In the meantime, just concentrate on carrying out your disguise in case Louie returns."

Carry on with my disguise? I looked more feminine by the day! My breasts blossomed to B+ size, so I now wore a bra from necessity, rather than for appearance. My hair hung down my neck and I kept it in a trendy feminine style most of the time. As

for undies, my drawers overflowed with soft sensuous lingerie. I owned an assortment of panties, bras, slips, nighties, and nylons that would make most women envious! To keep me looking femininely attractive, my vanity was covered with cosmetics of every type imaginable!

Mimicking female mannerisms became habitual under Helen's exacting tutelage. I sat, stood, and carried myself like a woman without thinking. I became skilled at makeup application and Helen insisted that I keep my long oval finger and toenails polished to match my lipstick.

Chapter 9

All this kept me safe, as my disguise had stood the test under fire and survived, but what about Andy? He was due to return home for a few days after spending the summer with Helen's mother.

Instead of ridding myself of the dresses and skirts I wore last spring, I had become more securely entrenched in them. I dreaded him seeing me in them! What would Andy think of me, but more importantly, how could we keep him safe in our current financial straits? Whenever I asked Helen about her plan, she always said she was too busy to explain the details.

There would be no way to persuade Andy of the dire consequences of our predicament if his attitude hadn't changed. My clothes and appearance would only serve to convince him that I had become a complete sissy, as he asserted months before, and he would refuse to take my advice about his own danger.

The only chance to appease him was to lessen the impact of my feminine appearance. With that in mind, I decided to wear slacks, a sweater, little if any makeup, and brush my hair into a unisex style for the duration of his visit.

On Saturday afternoon, three days before Andy was to return, I was changing clothes after spending the morning doing housework. I just finished a long luxurious bubble bath and was getting

dressed. Wearing only pale pink panties, garter belt, and nylons, I had just hooked my bra over my bulging breasts when Helen appeared at the door with Andy.



“Dad?” Andy cried as he looked over my feminized body. “Why are you wearing panties and...and...?”

“Oh, Helen!” I shrieked, “Why did you bring Andy in here? You know I didn’t want him to see me like this!”

“Mother dropped him off just now. She said she couldn’t take any more of his bullying, money or no money.”

“Dad? Is that you?” Andy gasped in astonishment. “Look! You’re not just wearing dresses; you’re turning into a woman! Your bitch of a wife is worse then her demented mother! As horrid as she was, she didn’t try to make me wear panties or any of that other silky stuff!”

Blushing brightly, I came to Helen’s aid saying, “I told you last spring that this isn’t Helen’s fault...”

Helen wore a scowl at Andy's insensitive statement, but she merely smiled and said, "As we told you before, Andy, your dad has to hide from the mob. We both felt the best way for him to hide was to dress as a woman."

"Dress? He's doing more than just dressing!" Andy asserted as he pointed to my bra. "Those are real *boobs*! How did you...how could you do that to him?"

I looked down at cleavage clearly visible where my bra pushed up my breasts. I felt so vulnerable...so exposed standing in my silky lingerie in front of my son. "A lot has happened since you were here last," I gasped, "The mob has even been here looking for you."

"You're crazy! What would they want with me? I didn't lose any money to them!"

"They want to get to me through you. If they catch you, there's no telling what they would do to you to get me to come out of hiding."

"Speaking of breasts," Helen changed the subject, "What is pushing out your shirt?"

Andy blushed deep crimson, "I...I don't know what...what has been happening to me. My chest is swollen...and my nipples have become sensitive and itchy lately."

"Isn't your skin clearer?" Helen observed.

Bowing his head, Andy sighed, "Yeah, I know. I don't know what's happening. M...my skin has become soft and the little stubble growing on my chin has disappeared."

"Also your hair has grown and you've lost weight," Helen observed.

"Your tightwad mother trimmed my hair this way instead of giving me money for a haircut!"

"I think I know what happened," I growled at Helen. "*This* was your plan to save Andy! How could you do such a despicable thing to my son?"

"Watch your tone, Eve darling," Helen declared emphatically as she glared into my eyes. "Sacrifices were made to save your life. Now they have to be made to save Andy's."

"Eve? Who is Eve? What sacrifices are you talking about?" Andy inquired.

A glimmer of amusement covered Helen's face as she considered Andy's question. "Why your dad is, Candi darling," she purred, "Only under my plan to save your life, he is your mother instead of your father."

"Mother?" I gasped, "How can I be his mother?"

"We don't have enough money to return Andy to that expensive school and Sid is sure to get him if he hangs around here. On the other hand, who's to know if my sister has a daughter from a prior marriage? See the simplicity? You are firmly entrenched as my sister and now Candi is your daughter."

"Candi?" Andy puzzled, "Who is Candi?"

"You are, dear, or you will be," Helen replied with a knowing smile. "As your mother's daughter, you need a sweet feminine name. Since Candi rhymes with Andy, all we have to do with your former name is add a 'C' in front and change the 'y' to an 'i'. Simple, isn't it?"

"You...you planned this all along, didn't you?" I accused.

"Of course, darling. I told you that I anticipated that Sid would try to get to you through Andy. I had Mother administer estrogen to him to prepare for such an event. His breasts are beginning to develop like a teenage girl and his hair is growing nicely. The right types of clothes are all he needs to complete his disguise. I've also taken care of that eventuality. There are several dresses and skirts hanging in his closet and the appropriate lingerie is stored in his drawers."

“But he’s my son!” I declared.

“*Andy* was Dan’s son,” Helen corrected, “*Candi* is Eve’s daughter. As you can see, she is a sweet young thing who is much too girlish to be a boy. All *she* needs is a few lovely dresses, some soft sensuous lingerie, and a little chic makeup to bring out the girl hiding under those ugly tom-boyish clothes.”

“Girl? Dresses? Makeup?” Andy gasped. “I’m a boy and that’s my dad, no matter how you make him dress!”

“No longer,” Helen stood up to both of us, “If you two want to live, Eve must become a mother and Candi her lovely teenage daughter.”

“You made a sissy of Dad, but I won’t let you do it to me!” Andy shouted. “I’m a boy and I won’t wear silly girl’s clothes! I won’t! I won’t! I won’t!”

“Watch your tongue, young lady,” Helen growled, “You will do as I tell you if you want to live!”

“No, I won’t!” he shouted, “You can’t make me wear those awful clothes! Whoever heard of such a horrible thing?”

I couldn’t believe it! Helen was proposing to change my only son into a girl, and I was powerless to help him! Having lost the ability to refute her logic months ago, I could only passively standby during their exchange. If we tried to make it on our own, our feminine mounds would make it impossible to go undetected. We needed her support to survive!

Just then, the front doorbell rang, jolting me out of my stupor. “I’ll get it,” Helen asserted, “there is no telling who it might be. In case it’s your friend, Louie, you had best keep Candi out of sight.” From the top of the stairs, I heard Helen talking to someone, but I couldn’t hear what was being said.

“Look, Dad!” Andy whispered as he peeked out the window from behind the curtains. There’s a large black car at the curb.

Two guys that looks like professional wrestlers are leaning against it! Are they the thugs who are looking for you...for *us*?"

Momentarily forgetting that I was wearing only a bra and panties, I hurried to my son's side for a look. Seeing the brawny hoods, I sighed, "Yes, that's Jake and Bubba, two of Louie's enforcers. Now, do you see why I can't let them find me...or you?"

"Gee, Dad, I didn't realize how serious those thugs were. I'm sorry I teased you."

"That's all right, son," I sighed happily as I took him in my arms for an embrace of reconciliation.

Helen returned with a serious expression on her face. "I bought us some time, but I don't know how much," she said. "Louie said he had a report that a young boy was seen entering this house. He was checking it out."

"What did you say to get him to leave?" I gasped.

"I told him a girl was here, but not a boy. When he asked where she was, I said she was shopping with her mother, my sister."

"Wow!" I gulped, "That was close!"

"Closer than you think!" she exhaled. "That proves the house is being watched. If Candi is seen in boy's clothes or even in girl-ish slacks, Louie is sure to hear about it. It's even more imperative to get *her* into a dress, unless *she* wants to take *her* chances with those goons. What do you say, *Candi*?"

Andy's face was filled with fear as the full realization of our plight hit him. "I...I can't let those thugs get me," he gasped.

"Does that mean you'll let me disguise you as a girl?" Helen asked.

He was near tears as he whispered, "Y...yes."

"Then, please follow me to your closet, Candi," Helen stated. "We have to get you ready to go shopping."

“Ready?” he murmured as if he was afraid to hear the details of what ‘getting *ready*’ really meant!



“You can’t be serious!” Andy cried, “I’m not wearing those sissy clothes!”

“Yes, you have to be dressed as a demure young girl unless you want to be seen as a boy shopping for girl’s clothes.”

“Dressed?” he was quaking in his shoes, “In *what*?”

“Oh I’ve purchased an adorable starting wardrobe for your new life, Candi,” Helen declared with a smile as she opened the closet.

"Oh no!" Andy wailed when he saw the array of dresses, skirts, and blouses hanging in his closet, "Is that what I have to wear?"

Ignoring Andy as he expressed his reservations about wearing the clothes she had purchased, Helen selected a pale blue dress with puff sleeves, lace about the bodice, and a string bow at the top. "I'm sure this adorable dress will look wonderful on you. But before we get you dressed, you should take a nice bath," she calmly stated.

"A...a bath?"

"That's right, Candi dear, a nice warm bath. While you're in there, shave your legs and underarms. I don't want my niece looking like a silly tomboy."

"Shave my legs!"

"How long do you think it would take Louie to return if he heard that a girl with hairy legs was living here?"

"Okay, you win."

Helen laughed at Andy's sorrowful expression and added, "In the meantime, your lovely mother can finish dressing."

Chapter 10

An hour later, Helen returned followed by my very dejected son. He was wearing the dress Helen had selected and girls' white slippers with two-inch heels. His hair was separated into two small 'Angle Wings', each tied with a little ribbon, and he wore light makeup with pink lipstick. His skirt fell to about three inches above his knees and showed a fetching glimpse of his recently shaved, nylon covered legs. I was surprised at how shapely his legs appeared below his swinging skirt.

"I think we are all ready to go," Helen announced after looking me over. I was wearing a light blue dress that matched Andy's except for the lace fringe and string bow at his bodice. Still in my nylons held up with a garter belt, I wore matching

blue three-inch pumps and my makeup and hair were tastefully done.



I no longer got the stares and whispered comments that greeted my first outside excursion. After my beard was removed, people seemed to take me for a somewhat masculine looking woman, although the *masculine* part of my image was disappearing with each passing day.

Helen drove, as she always did when we went out. I sat in the passenger seat next to her. Andy sat in the back seat with his skirt primly spread across his legs. An expression of fear and apprehension covered his face, but he couldn't figure a way to escape his fate.

Helen stopped at a mall and motioned for us to follow her. Andy was extremely reluctant to leave the protection of the car, but he slowly made his exit. I understood completely, as I felt the same way the first time I ventured outside in a dress.

As we entered this exclusively feminine enclave, Andy whispered a steady stream of questions like, "Why are we going in here? Do I have to? What will they do to me?"

"If you keep quiet and do as you are told, you'll be okay," Helen advised. "No one will get suspicious if you act properly. On the other hand, everyone will know you're a boy if you make a scene."

Like myself, Andy had no choice but to follow her advice. Bowing his head in submission, we passively followed her into this most feminine of places.

"Hello, Ms. Grant," the owner greeted Helen. "I see you brought your sister and her lovely daughter. What can we do for you today?"

"Grant?" I gasped inwardly, "Since when did Helen start going by her maiden name?" This wasn't the place, but I would definitely confront her about this when we got home!

Helen greeted the woman with a kiss on her cheeks as she replied, "This is my sister, Eve, and Candi, her daughter. Candi will be having the works, including a facial and a new hairstyle. Eve is having her hair styled too. As you can see, she is at that difficult in-between time."

"You came to the right place," she smiled, "Follow me, ladies. We have some of the most competent and experienced operators in town, so I'm sure you will be pleased with the results when we are done. If you're pleased with the results, please schedule another appointment, but if you aren't, it's on the house. That's our policy."

Andy was led into one of the booths and introduced to a beautician, who said, "We'll start with a facial, then move onto your hair."

Andy merely stared into space as she started her *magic*. "You have a lovely face with fine bone structure," she complimented. "I'll bet the other girls are so envious."

Instead of acknowledging her compliment, he sat by morosely. The beautician merely shrugged and she started to work on his eyes.



Andy stared forlornly into the mirror as the beautician applied his makeup. Was that pretty girl in the mirror really he?

My hairdresser soon had me engrossed in selecting the hairstyle I wanted. She offered suggestions on highlights that would enhance my complexion. Since I cared about my makeup and hairstyle, I became so involved with my own appearance that I didn't hear what was happening to Andy.

When I was allowed a break to allow my style to set, I peeked in on Andy. Believe me, I was taken back by the lovely young face that reflected from his mirror. The beautician had finished Andy's makeup and he was gorgeous! His eyes were highlighted with eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, and they appeared large and doe-like. His lips shone bright red from expertly applied lipstick, and his cheeks were rosy with blush. All in all, his complexion had a soft, smooth, flawless look!

I had to return to my booth, but I heard Helen compliment Andy. "I knew there was a lovely girl hidden beneath all those boy clothes!"

I sucked in my breath. Did these beauticians know Andy and I were males? Did Helen's casual comment clue them in? If so, they gave no indication of surprise.

"Now, let's do something with your hair," the beautician said as if she hadn't heard Helen's comment. "Your hair is too short to carry a nice style, but I have an idea that should tide you over while it grows. This hair extension that matches your natural color will do the trick. Ponytails are quite popular among teenage girls these days, so when you wear it, nobody will be the least bit wiser."

When my hair was finished, I examined my new style in a mirror and was taken aback by how much she had accomplished with so little to work with. Instead of my accustomed long straggly mess, my hair was now a gorgeous auburn mane that cascaded about my face to my shoulders. It did more than just compliment my face, it transformed my image from a feminine appearing male to an attractive woman. I couldn't believe how much a professional hairstyle could change one's appearance. Now, I was living proof!



“This hair extension will make you look like a cute teenage girl, and no one will be the wiser,” the beautician smiled.

“Oh,” I gasped, “I...I look...”

“Yes,” my stylist agreed, “You are truly lovely. I must say this style is definitely *you!*”

I brushed out imaginary wrinkles from my skirt and examined my image in the mirror. Utterly amazed at how feminine I now appeared, I strode over to Andy’s booth to see how he was making out. As I turned the corner, I lost my breath. Standing before me was the loveliest teenage girl I had ever seen!

Andy was just as astonished, and we stared at each other for a long moment. “Dad?” he uttered.

“Andy?” I gasped.



I felt sick to my stomach. My son, my future heir, looked like a teenage heartthrob and I was powerless to help him.

"You are both wrong," Helen grinned. "Candi, this lovely woman is *not* your father, she is your mother and my sister. I am your Aunt Helen. Eve, your son Andy is gone. Candi is your daughter. Remember that from now on! If either of you is recognized as your former self, the other will certainly be discovered as well. You know what that can lead to, don't you?"

Andy and I looked at each other as if to say, "What have we done?" Then, we bowed our heads in shame. We were not only dressed as females, but we sported feminine makeup and recently styled hair!

"You have to admit that you make a stunning mother and daughter!" Helen smiled, "You look so much alike."

Andy and I blushed at her attempt at flattery. Not too long ago we were a handsome father and son, but now we are a *lovely* mother and daughter! How could this have happened?

Chapter 11

As we drove home, Helen outlined her plans. "The first order of business is to get the two of you protected from prying hands."

"Prying hands?" I was confused.

"Yes, sister dear," she smiled, "Like when men and boys want to grope you, cop a feel...feel between your legs. You wouldn't want them to find a 'surprise' there, would you?"

"Men? Feel between my legs!" I shouted. "I'm not interested in men, and certainly *no* man is going to feel between my legs!"

Andy piped in, "Me neither! I'm no fag! I like girls!"

Helen continued, obviously enjoying our discomfort, "You never know when a mob enforcer might get suspicious and want proof of your gender! Do you see the wisdom of wearing this garment if it can conceal your identity in that eventuality?"

"What is it?" I queried.

"It's a device designed to hold a person's manhood back and in," she giggled. "I purchased it from a shop that caters to female impersonators. It's perfect for providing a proper front as you progress into your new life."

"New life? Proper front?" I gasped, "Look, I'm only dressing this way until we can pay Sid off."

"Yes, but who knows when that may be," Helen soothed as she approached me with a skin colored garment. "Don't worry your pretty mind over something you can't do anything about."



"How could such a device protect us?" I cried.

"Simple," she replied in a matter-of-fact tone. "It forces your testicles up into your scrotum and holds your penis behind a fairly convincing replica of a woman's vagina. I've seen one, and you have to get up close and personal to tell it's there. It would preserve your secret in case one of Sid's goons pulled a Crocodile Dundee and grabbed a hand full!"

I moaned, "We'll never be in a situation where such a personal probe would happen."

"A girl never knows when the opportunity for a little romance may arise," Helen giggled. "This ingenious device need never be removed. It breathes to keep your skin beneath healthy. You can perform all bodily functions with it in place. You can even bathe or

shower without a problem."

"I...I don't want to look like a girl down there!" Andy cried.

"Why not, Candi dear? You look like a lovely young lady everywhere else."

Both Andy and I sunk into a sulking mood. We knew we would soon be wearing this offending garment. Neither of us was

under any illusions that we could change Helen's mind. Once she made up her mind, it was *case closed!*

When we arrived home, I went to my room to prepare for this little 'operation'. Helen entered and said, "Stand still, Eve, while I attach this. Candi is wearing hers now and she looks absolutely maidenly." I was blushing like a bride as I removed my dress and panties to allow her to attach this terrible garment.

I felt so vulnerable as I stood with my privates on display before this woman I considered to be my wife. Nonchalantly, she produced a flesh colored garment with a triangular shaped hairy patch and slipped it over my genitals. She then pushed my testicles up into my body cavity and positioned my penis in a special pocket. To my surprise, the apparatus was held in place with a special adhesive, making straps unnecessary.

"My sister can't have a puny growth like that hanging between her legs," Helen declared. "How would we explain it to the neighbors, let alone Sid or his men?"

"W...what..." I stammered, "Do you mean my...my..."

"That is precisely what I mean!" she declared. "This marvelous device is designed to hide that pathetic little thing and give you the proper front you need for your new life. It will be uncomfortable for a while, but you will soon get used to having nothing dangling between your legs." Helen laughed, as she was having a wonderful time at my expense.



"I...I..." I couldn't voice my distaste for this offending garment.

"Don't thank me," she smiled, "I'm only looking out for your best interests. Now, none of those nasty men can tell you aren't my lovely sister."

I was as red as a fire engine as she finished her intimate work. Looking in a mirror, it was hard to detect that I didn't have a woman's sex. I touched it and noted that everything was smoke and mirrors. It was an illusion and behind the hair was only a small hole that allowed me to perform personal functions.

When she was done, I slipped into my lingerie and stood before a mirror to examine the effect. I was flabbergasted. I was as flat as a woman between my legs! I could even see the faint outline of my feminine *bush* through my panties.

Just then, Andy appeared at my doorway with tears streaming down his cheeks. His panties covered his intimate area, but he wasn't wearing a bra. His budding breasts were bare and the outline of his false maidenhood could be seen through his flimsy panties. I had to admit that even without clothes, my son looked totally and absolutely feminine!

"Get back into your room this instant and put on your bra!" Helen chastised. "I won't have my niece running around the house without proper clothing!"

"Aunt Helen!" Andy cried, "I can't wear this horrible thing! It's not only offensive, it's uncomfortable as hell!"

"Watch your tongue, young lady!" Helen scolded, "Now, get back to your room and make yourself decent!"

When Andy lowered his eyes and viewed his topless condition, his demeanor mellowed. "Yes, Aunt Helen. I'm sorry for my naughty exhibition," he blushed and made his way back toward his room. "It won't happen again."

"Doesn't your daughter look absolutely charming?" Helen smiled.

“Look!” I asserted, as I was stunned and abashed at what she said to my son, “You can’t treat us this way!”

“Hurry and get dressed, Eve, dear,” she ordered completely ignoring me yet again, “You have dinner to finish.”

My manhood was slipping away fast! Emerging breasts filled my bra, my hair femininely flowed to my shoulders, I had a soft curvaceous body, and now, I sported a smooth appearance between my legs. Would I be able to return to the life of a normal guy when all this was over?

Looking in my mirror, I noticed that, like Andy, I was maid-only flat where a few minutes earlier, I still had manhood to remind me of my real identity. Now, even that was gone!

Sadly, I went to my vanity to apply my makeup. Every time I turned around, something happened that caused my manhood to slip farther and farther away. Only a few months ago, I was secure in my masculinity, but now it was hidden behind feminine panties and a bra that supported my womanly breasts!

I slipped into a lovely floral print dress that swung sexily about my shapely nylon clad legs. As I viewed my image in the mirror, even I had to admit that I made a very attractive woman. Few people would ever question my femininity, and that thought pushed me into even greater depression.

The next day, Helen called Andy and I into the living room. “It’s time to pack up all remaining male clothing in the house and store them in the attic. As girls, we have no need for Dan and Andy’s things.”

She looked to me for a rebuttal. I wanted to shout, “Hell no! I want to keep my male clothes!” But alas, I didn’t. I sighed at my inability to control my life, to confront my wife, and meekly whispered, “Yes, Helen, we’ll pack everything away.”

I felt Andy’s eyes boring into the back of my head at this gutless capitulation. He must have been thinking, “How could you have sold out so easily?”

"With all those nasty masculine clothes out of the way, you'll have more space to store lots more pretty feminine clothes and soft undies," Helen happily continued. "Tomorrow, we three girls can do more shopping and have a lovely meal at a nice restaurant."

Andy and I were summerily dispatched to gather all the male clothes in the house and box them for storage. He was shaking with fear as we carried empty boxes and bags.



"This seems so...so permanent," Andy cried as we packed our remaining male clothes for storage

We both had to take small delicate steps because of our tight fitting dresses and high heels. Andy was wearing a dark playsuit with white polka dots, and his skirt barely covered his thighs.

I wore a more conservative light green sheath dress that hugged my every curve and had an open top with thin shoulder straps that revealed much of my growing breasts. The tight skirt ended about three inches above my knees.

Helen insisted that we always dress in the most feminine of dresses and the highest of heels to “learn how to handle the clothes”. She was also quick to remind us that none of us knew when a mob henchman might show up at the door!

“I’m afraid, Dad,” Andy whined as we dropped pants, shirts, socks, and male shoes in the waiting boxes. “How will we ever get out of these clothes? They are becoming more...more comfortable...and acceptable the longer I wear them.”

“I know, Andy,” I moaned, “The only option we have is to play along until we get enough money to pay Sid. I’m afraid we’re stuck in dresses and silky lingerie until then.”

Although we were religious about referring to each other by our new roles and names while Helen was around, we often lapsed into referring to each other by our proper roles and names when alone with each other. Helen was right that a tiny slip at the wrong time could blow our disguises, but we did it to retain our sanity. We didn’t want to become so engrossed in our feminine personas that we forgot our real identities! Our main concern being, “will we ever get out of dresses and be males again?”

Andy and I lugged the boxes and bags of our male clothing from the bedroom and up the steps to the attic, quite a task in tight skirts and heels! As we stored everything away, a feeling of hopelessness swept over me with each box. I felt my past slipping away.

When we finished, Helen surprised us by securing the door with a large padlock and saying, “Out of sight, out of mind. Now, you can concentrate on your femininity without the temptation to change into masculine clothes.”

Andy and I sorrowfully looked at each other. "All our male clothes are locked away!" he whined as tears traced a path of mascara down his smooth cheeks. "How can we get out of these clothes now?"

Helen smiled knowingly and giggled, "Okay girls, stow those sad expressions and put on a happy face. It's time to hit the malls and shop till we drop!"

Neither Andy nor I were very enthusiastic about being called girls nor were we excited about replacing our lost male clothes with new feminine garments, but if we were to stay alive, we had no other options!

Helen knew exactly where she wanted to go. "We simply must get some proper lingerie and appropriate sleepwear for our new little girl," she announced while looking at Andy via the rear view mirror. "We can't expect such a lovely child to sleep in boyish T-shirts and coarse cotton pajamas, can we?"

Andy looked like he wanted to cry out that T-shirts and cotton pajamas were fine by him, but he was still in shock at losing all his male clothes. We both knew every remotely masculine piece of clothing we owned was in those damn boxes, including our favorite shorts...and nighttime T-shirts.

Sufficiently subdued, Andy and I followed Helen into a trendy lingerie shop. He had never been in such an exclusively feminine establishment, so he was understandably nervous and agitated. He was nervous beyond words as we lingered close to this profusion of feminine silk and satin. Everything he touched was satiny soft and most was trimmed in lavish lace.

"Let's start with bras and work downward," Helen announced as she looked over the displays of feminine undies. Andy and I obediently followed as though in a daze.

Helen lifted a particularly frilly bra and held it over Andy's chest. "I think a 32A+ will do our little girl for now, but I'm sure she will grow into a larger size before long," she cooed.



Andy was mesmerized as Helen explained each piece of flimsy silken lingerie to him. It was so much to absorb in such a short time, even though he wore similar items under his dress.

When the sales lady went to help another customer, Andy whispered to Helen, "A...Aunt Helen, I...I don't need a bra! I'm a boy, you know?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that," Helen smiled, "I've seen you naked, remember? Those bumps on your chest may not be very large right now, but they will grow rapidly now that I gave

you that hormone shot. You'll get another injection each week along with the pills."

"B...but they will go away when I stop taking the shots, won't they?" Andy wailed in a confused voice. "Grandma assured me that they were only temporary."

"They don't look very temporary to me," Helen snickered. "Maybe she meant they were only temporarily that small."

"I...I...I can't have breasts!" Andy gasped.

"Why not, dearie," Helen continued to dig, "Look at your lovely fa...mother. Aren't hers nicely formed and growing. They say daughters can tell how large their breasts will grow by looking at their mothers."

"B...but...he...er...she isn't really my mo..." Andy started, then thought better of it after seeing Helen's stern expression and the embarrassment flooding my face.

"You were saying..." Helen firmly asked.

"Uh...yes...Aunt Helen," he stammered as the sales lady returned with a fresh supply of lovely delicacies.

Helen helped Andy select a sizeable set of teenage lingerie. She told him the sizes he should look for in bras and panties, but she encouraged him to select each item himself after telling her why he found it attractive and appropriate for his *needs*.

Andy's face turned cherry red as he explained, "I...I think th...these panties are nice b...because they...they feel so soft and...and they have such nice lace fringes about the waist and legs."

I knew how he felt since I had gone through the same embarrassing exercise with Helen when I bought my first lingerie. Even now, after wearing lingerie for a whole summer, I had to discuss with her why I found it so erotic. She said it was necessary because women often discussed such subjects among themselves, so I had to learn to do so as well. That may be

true...or not, but I think she did it to embarrass me and to reinforce in my mind that I was now, for all extensive purposes, a woman too.

We left the lingerie shop and went to a dress boutique where Andy was expected to start his wardrobe. He was shown a huge selection of dresses, skirts, blouses, and jumpers. He was expected to try them on. As he turned and twirled in these ultra feminine fashions, she insisted on him telling us why he either liked or disliked the garment. His answer was expected to include topics like color, fabric, cut, style, and so forth.

At first, he bickered and moaned that he didn't like any of this yucky girl's stuff, but a sharp reprimand from Helen soon broke down his defenses. After noting that I would not come to his defense, he was soon giving an honest opinion of each item. Those he convinced Helen he liked, and she approved of, he was allowed to keep. Also, a couple of dresses, a skirt, and two blouses, he didn't like because they were too frilly were added to his basket because she thought he would look *adorable* in them.

Insisting that Andy try on each feminine item before purchasing it, Helen accompanied him into the change booth for the first few ensembles. Then, I was delegated to perform that task. "Trying on dresses together will help develop mother-daughter bonding," she giggled.

I had learned more than I ever thought there was to know about women's clothes over the past few months, so I pretty well knew what to look for in Andy's clothes. He would try on each dress or skirt and blouse, and I would examine it with a critical eye before he went out to ask Helen's opinion.

When he thought we were alone, he constantly bemoaned our situation and asked how we could possibly escape such an awful fate. Having asked myself that very same question time and again over the past several months, I simply shrugged my shoulders in response. The way we were both dressed and our appearances with our makeup and hairstyles was evidence enough that I sure didn't have the answer.

At the end of a very long day, we struggled to carry our purchases to the car. Our bags of clothes soon proved to be too much of a burden, so Helen told me to stand by and watch our parcels while she and Andy carried as much as they could to the car. "When we return, the three of us should be able to manage the rest," she declared.

As I watched my wife and femininely clad son make their way through the mall, I was amazed at how easily Andy walked in heels after so short a time. It had taken more than a week for me to walk comfortably in them!

I also noticed the way people were reacting to him in his feminine clothes. To my surprise, the women and children gave him little more than a cursory glance, but the boys and young men were *much* more appreciative of his charms.

He would lower his eyes and blush when he saw a boy look him over with a critical eye. From experience, he recognized the significance of the glares he received by the horny boys his age...and even some older guys. This look was one of lust...a look he didn't know how to respond to.

I must admit that some of the lustful glances were aimed my way. Gone were the knowing stares of recognition and astonishment I had received on my first few ventures in public. With my new hairstyle, my complexion since completion of my electrolysis, my ability to wear feminine clothes, and my feminine carriage, other women simply ignored me. Men, on the other hand, gave me their undivided attention.

Helen thought this was really quite amusing. She knew both Andy and I were embarrassed to be seen in public wearing female clothes and she also knew we were even more embarrassed to be able to do so undetected.

"H...how can we afford so many clothes?" I gasped on the way home. "You said we couldn't come up with the money for me to go on the lam, but you always find a way to buy more feminine clothes than we need."



Andy was aghast when the passing boys eyed his shapely legs and emitted low whistles of appreciation

"I put the expense on the card. I can't bear the thought of you two falling into the hands of the mob. I stretched our budget to help you perfect your feminine images to enhance your disguises. Also, we can afford higher payments because I got a promotion at work and a nice raise."

"You got a promotion?" I gasped, "And a raise?" This was the first I'd heard of it.

"Why...uh...yes," she seemed temporarily taken back. "I guess I forgot to tell you about it what with all the turmoil of these past few months."

"Then we should be able to pay off my debt..." I started.

"No, Eve," she interrupted my thought, "It will take considerable time before we can cover that debt, what with the steep interest Sid charges."

I forgot about the usury interest rates associated with such debts. Not only was I unable to pay off the debt, but it was becoming more difficult with each passing day. Soon the arrears would be impossible for us to cover! That meant that I would have to continue this charade for...? I didn't want to think about the duration.

When we arrived home, Helen proclaimed in a matter-of-fact tone, "From now on, we will have separate bedrooms. Since I am paying the mortgage, I get the master bedroom. You, my dear Eve will move into the guestroom. With a little redecorating, it will make the most feminine bedroom imaginable."

"B...but...Helen," I stammered, "We...we...are married..." I started.

"Don't be silly, Eve," she laughed, "I'm married to a man, not to my lovely sister. Besides, what would Sid think if he found out we shared the same bed? I'll bet he would put two and two together and you would be history before we could come up with a plausible explanation."

"B...but, Helen," I whined, I...I don't want my...my own bedroom. I'm your husb..."

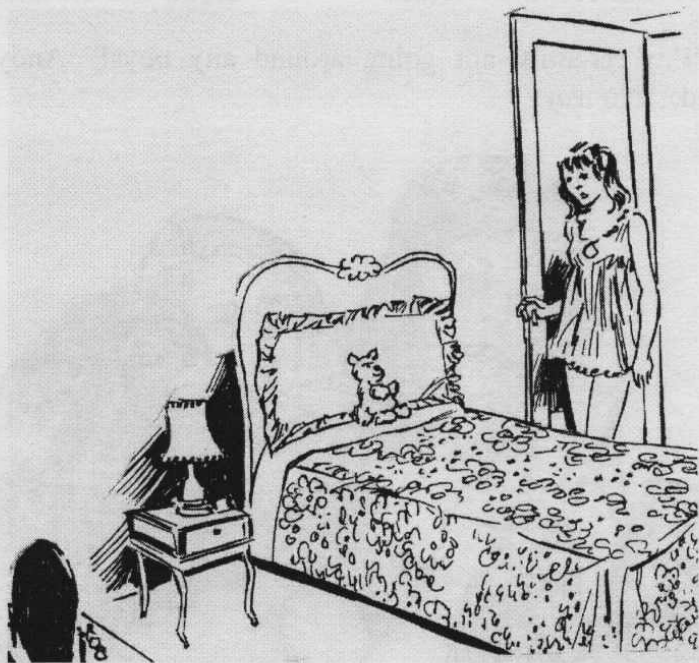
"You are my *sister*, Eve darling, and don't you forget it!" Helen declared firmly. "It isn't seemly for sisters our age to sleep in the same bedroom, let alone the same bed." I could tell by her tone that the subject was closed.

It was hard to believe, but Andy's room was even more feminine than mine. The walls were painted pink, the bed was covered with a pink and white comforter, stuffed animals lined the top of the bed, lace curtains covered the windows, pink and white carpet covered the floor, and the most feminine vanity stood against one wall. Naturally, it was covered with a profusion of tubes and bottles.

"Let's start hanging your dresses in your closet while your mother puts your dainties in your vanity drawers," Helen said as she took Andy by the arm and led him to a large walk-in closet.

We spent two hours putting Andy's new clothes away before we started moving my things from Helen's suite to my new bedroom. I couldn't believe all the clothes, lingerie, and makeup I had accumulated over the past three months! We didn't finish it that evening, but we did what we could.

Finally, Helen declared that we had reached a logical stopping point saying, "Let's all take a long, soothing bath to remove the wear of the day, ladies. We can work on our redecorating tomorrow. By the way, Candi, you should start wearing those lovely babydoll nighties we bought you today. I just know you'll look lovely in them." Both Andy and I knew he had no choice but to obey.



Andy felt silly wearing the frilly babydoll nightie as he prepared for his first night's sleep in his feminine bedroom.

Chapter 12

Two days later, Helen announced, "Ladies, we are about to embark on an extensive course in feminine training. The two of you certainly look pretty enough, but there are still a myriad of things neither of you know. If you are to pass as females when you are out on your own, you must do these things and do them naturally."

"More lessons?" Andy stammered.

"On our own?" I gasped.

"Why yes," she continued, "Skin care, makeup, clothes, speaking with feminine tones, handling yourself when you are around others, especially men."

"I'm not going to be around men..." I gasped. "I only leave the house when I have to!"

"I'm certainly not going around any boys!" Andy firmly stated. "No way!"



I felt foolish learning all the intricacies of makeup, but despite his earlier objections, Andy took to it with enthusiasm.

"One never knows what life has in store," Helen smiled. "Anyway, neither of you has a choice. You will learn these lessons whether or not you ever use them!"

Thus started the next phase in our introduction to womanhood. Helen was relentless in applying our lessons. When she was at work, she expected us to spend the day practicing all things women and girls know from their upbringing.

Our daily lessons included extensive lessons in makeup application and removal. We would sit before our mirrors for hours applying and removing various liquids and pastes. Whenever Helen was around, she would watch over us like a hawk and was sure to correct us if we made a mistake. We learned all about day makeup, night makeup, and makeup for special occasions. I had no idea why we needed to learn these things as neither one of us was going anywhere that would require such exotic makeup.

At Helen's insistence, Andy and I subscribed to several magazines that were appropriate for our new persona. I signed up for *Cosmopolitan*, *New Woman*, and various fashion magazines I'd never heard of before. As a bonus, Helen added *Good Housekeeping* to my list because I was responsible for keeping house.

Andy subscribed to *Seventeen*, *Teen*, and various other magazines favored by modern teenage girls. We were expected to read every article in our respective magazines. Helen would quiz us each evening after returning from work. She seemed to have less free time now with her promotion, but during her free time, she was relentless in quizzing us, even on the most minor points. In addition, she required us to speak into the recorder two hours each day and she would review our diction on the tapes each evening to monitor our progress or lack thereof.

Oh, how I remember the chill that went up my back the first time I shopped for groceries alone. Without Helen as backup, I had to sink or swim on my own.

As one might imagine, that was the most terrifying event of my life to date! Previous outings showed that I passed well, but I'd never had to interact with others or speak with people who were unaware of my situation. Would my voice give me away? Would people know I was a guy in a dress? These and other questions plagued me, but I passed with flying colors!



together with a yellow ribbon.

With each passing day, with every magazine he read, Andy seemed to become more and more absorbed in his feminine persona. He even began to address me as Mom, even when we were alone. It is disconcerting to hear him treat me as his mother.

Maybe, down deep, he missed having a real mother while growing up, and I was filling a deep, suppressed void. Whatever the reason, he seemed to forget that I was really his father, and he never spoke to me guy to guy like in the past. Our conversations were now about clothes, makeup, or hairstyles. It was as if he was beginning to accept himself as the lovely young girl that looked back from his mirror.

One day, I saw him standing near a window as he filed his fingernails. He looked lovely in his chic sundress and immaculate makeup. He had discarded the hair extension and his own auburn hair was pulled back in a sexy ponytail held

He must have noticed me staring at him because he looked up, smile, and cooed, "Oh hi, Mom! Don't my nails look to die for? I just love this color!"

His voice, mannerisms, and dress said *girl!* This was no longer a charade for him. He was becoming absorbed in his new life!

I looked out the window and noticed two boys on the sidewalk. "Andy, those boys were watching you!" I scolded. "You should be more careful."

"I know, Mom," he giggled, "They come around almost every day. Isn't the one on the right drop-dead gorgeous?"

"Andy!" I gasped, "Remember who you are...what you are!"

"I know who I am...now," he smiled, "And please refer to me as Candi. I think it fits me better, don't you?"

"B...but you...you're my son! You can't...you shouldn't think of another boy as..." my voice trailed off when I realized he wasn't listening. Instead, he was shyly waving at the boys. They smiled and waved back.

"Andy...Candi," I counseled, "You can't tease boys like that. One of these days, they may want to meet you...and even ask you out on...on a date. What would you do then?"

"Probably accept, if it's that cute boy on the right," he giggled.

I was aghast at his actions...and words. What had become of my son...the boy who was astonished when he caught me in a skirt, silky top, and frilly apron? Now, he wore even more feminine clothing willingly...and he wore them so well!

Then one day, Helen returned home from work and announced that her company was holding a convention at a very swanky seaside resort. She nearly floored the two of us when she stated that we would be attending the convention as her guests.

"We all need a vacation and a chance to get away for a few days," she sighed. "The last few months have been very draining on all of us."



"I'm attending a company convention," Helen informed us, "and the two of you will be going with me, as my sister and her daughter, of course."

Both Andy and I were at a loss for words. We just sat near her with our mouths hanging open. Finally, I regained my voice enough to stammer, "Ahhh, we...we can't go to a resort! Not looking as we do...and not dressed like we are..."

"Why not?" Helen asked, "You are both lovely females now and I'm sure there will be lots of males vying for your attention."

"Just my point!" I exclaimed, "We...we don't want male attention...certainly not from men who think we're females."

"Is that how you feel, Candi?" Helen smiled. Obviously she had observed the changes in Andy's personality and how he preened and primped even when a delivery boy came to the door.

"I...I..." Andy blushed bright red. "I...It would be nice to see the ocean," he finally admitted.

As time passed, Andy and I became more and more absorbed in our feminine lifestyles while Helen assumed the duties of head of the household. Neither of us questioned this since she brought in the money and we were at her mercy for protection. Thus, when this vacation presented itself, she didn't ask if we wanted to accompany her. She merely stated that the three of us were going and our wishes were not considered.

I knew Andy and I could pass as females, but neither of us had ever experienced the close-up exposure that would occur on such a trip. Still, I was flabbergasted at how easily he agreed to put his blossoming feminine persona on display before a large group of people.

"The convention takes place in two weeks," Helen stated with finality. Since San Diego isn't that far away, I think we should drive so we will have transportation if the occasion should arise. In the meantime, we must intensify your learning schedule to insure that you are prepared for all possibilities." I was at a loss for words, but a strange smile played across Andy's lips.

"While I'm at work, I want you girls to work on your lessons," Helen instructed. "Eve, you should spend some time on your voice. It's quite lovely, mind you, but it could be a tad higher. Candi, your voice is lovely, but you need additional practice walking and dancing in heels. You never know when a handsome young man might ask you to dance."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," Andy sang, as he delicately preened before a mirror. "Do you really think a boy would really want to dance with me?"

“Oh, I’m sure they’ll be standing in line, dear,” Helen giggled. “You are turning into quite a lovely young lady.”

Andy blushed at her statement, but he didn’t deny it either. “I’ll spend all day wearing my 3” heels so I’ll really be used to them, Aunt Helen,” he agreed as she left the house.

Although I had deep reservations about attending this convention, I also missed interacting with other people and I craved attention. Helen was absorbed in her job and I had completely lost contact with all my friends. Now that I was sleeping in my own bedroom, I was very lonely most of the time.

The next two weeks were hectic as Andy and I spent every waking hour perfecting our feminine skills. Helen made sure we had plenty of public exposure by insisting that we eat out virtually every night.

I was particularly embarrassed when she took us to buy swimsuits for our impending trip. “Each of you should have at least one bikini, as your figures are begging to be seen and admired,” she insisted.

“Her words were a source of deep embarrassment. My breasts continued to grow, and the tightness of my panties witnessed my expanding hips. The tape ruler verified that I possessed a respectable 36C-26-35 figure, and Andy was blossoming into a lovely 34B-24-35 figure.

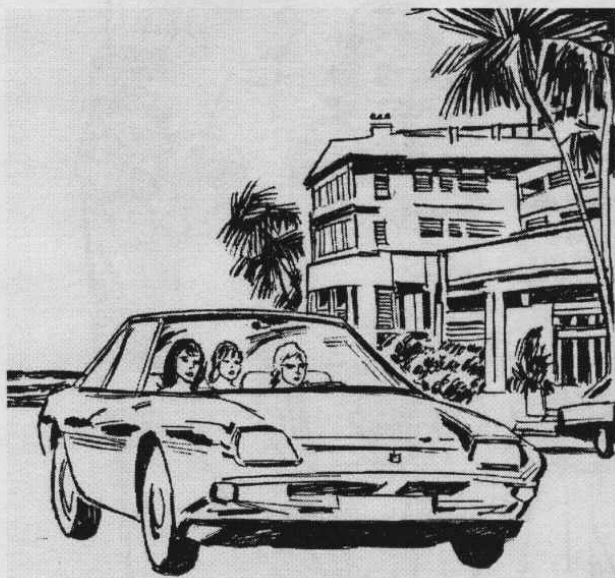
The fateful day of our trip finally arrived. We packed the car and locked the house. Helen drove because I didn’t have a driver’s license and the car was now registered under her name alone.

I protested when she assumed ownership of my sports car, but she simply stated that Dan had left the car behind in his flight. As his wife, it was only natural that it became hers. “The mob would expect no less,” she declared.

Not only was she the registered owner, but she had become very possessive, acting like I had when I owned it. It felt so

strange to see Helen driving my lovely car, while I was merely a passenger seated next to her.

We carried on a lively discussion during the drive. Helen said all the important company people would be at this convention and she would have to spend most of her time with them. "Although I'll be tied up with company functions, there's no reason you two can't have fun," she insisted. "I'm sure the mob will be here looking to see if I make contact with Dan, so it wouldn't be seemly for my sister and her daughter to hide out in the room at such a luxurious resort. You must mingle, but try not to draw undue attention."



It wasn't a long drive, so I wore a mid-thigh length skirt and a loose, off the shoulder blouse. As Andy had become quite the little temptress, he wore a tight fitting miniskirt and a stripped top that exposed his midriff.

Helen pulled into the resort and we exited the car to allow the valet to park it. We walked into the hotel lobby to register, when Helen suddenly saw an acquaintance from work. "Roger!" she gleefully shouted.

A tall, handsome man came over to her at her beckoning. "Helen, it's great to see you," the guy gave her a hug, which she returned. The hug was only momentary, but when Helen saw me staring at them, she backed away and shook his hand.

I was a little taken aback at the momentary intimacy I thought I detected when they first met. I shrugged it off. Obviously he was someone she worked with.

“Roger, may I introduce my sister, Eve, and her daughter, Candi,” Helen introduced us. “Eve, Candi, this is Roger Miller, head of our financial department. He’s my boss at work.”



“Roger, it’s so nice to see you looking so casual,” Helen greeted a tall, handsome guy, obviously another conventioneer.

I was so paranoid that people could tell that I was a guy in woman’s clothes, I shyly whispered my greetings, while looking for any signs of recognition, but I didn’t see any from him or the other people mingling in the lobby. Thank Gawd I was a lowly

peon when I worked at this company. Luckily, I had never interfaced with upper management, so the people at this convention didn't know me as Helen's husband.

I was surprised to find that we were given a suite on the top floor. I didn't know we could afford such luxury. When I asked Helen about it, she replied, "We can't, but the company can. It's a perk that goes with my new job." Boy, she must have received one great promotion to deserve this kind of luxury!

We spent that evening unpacking and having a wonderful meal in one of the hotel's finest restaurants. Andy and I were exhausted from the nervous energy expended preparing for and making this trip. We begged off attending the opening ceremonies and went to our room. Helen, on the other hand, was full of energy and was expected to attend the ceremonies.

"Don't worry about me," she insisted. "I'll ask Roger to accompany me." I was too exhausted to read anything into her statement.

I spent the next day becoming acquainted with the surroundings and preparing to attend a dance that evening. I didn't want to go, but Helen insisted that I attend. "I want people to meet my sister!" she explained.

I tried to beg off, but she said, "Everyone knows you are here with me and they are interested in meeting you. Besides, it wouldn't look right for a lovely woman like you to not attend such a fancy affair. You can wear that lovely gown we bought a few weeks back. Remember, the one you said you had no place to wear?"

Although Andy wasn't invited to this adult affair, Helen scolded him for not mingling. "You didn't go sunbathing today and a number of the kids were asking about you," she scowled. "They are anxious to meet the lovely niece I've been talking so much about. It is not characteristic of young girls to avoid other teenagers at a swank resort like this. Tomorrow, you will wear your pink bikini and go to the pool to mingle. Understand?"

Andy bowed his head at her reprimand. "Yes, Aunt Helen," he meekly acquiesced. "But I'm afraid the other kids will be able to tell I'm...I'm a...a boy."

"Don't be a silly," she giggled, "A lovely girl like you will have to beat the boys off with a stick!"

Seeing no way out of attending the dance, I took special care to make sure everything was perfect with my dress, hair, and makeup. My evening gown was absolutely gorgeous! It was made from the finest red silk, and the skirt was long and clinging with a deep slit up the side that revealed my legs when I sat or walked. It also featured a low cut bodice that exposed much of my expanding bosom. "Maybe showing my breasts will validate my femininity to anyone who might question my gender."

Continued in Husband to Seductress, Book 3



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(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

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A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet... can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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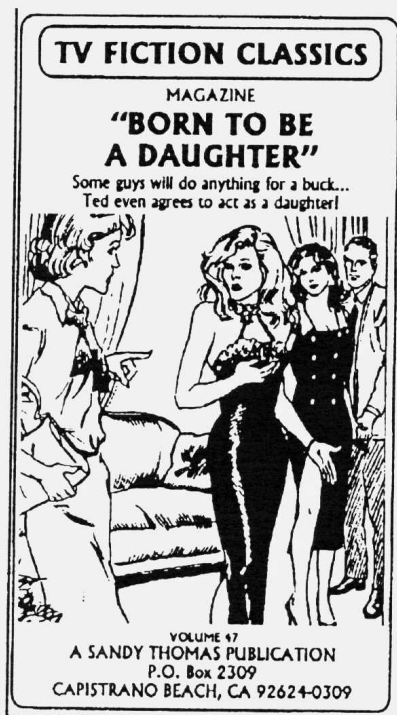
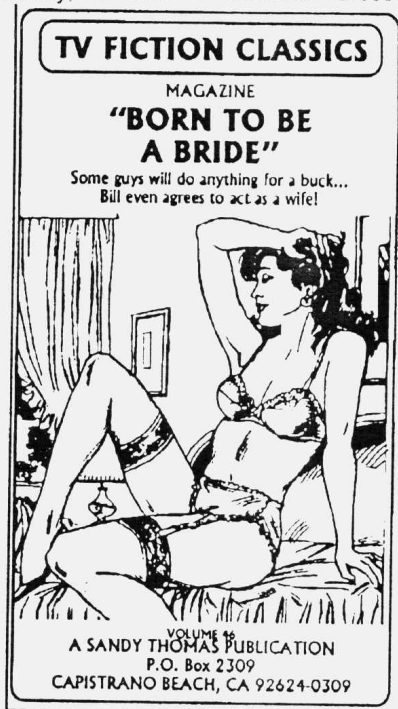
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