

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## **"VOW OF FEMININITY"**

*WILL RANDY STAY MARRIED TO MINDY?  
OR SPEND THE REST OF HIS LIFE AS A GIRL?  
CAN YOU GUESS?*



Volume # 9

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# **CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**MAGAZINE**

**Volume 9**

## **VOW OF FEMININITY**

**By Brenda Ann R.**

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**CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**

**'VOW OF FEMININITY'**

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**QUOTE BOARD**

**TWO SENTENCES NOT TO BE USED TOGETHER:**

**"I've never done this before, I'm a virgin."**

**"That's the biggest one I've ever seen."**

# VOW OF FEMININITY

By Brenda Ann

The party was nearly over and I was cleaning up.

Mindy's voice was soft, "Tony and I are coming over to the condo in a little while and we want you there...In your cocktail serving outfit."

"In the black short dress?" I said not understanding.

"Yes," Tony answered firmly, "You're going to be our private maid for a little private party."

"Who's coming?" I asked.

"Just Mindy and I....and you."

Mindy smiled, "We'll see you in a little while." She dismissed me.

As I walked away, I heard Tony say, "Do you think he'll do it?"

Mindy's voice was soothing as she said confidently, "He'll do it." The sounds of kissing followed.

I hurried home and cleaned up the best I could then laid down on the couch. A party had to mean several couples. Mindy was just kidding me.

It was almost an hour later when Tony and Mindy arrived home. "Please take Mr Slinger's jacket," Mindy said to me in a voice of a woman talking to her maid...No longer husband and wife....not even girlfriend to girlfriend.

"Alright Mrs. Snoot," I thought, "I'll be your maid and let's see where this will lead." I hung Tony's jacket in the hall closet.

I didn't have long to wait. "Tony will be spending the night with me. Please turn down the covers on my bed please. And we'll have two Manhattans first, Randi. Thank you," Mindy commanded.

I prepared the drinks and went into Mindy's bedroom. How far would she string this little episode along, I wondered. "Randi," Tony's voice was friendly and very much in charge, "Mindy needs to slip into something a little more comfortable. Will you help her pick something out?"

"Yes Mr Slinger," I replied. He seemed happy with my response and my 'acknowledgement' of my role.

"You can start right here," he said holding Mindy close to him.

"Unzip my dress please," Mindy said as if she had done this hundreds of times. Obviously the events of the night were pre-planned. All I had to do was follow my obvious lines.

"Yes Ma'am," I slowly unzipped the zipper at the back of my wife's dress. When I was done, she stepped out of it.

"Hang it up please, Randi," she said. I did as I was told. I was stripping my wife of her clothes in front of another man. He was obviously enjoying it and was aroused by the exhibition. Mindy pulled her slip over her head and handed it to me.

I had no idea way why I was going along with this sham, but I was. I unfastened her bra, breathed deeply and let the bra slip away releasing two gorgeous, stimulated breasts.

Tony took her into his arms. His hands roamed over her breasts and stomach. Their tongues intertwined. They loved what they were doing to each other. They loved what they were doing to me.

Mindy had on black hose with a lacy elastic top. I rolled down the hose on each leg until she stood beside Tony wearing only black bikini panties. The breathing of the two was deep. I sighed and hooked my fingers on the tops of Mindy's panties.

"No, not yet," Mindy said, "Do Tony first."

"Tony?" I questioned.

"Yes, undress him now," she commanded. They were pushing me too far now. First I had to undress my wife for her lover, now I had to undress my wife's lover so he could take her.

I swallowed hard and almost said no when Tony stood back from Mindy and pointed where I should begin. Embarrassed, I quickly unbuttoned his shirt. It took more time for me to undo his belt buckle and unbutton the top button of his slacks. Maybe this was because I resented being forced to participate in the end of my wife's unfaithfulness.

I looked at Mindy. "Do it Randi. Finish undressing Mr Slinger so that he and I can get on with our evening," Mindy stated.

My fingers trembled as I pulled his pants zipper down. Tony stepped out of his slacks and I hung them neatly with his shirt on a hanger. Nothing would be too good for my wife's lover. Now Tony stood only in his boxer shorts, his arousal was enormous. I now knew that this time Mindy was not stringing me along. There would be no stopping at the last minute. No miracles.. Mindy was going to let Tony have her and she was making me a participant.

"Randi, let's go to my bedroom," she said. Once inside the room, Mindy gave me new instructions. "Pick out something that Tony would like to see me in," she said. She opened her lingerie drawer.

"Mindy, I don't know if I can go through with this," I said.

"You don't have to. I do. And I'm going to!" she answered.

I took out a black lace teddy that unsnapped at the crotch. "Will this do?" I asked.

"Perfect," she purred, "Put it on me."

I pulled down Mindy's bikinis and felt some excitement. Mindy noticed my arousal and patted it saying, "Not tonight, little one. Tonight's reserved for 'a real man'."

She stepped into the low-cut teddie and I pulled it up her body. She looked fantastic. She looked ready for a good lay. She lay down on the large king sized bed and fluffed her long blond hair about the pillow.

"Please apply some perfume to my breasts and thighs," she sighed. I did as ordered. "I'm about to get *really* laid, Randi. I hope that you'll like this as much as I'm going to. I want to see your face when it happens," she added.

I nearly dropped the bottle of perfume. "Be here while Tony sticks it to you? You've got to be kidding!!! Isn't it a bit much for you to ask your husband to watch??" I nearly shouted.

"I'm just a 'single' girl, remember?" Mindy moaned.

"And what about Tony? I'm sure that he's not interested in your husband watching him make love to you," I said with panic entering my voice.

"Tony knows what is going to happen. He thinks that it might be exhilarating to make love to another man's wife while that man, dressed as a woman, is forced to watch," Mindy said with a giggle.

"Forced?" I stammered.

"Yes. Tony! Please come in now," Mindy cried.

Tony still in his shorts entered the room. He grabbed me by the arms and forced me into a chair at the vanity near the bed. I had no choice but to follow him since he was much stronger than I and could have broken my arms without trying. He grabbed a pair of Mindy's nylons and soon I was bound firmly in the chair. I could go nowhere. If Mindy wanted me to watch Tony making love to her, she was about to get her wish.

"Let's see if he likes it, Tony," Mindy commanded, "I want to see his panties." Tony pulled my skirt up hooking it in the belt of my dress. What little I had was hidden between my round smooth thighs and panties. I was completely humiliated....and angry!!! I turned a vivid scarlet which turned to raw fury.

Then my ankles were bound to the chair so that my legs were spread apart.

"Wonderful," Mindy cooed. Tears were running down my cheeks. I would not soon forget...or forgive this!

Tony went over to the side of the bed and Mindy hooked her fingers in the elastic of his shorts. She slowly and sensually pulled them down his legs and Tony, now completely naked, turned to show me what Mindy had been looking at.

Mindy put her hands on Tony's growing arousal. "Real maleness, Randi. Just like I've been telling you about," she purred. She ran her hands up and down his 'prize' teasing me.

"Doesn't that make you want a man, Randi?" she coyly said. Tony climbed over the padded rail and lay down next to my wife. His scepter was now enormous. Tony looked at me and said, "How does it make you feel seeing me about to make love to your wife?"

I shook my head, closed my eyes and turned my head. "Look at us, Randi," Mindy commanded. As much as I didn't want to, I couldn't stop from looking.

Mindy smiled, "You are about to see me deflowered." She un-snapped the crotch of her teddy and it soon lay on the floor. Mindy and Tony were thrashing around on the bed with Mindy kissing Tony's manhood and Tony exploring Mindy's femininity. Both were covered with perspiration and breathing hard.

"Roll over on your back," Mindy told Tony.

"Oh that way, huh?" he smiled and did as he was told. Mindy got on her knees and straddled him. She then began lowering herself down onto Tony's shaft about an inch. It looked so big, I just knew it wouldn't fit.

First an inch...then two...then with a swift movement...he was completely inside of her. Tony's passion radiated from the soft core of my wife's body.

I moaned—Mindy was no longer my "virgin". She looked into my eyes as Tony gyrated up and down in sync with her.

It was only minutes before I heard the contained excitement of sexual pleasure in Tony's voice burst into groans and sighs. The hot tide of Tony's passion raged deep into Mindy's body.

Mindy was not far behind him. They both screamed and Mindy encircled her arms around him. I had never heard Mindy shriek like that when I had made it with her. The two rolled over on their sides with Tony still inside of her.

I watched for another half hour or so as the play and romance continued. I had never seen Mindy look so satisfied.

They came over to where I was seated and Mindy commanded, "Tell Tony how much you enjoyed seeing him make love to me tonight."

"You have to be kidding?" I shouted. But Mindy persisted and I knew that if I wanted out of the chair I'd have to follow her lead.

"Er..Tony...er..I ..uh..Thanks for doing it to my wife. She really enjoyed it," I meekly stated.

"Any time, old man...uh..sweetheart. Anytime Mindy wants me, I'll be over. She needs a MAN now and then. I guess that you know that I ruined her for you now," he stated.

I nodded. What woman would ever want a feminized sissy like myself after having a man like Tony.

Tony added, "If I wasn't so tired, I love to try making it with you." I was now really crying.

Suddenly I heard ringing. . .the ringing sound of my alarm clock. I sat up erect in bed. I looked over at the alarm and realized that I was alone in bed...my bed.

I realized that it was all a dream... Tony hadn't taken Mindy... I hadn't been forced to watch the entire thing... It was only a dream.

Groggily I crawled out of bed and wandered into the bathroom to take a shower and wash the cobwebs out of my mind. What a weird dream...nightmare?...I thought as the warm spray washed over my body.

"Randi, how would you like to get married?" If I had taken the question seriously, it would be shocking, but I accepted it for the joke that it was intended to be.

The speaker was Brian Slinger. Brian and I had dated some. I as a girl and Brian knowing that I was really a male even though my appearance was that of a young woman.

"Sure Brian," I replied, "Let's get married at St Mary's Cathedral and have our reception at the Taj Mahal. The Pope himself can do the honors." Mindy and Brian both laughed.

"No I'm serious. I want you to be my bride," Brian persisted. I knew that this was still a joke, but I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable.

"Ok, what are you really saying, Brian?" I asked.

"Let me tell him," Mindy interrupted. Brian shrugged his shoulders and let Mindy take over. "Randi, I got you a job as..." she began.

"I know. As a server, a maid, a waitress or maybe as a cleaning lady. A nanny?" I interrupted.

"Are you through?" Mindy demanded.

"Yes. What kind of a job and what does this have to do with Brian asking me to ..ah..er.. marry him?" I answered.

"It has everything to do with you marrying Brian and if you'll just let me finish," she demanded.

This was going to be good. Mindy had done many outlandish things, but I had a feeling that this would top them all. "Go ahead," I shrugged.

"As a model, Randi," she said.

"A model? Me a model? You've got to be kidding?" I replied.

"No, I'm quite serious. You have great legs, Randi. I want you and Brian to do a promotion for Atlanta Cable T.V., advertising the Springer new line of bridal hosiery," Mindy said.

She paused and went on when she was sure that she had my full attention, "Randi, this will be a complete wedding sequence, cut into short flashes of the wedding, the reception, and of course the traditional threshold scene. The emphasis, of course, will be on the hose, the bridal hose in particular, and later on some smoke colored shimmering hose."

I was definitely interested now. "Shall I go on Randi or do I need to look for someone else?" she asked.

"Go on!" I stated.

"Ok, Randi, you will be the bride. You will be wearing a bridal gown that I designed. I think that you will look lovely in it. Brian will be your groom. I will be your Maid of Honor, Tony will be the Best Man and we have hired a crew of extras to be the wedding party. We will actually film a complete wedding scene, a reception, and a scene of Brian carrying you over the threshold into his own home. After all of this is done, camera crews will cut the tape and make the commercial for TV," she finished, "Will you do it?"

"Well...well sure. How often does a man get to be a bride and a model. Yeah, I think that this might be fun. Imagine me as a bride," I answered.

"Quite a gal, that Mindy," Brian quipped, "First she gets you to dress as a girl, then she gets you some male dates, now she's marrying you off. If that's what happens to men that she decides to feminize, then I would never let her even comb my hair. You'd never know how I might end up."

Mindy laughed, "Sorry Brian, you're not 'girl' material. That's Randi's role." Mindy gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"Oh,..salary. I almost forgot. Randi, you'll be paid \$500.00 a session which are about 4 hours each, for three sessions, or \$1,500.00 total. Is that alright? It's only a starting salary for a model, but you have to start somewhere," Mindy stated.

"That's alright by me. Over a grand for a few hours work," I said.

"Great. Then it's settled," Mindy declared.

Brian got up to leave and said, "Oh. Randi, the trip to Las Vegas for next weekend is still *on*. We'll make it our honeymoon."

After he had left, I said, "You know, sometimes I believe that Brian thinks that this wedding is for real and that afterwards we will really be husband and wife."

"Don't be silly. He's just playing a game. Besides, you're already married...to me," Mindy threw her arms around me and held me tight.

"Well, we have a lot of work to do...getting you ready to be a bride. Just like any other girl would have to do," Mindy stated as she began making appointments for me to get my hair and nails done, the last things that a girl would do before her wedding.

Imagine me trying to be a "real girl". I was glad that I no longer had to try to be a "real macho man". I doubt that I ever could be, even if I wanted to.

I looked down my body with its well shaped breasts, curvaceous figure, and shapely legs exiting the knee length skirt with sexy ankles pouring into 3" high heel shoes. No I don't have any chance of being a man's man, but a man's woman? Yes.

I spent the afternoon having my shoulder length auburn tresses coiffured in the long style that men love so much. My nails were shaped and painted a light translucent pink as Mindy had dictated that they should be.

I closed my eyes and day dreamed, "Local sissy boy makes good. Becomes girl and beautiful model. Now is to become bride of handsome, wealthy man. Wife will be Maid of Honor". These were the headlines of my home town Cranston County Courier.

I pictured my parents reading the paper. My dad was outraged, "She didn't even ask me to give her away".

My mom just cried and said "I hope that she will be very happy. My he's such a handsome man. I hope that he will treat our son..er..daughter well".

I awoke with a start. "Whew," I thought. Had headlines like that hit the paper, that's certainly not how my parents would have responded. Well Mom, maybe, but certainly not Dad. Well if you could only see me now Dad, you would realize that all of those years of trying to mold me into a macho man in your own image have failed. I looked at my long pink nails. Definitely failed, Dad.

After two hours in the beauty salon and a half hour bus ride, I was back home. "My, you look pretty," Mindy said, obviously pleased by my appearance, "I don't know how you could ever consider becoming a man again. You are so lovely."

"You know that that's something that we have to talk about some day. How long can I.." I started to say.

"I know. We will talk about it, but not now. Let's live for the moment. Soon you will be dressed in the most feminine of outfits, a bridal gown. One that I designed and made in your size. I thought only of you when I put this together," Mindy interrupted.

"You designed a wedding gown specifically for me, your husband?" I questioned.

"No, for you my best girlfriend. My husband doesn't exist right now. Did you forget?" she answered.

"No I guess not," I said a little disappointed. I wasn't a husband to Mindy any more. Most of all, I wasn't even a man.

Mindy and I shared interests in ways that almost no married couples did. We dressed alike, we were both pretty, and both had outstanding feminine figures. Mindy loved men, she needed men to take care of her feminine needs and desires. Could it be that soon I would share those same needs and desires? I didn't know. Maybe.

I had shared romance with men and I liked it, I enjoyed being passive, I liked being seduced, not doing the seduction. I liked being pretty and feminine and coy. I had not yet had sex with a man, but I was

beginning to think that I might. That I might actually enjoy being "taken" by a man, yes by a real man. Would I be able to resist?

I didn't have to get up very early in the morning to begin shooting. We had to be ready to shoot at noon and I had to be a wardrobe and makeup by 10:00 AM. "You don't even have to do your own makeup at home," Mindy had told me, "They will just remove it at the studio and do it all over again, anyway."

I felt real strange leaving home without my makeup in place, a strange feeling for a man. I wore only a simple blouse, black slacks, and my high heeled shoes. I had taken to wearing high heels a lot. That damn ZZM I suppose.

The studio was in a lot smaller building than I had supposed that it would be. Mindy and I were whisked away by the studio staff on a little golf cart. We were taken to women's makeup and wardrobe.

"Yes, can I help you ladies?" The voice came from a woman in her early sixties. Her hair was grey and cut in a dutch boy style, much too young for her age. She wore a gray sweatshirt over faded blue jeans with brown sandals. I hoped that she wasn't in charge of this area.

"My name is Zelda and I'm in charge of women's makeup." My heart sank and I groaned internally. She must have noticed my lack of confidence in her. "Don't worry, miss, I ain't no beauty, I only make others beautiful. I know what I'm doing," she said. I believed that she did.

"Hi, I'm Randi," I said as I put out my hand.

"Oh, the bride. Oh you'll make a good one. Sit down right here," she said with a big smile. I sat down at a large well lit makeup table.

"Sharon, Sandi. Here's the bride," Zelda called. At her bidding, two women appeared to do my makeup. Sharon, a woman in her thirties was a pretty good looking woman. Sandi was an absolute doll in her late twenties. You could tell that both were experts in the makeup field.

"Hi Randi," Sandi greeted me, "Sharon and I are going to take your natural good looks, add a little color and transform you into the most beautiful woman ever." If they only knew. In the meantime, Zelda had gone to work on Mindy.

During the next hour, Sandi and Sharon added powders and blusher, a blue shade of eye shadow, mascara, and eyeliner. They later added a set of false eyelashes, longer than my own, and more curled.

"Look down," Sharon said, "Ah beautiful. The eyelashes of a bashful bride, so demure, so shy. You know you're acting more like a real bride than a model actress. Are you nervous?"

"Yes," I softly said.

"Good. You're supposed to be," Sandi added, "Now close your lips together and hold them steady." She applied pink lipstick followed by shiny lip gloss.

"Isn't that a bit garish?" I asked.

"Not under studio lights," Sandi replied.

"Oh," I muttered. Of course they were the experts. While doing my makeup, Sharon and Sandi discussed Sandi's date of last night.

"I gave him everything he wanted and more," Sandy giggled, "He was so worn out, I know that he wanted to escape and send in reinforcements. I bet that he called in sick at work today."

Both girls giggled. I studied Sandi through the glow of the makeup lights. She was a beautiful girl. I wouldn't have minded being in the plight of Sandi's date last night. Of course, I mean back when I was Randy. As the way things were now, I wondered if I could exhaust a male lover as she had done hers.

"All done," Sandi declared bringing me back to the present, "Your ride will be here momentarily to take you to wardrobe."

"Thanks," I said looking at myself in the mirror. It looked to me like I was terribly overdone, but then, even men under studio lights had to wear rouge and lipstick just to look natural. Obviously I would have to wear a lot more than they.

"Ready? Wow, you look like a tart," I heard Mindy state.

I looked back at her and said, "So do you." We both laughed and stepped into the waiting golf cart taking us to wardrobe #6.

The wardrobe was filled with extras, my bridesmaids, a flower girl, and female friends and relatives of the lucky girl. The wardrobe supervisor, Betty, shouted to all in the room. "Here is your bride, ladies, and her Maid of Honor. Respond to them as you would a real bride."

The women were polite, but professional. After all, to them this was a job, not an adventure as it was to me. I met my pseudo Mom and Sister and four bridesmaids. "Quite a family," I thought, "I bet not one of them ever figured that their female lead was a man."

And then I saw it. The most beautiful wedding gown that I had ever seen. Just like the song... "White on white and lace on satin."

The bodice was only teasingly low, showing very little cleavage. The plunging neckline was covered by see through lace, shining sequins of pearl white crisscrossed in diamond shapes. The design continued throughout the rest of the gown until the gown came a live with sparkles. The front had a drop yoke. A broad shiny pearl satin ribbon tied at the back of the waist. A tiered layers of lace and satin cascaded down the back and into a sex foot train.

"It was strange," I thought, "Boy have I changed." I couldn't wait to get into that gown. It was the ultimate in femininity and that's what I had to be...the ultimate in femininity.

Mindy and I entered the same dressing room. "I'll help you get ready and then I'll dress myself," she stated.

"You sound like a mother talking to her little girl," I stated.

Mindy smiled and said, "Hurry up. We don't have all day. You don't want to be late to your own wedding, do you?" I agreed that I didn't and stepped out of my clothes. "The panties too. You don't wear black bikinis under a wedding gown," she stated.

"Of course not," I thought, "But what do I wear?"

"Put these on," Mindy handed me a pair of white satin tap pants covered by rows of lace.

"Ok, but don't I need to put my hose on first?" I asked.

"No," Mindy said impatiently, "I know what I'm doing. Remember that I've been where you now are." I slid on the satin tap pants.

"Amazing! You are almost totally gone, huh?" Mindy pointed to my crotch, "Maybe as small as a two year old boy." I blushed, actually embarrassed.

That was the first time Mindy had seen me nude in over a month. She wasn't done yet. "If it gets any smaller, I may have to change you into plastic panties and diapers. You could become Mommy's little girl or maybe we could have it tucked in and become the woman that you appear to be. Would you like that Randi? Would you like to become a real woman?"

"Would you like me to?" I countered.

"I don't know. Well, we really don't have time to talk about that now. Here are the hose, Randi. This is what the advertisement is all about...These hose," she stated handing them to me.

She handed me two separate stockings, both white with the same diamond design as the dress. Silver sparkles covered the top of each diamond design. Elastic would hold them up firmly at the top of each leg. "Beautiful, aren't they?" she asked.

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"Yes they are," I nearly drooled.

"Would you like to put them on?" she teased.

"Yes," I stammered.

"Be careful not to run them. They are \$35 a pair," she cautioned.

I slid each stocking carefully up and over each one of my smooth shapely legs. They looked beautiful on my legs.

The stockings were followed by a strapless white lace bra that held my breasts firmly and yet allowed the tops of each breast almost no coverage at all.

"Next," Mindy indicated a large lightweight hoop, "Step into the center opening and pull it up to your waist." I did so and felt like my legs were inside a mountain tent.

"Oh, the shoes. Better do these now or we'll never get them on you," she exclaimed. I held the hoop up and Mindy placed two white brocade pumps upon my feet. I was no longer shy about wearing 3" heels, in fact it seemed natural for me to do so.

"Now we'll need help," Mindy said thoughtfully, "Wardrobe please." Almost immediately two wardrobe women appeared.

"I need help with the gown," Mindy stated.

"I can understand that," the large black woman said, "What a lovely gown." With that, all three women took a strategically placed hold on the gown.

"Bend down, Randi," Mindy instructed, "No, not at the waist, bend at your knees. Put your arms straight up."

Soon yards and yards of white lace and satin began to pour over my head and shoulders and over the hoop. My arms went into the waist length sleeves. The dress was on. I was in my wedding dress.

The women soothed and straightened it while Mindy fussed with my long auburn hair. I felt like a bride, I hoped that I looked like one. "She's beautiful," the Hispanic woman stated, "I wish that my son would marry a girl just like this one."

"I'll bet that you don't," I thought.

"And last, but not least," Mindy said as she placed the veil over my head and spread it out down the back of my gown. "You are absolutely beautiful Randi....Absolutely beautiful," Mindy admired her two creations.

"Randi, I don't know a man alive that wouldn't want to be your groom," she stated.

"Uh... maybe not...not during the day, but not too many of them would want to share the bridal bed with a pretend girl like I am," I stated.

"Oh, I don't know about that. Brian is going to share your bridal bed with you. After all, after the ceremony, you will be his wife and he'll want you to do your wifely duty," Mindy said.

"No, I won't be his wife. This is not a real wedding and I'm not a real girl," I stated.

"Brian sees it differently, I think. As I understand it, the two of you are going to fly off to Las Vegas for your honeymoon and then I hear that you're going to live together as husband and wife, at least for a while," Mindy stated.

"Honeymoon? No.. Yes we are going to Las Vegas for the weekend, but honeymoon? No way! Live together as husband and wife? I don't think so.," I said.

"No," Mindy laughed.

"No way," I answered. "He's just a nice guy."

"Sure," Mindy shrugged, "But I think he likes to take boys and turn them into girls. Ask around."

Her eyes told me that an immediate exit would be a good idea. Mindy reappeared from the dressing room in only twenty minutes. Today she would be the second most important woman in the wedding. Only I, her husband, the bride, would be more important. We walked together to the set which was only a short distance down the hall.

We opened the studio door marked "Slinger and C., Wedding Scene". As I entered the studio, I felt like my breath had been taken from me. I was standing at the back of what looked like a century old beautiful cathedral. The whole wedding party was already there. They had been versed in their lines and actions which mostly consisted of nothing more than "Oohs and Ahhs" for the bride. There were flowers, an organist and a pseudo minister, my new Mom and Dad and my bridesmaids. "My bridesmaids," I thought, "How many men can ever say that they had bridesmaids as their attendants at their wedding.

On the other side was my soon to be husband, looking very handsome in his white formal tux and all of his male counterparts in their tux's. I was glad to be on the feminine side, I loved being the feminine star.

The director briefed everyone. All I had to do was read large cue cards that would be in front of me, but out of the cameras eye. A piece of cake, I thought. That was not to be the case, as I learned later.

"Places...places.," the director barked.

I lined up in front of my bridesmaids. My groom and his men remained at the alter. "Music," the director shouted.

Peals of the wedding march rang out in the chapel. The audience turned toward me. "Go on," Mindy coached.

I started a slow walk down the aisle. "No, no, no, no!!" the director, Steve Reford shouted, "The bride looks like she's at a funeral, not at her wedding. Smile, at least a little, Randi. After all you're about to marry the man of your dreams, not the Phantom of the Opera." A low laugh went through the cast members.

That was only the first of many "no, no, no's". Not only for me, but for many others. I was told that this was typical. I was beginning to feel real tired. We finally took a break. A break? All that meant was

I got to sit down with the hoop off of course. My gown was covered with towels and the makeup people touched up my makeup.

"Places, places everyone," Reford shouted. I couldn't believe that it was time to start again. This time only Brian and I were on camera, the others were free to do as they pleased.

"Look into his eyes, Randi. He's the man you love. When you say 'I do', keep saying it softly, but mean it," Reford stated. This was the fourth time and I was beginning to hate that man."

Alright. I again held Brian's hand. I looked down letting my long eyelashes flutter slightly showing their curls in front of the blue eyeshadow and then I looked up into Brian's eyes. He whispered softly in my ear, "Just imagine, you're vowing to surrender to my maleness and become my wife. Think of being filled with 'husband' for the rest of your life."

Stains of scarlet appeared on my cheeks and I was helpless to halt my embarrassment.

"Perfect!" yelled Reford. "Roll it!"

"I do," I said softly, still blushing when Brian kissed my ruby lips.

"Cut..cut...that's it. Now we can move along," Reford shouted. Brian had no trouble with his lines. His dark eyes smoldered as he looked through my veil and into my eyes. "I do," he firmly stated in his deep masculine voice.

"Excellent. Next scene," Reford yelled with a smile. He was pleased.

The rings came next. "With this ring," the minister coached. "With this ring," Brian's strong voice followed and soon he was placing a delicate diamond wedding ring on my slender finger, a match to the engagement ring that I previously had been given.

It felt funny having Brian slip a ring on my finger. Over my pink pointed nail, just as I had done to Mindy years earlier when she, not I was the bride. I then pushed, pulled and tugged Brian's wide band wedding ring onto his big finger. It wasn't easy to do.

"Ok," Reford said, "Not by script, but believable. A shy delicate maiden having trouble placing a ring over her man's rugged gnarled finger. Wrap it. That's all for today. Wedding reception tomorrow," Reford finished."

I was so glad to hear those words. After the shooting, everything was done in reverse. Wardrobe, then makeup. I left the studio, freshly scrubbed and feeling like a healthy, wholesome country girl. Mindy and I stopped for a light bite to eat and did some window shopping.

The dress, as beautiful as it was would not have to be worn again. I was glad. It was not easy being a bride. Mindy said as much as we were going home. "I loved being a bride, just as every girl does," she

went on, "but I wouldn't have wanted to do it twice in a row as you just did."

Day two, makeup and wardrobe. The reception for the happy couple. My outfit had been picked out for me. Dark shiny hose, sexy, lace thigh high elastic tops. That was the product. Over the product, I wore a frilly white blouse and large pleated black skirt, not mini, but short. It had a wide belt and a large brass buckle. My hair was tied into a ponytail. I wore black skimmers to complete the outfit. I liked this outfit, I could go as I pleased, no problems sitting down.

"All right. Yeah," I thought. I showed all the leg which this skirt would allow, particularly in dance scenes when I was whirled and the skirt would flutter out.

I was placed on a stone garden wall ledge by Brian. The purpose was to show leg. Well, not leg, but hose. The shooting took only two hours and there had to be miles of film footage on my legs. All in all it wasn't a bad day. I was beat.

Finally the final day of shooting. This was done at Brian's home. The first part was easy. Dressed again in my black skirt and white blouse, Brian carried me over the traditional threshold. My skirt was purposely pulled up so the cameras could zoom in on the alluring hosiery.

I wasn't prepared for the second part. Mindy took me into one of the bedrooms to change. She had me put on some tight fitting flesh colored panties. "Off with the bra," she commanded gently, "Now put this on."

She handed me a white lace body stocking. It was see through from head to foot. "It's what a bride wears the night she gives herself to her husband," Mindy explained.

"Mindy, I can't wear this. I'd be half naked," I cried.

"I know. All the other cast is gone and only necessary cast remain," she said.

"Wait a minute. I can't be photographed or put on film in this. Slingers is a reputable company. This is a family network," I stated.

"That's right. While you will have to wear this and yes, be half naked in front of the crew, only teasing shots will be shown to television. They will do all the cuts and editing. You won't show nude on TV. Besides, you're not totally nude. You have on those flesh colored panties," she finished.

"Great, I'll only be topless," I said.

"Randi, that won't show on TV," she explained.

"But it will to the camera crew," I countered.

"Randi, they're professionals and so are you. This type of filming is done everyday in the fashion world. They won't pay any attention to you. They'll probably be bored," she stated.

"Thanks a lot," I answered.

Mindy laughed, "I mean that they do this everyday for a living."

"Ok, let's go then," I said. As I stepped out of the bedroom door, I instinctively covered my breasts. The crew did notice. They said nothing and picked up their cameras and lights. Professional just as Mindy said. I knew that my breasts would be the subject of many of their conversations to come. I had a perceptive thought, "What's the big deal. I'm just one of the guys. Just like you guys." Hah!!

The film was shot on the staircase and in Brian's bedroom. It was tastefully done, I had to admit. Zoom ins on Brian's face showed his anticipation of a good time. Shots of me were from the back side rounding a bend in the stairs. Probably only my back and the backs of my legs would show.

Other shots were of me in bed with a lacy leg sticking out, an arm and a lace covered shoulder, my long auburn hair was spread over the pillow in a seductive manner. "That's a wrap," Reford said, "We're done. Slingers Wedding night lingerie is complete."

The lights were turned off, the cameras had quit rolling. I stayed covered up and waited for everyone to leave, which they did quickly. "Are we done, Mr Reford?" I asked.

"Ah...I had one more idea. Something that we might want to try," he stated.

"Yes?" I asked.

"Come over here Randi. By the dresser," he instructed.

I slipped out of bed and stood naked in front of the bearded director. His eyes roamed my body from foot to head and back again. "I just wanted a last look," he stated and turned on his heels and was gone.

"Dirty old man!" I thought as Brian approached.

"It's time for me to join you in the bridal bed...Now that we're married and finally alone," Brian's voice sounded from a corner.

"Alone?" I asked.

"Yeah. The crews gone. Reford's gone and Tony and Mindy left a few minutes ago. It's you and me, my sweet wife," he said.

A tinge of mixed excitement ran through me. This man was serious. He was playing the role of my newly married husband and he expected me to play the role of his virginal wife. I wasn't sure if it was terror or desire that was flowing through my veins.

Brian pushed me down on his bed. He laid on top of me. "Brian, don't," I pleaded. He muffled my plea with his mouth and soon his tongue was deep in my mouth. My arms went to push him away but slid around his neck as he slid down closer to me. His tongue entered my mouth and my breathing became deeper. I could feel Brian pushing my legs apart.

It was then that I heard bells. The door bell.

"They'll go away," Brian said again sliding his tongue into my mouth. I responded to the sensation. They didn't go away. The door bell, that is. It kept ringing. "I'll be right back," Brian said.

Brian was back in five minutes. "Ready?" I cooed.

"No dammit. Mindy, Tony and Dad are all downstairs. We're supposed to go to the cast party and they are waiting for us," he stated obviously pissed off.

"Shall I go like this?" I teased.

"No wife of mine is going out in public dressed like you are," he said. I didn't like his tone, but decided not to say anything.

I slipped into my skirt, blouse, and skimmers. "Ready?" I asked.

"Ah...Randi...I didn't mean to sound possessive. I know that you're not really my wife, not really even a girl. It's just that I responded to you as a man responds to a woman...That you are more woman than many women. It's easy to respond that way. I mean the timing of the interruption was bad... real bad."

"Sorry," I said putting a finger across his lips, "I hate causing you such frustration. Maybe in Vegas....," I whispered in his ear.

"Really?" he asked.

"Really!" I answered.

That night we viewed the commercial. Sixteen hours of taping wrapped into 40 seconds. It was neat. These people were good.

"Randi, tomorrow then?" Brian inquired.

"Tomorrow what?" I asked.

"We leave for Las Vegas and our *honeymoon*. Ok?" he asked.

"Yes. Do you intend for me to act like your wife?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied emphatically.

"Oh!" I answered somewhat startled by the implications.

It was late at night. Mindy and I sipped cocktails in our sunken living room. "Well, Randi, how did it feel to be a bride for three straight days?" Mindy questioned, her mind mischievous, "I wish we could film your wedding night and honeymoon?"

"Come off of it Mindy, give me a break. These last three days were hard work. Brian and I are not having a wedding night nor are we going on a honeymoon. We're going to have a few days of fun in Vegas, that's all. You know.... shows, dining, gambling,...things like that," I responded.

"But are you not going as Brian's wife?" she stated.

"Well...yes, but...." I stuttered.

"And you're still wearing his wedding ring?" Mindy continued holding up my left hand with the dainty ring with lots of tiny diamonds.

"Uh..yes, but..." I stammered.

"You'll be sleeping with him, Randi. Not like a *him*, a *he*, or a *Randy*. You are a *her*, a *she*, a *wife*, a Randi, and soon you'll enjoy all the benefits of being a woman....and of having a man," Mindy continued to drive her point.

"Mindy, I think maybe we need to talk about this. I think things are getting out of hand," I said.

"How so?" she innocently asked.

"Well, here I am, your husband....at least in name, although my figure is like yours and my hair is long like yours. I wear women's clothing just like I'd been a girl my whole life. I do makeup as well as any woman.... I even sound like a woman and now...." I stammered.

"Yes?" she asked.

"We're sitting here in our negligees talking about a man I'm going away with—my husband. If I have a husband, if I am a wife, a girl, then how can I also have a wife?" I asked.

"Randi, we agreed that we would come down to Atlanta as two single girls. We did. We've played that role to the hilt. Now you've gotten married and I'm the only single girl. You have your man...and I have mine," she said referring to Tony?

"Quit clowning, Mindy. Brian and I are not married. Two men cannot get married. I'm not a wife," I stated.

"Well, technically that may be so, but knowing Brian, I don't think he sees things that way. To him, you are what you appear to be. You may still be a male, but I think he took that ceremony seriously. I think that he expects you to literally be his wife while in Las Vegas," Mindy stated. "I would suggest that for the next few days, you play that role to the hilt. You agreed to the conditions before we left home. Now you will fulfill them," she finished, her voice firm.

She continued on cheerfully, "This is just an ongoing game. Enjoy yourself next week, let Brian treat you like the woman you have become. Enjoy being a girl. Forget that you ever were a man. You're a total girl now. Now you say it!"

"Ok," I sighed, "I'm a total girl."

"And" she persisted.

"And I'm going to enjoy everything that a girl enjoys," I stated.

"Including?" she continued.

"Including ....," I finished, my face red as a beet.

Mindy said hugging me, "I'll pack your suitcases for you. I'm going to include some special items for you to wear. They will really excite Brian," Mindy stated as she raced off to her bedroom to pack my suitcases.

A short time later Mindy went to take a shower and I couldn't resist a quick peek into one suitcase. There were satins and silks and ribbons and laces, lingerie, miniskirts, low cut blouses, strapless cocktail dresses, and a book with several places marked. The book was titled,

“Pleasing your man - A guide for the sensuous woman”. I closed the suitcases and shook my head.

That night I didn’t sleep well. I tossed and turned, dreamed and awakened. Mostly I thought about a wife that had turned me into a girl... and how different it was. I dreamed about the man I would be spending the next few days with. Why did he want a ‘woman’ like me? What about myself? Did I really want to return to being a man? I felt my firm breasts, I brushed my smooth shapely legs.

I swallowed. Could I now admit to myself that I wanted what Mindy wanted...to be a sensuous woman?! It was no longer a question of “if”, but of “when”. I knew now that it was going to happen.

Morning came all too quickly and soon the alarm was screaming at me to stop dreaming and to get on with the adventure. I chose a simple black miniskirt, a white lacy see through blouse with a lacy camisole under it, black patent heels, and dark silky hose. What better way to tell the world how I felt...feminine!

Mindy was up to give Brian and I a send-off. “Have a romantic honeymoon, you two,” she voiced. How many wives had ever said that to her husband and his.. well..uh...hunk of a husband?

My eyes wandered to Brian’s crotch. He was certainly all man, as much a man as I was now a woman. Would I be submitting to his masculinity tonight? This afternoon? I was thinking like a virgin bride, wondering what it would be like to be sexually taken.

Mindy’s eyes caught mine. She had noticed where I had been staring. She put her arms around me and kissed me full on the lips.

Without warning, Brian wrapped me in his strong arms and pressed his hard wet lips against my soft rose colored lips. He pushed his tongue deep inside my mouth till I could hardly breath. When he removed his tongue, I involuntarily felt an urge to push my tongue deep inside his mouth and I did so.

Brian loved it, I could tell by his non verbal male response. And I did all of this. . .romancing. . .with a man. . .in front of my wife.

“Now that’s more like it,” Mindy said with a broad smile, “You’re going to love this experience Randi.”

A whirlwind of activity followed. A taxi ride, a coast to coast journey in first class, then another taxi ride and soon Brian and I were checking in at the Roman Empire hotel...in the BRIDAL SUITE.

“The Bridal Suite,” barked the reservations clerk.

Brian whispered, “The Bridle Suite—I was just going to grab you by the ears and ride.”

“Very funny,” I grimaced.

I felt eyes all around me checking out the new bride, wondering if she was a virgin, wondering if she wasn't. They were making mental bets as to whether the marriage would be consummated in the next hour or so or if it would wait until tonight.

I dared a glance around to find only a man and a woman with two children anywhere close. The woman smiled, "Don't have children too early, dear. Enjoy each other for a while first." She seemed eager to be a marriage counselor

"We won't," I blushed

"And don't worry about child birth. It isn't nearly as bad as you've been told," she went on. She would have told me about the whole birthing process, I believe, from conception to delivery, if Brian hadn't interrupted.

"Our bags haven't arrived yet. I'll wait here for them. Why don't you go down to the mezzanine and check out the shops. I'll get you when they arrive," Brian suggested.

"Ok," I said grateful to be free from the woman and, of course, interested in the stores to be explored. The stairs were a circular design in an early Roman architecture.

"Tommy look. These are the best. Black lace bikinis," I heard a young boy's voice state.

I looked down to see two boys, seven or eight years old, looking up at me from the mezzanine floor. Looking up? They were looking up at me. They were looking up my skirt.

"Ooh, I'm going to make them pay," I thought, "Their parents wouldn't be happy to know that their sons were looking up ladies dresses or should I saw men's dresses."

As I walked toward "Cindy's" fashion store, I wondered how many other women besides Mindy had packed suitcases and garment bags full of sexy women's clothing for their husbands to wear with the expressed desire to turn on another man...or men.

Mindy didn't really seem to care which man I was with, just so I was with a man. I thought, "Oh well, I'm going to enjoy these next few days and enjoy them as a woman."

Soon I found myself surrounded by the sweet scent of perfume as I and a few other women checked out everything from lingerie to evening gowns. This store should be called "Chic Cindy's". Everything was elite and expensive.

"What a darling dress," I thought to myself as I held up a black two tiered silken see through dress. The material was filmy, almost see through, but not quite.

It would, however, outline the female form when the wearer was silhouetted against the sun or other bright light. The dress would definitely be a tease. It would be mysterious, it would be exciting to wear.

"Boy, now I even think like a woman." I thought. Darling, daring, cute had become a part of my vocabulary.

I remembered back several months ago to the day I first put on that dance outfit. I remembered my humiliation and excitement as I, a man, appeared in front of my friends in the short skirted outfit, my legs shaved smooth, my nails painted, my lips and cheeks a rose color, the daintiness of my black patent skimmers, and of the feeling of the auburn wig with the very feminine hair ribbon in it. (See EXCHANGING VOWS, Contemporary TV Fiction #6)

I was erotically humiliated. I hated being forced to dress as a girl in front of my friends, but I was turned on at the same time. I thought of Mindy going to a hotel with another man and of me going to a motel as a woman with a man who was my pseudo husband.

During those days, just wearing a dress seemed to turn me on. Now, wearing a dress or skirt seemed normal to me. It seemed like what I should be wearing. No turn on, unless the outfit was sexy. You know, low cut, short skirt that shows lots of leg, or erotic lingerie, filmy, like this dress. I would feel sexy, excited, alive if I was to wear this dress. It was designed to taunt, tease, and turn on men.

"Oh, my gosh," I stammered to myself. I suddenly realized that I wasn't turned on by merely dressing in girl's clothing, I was turned on by the same thing that turned women on, namely being sensually exciting to a man. I loved it when men looked at me, I loved it when men wanted me, I loved the feminine role in romance, I...I...I was turning into a woman, not only physically, but mentally.

I wanted to turn a man on, I wanted him to take me, to use me, but could I... could I accept the feminine role in love making? Could I?

"You want it?" a voice asked.

"Want it? What?" I stammered.

"The dress that you're holding," Brian chuckled, "You've been examining it for five minutes."

My desire burned with the thought of being inside that dress, of feeling it's softness against my body, of being noticed by all in this filmy, feminine, mystic dress. I definitely wanted it.

"Uh...well yes, but I'm sure that it's extremely expensive. There isn't even a price tag on it," I said.

"You'll find that there isn't a price tag on any item in this store," Brian took the dress from me, "Anything else?"

"No," I said controlling my excitement. I didn't know how much that dress cost, but I saw Brian handing the clerk at least four one hundred dollar bills, maybe more. I guess that money wasn't a problem for him.

We took the elevator to our room. "I hear that you flashed the people down by the shops," Brian said with a smile.

"How did you know?" I questioned.

"Well apparently you impressed some of the guys. They were talking about 'great legs, slender waist and sexy panties'. They were wondering who you were going to give that great body to," he said as the elevator stopped.

"Well?" he asked.

"Well what?" I asked.

"Who are you going to give that great body to?" he asked.

"Oh I don't know," I teased, "There was a great looking hunk coming out of the weight room. I thought maybe him."

"Really? You thought of another man? You wondered what it would be like to go to bed with him?" Brian asked showing a slight streak of jealousy.

I laughed, "You almost sound like you want me to go to bed with him."

Brian shut the door to our room behind us. "Don't be silly," he said, then added, "Might be fun watching you seduce some other man but now..."

He put his arms around my back and pulled me close to him, my delicate firm breasts pushed against his manly chest. Brian pressed his lips hard against my delicate red lips, his tongue searched out the inside of my mouth.

My breathing deepened. I could feel his aroused manhood pressing against my stomach as he held me tight.

I was relating to a man, just as I used to relate to a girl. Now I was the girl. Brian pushed me onto the bed. He lay on top of me. I spread my legs so that he could lay inside my thighs. He began moving up and down. He as a man, I as a woman. I would not be able to stop him.

My skirt was up above my waist. Brian stopped rocking and his hands went to his pants. I felt him as he undid his belt and I felt his rough hand take my idle hand and press it to his slacks. "Unbutton them," he whispered.

I did as I was told. I would have done anything he asked at that time. "Now unzip them," he demanded. I was breathing very fast by now and glanced down at Brian's crotch. My dainty hands with red tipped nails held the handle of his zipper fly.

Suddenly Brian's mouth left mine and went to my neck. I sighed. "Keep going," Brian insisted. I pulled on the handle and soon little teeth in the zipper parted until none remained together.

I was doing everything expected of me, his woman. He arched his back and pushed his body up with his elbows. "Pull them down," he commanded. My hands went to his slacks and I pulled and tugged until his slacks were at his knees. He kicked them off.

"Now my shorts," he ordered as he arched his body again. His mouth had gone to my shoulders and chest and to the tops of my breasts.

My fingers hooked the elastic at the tops of his shorts and I pulled them down slowly, sensually, not wanting to hurry the prize that awaited me.

I had his shorts half way off and his maleness was beginning to emerge. Brian pushed his shorts the rest of the way off as if he couldn't wait any longer.

He lay down again on top of me. His naked male member across the top of my panties. He rocked back and forth on top of me as if he were inside of a woman. I was submitting myself. I closed my eyes, I was willing to let happen whatever was going to happen.

“Ring,....Ring,.....Ring,.....Ring...”

Where was that noise coming from? The phone. Brian stretched to reach it.

“Hello? Oh John. You are? It's only six....I thought that you weren't coming until seven?....I see....Give us a half hour....I'll split the time with you....Yes...We'll meet you in the lobby,” Brian said on the phone.

“Who was it?” I questioned.

“John Mayberry. I forgot to tell you. We're going out to dinner and a couple of shows with them. They came early for early cocktails,” Brian explained.

Brian, still naked, lay between my legs. “Could you have done it?” he questioned.

I nodded. “I think so,” I said softly.

He took my hand again in his as he rolled off of me. He brushed my hand against his hairy leg and then guided it to his member. He forced my hand and fingers around his maleness. “This is a taste of things to come,” he chuckled at the implication of his joke.

Would it be the “taste” of things yet to happen? I lightly ran my hand up his maleness. I was almost a complete woman, I was certain that I could now. If only the phone...if only his friend hadn't ...

“Enough...enough for now,” Brian said smiling, “There's plenty of time for that later.” he unwrapped my fingers from his maleness. He gave me a quick kiss. “We have to hurry,” he said.

“Till tonight,” I thought for the first time in my life I had been sexually turned on like a woman.

I took a quick shower and dressed all in black. Black nylons, black heels, black bikini panties and in that marvelous black dress. I loved the satiny feeling as the dress enveloped my body.

“Darn,” I said, “No black bra.”

Brian smiled and came up behind me. “Stand up straight,” he commanded as he zipped up the back of my dress.

“But Brian, I...” I stuttered.

“This dress is meant to be worn without a bra. Look in the mirror,” he whispered. You could see a faint outline of my nipples if you were

looking hard, if you weren't, you didn't. The material was soft and sensuous against my nipples.

"I'm afraid that if I wear this dress all night like this, I'll be in a continual state of arousal," I whispered.

"Me too," Brian quipped, "It will be a constant reminder of tonight's grand final."

"Who is John?" I said as I put a film of gloss over my red lips.

"John and JoAnne. Actually it's Joanne that I know. She used to work for Slinger fashions. Then she met and married John. His work brought him to Las Vegas a couple of years ago. You'll like JoAnne, although she's a little forward," Brian explained.

"A little forward?" I asked.

"Yeah. You'll see what I mean. She's a little bet wild," he stated.

"Wild?" I again asked.

"Yes. Just be patient. I'm sure that you'll find it and interesting evening," Brian finished. He came out of the dressing room in his dark blue suit. He was dashing. I was proud to be his girl.

"Please help me with my tie," he asked. I adjusted his tie and took in his after shave lotion. It smelled so manly, just like us girls like. I dabbed on my Caribbean Tear Drops perfume. Soon we were ready to go.

The elevator door opened and a tall girl wearing a dress that looked like a fancy slip threw her arms around Brian. The two of them exchanged a kiss. I noted that the dress was only inches below her panties, her hose were sheer and had rhinestones in a diamond design on them. Two spaghetti straps held up the slip...er dress. She had firm breasts as the low cut dress suggested, her skin was smooth and tanned by the desert sun. Her long straight blonde hair hung down just short of her waist. She made me feel a bit plain.

"This must be JoAnne," I said just a bit cooler than I had meant to. The two broke their embrace.

"Yes, and you must be Randi. What a darling name," she winked at me, a friendly gesture, but I wasn't sure why.

"And I'm John...John Mayberry," the man with her stated. John was huge, maybe 6'5" and 260 - 270 pounds. He had to be. His wife was an amazon. No not big, just tall. She must be 5'10" at least, but she probably weighted only about 130 - 140 pounds. She towered over my 5'6" frame and slimmed down 110 pounds.

JoAnne enhanced her height to the maximum. She wore 4: heels that spirited her total height to over six foot. She was a knockout, no doubt about that.

I liked John, but Brian was right. JoAnne was forward and that made me somewhat uncomfortable. She paid a lot of attention to Brian. I don't know how many times that she told Brian that if it wasn't for him, she wouldn't be what she was today.

“What does that mean?” I asked Brian.

“Oh, nothing really. It’s just that she was one of our delivery drivers and I was able to change her into a model. She’s quite beautiful, don’t you think?” he replied. I shot a couple of daggers at Brian with my eyes. He got the message.

Seating at the horseshoe table, I was placed between Brian and John. I wasn’t unaware of John’s glances at my, no through, my dress. He wasn’t alone wither. Many, many men had taken an opportunity to look at my filmy dress and the feminine figure underneath. As a woman, I was thrilled.

Our dinner was great, expensive, but then I wasn’t paying the bills. As a man, I could have never brought a girl to an expensive place like this. As a girl, I didn’t have to worry about it. I’d never worn clothes before that cost in the hundreds of dollars, now I did...beautiful clothes.

I felt a warm hand brush my leg. An accident I thought as I glanced over at John. He smiled at me. Again I felt his hand against my leg, but this time he was running his hand up my leg towards my thigh.

His hand stopped there. Again he smiled as he removed his hand. I glanced at Brian. He seemed oblivious to the activity. I gave John a ‘bug off’ look, but said nothing. Secretly I was pleased. I gave JoAnne a smile. She didn’t understand why, but gave me a quick smile back.

Soon the dinner theater was darkened and the show began. It was a typical Vegas extravaganza with beautiful scenery, beautiful scantily clad girls, developed hunks in tiger skins and tuxedos without shirts. There was songs, comedians, and dancing. It was all great.

Brian from time to time put his arm around me and pulled me close to him. I thought of Mindy and I felt like I was cheating on her. Then I let that thought fly away. “Be a woman Randi. Enjoy being a woman. Let Brian have you and then call me up and tell me every detail,” Mindy had said. Now how could this be called ‘cheating?’

We stopped at almost ever night spot in town. It was 5 AM before we got back to the hotel, eight back in Atlanta. Boy, I was tired. We talked a little as I slipped into a sheer white negligee. Was it now my turn to find out what being a woman was really all about?

Brian was in the shower. “Hurry Brian,” I called out softly.

“Just be a second,” he yelled back. I ran my hands over the delicate sheer material and across my breasts. I touched down between my soft smooth thighs. With one little exception this was a body which would turn on any man. I closed my eyes and waited.

“Hey, are you going to sleep away your honeymoon trip?” It was Brian’s voice. Even though the room had heavy drapes, I could tell that the desert sun had been up for some time. I looked at my slender wrist watch. It was 10:30. I sat up with a start.

"Brian, you let me fall asleep," I said.

"Nope," he replied with a grin, "You did that all by yourself. Truth is that I fell asleep as soon as I laid down also."

I glanced down my body and noted that my sheer white baby doll pajama was totally intact, totally undisturbed, the sheets were not wrinkled, the blankets were not on the floor. I didn't feel 'different'. No, nothing had happened last night...nothing. I was a virgin.

I didn't know if I wanted a man sexually or not, but as of yesterday, as of last night, I thought that I was willing to try but the morning brought a new day...more of a reality.

Brian was half dressed, his tan slacks with crisp creases awaited his dark brown golf shirt. "You know that when we went to bed this morning, we had been up over twenty seven hours and we had more than a few drinks. No wonder we passed out," he rationalized.

"Indeed that was true," I thought.

"You look distressed Randi," he observed.

"Well no....well actually I just thought that when we got home that we would...uh..." I stuttered.

"Yes?" he questioned with a grin.

"I thought that...well you know what I mean....sort of continue where we left off yesterday evening," I stuttered.

"Say it Randi. What did you want to continue?" he asked.

I was blushing. I wanted to yell out, "Brian I wanted you to take me...to use me...to force me to make love to you...to experience being a complete woman." But all I said was, "I thought you knew."

"I do. I was only kidding Randi. How sweet, *she's* ready. Maybe tonight," he replied. I was wondering what was wrong with right now.

"But this morning I have a surprise for you," he continued.

"What is it?" I questioned.

Brian handed me two tickets. They read 'row 7, seats 109 and 110, Las Vegas Stars vs Atlanta Sky'. "Forty five yard line, seven rows up," he beamed.

"The Sky is playing here today?" I sat straight up, "We're going to the game?" I couldn't contain my excitement.

"Mindy said that you were an Atlanta Sky football fan," he grinned.

I threw my arms around Brian, "I am, I am, I am. I love the Sky."

"Well, you had better hurry and get ready," he encouraged.

"Yes, yes, I'll hurry," I panted. I was really going to see the Sky in person for the first time. It was not quite like I had imagined that my first 'Sky' game would be like. I would have imagined myself in blue jeans and a yellow and grey sweater with the 'Sky' logo on it. I pictured myself with a cold beer in one hand, a bull horn in the other and yelling and cheering with gusto. Mindy would be by my side trying to control my enthusiasm.

It wasn't going to be quite like that in reality. I was going as a chick in a gray pleated skirt, a yellow blouse, nude pantyhose and yellow skimmer shoes. My auburn hair would be in a ponytail with a yellow ribbon. My fingernails and my lips would be red. I would be close to the players and would like to have been acknowledged as one of the guys, an avid fan. But if the players noticed me at all, it would be as a cute, curvy girl in a short skirt outfit. At best, they would notice my shapely legs. They probably would pay more attention to me as a girl, but I wasn't sure that I wanted that kind of attention. I wouldn't be there with my wife, I guess that I would be there as the wife. "What the hell..." I thought, "I'm going."

I thought of the national TV coverage. What if they panned the crowd? My folks, my brothers, my sister and my friends could see a close-up of me and they would never know that the auburn haired doll was me. Well maybe my Clogger friends would recognize me and maybe my sister Rose. I remembered back to the "twins" pictures and to the prom.

I put the finishing touches on my makeup, brushed my hair and grabbed my grey shoulder strap bag. Here I was, a pretty, shapely, young girl ready for an afternoon of fun. I noted that Brian was impatiently waiting.

"It's not easy being a girl, you know," I said.

"No, I don't know. I've never tried to be a girl. I only date girls...or guys who appear to be girls..... or will soon become girls," he replied.

I thought that to be a strange statement, but I soon forgot it as I finished my makeup by throwing my makeup tissue into a waste basket. That's when I noticed the peel off negatives of Polaroid pictures. "What are these negatives of?" I thought. I shut the bathroom door and removed the negatives. They were pictures of me. Six or seven of them

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showing me in my bra and panties, taking off my black dress, and the rest were of me in my baby dolls. A couple looked like I had been laying in bed awaiting Brian and for what was to come. I had my hands on my breasts in one picture, my eyes closed and in the other, I had my right hand on top of my baby doll panties, again with my eyes closed. It looked like I was waiting for a man.

When had Brian taken these photos? I didn't remember any camera, any flash.

"Come on Randi. We're going to be late," Brian called from the other room. I threw the negatives back in the trash. Strange. Disturbing. Well I would bring it up after the game.

Brian, as was his custom, had chartered a limo to take us to the game. There was a continental breakfast to be consumed on the way. We were deposited at the entrance to the gate. I was surprised when no one showed up to carry us to our seats.

The day was warm, the sky blue, a perfect day for a football game. I was delighted to find out that our seats were directly behind the "Sky" bench. "Brian, do you think I could get a few autographs?" I asked.

"I don't see why not," he replied, handing me a pad of paper and his gold pen. I scampered down to the field. I wasn't alone, there were kids of all ages and other young women like myself.

The players were kind to all, but the prettiest and sexiest of the young women received the best responses. I had collected three autographs when my heart stopped still. "Rodd. Rodd," I yelled at my hero. I caught his attention and he walked over to me.

"Kathy," he said in a pleased and surprised voice, "Kathy, what are you doing here in Las Vegas?"

My heart started beating again, faster than ever before. "Hi Rodd. You remember me?" I asked. He was now standing before me.

"Yes, of course. I wanted to take you out in Atlanta, Kathy, but you wouldn't go out with me," he said in mock sorrow. "And you never called." Other women were watching us now...in admiration.

I laughed, "Rodd, I was with others. I would have loved to have gone out with you."

"But not now," he pointed to my wedding ring, "You didn't have that before."

"Oh..oh that. The rings a 'prop'. I'm a model and we just shot a wedding sequence. I'm not married, I don't even have a boyfriend."

"And the guy you're with?" he asked with a grin.

"He's a friend. We flew to Vegas for a getaway after the intensive shooting," I explained.

"He's not your boyfriend?"

"No, we're just friends sharing a few days of fun. We share a room, but that's all," I answered.

"I didn't ask," Rodd smiled.

"No...I guess you didn't. For some reason I wanted you to know," I whispered looking at the ground.

"Let me sign your autograph book," he offered. I handed the book to him.

"Oh..Rodd, I'm not Kathy. I was filling in for a girl who couldn't go to the dance at the last minute," I explained.

Rodd looked at me...waiting. "My name is Randi...with an 'i'" I finished.

"I like that," he said as he signed the book. He handed the book back to me. It read, "To Randi, the most beautiful girl that I know. Love Rodd". "Read the next page," he said. It had in writing, '555-9892, room 424'. I looked at him in surprise.

"I would still go out with you providing that you're interested and your boy friend doesn't mind," he explained.

"Friend. Not boy friend," I reminded him.

"We'll be in town for the next three days. I hope that I hear from you," he finished and ran off to the field with a wave back to me.

"You will," I said softly with an unaccustomed twinge in my belly.

I just stood there for a minute. I was suddenly extremely conscious of the way I was dressed: the skirt, the panties, my purse; the way I was holding it. The way my skirt swung against my legs and covered my delicate panties.

I could see the way my breasts pressed outward from the confines of my lacy bra. Every stitch of my clothing was in contrast to the men running around. As a man, Rodd would never had even spoken to me. Wearing a skirt, nylons and high heels with just the alluring hint of giving myself to him had captured me a quarterback. I wish I had some idea what I could do with him.

I could feel the motion of my dangling earrings as I walked back to my seat. Yes, I was aware, I was playing with fire. I hoped not to get burned. I had never been so close to a 'star' before. If I had to be girlish to get close to my hero, then that's what I'd do. I made my way back to Brian.

"Let's see your autographs," he said taking the pad of paper from me. "Hm.. Henry Collins, Ken Krites, Sam Chain, and...wow..Rodd King," he whistled.

I tried to stop him before he turned to the next page, but I was sure that he saw King's phone number. He didn't say anything and handed the pad back to me. I put the autographed pages in my purse. "How could I get away from Brian to see Rod?" I wondered.

My thoughts were interrupted by thundering applause. The game had started. It seemed like only minutes before it was all over. Final score: Sky 21, Stars 17. Rodd had been terrific rushing for 90 yards, catching 3 passes for 40 more yards and one touchdown.

I not only had been rooting for my hero, but for my...well not really a friend, but at least for a man who wanted to date me. I would never again look at #22 and think only of him as a football player.

Soon we returned to the hotel. I appreciated its coolness. I felt a need to freshen my makeup, to shower and I really was glad to have access to the bathroom. I really wasn't comfortable using public ladies rooms. I still couldn't do it as a matter of fact.

"Let's have a bite to eat Randi," Brian called from the other room.

I was ready for that and glad that we were only going to a regular restaurant. I was happy to be back in a regular skirt and blouse. Mini-skirts are great, but a bit much if you wear them all the time.

"Randi, I have some bad news," Brian said when I exited the bathroom. I looked at Brian. "Something came up. Right after dinner, I'm going to have to take a commuter plane to Los Angeles. I'm afraid that I might have to be gone for 2 or 3 days. Business, damn. I thought that I would have a few days to relax. Can you entertain yourself till I get back?" he explained.

"Can I!" I thought enthusiastically. "Uh...well...I don't know. I'm not sure what I would do, but I'll figure something out," I calmly stated.

"I know you can. I'll leave you some money. You know that there is a singles dating service here. I don't care if you go out with other men. They're probably gigolos though," he laughed, "And...if you do that, don't forget your true gender. You look, act, and even think like a girl, but if a man thinking that you were a girl ever found out that you are really a ..." he was explaining.

"Don't worry Brian. I won't be calling any dating services," I answered. "But I will be going out," I thought. Brian was gone within the hour.

I stayed in the hotel room and watched TV. I looked at the paper. 555-9892, room 424. I thought of what Brian had said about a man discovering that I was not a girl. It won't get that far. I just want to talk football. I reached for the phone. '555-9892' I dialed. "Room 424, please," I softly said.

"Hello," a masculine voice answered. It was HIM!

My conversation with Rodd was short. From the background noise, you could tell that he had a whole room full of players.

I heard in the background, "Come on, let's go eat!" "Hell with eating. Let's go gamble!" "Gamble? With all the women this city has to offer? Why gamble on a sure thing? Even Humphry can get a date in Vegas. They have girls for rent for those that can't get em any other way." There was laughter in the background and the sounds of men trying to talk with Rodd.

"Hey you guys. Wait in the hall. I can't hear a damn thing," Rodd's strong voice out-shouted the loudest of them. I could hear grumbling and the sound of a door opening.

A voice said, "It's that redhead he met at the game today."

Another voice said, "No bull. I would want to be all alone with her too, but not on the phone." More laughter was heard.

"Sorry. About half the team felt a need to congregate in my room to plan their evening," Rodd explained.

"You must be as popular with your teammates as you are with your fans," I stated.

"No, they just use me. The fans are terrific, but I'm only interested in one fan right now. The pretty red haired one with the terrific figure and great legs," he laughed.

"Oh, I'd better hang up so you can talk to her," I teased.

"No! Don't you dare. You shut me out a few months ago. I'm not going to let you do it again. I even have a detective watching you so you don't leave town again," he again laughed.

"I don't imagine that you ever hurt for the company of a pretty girl," I kidded.

"Randi," his voice was suddenly serious, "Everyone thinks that because I'm a football player that I sleep with a different woman every night. The truth is that I could, but I don't. I ask the girl out...only ones that I think that I could have a good time with, and I mean that as a gentleman."

"Are you asking me out?" I queried flirtatiously.

"I already did. Can you get free anytime the next few days?" he asked.

"Yes, anytime you want," I answered nervously. I felt so odd talking to a man like this.

"Really? Ok, tell you what. Why don't you come down to the stadium tomorrow morning. Same seats that you had today. Watch practice if you want. We'll be done by 11:00 and then we'll do something the rest of the day," he stated.

"Sounds great," I answered.

"Ok, don't bring that dorfus with you though," he finished.

"Dorfus?" I asked.

"Yea, that guy you're with. Your boss or whatever he is," Rodd said.

I laughed, "That thought never occurred to me. Besides, he's gone."

"That's good. He might not like what I have in mind for you," he laughed.

"Oooh...will I like it?" I queried.

"I think so. Hey, I'm not a masher. I mean we're going to have a lot of fun together. Bye," he ended.

"Goodnight," I said softly and hung up the phone.

I turned on the TV and show after show passed before my eyes but I didn't see a single frame. I was thinking...thinking what it was going to be like, being Rodd's girl, even if for only a day. Being Rodd's girl? I felt a tinge of excitement to think that this mountain of a man treating me like a delicate flower. I thought of him getting ready for me, shaving his tough beard, splashing on after-shave, throwing on his masculine clothes over his masculine body.

I, also a male, would get ready for him in an entirely different way. Foremost, I would be the girl in this relationship. A fact that I had to make him believe for the entire date, that is if I intended to live. He would kill me if he found out that I was not a girl. I would not let that happen.

All I had to do was to keep my clothes on. I would not lead him on, I would not encourage him, and I would not let him seduce me. A growing intriguing sensation was growing. I touched my nipple under my brassiere and ran my hand down over my hips pressing my nyloned knees firmly together. We would only have a first date, boy and girl on a date. A goodnight kiss at the most and it would all be over.

Suddenly I was startled. I couldn't believe it. It was almost 8:00 AM and I was still in the recliner chair in front of the TV. I had daydreamed and apparently night dreamed through the night.

Well, now I had to get ready for my date with Rodd. Funny what seemed like such a good idea the night before was frightening in the daylight. I reluctantly got ready. Quite different than his preparations. Bath, shave my body smooth, rouge, eyeliner, mascara, eye shadow, nail polish, lipstick and perfume.

I rummaged about wondering what to wear. I saw the shorts outfit Mindy had included and knew that's what she would wear. BUT shorts? could I?

With the shorts was a garment I hadn't seen before. Mindy had attached a sticky note. It said, "You may need this with the shorts."

The tag said, "For necessary gentle control...no binding or strain. It was called a Femmenette™, from a company called Under Control. It was silky smooth and soft but it only stretched in some directions with a hook and eye crotch. With a lot of effort, I followed the instructions and slipped into the garment. They lied, it was dreadfully tight and uncomfortable. I was however totally 'flat' and clearly a 'girl'. I knew I would have to bare it.

Then light green panties under green shorts, a frilly white bra, a white blouse with ruffles, beige shiny panty hose, and white women's tennis shoes. A matching green ribbon in my curled auburn hair.

Rodd would never know that he was with anything but a chick. I had to be careful, not only did I look like a chick, but I felt like one.

I walked the six blocks to the stadium getting used to the un-giving garment. I skipped breakfast, partly because it was getting late, partly because I was watching my figure. Everything I ate was going to my hips. I laughed at my last thought. How many boys measured 35 - 26 - 35? For that matter, how many girls?

I thought of mom and dad and that crazy song started running through my mind, "If you could only see me now." If they were here now, I would ask Dad, "How do you like the way your son turned out? Dating a football star?" I sort of laughed to myself. What was I going to do in regards to them?...in regards to myself? Could I continue to live as an 80% woman? Would I forgo another shot of ZZM and return to being a male... well as Mindy had put it, a sissified male at best.

I arrived at the stadium in almost no time. A cool breeze blew against my already red cheeks. The sky was pretty overcast. There were no gate keepers, no ticket takers. I went straight to the seats that Brian and I had yesterday. The "Sky" were on the field practicing. They had not gone back to Atlanta as they had a mid week game in Los Angeles.

"Randi. Down here. Come on down," Rodd had spotted me. I quickly moved to the stadium floor.

"Give me your hand. I'll help you over onto the field?" he offered.

"Yes," I accepted.

"No reason you can't sit on our bench. We're mostly going to be on the field. Would you like that?" he offered.

"Oh, yes, that would be wonderful," I exclaimed. I climbed over the fence as any girl would. Rodd helped me by holding my hand and by grabbing me around the waist and letting me slowly slip to the ground. He took a good look at my shorts. I was glad I was wearing the Femmenette™.

He kept his arm around me as he took me out to the field. He introduced me to Coach Kettle, Trainer "Bones" Maranot, and several players not involved in the immediate on-field play.

"This is my girl, Randi," he told them. I shivered. I guess in reference to the term 'girl' and even more so to 'my girl'.

They gave me a striped shirt and a whistle to blow every ten minutes.

Tom 'Thunder' Turner, the Sky's starting center, a huge black man at 6'5" and close to 270 lbs, noticed Rodd's attention to me and put his wind breaker around me. It fit me like a mini dress, in fact, that's what it looked like as it covered my shorts.

Tom took special interest in me. He pointed out various offense changes and pointed out various players by name. He was surprised

with my knowledge of football and particularly my knowledge of the Sky team.

It turned out that Tom was also Rodd's best friend. Very soon practice was over and I walked between Rodd and Tom into the clubhouse. When we got inside, Rodd motioned to a little 8 year old boy. "Jimmy, show Randi where she can wait while we change," he said.

Jimmy proudly received his instructions from Rodd. "That room's just for us men," he declared, "You girl's can't go in there."

"Oh, please," I teased, "Let me go in."

"I said only us men," he declared with his arms crossed.

"Oh, you're much more of a man than I am," I said softly. The truth is that the statement was correct, I thought.

"Of course I'm more of a man than you. Just cuz I'm only eight don't mean nothing. You may be older than me, but you'll always be a girl," Jimmy prophesied.

"Maybe," I thought.

Twenty minutes later, Rodd was out and ready to go. His dark hair was still damp. "I didn't want the others teasing you so I hurried," he said. He took my hand in his and sent lightning strikes through my body. I felt very feminine being with this man.

We jumped into his rented Ford Escort. It was the cheapest rental available. Quite a difference from Brian. "A nice difference," I thought.

Rodd King, star of the Sky, was a down to earth guy. After a short ride, we pulled into the parking lot of his hotel. "Oh no," I thought, "No dates, no dinners, no entertainment. Just poof, right to his room. Well this was going to be one of the shortest dates in Rodd King's life." I actually resented the reasoning that just because he was a star that any girl would just jump into bed with him. I would end it all right here and now.

"Let's go in and get a bite," he said, his voice bringing me back to reality.

I blushed out of embarrassment. The things that I thought about poor Rodd. We went into the hotel and passed all of the restaurants. We rode the elevator to the fourth floor, Rodd's floor. Maybe I wasn't wrong, maybe he still intended to jump my bones.

He stopped and autographed a boys football before opening the door to his room. The boy looked at Rodd and at me. His eyes said, "Alright, Rodd, you devil you."

"Oh darn," Rodd said as he surveyed the made up room, "I had half a pizza left over from last night and the maid must have thrown it out. That was going to be our lunch."

I laughed out loud. Rodd looked mock hurt. "You laugh now, but you're going to be hungry by the end of the day. No lunch for you Randi."

"I could stand to skip a lunch," I said still laughing. Rodd was funny.

"There's nothing wrong with your figure," Rodd said taking me by the hand and pulling me close to him. He kissed me lightly on the lips.

I didn't mind it, but I checked him, "You said you weren't a fast mover."

"I'm not. I've waited three months for that kiss. Let me show you something," he said as he scattered things from his suitcase. Soon he took out a yellowed news clipping and handed it to me.

I couldn't believe what I was looking at. It was a picture of myself in the maroon clogging skirt. My gold petticoats a flutter as I was doing a high kick. Other team members were around me. "Cranston County Team makes final six". The article went on to say how a new team had never reached the finals before in their first time in competition.

I looked at Rodd in surprise. He shrugged his shoulders, "You thought I was feeding you a line. I really am taken with you."

I blushed and then, this time, I kissed Rodd on the cheek. "You're a doll," I told him.

"You're the doll," he replied.

"Where are we off to," I asked thinking that it would be somewhere exotic.

"The Zoo," he stated.

"The Zoo?" I asked.

"Yeah. It's one of my favorite places. I go to the zoo in every town that we play...if they have one, that is," he stated, "I love animals. I have a dog and cat back home."

I couldn't believe that this rugged man who ran over other teams players leaving them in shambles could be so gentle. I was really beginning to care for Rodd.

We stopped at the "Desert Fire" grocery store on the way to the zoo and Rodd bought us a bucket of chicken and a bag of chips along with a couple of sodas. Rodd consumed most of the deli items prior to our arrival at the zoo. I held his soda for him while he shifted.

There was no chance of mixing the sodas since mine had lipstick on the rim. "Rodd," I thought, "It's a good thing that you don't know that there's a boy behind this lipstick."

When we got to the admissions gate, Rodd fished through his billfold. "Ah, here it is, a 2 for 1 coupon from the paper."

Well let's see now. Rodd had invested maybe six dollars for our lunch and entertainment. I really did like him. So different from limos and catered dinners, tux's and formals.

We spent the entire afternoon at the zoo. Rodd either held my hand or had his arm around my waist. A typical boy-girl afternoon. Well, not quite. He signed 15-20 autographs, he never said no and he always visited briefly with the autograph seeker.

I was proud to be Rodd's girl. Girl? Yes at least today, I was a girl. A news crew spotted Rodd at the sea lion tank. They interviewed him and even asked my name.

"Randi," I said.

"Last name please," they asked

"Just Randi will do," Rodd said smiling, "She doesn't need throngs of news people bugging her like you do me."

"Relationship?" the newsman asked.

"Uh..friend," I said.

"Girlfriend and you can quote me," Rodd added.

"Why Rodd," I said astonished in his ear.

"Do you mind?" he asked.

"N..no. I like it," I said softly.

The photographer took pictures of Rodd and I on a board over the sea lion tank. I was holding a stinky fish that the lion was taking from my hand and Rodd was holding me when the flash exploded. We were captured on film.

Soon the zoo keepers were announcing the end of zoo hours. We were heading back to the city when Rodd asked me if I had a good time. "Of course I did, couldn't you tell?" I responded.

"Would you like to go out tonight?" he asked.

"I don't want you to break training," I giggled.

"Hey, this is pro ball, not college ball," he laughed.

"I would love to. Where are we going?" I answered.

"How about a movie?" was his answer.

"Sounds like fun," responded.

"It will be. Uh..Randi," Rodd hesitated, "Do you have any mini skirts or dresses with you?"

"Why..yes, Rodd. Why do you ask?" I questioned.

"Would you please wear one tonight. This is Vegas besides, I'm a leg man," he answered.

"Why of course. I'll dress sexy for you," I giggled.

"Not too sexy. I don't want to have to fight off all the other guys," he laughed. He let me off at my hotel, "I'll be back in an hour. Are you sure dorfus isn't there?"

I laughed, "I'm sure."

"Good. Then I'll come up to your room to get you when I get back," he said.

"An hour," I thought, "Not a lot of time." But after a flurry of activity, I was showered, had on fresh makeup and a mini dress. A white

one with navy blue swiss dots on the top and navy blue with swiss white dots on the bottom. It was a good four inches above my knees.

I wore a black mini slip with lace trim under my dress. The lace peeked out teasingly from beneath the skirt. Oh, and I put on the Femmenette™ again. My panties fit better. I stood back and saw how short the skirt was. Rodd would like this. I put on my 3" black patent heels, and sexy perfume completed my ensemble.

Rodd was on time. Exactly on time. He had brought his little pocket instamatic. He took several pictures of me and then cornered a bell boy to take a couple of pictures of us together. I took a couple of Rodd. "I would like copies of those. Particularly those of you and of us," I asked.

"You'll have to give me your address," he said.

I froze for a second. I had goofed. Then I gave Rodd Mindy's and my address in Atlanta. Things weren't supposed to go this far. "Oh well, I will have to deal with it when the time comes," I thought.

We had a great night. It was a terrific show. Rodd possessed me all night like a teenage boy would a teenage girl. We had dinner after the show at Hungry Hals Tavern. "Best burgers and beer in town and no crowd," Rodd said. He was right, although I had a coke with my burger. Rodd ate all the fries that I couldn't from my basket.

All too soon the night was over. Rodd walked me to my room. I should have stopped outside the door, but I let him come in. "Tomorrow?" he asked.

"I would like that," I answered.

"This is the bed that you and uh...Brian...uh," he stammered.

"Yes, Brian...share?" I finished with a blush, "He's not here. Won't be for a couple of days. Rodd we aren't having sex, if that's what you're wondering. We aren't making love and I'm not a loose girl, even though I model. I could have many men, but I haven't had any. I'm a vir.."

"I'm sorry," he interrupted, "It wasn't any of my business. I didn't mean to pry. It's just that I ...well...uh...You're kind of special to me. I don't want you ..uh..again it's none of my business."

"You don't want me sleeping with other men?" I questioned.

"NO, no I don't. I do care for you in an old fashion way," Rodd answered noticing the oversized couch.

I nodded. "Brian's bed...when he's here," I said. Rodd seemed to relax.

"I'm very glad you're a virgin," Rodd said and he kissed me and held me tight this time, "I had a good time, Randi."

I let him hold me. "I did also," I said.

"If I can't sleep with other men, that means that you can't sleep with other girls," I whispered in his ear.

"Promise," he said, "I'll see you tomorrow."

Long after he was gone, I thought of the day. One date. No big deal. I'll not lead him on. I'll never see him again. Just one time, huh!!

Instead, I promised to Rodd that I would be a virgin for him, I gave him my address in Atlanta, I made him promise to save himself for me. Sounds like the beginning of a great romance.

A boy and a girl, only in this case, a boy and a boy becoming romantically involved. What about Mindy? I loved her, but I was becoming a little fond of a man. Had I gone too far as a girl? I would have to end things with Rodd. Not because I didn't want him to kill me, but because I didn't want to hurt him.

I had plenty of sleep for a change. It was a good thing too, because even though I didn't know it yet, this was to be a very busy and somewhat trying day. Rodd wasn't going to pick me up until 1:00 PM, so I had the whole morning to myself.

I slept late, had a long warm bubble bath, a light, but luxurious breakfast and then I went out to do some shopping. I took a bus to the downtown section. I was looking for a new dress and I certainly had no intention of shopping in the hotel shops.

No, I was pretty much of a down to earth gir...ah, yes, girl. I certainly didn't consider myself to be a boy, at least not at the present time. It took me only twenty minutes to find the exact dress that I wanted, which was a bit disappointing.

I had picked out a red sundress with a design that pulled down off of the shoulders, so that my smooth creamy shoulders were bare. Not risqué, but kind of teasing. The lowness of the blouse showed a hint of cleavage. It had a yellow and black flower design.

Rodd would like this. What man wouldn't? I thought about that on the ride back to the hotel. I was now dressing to please men, even to the point of dressing to turn men on. When a girl turns a man on, she is really making a statement. A statement of implied sexuality, a promise of things to come. Oh, well, I wouldn't be seeing Rodd much longer, so I didn't have to worry about that.

I arrived back in my hotel room just in time to catch the ringing telephone. "Hello," I answered.

"Hi. Uh..could I please speak to Randy?" the feminine voice asked.

"This is sh..uh..Randi. Who is this?" I responded.

"Randy..Randy, is that you? Randy?"

I recognized my sister, Rose's voice. "Yes Rose. Don't you recognize me?" I responded again.

"No, I don't. Your voice sounds different...like a woman's," she said.

"Oh...that..uh..I have a cold. Probably from the desert air," I coughed remembering that the ZZM had changed my voice to that of a woman's.

“Randy, colds lower voices, not make them higher and softer. What I need to know is do I still have a brother or do I now have a sister?” Rose asked.

I was shocked, unable to say anything. Rose went on, “I saw your picture in USA Today. You and that football player. I know that you are the girl.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” I lied.

“Yes you do. Just as Mindy discovered that you were the girl in the prom dress, I discovered that you were the girl with Rodd King,” she continued.

I took a deep breath, “The boomerang scar above my right eye?” I asked.

“Yes and the caption read, ‘King and new girlfriend, Randi, a mystery girl from Atlanta’. That first caught my eye and then I looked closer at the picture and determined that rodd’s new flame was my own brother. Have you had a sex change, Randy?” she asked.

“No, I’m still your brother. How did you find me here?” I asked.

“I called Mindy. I told her of my suspicions. She told me everything...That the two of you were living together as two single girls..That you were both dating. That you had done a modeling session as a bride and that you were now in Las Vegas with some guy from the store,” she finished.

“Yes, Brian, but he’s not here. He had to leave on business for a few day,” I explained.

“Mindy didn’t know that you were dating Rodd King,” Rose stated.

“I hadn’t told her. I’ve only seen him for the last couple of days. Does Mom or Dad or the boys know?” I asked.

“I don’t think so. They all saw the picture, but no one gave it a thought that the auburn haired girl was their own son or brother,” she said.

“Are you going to tell them?” I asked.

“No. Look Randy, I can almost understand what is happening, although I never expected it to happen in this big of a way. Remember when Mom and I got you into the prom gown scene. I hope that you know how to handle a skirt better now.” (See VIRGIN VOWS #8, Contemporary TV Fiction)

“Yes, I do,” I said a bit embarrassed.

“And of the boys that I made you go out with? You pretended that you didn’t like it, but I knew better. You were far better as a girl on a date then you ever were as a boy,” she giggled. (See Contemporary TV Fiction #8, Virgin Vows)

“I know,” I swallowed.

“Then I met Mindy at college and when she discovered that the girl in the fuchsia gown was really my brother and she wanted to meet you,

I knew that you two would click. I knew that she would eventually put you into a dress and I knew that you would love it," Rose continued.

"Yes, that's true," I whispered.

"Mindy told me all about the clogging convention in Atlanta with you going as some man's wife and she staying with another man as his wife. I couldn't believe that things had gone that far. You sleeping with another man, parading all around Atlanta in skirts and dresses and letting your wife spend three nights in a hotel with another man," Rose stated.

"Nothing happened. We are still true to each other," I stated.

"Are you sure? Mindy tells me that she no longer thinks of you as her husband, but only as her best girlfriend. Are you sure that...??..Never mind, it's none of my business," she stammered.

"Am I sure of what?" I asked.

"That Mindy, sleeping with a good looking man, having had no real sex for months, having a husband that looks as good as she does in lingerie, would not yield to that man that she was in bed with?" Rose asked.

"She said that she didn't," I answered.

"Ask her Randy. Ask her to be honest with you. Ask her about your future together. Is she ready to spend the rest of her life with another woman?" Rose continued.

"I never said that I wasn't going to change back," I countered.

"Then ask yourself, Randy. Can you change back? Do you want to change back? Do you want to be a fashion model or a construction worker? Randy, you have to decide so that both you and Mindy can get on with your lives, however that may be," Rose finished.

"But it was Mindy that changed me into a girl. It was she that insisted that I go out with male dates," I cried.

"Yes, it was and she loved it. She loved seeing you being passive when you were with a man. She even told me that she wanted another man to have you sexually. Is that what you want, Randy? Do you want the same thing as us girls? To have a real man?" Rose asked.

"I don't know," I said softly.

"I think you do. I think that you should have been born as a girl...As my sister. Randy, I wished that you had...It's ..uh..normal to think of you as my sister. I want you to know that if you ever go all the way...the operation, I'll be in your corner. I think that it's the right thing for you... Oh, and while you're dating celebrities, stay out of the limelight. You might also consider the consequences if he discovers that you have been fooling not only mother nature, but him also. Call me if you want. We can always talk.. I understand you," Rose finished.

"Thanks, Rose," I stated. The line went dead. I didn't feel in a happy mood. I tried to call Mindy, but there was no answer.

Once again, it was time to get ready for my date and get ready I did. I looked at myself in the mirror. I, a boy, with long curled auburn hair in a red sundress with my shoulders bare, a little cleavage showing, shapely nyloned legs, red skimmers, shiny pointed nails, painted face, complete with wet look lipstick. Is that how a boy looked when he got ready for a date Yes, if he was a sissy boy getting ready to go out with a real man. Yes that was me.

I tried not to think of myself as a sissified petticoated male, but only as a girl. It wasn't hard to do and soon my thoughts flashed ahead to my time with Rodd. Maybe Rose was right. Maybe I should become a girl.

I looked forward to being with Rodd again. I didn't have to wait long as a knock on the door interrupted my thoughts.

Rodd was dressed all in white: jeans, golf shirt, a single gold chain around his tanned neck. "Since this is our third date, how about a kiss?" he asked.

"Second," I said smiling.

He held up 3 fingers and put his arms around my waist and pulled me close to him. His lips pressed against mine and we locked in a passionate embrace. His hands rubbed along my bare shoulders. His tongue shot into my mouth as his hands lowered down my breasts to their tops. He pulled the top of the dress lower and his mouth went to my neck. The dress top was lowered until my breast were freed. His mouth went to feed on the soft mounds, my nipples were rock hard, I knew that I had to stop him now before my secret was exposed.

I gently pulled his head off of my breasts and pulled the top of my dress back in place. "Not yet Rodd," I said softly, not really wanting to stop him. He didn't resist.

"Maybe later," he said smiling.

Maybe now would be a good time to stop all of this. Stop it before things went too far. Stop it before I didn't want to stop it. "Rodd, I have to tell you something," I whispered. Rodd looked quizzically into my eyes.

"I have to tell you this now because I'm growing fond of you and I think that you care some for me," I started.

"You are married," he stated

"No," I laughed.

"Engaged?" he continued

"No. Please let me tell you. You may not want to go out with me afterwards," I pleaded. His look told me to go on. "I can't make love like other girls. I was born with a physical disfigurement down here," I whispered. I put my hand on my dress above my genitals. "I'm all girl, but I can't make love like a girl. I wouldn't want you to see me with all of my clothes off. You would laugh at me or be offended. I was afraid that our affection was leading to that discovery," I lied.

"If I promise to leave your panties on, will you still go out with me?" he asked.

I was so surprised that I couldn't say anything.

"Well?" he asked again.

"You don't want to know more?" I asked.

"Not now. If I was going to ask you to marry me, I would want to know more. But for now, I just want to enjoy your company, have a good time. People have physical problems all the time. That doesn't mean that you don't care any less for them. I happen to think the world of you. Now dry your tears and let's get going sweetheart," Rodd stated.

"Sweetheart," I thought as I lightly fled to the bathroom to repair my makeup. "Be a minute," I said.

"Take your time. Make yourself beautiful again," Rodd encouraged.

I was happy again. I had almost told him, he had his chance to get out and didn't. We were going to have at least one more date.

We went to the 'Arid Acres Amusement Park' and spent the day and most of the evening. We ate at the park, Rodd bought five hotdogs and four orders of fries to our table. I told him that he got too many hotdogs and that I could heat only one. "I only got you one," he told me.

We went on every ride in the park at least twice and on his favorites at least three times. On most of the rides, I had to hold my knee length dress down and was successful in doing so to preserve my modesty.

It was only at the 'fun house' that I lost the modesty battle. A strategically placed air hose blew my dress well over my hips, ala Marilyn Monroe, before I could push it back down. "Red is my favorite color," Rodd laughed.

"Are you referring to my dress," I asked.

"No, to your shoes," he answered. We both laughed because we both knew that he was referring to my red bikini panties. This was fun. I loved being a girl, and loved being with a man.

Rodd bought me a beautiful auburn haired doll dressed as a southern beauty. "For my southern belle," he told me as he handed the doll to me, "She reminds me of you." We finished the night at Eddies Bar B Que and returned to my room.

"How long before 'Shmoo' returns?" Rodd asked.

"I don't know, but not tonight," I answered.

"How about tomorrow? Can I see you?" he asked.

"Of course. It doesn't matter if Brian returns or not. He's a business partner. My boss really, but that's all," I answered.

"I hope so. Wear jeans and a shirt tomorrow. We're going Jeeping. Bring a coat and your bathing suit," he finished.

"My bathing suit?" I asked

"Yes, I have a surprise for you. I don't know when we'll get back. Probably late...very late," and he left with a kiss.

Rodd's idea of early, I was to find out, meant 10:00 or 10:30 Am. As it turned out, it was well that Rodd didn't come to pick me up as early as I thought. I was dressed, tight jeans, lacy western blouse, and tennis shoes. By 8:00 AM, my makeup was done, utilizing red, red lipstick and nails. I fixed my hair in a ponytail and tied it with a blue bow.

I packed a light pink windbreaker and a heavier grey jacket with a hood. Per Rodd's instructions, I included my black bikini swimsuit, although I couldn't think of a reason that I would need it.

Shortly after 8:00, there was a light knock on the door and the sound of a key opening the door. "Hi Randi." It was Brian and another man. "Did you miss me?" He put his arms around me, but I responded back only halfheartedly. I wasn't angry or upset with him, but then there was Rodd whom I really cared about.

"Randi, this is Ken Current, a friend of mine and soon to be a business partner," Brian introduced. I nodded at Ken, but I didn't feel like he was the kind of person that I would want to make friends with. Maybe the reason that I felt that way was because of the way that he was undressing me with his eyes.

Ken took my hand, "Hello Randi," he said. His grip was weaker than mine. He continued, "You're a very beautiful man..er woman. I think that we can do business," he finished.

I looked Brian in the eye. Who was this man that Brian had told my secret too. What was his business? The thoughts ran through my mind.

Brian laughed nervously. "Ah..Randi, guess what? I was playing poker with Ken and lost almost all of my money. When I thought I had a winning hand, I bet everything I had, but Ken raised me. I covered the bet by saying that if he won that he could have you for his own for a whole day. I lost."

I glared at Brian. He went on, "so if you'll just take off your clothes, he wants to take pictures of you...in the nude...before you two hop in bed. He tells me that he's a great lover and...and.."

Brian read my rage by my bright red flush of anger. I didn't have time to say anything.

Brian held up his hand in defense, "Whoa..whoa Randi, simmer down. I'm just kidding. I didn't give you away in a poker game. Ken's just here to make you a business offer."

Ken looked disappointed. I felt that Brian and Ken had made some kind of deal, but when my facial features indicated that I wasn't going to play their prize, they decided to change to plan B.

"You're not funny Brian," I said sharply, "Who is this man? And why did you tell him about me?" I was hot and I felt like slapping Brian. Even in anger, I was acting like a girl.

Brian became serious. "Obviously I started this conversation poorly," he said.

"Obviously," I retorted.

"Well Ken is really a businessman. He does have an offer to make to you and...." Brian started to explain.

"What does he want? For me to be in his stable? Are you a pimp Ken?" I asked coolly

"Hardly. If you'll give me a chance," he said mildly annoyed and totally surprised by my response. I waved for him to continue.

"I publish 'Beautiful woMEN' magazine. A magazine that puts crossdressers in touch with one another. You know guys that dress in gowns, guys that dig guys in gowns, a few chicks that want to look like men, meet other chicks. You know," he explained.

"Go on. I don't know what this has to do with me," I returned.

"Well, I do feature stories of the really beautiful impersonators from the time that they were little boys, when they became little girls, and what their doing now that they are adults and possibly what they want to do in the future. You know ...become female impersonators at some big club, do the 'big operation', marry some guy, own a bordello, or..." Ken stated.

"Me...what does this have to do with me?" I icily asked.

"Brian told me your story. How your wife is a model, how you became a girl and a model also, how you both go out with men. He brought a whole scrapbook of you pictures and..." Ken explained.

"Pictures? What pictures?" I asked.

"Uh..bridal," Brian inserted, "model pictures and.."

"And pictures of me in a certain black dress, in my bra and panties and heaven knows what else. Am I right?" I asked getting really angry.

Brian swallowed, "Yes, a couple, I guess."

"How did you take those of me, Brian?" I asked.

"With this," Brian held up a palm sized camera. I never knew that he had been taking racy pictures of me. He had left evidence in the waste basket however.

"I guess that you will need a models release for each picture then?" I asked Ken.

Both men looked at each other surprised at my response. "Yes," Ken answered. He pulled out a notebook and opened it. There were pages and pages of pictures. There was a model release underneath each picture.

"Are these all you have?" I asked.

"Yes, but we can take more with a professional photographer. you know that you're the third boy-girl that Brian has found for me. He's getting rich finding beautiful guys. I don't know how he runs into so many really pretty impersonators," Ken stated handing me the book and a pen.

"The others wouldn't be JoAnne and Julie, would they?" Neither man answered. Ken knew that he had goofed.

"It's almost like Brian creates us girls, isn't it?" I asked. Brian shuffled his feet and looked at the floor.

I put my pen on the line under the first picture. "Oh, Ken, how much do I make for being a feature in your magazine?" I asked.

"Uh..\$1500 up to \$3000, depending on how much skin you are willing to expose in feature photo sessions."

"Oh, I see. Totally nude would get me \$3000?" I asked.

"Yes,"

"And if I spent some time with you, I could probably make more?"

"Why...yes," Ken smiled.

I slammed the book shut and picked up Brian's camera off the bed where he had laid it after his admission. I backed up to the door, my hand on the knob. "Let me tell you something, Ken..and you too Brian. I'm not a prostitute, I'm not a nude model, I'm not a prize in a poker game, and I'm certainly not a complete male. I might appear as a girl, I may change back, I may not. I may continue to live just as I am or maybe I'll be the 'big one' and become a woman. The point is that it's my life and I don't care to share it with the whole world. What ever I do, I'll share that with those who care for me and whom I care for. Neither of you fit that bill. You betrayed me Brian....and you...Ken, take your money and get out of here."

Brian took a step towards me. I opened the door. "Brian, get your stuff and get out of here," I shouted as I stepped into the hallway.

"Randi, I'm not going to pay another days rent on this room. You're on your own after tonight," Brian threatened.

"Terrific! Just get your stuff and get out!" I shouted.

"What about my camera? You can keep the photographs," Brian stated.

"Consider yourself lucky to not lose more than a camera." I was off and down to the main lobby. They couldn't bother me here. I sought out a waiter.

"Do you have a trash masher in the kitchen?" I asked.

"Uh..why yes," was the surprised answer. With a sufficient tip the waiter took me through the kitchen and out to the trash dock.

"Can you operate this?" I asked. I received an affirmative reply. With all my might I tossed the camera and photo album into the trash. I watched with satisfaction as the machine ground the camera and book into unrecognizable pulp.

I then returned to the lobby in time to see Brian at the registration desk. The girl had taken his credit card and he was signing a receipt. He and Ken walked out the front door of the hotel. They appeared to be arguing.

"Excuse me," I asked the girl, "Did Mr. Slinger check out?"

"Well he had to pay for tonight because you have to cancel 24 hours in advance. He wasn't happy about it."

"I know. He's not very happy at all. Please give me both keys and do not let anyone into the room unless clearing it with me first. That includes Mr Slinger. Especially Mr Slinger," I stated.

"Yes Ma'am. I don't think that he'll be back though," she volunteered. The clerk realized that she had said too much.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Uh..well..her was very angry saying that he would annul your marriage," she said.

I laughed the best laugh that I'd had in years. I didn't explain to the confused clerk why. I went back to the room, double locked the door and took a quick shower to get rid of the dirt that I felt on me.

Thirty minutes later I was ready to go again, all fresh and clean. Another half hour later Rodd showed up. "Hope I'm not too early?" he asked as I undid the deadbolt lock.

I laughed, "Early? It's almost 10:30."

"Early for me," he quipped. He pulled me to him. I felt, as a girl would, protected. We kissed passionately for a few seconds. "Maybe we should just stay here today," he stated.

"We can if you like," I said lightly.

"No kidding? What if dorfus walks in on us?"

"He's gone...gone back home," I indicated the absence of male clothing and of missing suitcases.

Rodd smiled, "Kind of sudden wasn't it?"

"Not soon enough," I answered. Rodd liked what he was hearing. He didn't press for more details. He was just glad to see that Brian's presence was gone.

"Well let's do the desert," he said, "Today...who knows what we'll do tonight."

"Alright," I said. Rodd could have asked me to go to the moon with him and I would have done it. We walked, hand in hand, past the same reservations clerk. She smiled, but I knew that she would have some stories to tell the others. Stories of the jilted bride who found a new man only an hour after her husband left in a huff. I didn't care.

Rodd had rented a late model 4-wheel Jeep, complete with roll bars, lights, winch, desert maps and a book titled, "Nevada's Ghost Towns". A marker in the middle of the book gave a clue to where we were headed.

"Junction City, it is," Rodd declared, "Accessible only by 4-wheel drive. Built in 1881, died in 1930. I guess several buildings are still standing. We can explore them."

A packed ice cooler in the back seat completed the explorers vehicle. It sounded like a fun day. I was glad that Brian was gone. Now I could concentrate on being Rodd's 'girl'. I knew that I couldn't have that title forever, but I could for a while longer.

The trip through the rugged desert terrain was rough. Rodd had to lock the Jeep into 4 wheel drive and it was only because of my seat belt

that I didn't bounce right out the top. The trip gave us a chance to divulge ourselves to each other, something that I wasn't too keen on for obvious reasons.

Rodd, born in Nebraska, grew up on a farm. He finished scholastically in the top half of his class, graduated from Nebraska with a good prospect for the pro draft. He went in the third round and his five years with the Atlanta Sky had made all Pro twice, the last two years.

His parents had sold their farm and retired in a peaceful valley south of Los Angeles. His Dad farmed a small spread, only to keep busy, not because of need. They would be watching Rodd in the Friday night game this week. He had two younger brothers, one a minor league 1st baseman, the other a mechanic for the state garage in California.

Rodd had worked his way through college working as a diesel mechanic at a truck stop. He was very down to earth for being such a star. He admitted that he had never had a serious affair with a girl. "At least not yet," he stated making me uncomfortable.

What did I tell Rodd about myself? Well mostly the truth, but with a slant. My parents, for example, lived in the North East, my brothers were both officers in the marine corps and I had a sister who was an RN, married to a doctor also in the Marines. I lived in Atlanta with Mindy, my wi..er girlfriend. I explained that Mindy and I moved to Atlanta from Maine together and that she was a full time designer and model.

Rodd wanted to know if Mindy was available to date as he had single buddies. I thought of Mindy's confession to me that she was not virginal to me in our marriage. "I'm pretty sure that she'll be interested in dating," I told Rodd.

"Good, we'll double date when we all get back to Atlanta," he said closing out the history session.

I thought to myself, "Here I am, a boy, dressed as a girl, dating an super star and I had just agreed to fix my wife up with one of his buddies. Someone should write a story about all of this.

We bounced and bumped for another forty minutes before we found the ghost town of Junction City. Rodd took my delicate hand in his and we explored building after building. Then we ate the picnic lunch.

After resting awhile, Rodd suggested that it was time to change.

"Change?" I asked.

"Your bathing suit, of course," he stated.

Before I could ask why, Rodd showed me a small lake with sand beaches behind the town. "Alright!" I said, "Where can I change?"

Rodd smiled, "right here...No just kidding. Use the old hotel. I promise not to peek."

"Better not," I said waving a finger at him. Soon I had slipped my black bikini on. I put a touch of lipstick on and stepped out onto the sandy street.

Rodd was waiting for me. He looked like a mountain wearing a swimsuit. Anything a girl could want. But I wasn't a girl. I only looked like one. Well, I knew that I wasn't a girl, but I was not about to let Rodd know that.

That's why my bikini was of a solid color and not too brief. After all, despite my small maleness, the flesh colored cache couldn't work miracles. My top, on the other hand, showed a lot of cleavage. This fact wasn't wasted on Rodd.

We frolicked and swam for slightly over an hour. The water was warm, but it was chilly when you got out of it. Rodd took care of that by wrapping the two of us in a blanket that he brought with him.

There we were, the two of us, body pressed to body. What do a boy and girl do when that occurs? They embrace of course, just as we did. Rodd was passionate, forceful, and all man. I was feminine, passive, and receptive to all of his advances.

I knew that Rodd wanted me...wanted me all the way. Out her, if he was that kind, he could take me. I was his to be used as he desired. I didn't know until my bare breasts crushed into his hairy chest that he had removed my top.

I reached down quickly to verify that my bottom was in place. It was. I let Rodd move his mouth to my breasts. My breasts responded like a woman's would, I responded like a woman would. I wanted to remove my bikini bottom and let Rodd lay between my legs as a woman would want to. I knew that I couldn't let that happen however.

Rodd paused, "Don't worry, Randi, I won't take your bottom off. Not until you tell me that I can."

I looked into his eyes, "Thanks," I whispered.

"Randi, can you...uh...is it possible.. I mean through surgery that someday you will be able to..." he stammered.

"Make love like a normal woman?" I interrupted.

"Well I wasn't going to..." he stammered.

I interrupted again, "You have a right to know Rodd. I can't make love like a normal woman right now, but through surgery I will eventually be able to let you make love to me." I couldn't believe what I had just said.

"You don't have to tell me more now Randi, but I like what you just said. I look forward to the day that I can satisfy you all the way," Rodd passionately whispered into my ear.

I could feel Rodd's manhood pressing through his trunks against my bare belly. I looked into his eyes. My body reacted without brain waves intervening with my emotions in charge. "But I can take care of you in other ways in the meantime."

My hands slid under Rodd's trunks and I held his hardness in my hand. I stroked him as I remembered being stroked. Rodd's eyes closed.

"Do it Randi," he said, "Oh Randi, I want you to do me," he breathlessly cried.

I pulled my hands from his trunks. "Alright Rodd," I whispered in his ear, "I'll take care of your needs, but not here. It has to be special."

"Not here?" he stammered, "but..but..but..."

"Tonight," I said softly, "In the privacy of our hotel room. I want it to be special."

Rodd's look of disappointment changed to one of enthusiasm. "That's right. Dorfus is gone." He kissed me hard and quick on the lips. "Times a wasting," he shouted practically dumping me out of the blanket.

We ran back to the jeep. "You won't change your mind will you?" he asked at least ten times. The jeep flew over the desert floor.

"No Rodd, I won't change my mind. I want you as much as you want me," I assured him. What have I got myself into I thought as the jeep bounced towards the Las Vegas lights. Tonight I will finally become a woman. I closed my eyes and dreamed of that.

Scoring. Making it with your girlfriend. Getting it on with her. Getting Lucky. That's how men think. That's how I used to think. Cupping her soft breasts, feeling the smoothness of a shapely leg, tasting her lipstick, exploring underneath her lingerie and being taken care of, your needs satisfied.

She would look great, be sensuous, dainty, sultry, teasing, shy if it suited her, mysterious, feminine at all times. That's how men wanted their women, especially so if they were to score.

I had scored a few times myself. It was great. I wondered to myself if it would be as great to "be" the score. Tonight I was to make myself available to a man. Tonight I was to be the one in lingerie. It was I who painted my lips a pouty red to match my fingernails. It was I who had soft sensuous breasts, smooth skin, long curled hair with a ribbon in it.

It was I with the curvaceous body and sexy nylon clad legs. It was I who wore alluring perfume, the kind that turned men on. It was I, Randi, who was to be the girl, the passive recipient of the sexual desires of a man.

I would be his, to be used as he wanted me. I had dressed as, made up as, dated as, and teased as a girl. Now it was time, as all girls know, to pay back the masculine half, for their indulgence to our feminine selves. I had been a girl for several months and now it was time to become a woman.

Rodd had dropped me off at my hotel an hour earlier. We weren't about to jump in the sack and get it on like animals. No, Rodd had class. He knew how to treat a woman.

I, the woman, hoped that I could fulfill my expected role. "I'll be back in an hour," he had promised. "We'll go out for dinner and then..." he smiled. Rodd was thinking about his score. That pleased and scared

me at the same time. After all this would be a first for me...As a girl and a lover, that is.

"Wear something sexy tonight when we go out. I want all the other men to want you, to dream about having you. I want them to drool and as they dream, I will have you," he stated before his whisked off down the street in the jeep.

Now I was ready for dinner. Sexy as Rodd had wanted, in a tight red satin cocktail dress with spaghetti straps, a plunging neckline leaving little to the imagination, a skirt ending a good five inches above the knees, dark silk hose and 3" red high heels.

I put a coat of gloss over my red lips, satisfied that my lipstick matched my wet look nails, my lashes curled, mascara and eye liner just right, a cool blue on my eyelids. I completed the look with a single gold chain and gold hoop earrings. I put a red satin bow in my hair. This girl was ready for her man.

I worried that maybe I had dressed too sexy. Would Rodd approve? I realized that I was now dressing to please men, particularly this one.

There was firm knock at the door. It was Rodd.

We ate at the Italian Parliament, a spaghetti restaurant with garlic bread and salad. A fine wine accompanied the dinner. If Rodd wanted me to look at me, he should have been very happy. The waiter looked down the front of my dress and as a result got the orders mixed up.

The teenage bus boy filled our water glasses each time we took a sip from the glass. I sat with my legs to the side of the table, not under it, and as a result, I showed a lot of leg and some thigh.

I faced towards Rodd and purposely brushed my leg against his. This time under the table cloth. Rodd scooted his chair close to mine and had me sit now with my legs underneath the table. "No more show," I thought. But what was occurring was even better.

I felt Rodd's hand push my dress up my legs. His hands only inches below my red satin panties. I gasped. Rodd smiled. I loved the feel of his huge hands on the silkiness of my nylons.

I was playing my role pretty well so far. The true test was yet to come.

Dinner was great, the wine scrumptious, even the conversation good. Rodd paid quickly and before I knew it, we were back at the hotel.

"Ah, finally," Rodd said closing the door behind him.

"Finally," I thought, "the moment of truth had arrived."

I dropped my purse on the bed and turned around to find myself wrapped in Rodd's firm arms. I looked up at him and was rewarded by Rodd's lips pressing firmly on mine.

I put my arms around him and pulled him close to me. My tongue entered his mouth first this time, but his response was quick and more

intense. He moved his tongue down to my neck and kissed it passionately.

I let the straps of my dress slip from my shoulders baring my soft shoulders. Rodd's mouth continued down to the top of my breasts.

I felt the zipper at the back of my dress being released, Rodd was a master at undressing women. With ease, he removed my dress freeing my mounds of femininity. My nipples were erect.

I stepped out of the dress. Rodd gently pushed me onto the bed, his mouth encompassed my breasts, first the right one, then the left, then the right, then the left and so on.

I lay there naked from the waist up, my red lace mini slip, red panties and nylons and high heels still in place. Rodd was breathing hard as was I. I, the female, in this relationship was expected to not just lay there, but to respond and respond I did.

I untucked Rodd's shirt, unbuttoned it and then tasted his hairy chest. He smelled of musk, I smelled of roses. As Rodd removed my slip and nylons, I began to panic. Only my panties protected my secret.

Rodd ran his fingers along the waist band until my hand stopped his. "I won't go any further. I know that I promised that I wouldn't." I moved my hand away and Rodd, as he promised, moved his hands away from my panties. I thanked goodness for my smallness and the cache device.

It was again my turn for action. I moved up to my elbows, kissed Rodd and slipped off of the bed to my knees. Without hesitation, I undid his belt buckle and the top of his pants. I couldn't stop now and saw my soft delicate hand with red nails grip the zipper of his trousers. It was with ease that the teeth parted.

Rodd, knowing what to do, stood up. His trousers fell to the floor and I gently pulled his boxer shorts off of him. I realized exactly where I was at. There would be no interruptions. No phones, no knocks on the door, Mindy would not interrupt this time.

"Here I am Mindy," I thought, "On my knees in front of a naked man, just like you always wanted me to be."

I was breathing really hard now. It was really going to happen. I had to react like a total woman. Rodd was gentle as he stood before me. He put his hands behind my head and pulled me towards his maleness.



## REWARD!!

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"Are you sure?" he asked. I nodded. "Would you put some fresh lipstick on?" he asked. I looked up at him in wonderment. "You know it shows how far..."

"I know," I said softly. I had liked the same thing when girls had taken care of me in this way. Never in my wildest dreams would I have thought that I would be the one putting on the lipstick. But here I was coating my lips with the red cream. It tasted good. It was kind of a stalling technique also.

I carelessly put the lipstick on the corner of the bed where it rolled off onto the floor. The top came off exposing the red substance.

My lipstick applied, I was ready to leave the last vestige of my manhood. I was about to surrender myself to a man. I was about to be used like a woman. I sighed a little and leaned forward to kiss Rodd on his belly. Traces of red followed as I kissed his legs and thighs. I felt queasy and a bit repulsed.

I kissed him smearing more lipstick on him. "Remember how good it felt when she did it to you," I thought. Now I was the she. It was I who would be making him feel good. It was I who was on my knees. I stroked Rodd with my soft delicate hands. The red of my nails shown delicately feminine on my soft hands.

"Miss?" he asked gently.

"Yes," I sighed knowing that I couldn't stall any longer. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth. In a second my feminine virginity was gone. Rodd was having me. I had become a woman sexually. It wasn't terrible. I had been scared, but it felt so...well natural to perform such an act.

As Randy, I wouldn't have done it, as Randi, I had to do it. For those few moments I was in control. I liked pleasing my man.

Mindy was right. Randy would never be again. I was glad that there were men who liked being men, but I wasn't one of them. Give me a skirt and high heels anytime. I'd rather type your memos than drive your trucks.

I slipped into the bathroom and returned in a filmy black baby doll nighty. Rodd slipped his arm around me and we watched TV together. A short time later, Rodd disappeared down the hall and returned with his midnight snacks of potato chips, pop and candy.

Later, after the lights were out, I felt Rodd's hand directing mine to his waist. "Again?" I questioned. He nodded like a little boy. "Again," he said.

This time was easier, better. I knew that there were more times like these ahead.

How long could this masquerade go on I wondered as Rodd drifted off to sleep. Now that he had scored with me, would he still want me? If he did, what would I have to do... with my body, that is. I wondered how Dad would feel about having two boys... and two girls...??

All night I kept waking up. I'd look over at the MAN I was sleeping with. It scared me. What was I doing?

I woke up to the morning sun peeking through the drapes. My body was clad in the black nighty. Rodd slept soundly beside me.

I sat up with a start. Had it been a dream? Had I dreamed about what I would like to happen to Rodd and I?

My tube of uncapped lipstick lay on the floor at the foot of the bed. If I were to pull back the covers from Rodd, I knew that the red color on his maleness would match that on my lips.

I was finally a woman, a complete woman having sexually satisfied a man. Now that I was awake, I remembered the encounters that had occurred during the night. It embarrassed me—how could I allow that? All vestiges of my manhood pride were now gone.

### HOME.....

The plane trip to Atlanta was long and it included a stopover at Dallas. Rodd slept much of the trip and as a result I had a lot of time to think. By the time the pilot reversed the thrusters in Atlanta, I had made up my mind. Like the plane I was riding on, I was going to reverse my life. A quick change in a short time.

All of a sudden everything would be entirely different. With the operation, I would no longer look at girls, I would be one. Not an impersonator, not a masquerade.

I looked down at my nyloned legs, high heel shoes, and slim skirt. I ran my pink tipped nails over my frilly lace blouse. I touched the earrings in my pierced ears after I brushed back my curled shoulder length auburn hair. I smelled of sweet perfume. I loved the taste of my lipstick and the curl of my eyelashes.

There would be no more boxer shorts, flannel shirts, and "work-man" gloves.

I looked over at Rodd. He was a man. He is what I never was, never could be. As a woman, I could please a man like Rodd. I knew what I had to do. I was not willing to give up my femininity but clung to the last vestiges of my maleness.

Could the rest of my life would be spent as a woman...a complete woman? No more cache devices, no more hidden objects in the love bed, no more fear of being discovered. Maybe I should have the 'operation.' Maybe I could become a woman.

Mindy picked us up at the airport. It was immediately obvious to her that Rodd and I were a couple and she was merely a single female come to pick us up. In mind as well as body I was a female. I had impassioned feelings toward Rodd and now looked at other men as potential dates.

I was no longer attracted to women. They were too much like me now. Wow!! When Mindy sought to feminize me, she really did a complete job. I looked, acted, thought and even performed as a female now.

I thought of Mindy with affection now. I still loved her, but now as one girlfriend cares for another girlfriend. I wanted her to have a man in her life and I didn't want to be that man.

We stopped at our place for a couple of drinks and Rodd showed Mindy our vacation pictures. I sat very near Rodd. His hand either on my knee or his arm around my shoulders.

"Well, you two really hit it off. When's the wedding going to take place?" Mindy said.

Rodd smiled, "Not you too Mindy. First my teammates, then my parents. I think that we care a lot for each other," Rodd paused and looked in my eyes, "But then we've dated for only a week. I think everyone's rushing things a little, don't you?" Mindy agreed and the subject was dropped.

Shortly thereafter, I took Rodd home. We made out in the car like two teenagers. "Randi, I don't know why you haven't had your ...ah... surgery yet, but I hope it's soon. I want *in* you."

How was I going to tell him? How do you tell the man of your dreams that he fell in love with another man??...Even though that man looked and acted like a woman and was beginning to even feel like one.

I obtained a job at the front desk of the Elegant Hotel. I loved it. My uniform was a black slim skirt with white blouse and black blazer. The hotel required that we wear ultra sheer black hose with our black patent heels. It was a P.R. job mostly and I loved it.

I liked the business, I liked the hours and I didn't mind the mild flirtations of both businessmen and other male employees. It reinforced in my desire to become a woman. I also continued to date Rodd whenever he was in town.

### REALITY SETS IN.....

Suddenly there was a knock at the front door. I wondered who it could be since I hadn't made any plans for the evening. I answered the door to find Rodd standing there clutching a sheath of papers. He seemed to be awfully upset. His face was a ruddy color and his voice cracked when he spoke.

"He's kidding," Rodd said, "Right?"

"What??" I asked perplexed.

"This," Rodd said handing me the papers. I opened them and started to read...Suddenly I could feel the blood drain from my face... The papers started....

Dear Mr. Rodd King,

"I understand that you are seeing a girl named Randi. I was wondering whether you knew that she isn't all that she's made up to be...so to speak.

I know because I was with her in Las Vegas before she met you. My name is Brian and I was sharing a room with her before you showed up.

"Well, anyway, the bitch stood me up and I think you should know that she and Mindy are closer than you can imagine."

The letter continued to reveal in complete detail who I was and what my relationship really is with Mindy. It stated what my real name was and my whole life story. It was signed by Brian Slinger.

"So that's the 'problem' with making love," he said. "I'm a real sucker right."

"Nooo," I pleaded, "I'm sorry."

"Are you one of those transsexuals I've seen on the talk shows? Going to have it cut off?"

My mind raced. Maybe he'd understand that. It's medical right? "Yes," I confessed lowering my eyes so as not to look at him. I escorted him into the apartment and asked him to be seated. I told him that I would answer any questions he had. "But I never really wanted to hurt you, Rodd, I confessed.

"You must have had a lot of men. You look so much like a girl...I can't see how you ever were a boy with those tits and figure."

"No," I admitted, "I've never really been with a man...you're the first I've ever satisfied."

He asked, "Did you like it?"

"It made me feel like a real girl," I admitted. As the conversation continued, I saw the color return to his face and could feel the same return to mine. After the initial outburst, Rodd seemed to have gained control of himself. I could see the hurt look in his eyes when I confessed that the letter was true.

We sat quietly next to each other for a couple of minutes. Both of us were obviously trying to compose ourselves and decide what to do next. Rodd was the first to speak, "I think you should be a girl."

When I told him about my thoughts of becoming a woman, I saw the love return to his eyes.

He slipped his arm around my waist and kissed me, tasting my full painted lips. His fingers went to my neckline and slipped down into my bra cups. "Silicone?" he asked.

"No, all just me. They just grew."

"They're sweet," he said, "Do you like men playing with them?"

"I liked you too," I said shyly. He pulled me against him. I quivered at the sweetness of his caresses.

He whispered, "I want you to go to your room and put on your best dress. I'm taking you out to a very romantic meal and then we're going to my house and you're going to get really laid. Bring something sexy to sleep in, but I doubt if we'll get much sleep.

I ran to my room and quickly slipped into a lovely, robin's egg blue cocktail dress—very classy. A pair of matching heels over nude colored nylons and I was ready. I was both nervous and scared. He was such a big man he might hurt me without trying. My body wasn't exactly made for the virile lust of a 200lbs plus football player. Would I know what to do when the time came?

Rodd took me in his arms and kissed me, "Are you ready?" he asked.

"I just need my purse and bag," I said.

"No," he said, "I meant...are you ready for a night of love and unrequited male passion?"

"I guess I'll find out."

Rodd possessively clasp my arm and picked up my overnight bag. I was enthralled with new sensations. My pulse hammered wildly throughout dinner and got worse as the evening progressed.

We stopped at his house and he changed into a tux. We had a private booth in the best restaurant in Atlanta. Rodd possessed me with his charm and wit. I was being seduced by the best, allowing all my feminine instincts to take over.

I instinctively parted my lips to his kisses and was giddily aware of the rigid budge when he held me. A sweet melting of my remaining maleness was overwhelmed by Rodd's passion.

Before I knew it we were back in his hotel suite. "I'm crazy about you," Rodd whispered his blue eyes shining in the moonlight.

I was speechless. I couldn't imagine myself being so 'willing' to allow Rodd anything he wanted. He picked me up and tenderly carried me into the bedroom then gently laid me on the bed. Tenderly he pressed his lips against mine, his tongue gently probing until I opened my lips to him. My knees began to tremble. I clung to him, kissing him long and deep. A quiver began deep in my belly and I felt light-headed like I was on drugs.

Rodd's hand slipped down to my the gentle swell of my breasts and opened the front of my dress. Circling the erect nipples with his fingers, he whispered, "I bet they'll grow after your operation.

"Gee," I thought, "He's probably right. They would grow if I left my maleness behind me." What had started out as a excuse was becoming a 'plan'.

He slowly undressed, never allowing his body to part from mine. "OH MY!" escaped my lips when I saw his maleness. There was no way I could be 'his girl'!

Apparently he'd seen shock on his girl's faces before and he whispered, "It's okay. I'm very gentle." With that he reached for the hem of my dress and with alarming swiftness removed my panties.

My heart was racing realizing my 'armor' had so quickly been removed and the fullness of his arousal was revealed. I started to open my mouth to resist, but he nestled in on top of me kissing my lips.

"Ohhh," I moaned as I felt the pressing passion against my dress.

"Just relax," he said causing my pulse to accelerate. He reached in a drawer next to the bed and applied something on his maleness. With steady hands he took my smooth legs and hooked them over his shoulders.

My heart pounded. I wished I was more practiced at what a girl should do. I said, "Should I take off my dress?"

"Later," he said breathlessly, "Watching you in it has been a turn on...I've wanted you all night."

"What should I do?" I asked innocently.

"Just lay back and relax..." A startled gasp escaped my lips when his arousal threatened to snap my composure.

In the interests of good taste, I won't go into detail of what happened but he told me my gasps and squeals were most feminine and appropriate for my first 'lay'. At first I was horrified and scared. I thought he was going to kill me. I fought to get away but when I realized that there was nothing I could do, I relaxed and experienced sensations that I had never felt before. I had never really given of myself, always afraid to give fully. Rodd's passion drove me into a frenzy forcing me to give myself fully.

I had accepted him into my body, surrendering and being receptive to his gliding maleness. I was a sheath—responsive to his every move. A diffuse sensitivity over took me and I screamed as he filled me fully with his masculine seed. I found myself clutched to him, quivering with the reality of my deflowering. He took his finger and traced the outline of my breast and said, "Now you can change into something sexy, my sweet little girl." He gave me a sweet little kiss on the forehead.

I got up and my legs felt a little wobbly. I took my bag into the bathroom and looked into the mirror to see if I had changed. My eyes sparkled and my hair hung in long loose waves. I looked utterly feminine and desirable. I took out my lace and silk white nightgown and slipped it over my head letting it fan down over my rib cage and breasts. My hands went to my belly aware of a new sensation triggering memories of my recent actions.

I added some perfume and went back to the bedroom. A wave of embarrassment surged through me when Rodd whistled at me when I walked in, the gown shimmering with each undulating swish of my hips. My hips had a new wiggle which wasn't there before.

Red faced, I climbed into bed next to Rodd. He asked, "Are you okay?"

The perfume wafted up from my gown and I said, "I guess. I've never..."

He kissed me again and his hand began to roam down my nightgown. I began to feel his rigid maleness again pressed against my soft hip.

"You turn me on," he whispered while kissing my neck.

"Again?" I asked.

That night we made love more times than I could count. Even Rodd apologized—surprised by his passion. Early the next morning, I heard him whisper, "I think I love you."

Later he said, "We simply must get you that operation. I will pay for it of course."

I was surprised with Rodd's sudden turnaround from one angry football player at my door with the "damaging evidence" to what was happening between us now. I had to ask, "Why?"

He had obviously been doing a lot of thinking. He said, "Hey I've been around and honestly I just haven't clicked with anyone like this. I'm not sure but you're different...I mean different good. The girl's I've been going out with are competitive...that's it. They don't seem to want to be the girl in a relationship, they want to be a partner. Call me old fashioned, but I get enough 'competitiveness' on the field. I don't need it in a relationship. I don't feel competitive with you. You try to be feminine and like it. I like that. If you think I'm rushing things a bit, I am. If I let you get away, I'll never find anyone like you again."

I melted into his arms. He added, "We'll simply have to get you fixed."

I cringed at his choice of words.

### FURTHER REVELATIONS.....

I buried myself in work and counted each day till he was in town. I'd sometimes meet Rodd at the airport, spend a couple days with him before he had to leave for another road trip.

I heard from him often—mail and gifts. I loved checking the mail and finding an encouraging card or gift from Rodd somewhere in the

country. I just tried to keep my mind on work and not miss him. Watching the games on TV was a new experience. He was no longer just an idol—he was mine.

A couple days later, Mindy was waiting up for me when I arrived home after work. She had prepared a pot of hot tea. "I figured that you would want to talk," she said softly.

"Yes...yes, I do. I guess the sooner the better," I replied.

"Uh huh," she started.

"Well I think that you made it clear that we could no longer be husband and wife," I began.

"True. We can be good friends...girlfriends, Randi. I see it in your eyes...you could never be a 'man' again," Mindy answered.

"Rodd wants me to become a woman, Mindy. . .to have the surgery. . .that will make me a woman; a whole woman. I want to be like you...a woman all the way. I'm confused. Do I want to be pretty and feminine all the time? To be a girlfriend, maybe someday a wife? I'm confused. Do I really want to be just like a woman?" I asked with tears streaming down my cheeks. The tears had ruined my makeup. Mindy was crying also. She placed her arms around me.

"Oh yes, Randi! I want all of those things for you too. I want you to be a girl also. It's the right thing for you," Mindy confessed. She even told me that she had been giving me female hormones since we were first married. The vitamins from Dr. Dan.

I was angry at first but it all seemed so long ago.

Mindy and I talked most of the night. About the operation. About my night with Rodd. She was so excited for me. About my de-flowering. About our divorce....after all two girls couldn't be married to each other.

The immediate plan was to see Dr. Yin for medical advice. We were fortunate enough to get an appointment for the next day. Dr. Yin was a tall, slender Chinese-American doctor. He was referred to us by Dr. Dan and was considered a top expert in sex reassignment surgery. After a lengthy exam, we were ushered into Dr. Yin's office. A folder with my name sat on his desk.

"You want to be woman, eh?" he started.

"I think so," I said.

"You must be certain because you no can go back," he stated.

"I know," I answered;

"You must divorce this woman. You now need man yourself. You prepare to be wife?"

"Yes..uh..." I blushed, "When I find the right man."

Dr. Yin explained the operation. He explained that it would be fully functional for the obvious reason. "You no longer can stand," he explained, "Must always sit." He explained how I could receive a man

sexually, just like a real woman. "You will have pleasure as a woman," he assured me.

At this point, Mindy squeezed my hand. "That's the best part," she whispered in my ear.

Dr. Yin told me that I would meet with a panel of psychologists who would advise me of all the psychological changes that I would have to go through if I changed my sex. "No problems I see. I recommend as medical doctor that you do this. I'm sure they will too," he assured me.

Mindy and I made no further moves to tell anyone else about the possible change.

That evening, I was sitting at home alone listening to some mood music and contemplating everything that had happened. Mindy had gone out for the evening on a date that she had accepted a week earlier and couldn't back out of. I was reviewing some rather graphic literature given to me by Dr. Yin. Some of the pictures and illustrations turned my stomach. There certainly isn't anything glamorous about having one's maleness husked, shucked and turned inside out.

Rodd continued to take me out whenever he was in town and I began to look forward to our dates and weekends together.

I was overpowered by the new awareness of my body being the feminine counterpart to his masculinity. Where he was hard, I was soft. Under his masterful attention, my body was coaxed to an even deeper realization of feminine accommodation. My body which was tentative at first became more confident—experienced. I began to realize the scope of power to thrill and excite by urging him to me.

I felt myself drowning in an ocean of previously unimagined sensations.

After two months of psychological testing and interviews, I received a call from Dr. Yin. Mindy and I sat on a couch in his office. "It best," he began, "You get divorce now. You want to be woman. I make you a woman. All ok. Everyone..."

I sucked in my breath as the reality hit me. It was no longer a maybe. This was no longer a game. There were no more obstacles. I had been cleared...to become a woman. Mindy was ecstatic. I was scared. The surgery would take place the second week in January...five weeks away. Was it what I wanted? I was scared to death.

I wished that I could talk to Rodd about my fears and terror. I was scheduled for a few more appointments and the surgery. Just weeks away, I still wasn't sure. I had to talk to the doctor. I called and made an appointment for the next day.

TOO SOON...

"...you will develop more feminine curves and your clothes would fit better," Dr. Yin said. "What do you think?"

I began to wish I hadn't worn the outfit Rodd had given me. Perhaps it was because my girlish figure was revelled by the clinging sweater dress, my face made-up and my shoes were very high heels. Of course this doctor would think I want to be a girl.

I took a long hair lock, threw it over my shoulder and crossed my legs revealingly. I admitted, "Doctor, I don't know if I want to be a girl...I used to like being a boy."

Dr. Yin cleared his throat and asked, "Did you always walk with swaying hips?"

"Ahh, no...it's just the tight skirt," I added, "And lately I have this boyfriend..."

That was enough for him. The doctor said, "I want you to see a video film."

It was of a young boy of twenty being interviewed in various stages of learning to dress and live like a woman. The final part of the film was actual slides of an operation.

I naively watched the video; the boy was being interviewed as he was being wheeled into an operating room. "How do you feel," the interviewer asked.

"Drowsy," the glassy-eyed boy sighed, "They gave me something to relax me."

I still wasn't sure exactly what the operation was about...until he saw the doctor strapping the boys wide-spread legs into stirrups. The video was shot to show everything. I thought I might be sick. I was glad when it was over but I still wasn't sure what to do.

I started to leave when Dr. Yin came up and told me the good news. He said, "I have cancelation. I take you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! I...I," I stuttered.

"You change mind?" he asked.

"No, but..." I didn't know what to say.

"Tomorrow. You come to hospital...nine a.m.," Dr. Yin said, adding, "We fix you up."

There's that word again.

I had a most restless night. Partly because Rodd was in town and spent the night with me. Rodd was very excited knowing that it was our last night together with me 'together'. He made me feel feminine and wanted.

The following morning I was admitted to the hospital with the warm afterglow of a man's lovemaking compelling me onward.

I locked myself in the rest room and for the very last time pee'd standing up. The nurse gave me a 'mellow out' shot as Mindy and Rodd came in to see me. Rodd said, "I got a present for you..."

I opened the pink wrapped box and found a beautiful white nightgown. "You'll fill it out even better this time next year," he smiled adding, "I hope I don't loose you to some other man when you're fixed."

I smiled, "Not a chance."

I relaxed for the day while they did various tests. That night they came me another 'mickey'.

I awoke to the doctor saying, "We will be using a spinal block."

Then I saw Rodd's face smiling. "Don't worry I'll hold your hand.

"Aren't you going to put me out? I asked.

Dr. Yin said, "This much better. You stay awake but you feel nothing. This best method. . .used in birth delivery. . . patient no have complications of unconsciousness and anesthesia. Are you comfortable?" he asked me.

I grimaced, saying, "Marvelous." I guess that was about the extent of my humor.

They continued the preparation, strapping down my arms, waist and chest. They hooked my knees and legs into stirrups in a spread eagle position. A large sheet was hung over my knees blocking my view of the operation. Rodd made small talk as they prepared me. I wanted to resist but didn't. I caught my breath, overwhelmed by a sense of utter vulnerability.

The anesthesiologist began giving me the spinal and it hurt for a few moments—my face showed anguish, the pain deadening to a twinge, then to nothing. Rodd grimaced too like he was also in pain. This was really going to hurt him.

A beautiful tall blonde nurse sat next to me and said, "That's the worse part, everything will be numb soon.

The doctor in surgical greens asked me, "Do you feel this."

I felt nothing. I shook my head no.

"Good, you'll probably only feel a little 'pulling' sensation," the doctor added.

I took a deep breath and had an empty expression on my face as the doctor and his assistants prepared under the 'tent'.

My heart was pounding, I realized that my maleness was about to unflinchingly and unalterably be turned inside out and shaped into functional female genitals.

I was...in shock. Sure the goal was to be a lovely young female; happy and vivacious...the aftermath of the surgery. But as it began I comprehended the seriousness; it was all so irreparable...so final.

I sighed. Rodd looked into my eyes and whispered, "You won't miss it, I promise. You can have mine anytime you want." I guess I was trading a little one for a big one.

I felt a pulling sensation and saw the doctor busy at work. It was too late to change my mind now.

I awakened in a semi-dark room. Rodd and Mindy sat beside my bed. A nurse was taking my vitals. "Did I...Am I really a..." I groaned.

Mindy placed my hand below my waist. There was no bulge, not even a little one. The triangle area between my legs was flat...and terribly sore....and bandaged.

I was a girl!!!!

Soon the sedative took control and I passed out and slept until the next day. Indeed I was no longer male, I was a female now, just like Mindy. The real thing!!!

The pain subsided in a few days and the thrill of being a real girl took over in euphoria. I had flowers all over my room. From my folks, my brothers (really!), from Rose and Mindy, and the largest from Rodd. Rodd's note stated, "Now we can really make WHOOPEE!!" I smiled and felt a queasiness in the pit of my stomach. Yes, I'm sure that we would.

I progressed so well medically that I was allowed to go home after only eight days. I had mastered the art of female plumbing. As I sat in the mandatory wheelchair in the lobby, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Hi, Randi," Rodd's strong voice said, "I got the team to allow me to return to Atlanta a few days early. I told them that my fiancée was having some minor surgery."

"Oh, Rodd," I swooned, "I'm so glad to see you." He brought his lips to mine and we kissed right there in the lobby. My first kiss as a real woman.

The doctors had told me that I had to wait at least 12 weeks before having sex. Rodd's face fell nearly six inches when I informed him. "Well, start getting your wedding trousseau together then," he stated.

"Mr King, are you proposing?" I smiled at him.

"Uh..Ya..I guess I am," he stuttered.

"Then I accept, gladly," I cried, taking him in my arms and giving him the 'Mother of all Kisses'.

Three months later Rodd and I were married. I wore white and the wedding included all the ceremony that every girl dreams of. Mindy was my Maid of Honor. Rose, Tammy, and Sherry were my Bridesmaids. Dad gave me away.

That night, Rodd showed me what being married to him was going to be like. He was a fantastic lover. I knew that I had left Randy behind forever. I was now Mrs Randi King, wife of the star football player for the Atlanta Sky. I loved him so!!!

I always went to all the football games with him. I sat with the other player's wives, as required. Some were a bit stuffy in their gray suits and short cropped bleached hair. Many had no interest in the game of football other than how much their husbands made. I was beginning to

see what Rodd saw in 'modern' women. I was always in stark contrast with my long wind blown hair, low-cut mini-dress and high heeled pumps. I always wore a sexy dress that Rodd liked seeing on me.

At one game with L.A., I wore a tight red dress, a present from Rodd. It was so short that it showed most of my shapely legs. Early in the game, I saw Rodd looking for me and he almost got 'sacked' that play. I loved it.

A few times I get carried away and start jumping up and down, especially when Rodd carries the ball for a winning touchdown. I see the 'wives' stare at me. I really don't care, but I quickly sit down and primly smoothed my skirt over my knees. Watching his blue and white jersey run up and down the field gives me goosebumps. Maybe I am the 'kind' of girl Rodd needs.

I sometimes wonder why? Rodd brings me joy and increases my sense of femininity. Being a woman is pleasant, satisfying and high adventure. I've embraced femininity and have been swept away for life

### **The End**

If you you would like to read more of Brenda Ann's stories, write to me:

**SANDY THOMAS,  
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MAN OR WOMAN?*



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# IN THE PINK Part 31



*Johnny was surprised when his father suggested they  
'dress-up' for the Father-Son Follies.  
That was not his last surprise!*

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# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

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### FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

### MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

### PAT GOES COED #5

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

### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

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 CHRISSE #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**

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

**BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

**HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

**SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

**BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

**THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

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

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

**BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

**NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**THE SARAH SCHOOL**

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

**TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

**AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

**DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

**ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

**MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

**PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

**POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

**"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

**FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2  
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES  
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC  
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

**I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC  
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC  
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC  
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

**FROM MAN TO WOMAN**

**BOOK #5)**

The continuing saga of Tebby.

**I BECAME MY TEACHER**

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

**THE SISSY SERIES**

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4  
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS  
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

**WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

**THE SLIP**

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

**THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

**NON-FICTION BOOKS**

**THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

**TV CONTEST VIDEOS**


**MODEL SEARCH 2004**

**THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION**

Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses,

swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify.**

**TV FICTION CLASSICS**  
MAGAZINE  
**"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"**  
Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



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P.O. Box 2309  
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**TV FICTION CLASSICS**  
MAGAZINE  
**"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"**  
Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47  
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# GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!  
FEMININE PROPOSAL



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would  
ever believe that I was Stanley, a guy,  
only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN  
**24 HOURS!**

We appreciate your business!

Sandy Thomas

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# ARE YOU A WRITER?

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

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
THOSE AND  
MAYBE EXPAND  
UPON THEM.



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# DAZZLE YOUR FRIENDS...

## WITH BIG, BEAUTIFUL PRETEND BREASTS!



HEY FRANK!  
I LOVE YOUR  
TITS!

MY WIFE  
GAVE THEM  
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