

# TITILLATING TV TALES

## WHAT GIRLS WANT



THERE IS NOTHING LIKE A BUNCH OF  
GIRLIE CLOTHES TO MAKE EVEN THE TOUGHEST  
GUY FEEL LIKE A GIRL!

*TITILLATING TALES...VOLUME 16*

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS**

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WHAT GIRLS WANT

SANDY THOMAS ADV. 1

# TITILLATING TV TALES

Volume 16

## “WHAT GIRLS WANT”

PART TWO OF TWO

*By Kelly Ann*

*Illustrations by Puyal*

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“WHAT GIRLS WANT II”



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**Being a gorgeous young woman is only**  
**appreciated in retrospect.**

# “WHAT GIRLS WANT”

PART TWO OF TWO

**By Kelly Ann**

I got together with the other girls for a shopping trip a couple of days later. Since it was cold, I wore tight jeans and ankle boots. I looked pretty, but I missed wearing a skirt. The other girls wore jeans and sneakers.

I told everyone about how beautiful my gown was, how fun it was to wear garters, and my dance with daddy. “You sound hooked!” Lanie laughed. “When are you making the switch?”

“Come on, guys,” I joked. “I’m stuck like this for a couple of more years. Why not have fun?”

Lanie said, “I don’t shop with boys and I’d never invite a boy to a slumber party. Do you think your parents may decide to make this sentence permanent?”

I shook my head, “They’d never do that. This is something I have to endure because I screwed up. Once it’s over, everything will be back the way it should be.”

If everything returned to the way it should be, would I be a girl? I kept my mouth shut. It wasn’t a good idea to talk about it in the middle of the mall. We had a fun time trying on outfits and I even bought new earrings and makeup.

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I started charm classes at school with a dozen other girls. Mrs. Taylor, the teacher, didn’t bat an eye when I answered roll call. She continued down the list of girls and then began to lecture. “As many of you know, I teach the Life Skills class at school. That class prepares young men and women to handle day to day living after high school or college.” She paused for a moment, and then added, “This class is not comparable to that one. This class will teach you young women style, grace, and feminine deportment. Many young women feel that these are outdated skills, that women are equal to men and have no

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need for old-fashioned ideas. Ladies, equality has nothing to do with this class. Your looks count! When you go shopping, you buy things that look pretty, don't you? The same happens when you meet people. They may form an opinion of you based on your looks. Even if you're pretty enough to be a model, your style of dress can affect people's opinion of you."

"When you finish this course, you will be able to put together a coordinated look of clothing, hair, and makeup that will get you noticed. You will have the necessary poise and self-confidence to make people notice you. You started this class as young women, but you will finish it as young ladies."

It was hard to conceal my excitement. I couldn't wait to learn the skills Mrs. Taylor described! Even in my pretty gown at the New Year's Eve party, I still felt like a fake. I was determined that would not happen again. I was never going to be a boy again. From now on, I would be a pretty, young lady!

The class was tough. I never knew there was so much involved with being a girl, but until now, I never thought I wanted to be one. I thought I knew about makeup, but Mrs. Taylor taught me tricks with blending and shading that thrilled me. With just a little work, I looked so pretty.

One of the hardest things I had to do was to keep up the impression that Daddy was forcing me to take the class. I hated to lie, but I couldn't bring myself to tell the world that I wanted to be a girl.

Mrs. Taylor established ground rules for casual dressing. The first was that no underwear should show! We could not wear bras with straps under sleeveless tops or briefs with low-rise jeans. A sleeveless top had to have a built-in bra or we could wear a strapless bra. If we wore low-rise jeans, we should wear hipster or bikini style panties. Dresses and skirts, with the exception of denim skirts, required heels, not flats. If we were attending a casual event such as a picnic, low-heeled sandals would be appropriate with sundresses or casual skirts. Under no circumstances should we wear sneakers, even with denim skirts. A slip is required unless the skirt is lined.



*“Hold your skirt with your fingertips and dip,” the teacher instructed. “Girls must conduct themselves like princesses to catch a boy’s attention.”*

*I wasn’t sure I wanted to catch a boy’s attention, but I obediently curtsied like the other girls in the class.”*

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A woman wearing a thin skirt without a slip or allowing her straps to show might as well be a streetwalker. Both advertised, even if one did it unintentionally. She never let us forget that we were in her class to learn how to be ladies.

I loved all of Mrs. Taylor's rants about being ladies. I paid close attention and took detailed notes. When I finished the class, I could convince my family that I was too much of a young lady to remain a boy!

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I put my new skills to use and soon my family and friends were commenting on my changes. I seemed much happier, more relaxed, and prettier! I smiled and thanked them for their compliments. What girl wouldn't be happier and more relaxed when she looked as good as I did?

I started noticing boys after charm school. I started looking at them and noticing how tall they were, how well built they were, and even what it would be like to kiss them! I also noticed that boys were noticing me too. I'd catch a boy looking at me, and it felt good to know they were looking. I'd smile and stand straighter to make my bust more noticeable. It was great to have them treat me just like the other girls!

I waited a couple of weeks after the end of class before I told Kelly about my wanting to be a girl. "Do you still think I'd make a good sister?" I asked one night during my bubble bath.

"Of course I do," answered Kelly. "Are you ready to tell mom and dad that you want to be a girl?"

I was so surprised that I nicked a leg I was shaving! "You could've told me you knew!" I griped. "Now I'll have to wear slacks to school."

"I've known for a long time ago that you wanted to be a girl," she shrugged. "It's winter, so what's wrong with slacks?"

"I prefer to wear a skirt."

"Are you trying to get a particular boy's attention?" she laughed. "The hem of your uniform skirts is a little higher than when you started school."

"No one in particular," I smiled. "Everyone has been telling me that I have great legs, so I figured I'd show them off."

"The only people who would notice are boys," she smiled. "Is my little sister growing up?"

"I think so," I admitted, "It started with the New Year's Eve dance. It felt so right to have daddy dance with me, but I felt like I was missing something. When I went over to apologize to Bobby and his family, I talked him into a couple of fast dances. It was fun, but as we danced, I wondered how it would feel to dance with him the way I danced with Daddy. We'd cuddle up nice and close, and he'd hold me tightly in his arms. Maybe he'd even kiss me when the dance was over?"

"That would have been something to see!" she laughed.

"I don't know what's happening to me," I sunk to my chin in bubbles. "Lately I look at guys at school and feel warm and fuzzy inside. I like the feeling, but it scares me."

"It sounds like you're growing up," Kelly said softly.

"Am I turning into a girl?" I asked. "If I was turning into a girl, mom and daddy would have to let me be a real girl!"

"I doubt that you're turning into a girl," she smiled. "I think you always were a girl. You're starting to realize it now."

"Maybe," I agreed as I carefully ran my cute pink razor along my leg. "I feel so confused."

"I'll bet you do," she nodded. "Now, which guys do you think are cute?"

An hour later, we finished our baths and agreed on twenty guys at school who were absolute hunks! We were giggling so hard that we never realized mom had walked into the room. "What's so funny, girls?" she asked, sitting next to us.

I took a deep breath, looked at Kelly and smiled. "We were talking about which guys at school were the cutest," I replied.

"I thought that was why you were wearing skirts to school in the middle of winter," she laughed. "So which guys do you think are the cutest?"

I decided not to back down this time. Since I had admitted that I thought some guys were cute, I might as well tell mom who they were. Maybe she'd offer to let me become a girl. This time I wouldn't say stupid things about wanting to be a boy.

We had a great time talking about boys. When we finished grading every cute guy at school, mom stared at me. "I guess you'll be staying with us, Tamara?" she asked. "Tim won't be coming back, will he?"

"No, mom," I said firmly. "Tim's gone for good."

"This can't be done with a magic wand."

"All I know is that I want to be a girl."

"You're going to have to talk to your dad and a doctor. They'll have to agree on this."

"I'll talk to anyone, mom," I promised. "I just know that I should be a girl. It's so obvious!"

It was sweet of daddy to be so concerned about me. He asked if I'd be happy to just dress like a girl. He said that I'd have to meet with a doctor, and get permission from the Judge since being a girl wouldn't be a punishment for me anymore.

After an hour of being quizzed, I was done. Daddy agreed that I should be a girl! Mom and daddy would give their permission for me to change my gender. Now I had to convince the doctors that being a girl was right for me.

As if I didn't have enough to worry about, my gym class was changing for the new term. Just when I had gotten good enough at volleyball to be one of the first girls picked, it was time to learn gymnastics. Gymnastics might have been fun except for two problems, I had to wear a leotard, which I didn't have the shape for, and I was a klutz. My fake boobs may help some, but I had no butt. Maybe I could talk mom into letting me take hormones. If I had the same shape as the girls, my gym classes would be easier.

One day, mom had great news. I was to talk to a woman psychologist who would determine if I could become a real girl! If I convinced this woman, everyone else would understand.

The appointment was after school. I wanted to get dressed in my prettiest outfit to make a good impression. Instead, I was stuck in a plaid skirt, plain white blouse, knee socks, and saddle shoes. How was I to show her that I'm a pretty girl if I can't wear stockings? Maybe she will ask if I wear panties and I can show her my matching white lace hip huggers and bra.

The psychologist, Mrs. Royce, seemed very nice. She said that her job was to help me with the rest of my life. She said that I was very pretty and my mannerisms good. I accepted her compliments with a smile, just as I learned in charm class, and explained that mom insisted that I do my best to act like a girl. "It keeps people from laughing at me."

Mrs. Royce talked to me, mom, and daddy, and then all three of us. She explained that babies start out as girls, than some develop into boys. "Sometimes a baby that should be a girl is born a boy, causing problems later in life," she said. "Some boys grow up fighting the girlish feelings."

"That sounds exactly like Tammy," Mom said.

Mrs. Royce asked, "Did you feel that you weren't supposed to be a boy, Tammy?"

I remembered wondering what it would be like to wear pretty dresses and have ribbons in my hair. I watched mom putting ribbons in Kelly's hair and telling her how pretty she looked and wondered why I couldn't be pretty. "I wanted someone to tell me that I was pretty," I said. "No one would tell me that. Boys aren't supposed to be pretty. I was supposed to be handsome and strong, but I wasn't handsome or strong."

I explained that I resented Kelly for being pretty and not having the pressure I felt. It wasn't right that I had to try out for Little League when I couldn't catch a ball. Why did I have to risk getting hurt playing football when Kelly could march in parades, twirling a baton while everyone cheered?

After an hour explaining why I should be a girl, Mrs. Royce asked me to take several tests. The tests seemed simple. I couldn't see a pattern. She asked me to be honest, so I answered as best as I could. Mrs. Royce thanked us and said

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that she'd need more meetings before she could make a decision. I was so upset. More than anything, I wanted her to tell me that I should be a girl.

I had many more visits with Mrs. Royce. She asked me questions about my life. She wanted to know everything, when I knew something was wrong and how I felt about it. Did I ever wear mom or Kelly's clothes? Would I mind staying as a boy if I could dress up like a girl? I answered her questions politely and honestly, even though I felt impatient. I looked my best for each visit to show her that I was a girl.

The toughest question she asked was why I picked on Bobby. I finally admitted that I hated Bobby being so easygoing and gentle. All of my life I felt that I had to act macho so that no one would know I really wanted to be home wearing a pretty dress, playing with dolls, or having a tea party. I tried out for the football team, but deep inside I wanted to be a cheerleader. The macho stuff didn't matter to Bobby and that upset me. If I had to be macho, why didn't he? Finally, it was all over. Mrs. Royce told me to return with my family in a week and she'd tell us the results.

I had a day off from school and spent all morning prepping myself in a brown velvet dress, boots, and my prettiest panties, bra, and slip. I took extra care shaving my legs and picked out a pair of silky pantyhose. I did my hair in a French braid, put on just enough makeup for a daytime look, and sprayed on some of my favorite perfume for good luck.

"You look nice," Mrs. Royce said as we walked into her office. "You must have been the best student in your Charm classes." I thanked her and sat in the most lady-like manner.

"I've reviewed your tests and my notes from your last visit. I've spoken with your social worker and the Judge who sentenced you." Couldn't she get to the point? Am I going to be a girl or what? "It comes to one last thing, Tamara," she said. "It's up to you. Your parents don't mind if you want to dress up as a girl once your sentence ends. You can be Tim or Tamara whenever you want or, as I recommend, forget about trying to be both and spend the rest of your life as Tamara."

I was so happy I jumped up and kissed her on the cheek! "Slow down, Tamara," she laughed. "You're looking at a long, hard road ahead. It will be years before you reach the end, if you decide to keep going."

"I won't change my mind!" I swore.

Mrs. Royce explained that female hormones could cause nausea. People may shun me as some kind of a pervert. I might need implants to have decent size breasts, and it would take tens of thousands of dollars to complete all the medical work to turn me into a girl.

"Don't worry about the expense, Tammy," Daddy said. "Don't make a hasty decision. We'll love you no matter what."

"You can be my little sister any time," Kelly added.

"You guys have been great," I said. "I wish I could repay you for being such a pain." I turned to Mrs. Royce and told her in a firm voice that I wanted to be a girl.

We left the office with pamphlets explaining what would happen. She scheduled an appointment with a doctor who would start me on female hormones!

After a few weeks, mom, daddy, and I went to see the doctor. I had to wait until results from the blood tests came back. It was worth the wait though when the doctor told us the results! "Your hormone levels are low," he explained. "That has delayed male puberty which is why your voice hasn't changed and you're still short for a boy. I'll start you on testosterone suppressants, and then gradually add estrogen supplements. Over the next year I expect you to develop female secondary sex characteristics."

I hated to interrupt, feeling that it wasn't polite, but I was lost. "I don't understand some of the words you're using."

"Sorry, Tamara, sometimes doctors forget that their patients haven't gone to medical school. Since your body doesn't make many male hormones, it will be easy to change you into a girl. I'll give you pills to make your body produce even fewer male hormones. That will prevent beard growth or

deepening of your voice while producing a little rounder shape and softer features. I'll start you on female hormones once your male hormones reach the level of a girl your age, and you'll notice breast development and a more girlish figure."

I started to daydream once he said that I'd grow breasts and develop a figure like a girl. How would it feel to have breasts? I couldn't wait to leave my padded girdle and fake boobs in a drawer.

"Tamara, pay attention," mom said. "This is important!"

"I'm sorry. I was thinking of how great it's going to be!"

The doctor laughed, "Its okay, Tamara, drifting off is a common reaction. Along with the female hormones, you should be castrated too."

"Castrated? You mean cut off my..." Did I hear him right?

"We should remove your testicles. They produce male hormones that you don't need. You will adjust faster."

"What about my thingy? Will that be cut off too?" Girls just don't have thingies in their panties. I was going to be a girl, so I don't need a thingy.

"Not right away. You need time to adjust to being female, to be sure that you're doing the right thing, and then we'll take that last, irreversible step."

"How long do I have to wait? I'm sure that I should be a girl. Didn't the tests prove that?" It wasn't fair to get me excited about becoming a real girl and then not take away my thingy! I can't be a real girl if I still have a thingy.

"You have to spend at least a year as a girl. You've almost met those standards, but your parents and I want to see how you react to having breasts and developing like a girl. If you handle that, they'll sign the papers, and you'll gain a vagina, and you'll be indistinguishable from any other female."

I would lose my thingy and get a hole like the one the girls had and no way to go back! That had to be so great! I'd be a girl, completely and forever, and no one could change that!



*The doctor had to understand that I want to be a girl, a real girl. As he droned on about what the consequences would be, I pictured in my mind what I wanted the outcome to be, and I couldn't wait.*

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I clutched my prescriptions as though they were bars of gold. We stopped at a pharmacy and traded them in for pills. At home, I took the first step to being a girl.

I ran to where mom had stored the boy's clothes I used to wear. "Daddy, could you drive me to the thrift store, please?" I sweetly asked. "A boy might be able to use these things."

On the way back from dropping off the clothes I would never wear again, we stopped at the mall and mom bought me a couple of pretty dresser dolls. "I wish I'd known how much you wanted dolls when you were a little boy," she said softly. "I hope you enjoy these dolls for big girls."

The family agreed not to advertise my switching sides in the gender wars. It was best to let people get used to my being a girl. Over time, people would forget Tim and think of me as a girl named Tamara. It seemed to work. I have many friends as Tammy, mostly girls, but more than I ever had as Tim. Once my figure starts developing, I hope a few more boys will forget about a certain boy and get to know a pretty girl.

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I went shopping with my friends the next weekend. Even though it was a little cold I wore a short denim skirt. My skirt was several inches above my pretty knees. I wore stockings and ankle boots with a two-inch heel so I'd be noticed.

Just in case a boy failed to notice my legs, I wore a pretty, white, off the shoulder top that hugged my fake bust line. Between my skirt, boots, top, and the way I did my hair and makeup, I figured I'd attract the attention of a blind man.

A spray of my favorite cologne, cubic zirconium earrings, a matching necklace, and gold bracelets completed my outfit. When I checked myself out in the mirror, I knew Mrs. Taylor, my teacher from charm school, would be proud of me!

Kelly whistled when I asked her opinion. "If you can't get a boy to look at you now, forget becoming a girl!"

I tossed my head to flip my hair. "Forget nothing!" I laughed. "I'll just have to try harder."

"Atta girl!" she laughed. "Thanks for giving me the little sister I always wanted."

"Thanks for making me the little sister I always wanted to be," I giggled.

Kelly dropped me at the mall. I slung my purse over my shoulder. I thanked her and made for the doors and what I hoped would be a fun afternoon with my friends.

I saw Lanie sitting on a bench. She was wearing a pair of jeans, cute pink velour top, and pink-trimmed sneakers.

"You look very nice Tamara," she said, using my new preferred name.

"Hi Lanie," I smiled and sat next to her on the bench, my jacket and purse beside me.

"You look hot, girl!" she gushed

"Thanks, you're looking pretty good yourself."

"Let's shop until we drop!" she said.

As we started to walk, a boy from school passed us. "Hi, Tammy, are you girls our for another Shop Till You Drop day?" he asked. "Where's the rest of the pack?"

"Hi, Chuck!" I said as sweetly as I could. "We got bored so we decided to go shopping. It's just me and Lanie today."

"Have fun!" he grinned and walked away, but not before his eyes traveled from my boots to my butt. "Isn't Chuck absolutely gorgeous?" I asked pleasantly. "I heard he's pretty smart."

"Yeah, he's in my pre-calculus class," Lanie said. "I wish I got the grades like he gets. I wish I could get him to ask me out."

"Maybe he could tutor you?" I suggested. "I could ask him."

"You would do that for me?" Lanie gushed.

"Of course, you are my best friend," I shrugged. "It's not like we're going steady."

“Oh, please ask him!” she panted.

“That’s a cute outfit,” I pointed to a short skirt with ruffled tiers in the window of the Limited. “Let’s try it on!”

“Isn’t this adorable?” I asked as I held the skirt up to my waist. White, with two tiers of ruffles, it shouted ‘Girl’ for miles. I just had to have it!

“How about this top?” I asked, holding out a pink T-shirt with Princess written across it in glitter.

“It’s definitely you,” Lanie said.

I paid for my new outfit. “Let’s hit the food court,” I gushed as I took my packages and followed her.

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The semester ended with no one noticing that I was starting to look more like a girl. My old clothes still fit, but my jeans were getting tighter. I noticed a few glances from boys, but they seemed too confused to approach me.

A notice came saying that mom, daddy, and I had to appear before the Judge to talk about my sentence. He’d approved my becoming a girl. Could he take back his permission and make me stay a boy? It wouldn’t matter if he did. Once my sentence was up, I’d become a girl and he couldn’t stop me! I’d tell him what a rotten person he was, saying that I could become a girl and then changing his mind.

I borrowed Kelly’s pink dress for the meeting. It was gorgeous, short enough to show off my legs, but long enough that I didn’t have to keep tugging it like I did with some of her skirts. Its best feature was that it had a tiered ruffle skirt. The tiers didn’t flare out much, but combined with the ruffles, the skirt swayed back and forth when I walked, drawing attention to my legs and my butt, which was getting rounder and cuter!

“I’d show that Judge,” I told Kelly as I pulled on a pair of lacy, pink, boy cut panties. “One look at me and he’ll forget all about keeping me as a boy.”

“Are you planning to show off your panties?” she giggled. “You know that the Hiden’s will be there, don’t you?”

"I'm not going to show off my panties," I giggled. "But if Bobby comes along and if he were to ask nicely..."

"You'd better not let daddy hear you talk like that, you'll end up locked in a convent!"

"Good grief, can't a girl make a joke?" I pretended to be upset. "I wonder if Bobby has a sense of humor."

"If not, Chuck Martin does," Kelly teased. "Maybe you could show him your panties?"

"I'm not showing anyone my panties," I sighed as I fastened my matching bra. "They're to make me feel pretty and girly so I can impress the Judge."

"That shouldn't be a problem," she laughed. "They've already made you feel so pretty and girly that you decided to become a girl."

"They helped," I giggled. "They helped a whole lot!"

I pulled on a pretty lace trimmed half-slip, and then slid the dress over my head. "Zip me up, please?" I asked.

I felt wonderful when Kelly pulled the zipper up. The feel of my pantyhose rubbing against my slip was almost as fantastic as the feeling of my nylon-clad legs rubbing together when I crossed them. Nothing compared to how I felt when my panties rubbed against my slip when I wore my school uniform. I liked wearing stockings so my legs would look pretty, but they messed up the feeling I had when nothing was between my panties and my slip. Being a girl was great!

I felt great as we walked into the Judge's chambers. I looked my best. I had rehearsed arguments to convince the Judge to let me be a girl. I smiled and waved to the Hiden's noticing that Bobby looked taller and cuter than at the New Year's Eve party. Bobby hurried to where I was sitting. "Is it true?" he asked. "My parents said that you've decided to become a girl."

God, I could just melt into his blue eyes! "It's true, Bobby," I said with my warmest smile. "It's taken lots of counseling to

understand that I was trying to fit into a role that wasn't the real me. I'm sorry you got hurt because of it."

"I can't say that I understand," he shrugged. "I hope everything works out okay for you."

"It will finally work out now that I understand myself," I smiled. We couldn't talk more because the Judge was ready.

"Good morning, Tamara," the Judge greeted me with a smile. "I'm glad to see that you're doing a great deal better than the last time we met."

"Thank you, sir," I smiled back. I'd be friendly as long as he didn't tell me that I couldn't be a girl anymore.

He shuffled through some papers before looking at me. "I'll get to the point. You were sentenced to live as a girl for three years for what you did to that young man," he nodded towards Bobby. "In six months, you mended your ways, and turned your punishment into a life-changing experience." I couldn't help but giggle, wondering if he meant that as a joke. "After reading the reports from your school and social worker, I am impressed. You've become a fine student and made many friends, including the young man you hurt and his family."

He smiled at me. "Based on your appearance, the reports I mentioned, and the recommendation of the Hiden family, I hereby vacate the sentence." Mom and daddy smiled, so I guess vacate was good. "It means that you're no longer required to pretend to be a girl," the Judge laughed. "You may quit pretending to be the girl you've asked to become."

The Judge looked to the Hiden's. "Tamara and her family would appreciate it if nothing is said of her decision to become a girl. As far as anyone is concerned, she is still under court order to dress and act as a female."

The Hiden's agreed and I thought we were done. "One last thing, Tamara," the Judge said. "It's my pleasure to grant a formal request from your parents. As of this date, your name is officially Tamara Ann Ferguson and your sex is Female. A new birth certificate was issued to that effect. I have issued a court order to your school to change your records. Good luck to

you, young lady. I'm sure that I'll never have a problem with you again."

"No sir, you won't!" I promised as we stood to leave. "Thanks for helping me straighten out my life!"

Mrs. Hiden stopped us, "Would you folks care to join us for lunch? I'm sure Bobby and Tamara have a lot to talk about and I'd like to ask a favor."

"Do you mind?" Mom asked me.

Mrs. Hiden smiled and winked at me. "I guess not," I said, trying not to jump into Bobby's arms. "I'll behave myself."

We went to a nice inexpensive restaurant. Daddy and Mr. Hiden held mom and Mrs. Hiden's chairs. I thought it was sweet as I reached for my chair. Someday I hoped to find a man who would be that chivalrous to me.

Before I could sit, Bobby pulled my chair out. "Mom's big on manners," he laughed as I smoothed my skirt and sat. "She always drummed being courteous to girls into me."

"My parents tried to get me to do stuff like that too," I nodded. "I never thought I'd be on the receiving end though!"

Bobby seemed to be holding back. "I can't imagine being a girl," he finally said. "Oops, I'm sorry," he quickly apologized. "I didn't mean to insult you. It's just that..."

"Relax, I know what you meant. Being a guy feels natural to you," I laughed. "It never did to me. I always thought something was wrong. I tried to do boy things, but my heart wasn't in it."

"Did you ever mention that to your parents?"

"Are you nuts? I figured they'd have me locked up!"

Bobby laughed, causing me to join in. "Yeah, I understand. I can imagine telling my family that I'd rather be a girl!"

"You would?" I asked in shock, "Really?"

He started laughing again. "No, I was imagining what they'd say."

“You had me there for a second,” I groaned. “Your mom is nice. She’d probably understand.”

“She might, but I wouldn’t,” he smiled, making me feel better. “I’ll stay just the way I am, thank you very much!”

Bobby ordered a double giant cheeseburger while I ordered a salad. “Are you watching your weight?” he teased.

“I’ve been eating salads since last summer. I couldn’t finish something that huge. Actually, burgers made me sick, but I ate them anyway.”

“To show how tough you were?” I nodded, too ashamed to say anything. It all seemed so silly now! “It sounds pretty confusing. Being a girl can’t be easy. You have to know weird stuff like how to match your purse and shoes. Mom’s always worries about stuff like that when we go anywhere. She drives dad and me nuts!”

I couldn’t help but laugh. Matching a purse and shoes to your outfit is so easy, but hitting a baseball was beyond me. “Okay,” I laughed. “Here’s how it goes. You play chess right?” Bobby nodded. “You’re good at stuff like math too?”

“What can I say,” he smiled. “It is easy.”

“That’s because you like doing those things, right?”

“I wouldn’t bother if I didn’t like them.”

“Putting together a pretty outfit is easy for me,” I smiled. “Guess why?”

“You like doing it?”

“Give the boy a prize!” I said.

“Why do you like that stuff?” he asked. “It’s so boring.”

“That’s the whole point, you dummy!” I teased. “Boys don’t care about stuff like that, so to them it’s boring. Girls like pretty things and playing with dolls comes naturally.”

“It’s still boring!” Bobby teased back.

“Baseball sucks!” I countered.

"Girls are silly!"

"Boys are yucky!"

"Now that you two have that out of your systems," his mom interrupted. "I'd like to ask Tamara for a favor."

"She's still silly!" Bobby told his mom, sticking his tongue out at me.

"You're still yucky!" I happily returned the gesture.

"Children!" a frustrated Mrs. Hiden yelled. "That's enough."

"Sorry," we said at the same time.

"Now that I have your attention, Tamara, I'd like to ask for a favor."

"Sure, what can I do for you though?"

"Are you familiar with the Vogue dress shop downtown?"

"That's where we got our gowns for New Years Eve! Great place, it's not cheap, but they have such nice clothes."

"Good, then you wouldn't mind wearing a few outfits from there maybe a few days a week?"

I laughed, "I'd love to, but I can't afford clothes that nice."

"You'd have to wear their clothes if you worked there."

My brain shifted into high gear. What girl could resist spending a couple of days a week working at Vogue and wearing gorgeous outfits?

"Cool, I need to get hired!"

"That's easy," she laughed. "I know the owner."

"Do you think she'd hire me? That would be so cool!"

"Mom's playing another of her silly games," Bobby interrupted. "She is the owner!"

"Oh my god, you own the Vogue? You must be the luckiest woman in the world."

“You can too if you’ll work for me.”

Everyone was grinning and laughing. Obviously, I was the only one who didn’t know that Mrs. Hiden planned to offer me a job in her dress shop. “I’d love to, but why me?” I asked. After what I did to Bobby, she should hate me. “I mean, shouldn’t you hire a girl to work there?”

“I thought I was hiring a girl,” she laughed. “Doesn’t your birth certificate say you’re female?”

“Uh, okay,” I laughed, feeling stupid. “But why not hire a genetic girl?”

“You were smart and mature enough to realize that you did something wrong and to apologize for it. You also display a sense of style and gracefulness that’s rare in a girl your age. You’re the perfect girl to show off and sell the clothes I sell.”

“Did it suddenly get a whole lot warmer in here?” I asked.

“I already talked it over with Mrs. Harvey, my store manager, and we agree that you’re the girl for the job. You’ll get a clothing allowance, a discount on anything in the store, and a commission on anything you sell.”

I remembered all of the women lined up at the registers when we were shopping for our gowns. Even a couple of cents on each sale would add up to a lot of money. “Thank you, this is the nicest thing to happen to me since...well since the Judge signed my papers.”

“Let’s freshen up,” Mrs. Hiden suggested.

As if on cue, mom, Mrs. Hiden, and I grabbed our purses and made for the ladies room. I’d done it many times with my girlfriends at the mall, but it seemed nicer with mom and Mrs. Hiden. I felt like a real woman for the first time in my life!

We finished lunch and after I got a hug from Mr. and Mrs. Hiden, I hurried to Bobby. “I had a great time today,” I said, “even if you are yucky!”

“You’re still silly!” he joked. I liked how he made me feel.

“Do you mind?” I asked as I leaned towards his cheek.

"Don't blame me if it turns out yucky!" he laughed. I kissed him on the cheek and gave him a big hug.

"Hmmm," I confessed. "Maybe all boys aren't yucky."

"Girls are still silly!" he laughed, earning a playful swat from me. "I guess they just can't help it!"

"No, I guess we can't!"

I was ecstatic all the way home, despite mom and daddy teasing me about my new boyfriend. Nothing they could say could ruin how I felt. I had a job that most girls I knew would kill for and I had spent time with the sweetest, cutest boy in the whole world and had even given him a kiss! All I had to do was to figure out how to make him my guy. Working for his mom would give me a lot of chances to see him!

Summer vacation was coming, but before then, I was to have my testicles removed. I was happy at losing them. They'd make more male hormones and my jeans would fit better. However, I wasn't sure that I was doing the right thing.

I'd been a boy for almost fifteen years, yet I knew that I wanted to be a girl. I knew I couldn't be a girl with balls, but it seemed like such a big step. Why couldn't I just try female hormones? Maybe that would work and I wouldn't have to get rid of something I always had. Then again, if I didn't get rid of them, how would I ever be a real girl?

Real girls didn't have testicles any more than they had thingies. Thingies and testicles went together, they were a set, and only boys had them. I hated being a boy and I wanted to be a girl, so my thingy and testicles had to go. I hoped I wouldn't miss them too much.

Mom told me to wear something loose for my appointment at the hospital, so I chose a denim skirt. I wanted to wear a pair of pretty panties too, but mom said that they might get a blood on them, so I wore a pair of plain cotton ones instead.

"Have I mentioned that I don't like plain looking panties?" I asked Kelly as I dressed. "They're so...plain!"

"I didn't know that," she laughed. "I thought some girl snuck in here and replaced all of your panties with hers!"

"She has good taste," I laughed as I held out a pair of my skimpiest panties.

Kelly stopped smiling and pulled me close. "Are you going to be okay, little sister?" she asked.

"I guess so," I whimpered, "It's a big change."

"Do you want me to call it off?"

"No, I have to go through with it. I want to be a girl."

"I wish I could hold your hand."

"Thanks, Kelly. Mom will be there with me. I'll be okay."

At the hospital, the nurse told me to put on a gown. She said how pretty I was and not to worry. The doctor performed the procedure often. "There are that many boys like me?"

"There are a lot, but the doctor operates on older men too." I couldn't imagine being so confused until I was older. I thought I'd already wasted too much time being a boy.

I had my pubic hair shaved. I lay on a table with my feet stuck in what the nurse called stirrups. "You need to get used to this, honey," mom said. "You'll need to get checkups on a regular basis once you finish changing into a girl."

That didn't make me feel better at all! I was lying on a lightly padded table, my feet stuck in metal stirrups and my legs spread as far apart as they would go. The doctor sprayed a cold mist on me to make me numb. A couple of minutes later, it was finished. "You're all done, sweetheart," the nurse announced. "No more pesky testicles to get in your way."

There were no more male hormones for me. No more bulges in my panties, no more feeling uncomfortable when I wore a girdle or tight panties. I could wear tight jeans and look as good as other girls look.

I had to wear a pad under my panties, which made me giggle. "You're lucky," mom told me when she realized why I was giggling. "You'll never really need one of those."

Her comment upset me. "I know, but I'll never be able to have babies either. I'll never be a real girl."

"You're real enough, honey. Someday, doctors may find a way to let you have the children you want." I hoped they would. The idea of having children made me very happy.

I was happy one minute, bummed out the next. One minute I wasn't sure that I was doing the right thing, but a minute later I was positive I was doing the right thing. I hoped that my emotional rollercoaster had settled down!

I was still sore when daddy's vacation came along, but no way was I going to pass up three weeks at the beach. Mom, Kelly, and I had scoured the malls for the right bathing suits and we were rewarded with the cutest suits.

Mom looked hot in a one-piece pink suit that hugged a body most women wanted. I hoped I looked that good when I'm her age. I wouldn't mind having her figure right now or any other figure! Kelly bought a two-piece, blue suit with hip hugger bottoms that looked great on her.

"You're going to pull in lots of guys wearing that," I whistled as she modeled the suit. "I hope you'll leave a few for your little sister."

"You can have any I don't want, okay?" she joked.

I bowed, "Thank you for sparing a few of your crumbs for your unworthy sister."

Kelly shrugged and continued admiring herself in a mirror. "My pleasure, after all, what are big sisters for?"

"Making sure their inexperienced little sister doesn't have problems," Mom added. "If little sister has problems, her big sister is going to spend an eternity in her bedroom."

"I'll be okay, mom," I assured her. "I can trust Kelly."

Kelly earned my trust and everlasting gratitude she found a one-piece, pink suit with high cut legs and a padded top. "Try this on," she urged. "The bottoms will show off your cute butt and the top has enough padding to make you look sexy."

Displayed my ass and make me look sexy? Say no more, I grabbed the suit and ran into the fitting room. "Dear lord," Mom gasped when I returned. "You'll drive the boys wild!"

"You might have to save a few guys for me, little sister," Kelly groaned. "Leave me a couple of cute ones."

I thought they were flattering me until I looked in a three-way mirror. I nearly went into shock! "Is that me?" I rubbed my eyes. The sexy young girl in the mirror did the same.

My butt developed very well once I stopped producing male hormones. The suit's padded top changed the little bit of extra fat I had into very respectable breasts. I had to admit that the sweet little girl I thought I was becoming was gone. It was scary, but looking in the mirrors, I kept thinking, "How do you spell fox? Easy, TAMARA!"

"What do you think, honey," Mom asked quietly. "Are you ready to handle the attention you'll get?"

I felt a certain thrill when I thought of how boys would react to me, but at the same time, I was terrified of being close to a boy. I know that hoping to attract attention from boys, I had worn my uniform skirt to school when I could have worn slacks, but this was different.

Chuck and every other guy in school knew that I was a boy. They knew that I had to dress and act like a girl, and I doubt that they seriously thought of me as a girl. Sure, I wanted to see if I could get Chuck, or Bobby, or any other guy interested in me, but that was just a fantasy. Now, boys would be interested in me. They wouldn't know about Tim, the guy who pretended to be a girl. All they'd see was Tamara, a hot looking girl that would make their little motors race.

"I'm not sure, mom," I whispered, unable to stop staring in the mirror. "Things are going to be different now, aren't they?"

"Yes, very different," she said as she hugged me. "You're not some bratty boy anymore. You're a very attractive young woman now. You'll need everything you learned in charm school and a lot more. We have confidence in you though, and we'll be here when you need us."

"I'll be right beside you, Tammy," Kelly promised. "You'll do just fine."

There was nowhere to go but forward. I didn't have testicles anymore, and my body would never again produce enough male hormones to replace what I gave up. I wanted to be a girl. I never thought I'd turn out to be this much of a girl!

"Okay, you will have to help," I giggled. "I'm new at this boy thing. Do they come with owner's manuals?"

"Nope," Kelly shrugged. "They're strictly "Hands-on!"

"Unless you ladies want to end up in a convent, boys had better be "Hands-off!" Mom warned.

Kelly and I broke into a giggling fit. I felt closer to her and mom than ever before and I was sure that everything would work out as long as they were there!

Daddy was waiting for us when we got home. Mom told him to sit in his favorite chair while we prepared our fashion show. I got him a can of cold soda and a sandwich, kissed him on the cheek, and promised to be back in a flash.

Mom and Kelly were doing last minute adjustments on their suits leaving me until last. I quickly changed into my new suit, slipped on a pair of heels and a matching lace cover-up while they showed off for daddy. I heard him clapping and whistling, and then heard Kelly tell him to hold onto his seat!

"We saved the best for last," mom said. "May I present our newest daughter, your precious little girl, Tamara!"

I strode into the room, swinging a beach bag and smiling. Daddy scanned me very carefully, but the lace cover up kept my secret. I kissed him on the cheek, dropped my beach bag, and slowly removed my cover up. "Good grief!" he exclaimed. "What happened to my baby?"

"She grew up, daddy," I giggled as I pirouetted. "She's not a baby anymore!"

"I'll say!" he exclaimed. "When did this happen?"

“We were just as surprised as you, daddy,” I told him. “One day I was a boy who wanted to be a pretty girl like his mom and sister and the next thing I knew, this happened!”

“I’ll keep an eye on her, dad,” Kelly promised. “She wanted me to save her a few boys?”

“I didn’t expect to look like this,” I shrugged. “I’m still not sure this isn’t a dream, but I don’t want to wake up!”

“You’ve changed a lot this year, Tamara,” Daddy said.

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I packed shorts, tops, swimsuits, a few dresses for the dinners that daddy promised us, and lots of sexy underwear. I brought the bare necessities from my makeup kit and my bottle of magic pills that turning me into a girl.

Daddy groaned about our bags, but he didn’t understand that girls had to take more stuff than guys did. We needed to choose from several different outfits for any occasion. He could make do with a couple of pairs of shorts and a single suit.

I planned to spend most of my time in my bathing suit getting a tan, and with any luck a date. Mom and daddy told me that I could go out with a boy if they met and approved of him first. I was excited and scared silly. Would he expect me to hold his hand? Would he try to kiss me? Should I let him give me a French kiss? This girl business was complicated!

Kelly, mom, and I hit the beach as soon as we got unpacked. I felt odd wearing a two-piece bathing suit outdoors in front of everybody, but Kelly reminded me that I wasn’t pretending anymore. I was a pretty girl, and no one would doubt that. I should be proud of how I looked.

She was right, so I smiled, tossed my hair back, and threw out my cute boobies. The bait was on the hook, now I had to wait for the boys to start nibbling at it!

We stretched out our towels, put tanning lotion on each other, and started working on our tans. Mom stretched out a way from Kelly and me. She said it would give us a better chance to attract boys, bless her heart!



*It was such a rush to walk the beach while wearing a bikini. My swimsuit fit in all the right places. The hormones were working! All the guys gave us the eye, and we giggled. Being a girl was so nice! How could I ever give this up? I couldn't and I wouldn't!*

It wasn't long before boys started wandering past us. Then Frisbees started landing nearby, and an occasional volleyball would roll over to us. Finally, two cute boys got up enough nerve to approach us. "Hi, we're looking for two more players for our volleyball game. Would you girls be interested?"

The guys looked like they might be juniors or seniors, but it didn't matter. They were cute, they were interested in us, and mom was nodding okay. "Sounds like fun!" I smiled as I brushed sand off my legs. "I'm not that good at it though."

"We don't mind," the boy closest said. "I'll help you."

I wasn't paying attention and completely missed that they'd chosen partners. It didn't matter, since they were both cute. Mark, my guy, was a couple of inches taller than I, with blue eyes and wavy, strawberry blonde hair. I had just met him, but already loved the way he smiled.

"Tamara's an unusual name, isn't it?" he asked as we walked back to the group.

"It means Palm tree I think," I giggled. "My dad named my sister, so mom named me."

"She must have liked old movies," Mark laughed. "Do people ever call you Tammy?"

"Sometimes," I smiled.

"I'll stick with Tamara," he grinned. "You look like a Tamara!" A cute boy was interested in me is all I cared about.

Beach volleyball was more fun than playing with the girls in gym class. They weren't as cute as Mark. It felt nice when he showed me how to hit the ball while holding my hand.

I already knew how to serve the ball properly, but I wasn't going to complain if a cute guy wants to hold my hand and teach me again!

Mark insisted that I play the net. He said it would be easier for me. I'm sure it was so he could check out my ass whenever he wanted, but that was okay with me too!

It took two days of volleyball before our guys got the courage to ask us on a date. The resort town had a section like a giant carnival with rides and games lining several blocks. They asked if we'd spend an evening with them. We accepted.

It was great to have a guy sit next to me on the Ferris wheel and hold me tight when we stopped at the top. I snuggled close the instant Mark put his arm around me.

"When you're stuck at the top with a guy, you have to give him a kiss, right?" he joked.

"Since when did that rule take effect?" I teased. I didn't want him to know how much I wanted to kiss him.

"I'm not sure, but do I get a kiss?"

I gave him a quick peck on the cheek. "Happy now?"

"Happier than I was when we got on!" he said with a smile.

"Are there rules that say a guy has to give a girl a kiss on one of these things?" I teased.

"Yeah, when they get off, the girl has to hold the guy's hand and let him kiss her," Mark said. "That's on a sign too!"

"I have to check out this sign. It seems one sided to me!"

Mark laughed as he held me tight. "It says that the girl has to be cute."

I was experiencing new feeling. I was laughing, having a great time, and would be happy to kiss Mark even if there wasn't a sign! I used to hate Ferris wheels, but now they are my favorite ride.

Mark got several kisses from me after the ride started moving again. When we passed the operator, Mark yelled for him to stop us at the top again. I didn't realize it until Kelly mentioned it, but while Mark was yelling I was smiling!

"Can we do this again?" he asked as he walked me home holding my hand. "I had so much fun. You're fun to be with."

"Can we go on the Ferris wheel again?" I asked. "I love Ferris wheels!"

“What a coincidence!” Mark grinned. “So do I. It must have something to do with the person you ride with.”

“There’s another coincidence,” I smiled and squeezed his hand. “I was thinking the exact same thing!”

Mark and his brother, Jason, spent the next two weeks with Kelly and me. We spent some time on the beach, but we also had a great time in town.

I loved getting up in the morning knowing I was going to spend time with Mark. It was fun picking out the right outfit. One day it was a pair of shorts, another day a denim skirt. Nothing made me feel as good as when I wore a sundress.

When I wore a sundress, I’d also wear extra pretty panties, bras with lace covered cups, and satiny half-slips. I’d slip on a pair of open toed sandals that showed off my painted toes, and tie a scarf into my hair that matched my dress. I loved the way I looked; a cute young girl dressed to thrill her boyfriend!

Mark was always happy to see me when I wore a sundress. Wearing dresses emphasized the differences between us. As a boy, he never gave much thought to what he’d wear when he dressed for the day, but for me, a girl, I could choose from a whole range of clothes.

Although jeans and shorts were a practical way to dress, they could also entice boys. For my fifteenth birthday, we rented a couple of horses and went for a picnic.

The picnic spot was so pretty and peaceful. It was next to a lake where we could swim. There were plenty of shade trees to lie under and look at the clouds. Mark and I were watching the clouds one day when I got the urge to tickle him. He tickled me back, and soon we were playfully wrestling. I glanced over at Kelly and Jason who were playing kissy-face, huggy-bear.

I poked Mark and pointed at Kelly and Jason. When I looked back at Mark, he was leaning to kiss me. “Here goes nothing,” I thought. “It’s time to find out if I can really kiss a boy.” Lucky me, I realized that kissing boys was not only easy to do, but all kinds of fun too!

We must have kissed for hours. When we finished, my lips looked like I was wearing a light red lipstick. When Mark walked me home that night, he had his arm firmly around my waist and my head was resting on his shoulder. We said goodbye on the front porch. I wrapped my arms around his neck and let our tongues say goodnight to each other too. Of the birthday presents I got, a boyfriend was the best!

Mark and Jason had to leave after the second week, but I'll never forget him. We spent several dollars the night before he left getting our pictures taken in one of those booths. I wore a pink sundress and sat on his lap with my arms around his neck. We smiled at each other for a few shots, gazed lovingly into each other's eyes for a few, and of course, we kissed for a bunch more. I planned to start a photo album as soon as we got home to remember my first boyfriend!

The rest of my vacation was dull without Mark. Kelly and I kept working on our tans, but the boys just weren't as much fun as Mark and Jason had been. Kelly and I managed to go on a couple of dates before our vacation was up, and of course, I got a few pictures of the hunk I was dating and me!

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I started work a couple of days after we got back home. I wanted to change a few things before I started and convinced mom to let me return to my natural brown hair color.

"I'm not that boy, Tim, that had to be punished," I insisted. "I'm Tamara now, and I want to be myself."

Mom agreed and soon I was back to my natural hair color in a shorter, but very pretty style. It felt great to have my own sense of style. I may let my hair grow longer, but it will be my choice!

It was such a kick to show up for work in a short pleated white skirt, light pink blouse, a gray jacket, and white pumps. It was like a dream come true! I felt so pretty, especially wearing a set of matching lingerie; white satin panties, bra, half slip, and camisole.

You look lovely this morning,” Mrs. Hiden said. “Did you have a nice vacation?”

I sighed. “Yes, it was fantastic!”

“He must have been quite a boy,” she teased. “Did you take pictures?”

“A few,” I giggled as I pulled a bulging pack of pictures from my purse. “I’m going to put them in a scrapbook.”

“He’s a cutie!” she smiled. “Was he a good kisser?”

I licked my lips. “Yes!” I laughed.

I left my pictures with her so she could show them to Mrs. Harvey, my new boss. “I couldn’t believe it when Janet told me she wanted to hire you,” Mrs. Harvey told me as we walked through the store. “I thought she was crazy. I heard about your punishment, but I never thought a boy could look as pretty as you do. The way you carry yourself and your sense of style is nothing short of amazing!”

I started blushing. “Thank you, I appreciate your compliments but it’s all because my father sent me to charm school.”

“You graduated from Shirley Taylor’s charm classes?” she asked in amazement. “That class has done wonders for many girls. I sent my youngest daughter there years ago. God, she was such a tomboy; she hated to get dressed up, I was sure she’d get married in a pair of cut-offs! She’s now a model for one of the lines of clothing we sell.”

“I guess you’re proud of her?” I asked.

“Extremely,” she smiled, apparently picturing her daughter. “Every mother dreams of having her daughter turn into a self-confident, poised, attractive young woman. That’s what Shirley promises, and that’s what she delivers.”

She grew suddenly quiet. “I’m sorry; it must have been torture for you...” she started to say before hesitating. She stopped walking and stared at me in a funny sort of way.



*"You sure don't look like or act like a boy," Mrs. Harvey said, as she showed me about the shop.*

*"I'm not a boy anymore," I gushed as I fingered the luscious lingerie. "I'm a girl and proud of it."*

"I'm missing something here," she muttered. "You're being forced to dress and act like a girl because of what you and another boy did to Janet's son. The trouble is, you don't look like a boy and you certainly don't act like any boy I've ever seen. You graduated from Shirley Taylor's charm class and Janet offers you a job most girls only dream about. You not only accept it, you show up looking like a contestant in a debutante pageant!"

She was about to continue when Mrs. Hiden walked up to us.

"Let's go into the office," she said in a firm voice. "I don't want our new sales girl dying of embarrassment."

Back in the office, Mrs. Harvey continued where she'd left off. "What's going on here, Janet? I thought you were hiring a boy, not Miss Teen USA here!"

"You said that I was a boy?" I asked, feeling very hurt.

"No, I never said that I was hiring a boy," Mrs. Hiden said. "I told Marlene that I was hiring Tamara Ferguson. She assumed you were a boy."

"Assumed? What are we talking about?" Mrs. Harvey asked, seeming very puzzled.

"I guess I should explain," I didn't want to upset Mrs. Harvey and risk losing a great job.

"I'm still physically a boy, sort of," I crossed my legs and adjusted my skirt. "At least I am for now. That's all going to change soon though and I'll be Tamara for real."

I told about how I felt so confused about pretending to be a girl.

"I wanted to be a girl ever since I can remember but I was afraid to tell anyone. I acted like an idiot to keep people from guessing my secret and to convince myself that I was a boy. It didn't work though; as soon as my family changed me into Tamara I felt like something had changed. I didn't have to pretend to be all rough and tough anymore; I could finally relax."

"I fought it at first but the feeling sort of took over me until I couldn't stand it anymore. When Daddy sent me to charm school, I was so happy that I kissed him. I paid attention to everything Mrs. Taylor said because I was determined that I was going to need what she was teaching me."

"The other girls in the class treated me like a girl and so did Mrs. Taylor. When I finished the class I asked my parents for permissions to become a girl for real."

I explained about the meetings, the doctor, and the hormones and hoped Mrs. Harvey would understand and let me keep the job.

"I'll do my best, I promise," I pleaded. "This is the best job a girl could ever want! Please let me stay?"

Mrs. Hiden smiled and handed my pack of pictures to Mrs. Harvey. "Does this look like a boy to you?"

"You heard about that kid Tim that hurt Bobby, does this girl remind you of him?" She asked. "Bobby would be happy to give her a reference if you'd like; they've become good friends."

Mrs. Harvey stared at the pictures before looking at me.

"Yes, there's no doubt in my mind that there's a boy in these pictures. He's the one with the pretty girl sitting on his lap and kissing him!" She laughed as she handed me my pictures. "You'll have to tell me all about him over lunch. Right now though, you have to get to work."

It was such a great job that I couldn't believe my luck. Mrs. Hiden and Mrs. Harvey were very nice to me; they introduced me to the other girls working there who quickly accepted me. Since I had to wear clothes we sold I got a monthly clothing allowance that gave me a wardrobe that would make me the envy of every girl I knew. Of course, Kelly was thrilled with my job; she'd get to share all of my gorgeous outfits.

School started a few weeks later and it was back to my plain old uniform skirt and blouse until the weekends when I was back at work in a to-die-for outfit.

I was in heaven, the perfect job, lots of friends, pretty outfits, and my own boobies!

Yep, after a couple of months of female hormones the fat that looked so good in my padded bathing suit didn't need as much padding anymore. By late September, I was a full 32AA cup on my way to a 34! I wore sweaters and low cut tops to show off a little of my boobies; not too much since Mrs. Taylor wouldn't have approved and daddy would kill me.

I was sure that no one at school suspected anything. They all figured I still had to pretend. I still went shopping with Lanie and my other girlfriends, but I didn't buy much since most of my outfits were from work.

School was fun, my girlfriends were great, but something was missing – I wanted a boyfriend!

I kept remembering how much fun Mark and I had over my summer vacation and it upset me to see girls who weren't as pretty as me with boyfriends. I had to listen to the other girls talk about their boyfriends, but I couldn't say a word about Mark or any of the other boys I'd dated.

I did notice that the boys that hung around with us would check me out when they thought I wasn't looking. It made me feel so special when one of the guys would stare a little longer at my chest or legs. It made me feel so good that I wanted to grab them and slap a great big kiss on their cute lips!

One consolation was that I somehow ended up in the same homeroom with Bobby and got to see him at the beginning and end of every school day. We talked about all kinds of things, school, how I liked working for his mom, and even a new exhibit on space that was coming to the local museum. I loved just walking beside him, especially since he'd had a growth spurt and put on a few pounds.

"How could I ever have thought this hunk was a sissy?" I asked myself. "He's everything Mark was and more! He's cute, tall, has muscles, and lips that look like they'd be fun to kiss!"

It turns out that we were both fascinated with Astronomy, and outer space. I always wanted a telescope and Bobby had a

very good one. Some evenings I'd walk over to his house and he'd set the telescope up in the yard. We'd spend all evening just looking at the planets and stars. Since it was often dark by the time I had to leave, he'd walk me home.

One evening, as we walked, he told me about an Internet site that would allow you to see the stars at different points in time. The site, [www.shatters.net/celestia](http://www.shatters.net/celestia), became my favorite spot on the entire Internet!

"Would you go to the opening with me on Saturday?" he asked one evening as we stopped in front of my house. "Mom said that you don't start work until that evening."

"Are you serious?" I asked as I tried to regain control of my pounding heart.

Of course he was serious, he checked with his mom to find out if I'd be working so he must be serious.

"I'm sorry," he hung his head. "I just thought since we both liked that sort of thing you might want to go. I'll understand if you don't want to think of it as a date."

"How about just two people going to see something they both like?" He suggested hopefully.

The dummy thought I was being sarcastic! I had to straighten him out fast before he asked some other girl.

"Don't be upset, please?" Without thinking, I slipped a finger under his chin and lifted his head so I could see those beautiful eyes. "I'd love to go. I thought that you might be worried that someone would see us together."

"Good thinking," he smiled as he looked at me. "They might get jealous that my date is better looking than theirs. Oh well, they'll just have to deal with it!"

"So, will you go, and can we consider it a date?"

I stretched and gave him a kiss on his cheek for being such a sweetheart.

I reached into my purse, pulled out a piece of paper and a pen, and quickly wrote down my phone number.

“Maybe you could give me a call before we go on our date, okay?”

“Sure!” s huge smile stretched across his face. “Thanks!”

“Thank you,” I said as I kissed him again and ran into the house. Wait until I tell mom and Kelly about this; a date with the guy I dream about!

“He asked me out!” I shouted as Kelly walked in the room. “We’re going to the museum on Saturday!”

“Bobby finally asked you for a date?” Kelly asked as we hugged. “That’s great; he’s gotten to be so cute!”

“I gave him my phone number. I hope he calls.”

“He’ll call,” Kelly seemed so certain. “If he’s interested enough to ask you for a date, you can bet he’ll call!”

I was so lucky to have a big sister like Kelly who could explain the mysteries of guys. She was always popular so I knew her advice was good.

“I have to find something to wear,” I fretted. “I want to make a good impression on him.”

“Slow down, little sister,” Kelly laughed as I started rooting through my closet. “You have two whole days yet!”

“It may not be enough; I have to find the perfect outfit!”

Kelly grabbed me and forced me to sit on the bed while she talked.

“First, you’re going to the museum on a Saturday afternoon. That usually means casual; as in jeans and a top. Now, since he means so much to you, I’d forget the jeans and go with a casual skirt but definitely wear stockings. Sandals are out since its past Labor Day but a cute pair of flats or low heels would be fine.”

“Keep the makeup simple, a little blush, some eye-shadow, and lipstick. Keep the lipstick handy in case you get lucky and he kisses you. You’ll want to reapply it to keep your lips looking kissable.”

"I don't know why I'm telling you all this," she shook her head. "Aren't you the same girl that used to help me get ready for dates?"

"I can't help it!" I squealed. "Bobby makes me feel all funny inside and my brain goes to mush. Do you really think he'll kiss me?"

"I'll strangle him if he doesn't!" Kelly threatened. "You won't be fit to be near until he finally kisses you."

"I can't wait," I started giggling. "I want to see if he's a better kisser than Mark was."

The next morning I was thrilled to see Bobby waiting to walk to school with me. We always used to run into each other before this but I liked it much better this way!

"Hi Bobby," I called out as I walked towards him. "Are we still on for the museum?"

"Sure, you're not backing out are you?" I was sure he was about to panic.

"Not a chance," I grinned. "I can't wait to see the exhibit. Did you see it on the news last night?"

"Drat, I missed it. That's okay though, it will just make Saturday that much better."

I couldn't figure out how Saturday could be better. I had a date with a cute boy that I had a crush on for almost a year. I would have gone to see an empty room as long as Bobby was with me.

We got a few smiles from the other kids as we walked together but no one said anything mean. They all seemed to accept that Bobby and I were friends, and a couple of girls told me that we made a cute couple. I laughed and said that we were just a couple of guys, good friends, buddies even, but I wasn't going to be part of a couple with another boy.

As we walked home, I felt bad that I was lying to kids who were trying to be nice to me. Bobby sensed my mood and held my hand once we were far enough away. "You're going to have

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to tell them sometime,” he said. “You’ve already changed too much to pretend to be a boy.”

“I know, but it scares me,” I confessed. “I’m afraid of what they’ll think.”

“You’ve spent the last year dressing and acting like a girl. You’ve gone to school as a girl, you shop with other girls, and you looked fantastic at the party last winter. No one’s given you any trouble, why should they start now?”

I looked up at him and knew he was right. I was still scared though.

“You’re right; I’ll have to tell everyone soon. Not now, but soon.”

Bobby walked me to the door and I gave him another kiss on the cheek. I wanted to give him a real kiss, a kiss that would tell him how much he meant to me, but once again, I was too scared.

Bobby called me the night before our date just to make sure I’d still go. “Of course I’ll go,” I said. “I look forward to it!”

“It should be a great exhibit.”

“It’s not the exhibit, Bobby. I want to spend time with you.”

“Really?” he said. “You want to spend time with me?”

“Of course, dummy,” I laughed. “I hoped you’d ask me out since the hearing.”

“Why didn’t you say something?”

“It’s usually the boy who asks the girl for a date. In case you haven’t noticed, you’re a boy and I’m a girl.”

“I noticed, but I was afraid you’d say no.”

What a doll baby, afraid I’d say no if he asked for a date. I had to give him another kiss for being so adorable. “Has anyone ever told you how cute you are?”

“You can’t see me, how can you say that?”

"I'd know that you were cute even if we never met," I explained. "Cuteness isn't just physical; it's a state of being."

Bobby broke into a fit of laughter. "That's deep. You ought to sign up for philosophy at school!"

"I didn't understand it until recently myself."

"You're telling me it's a girl thing?"

"Pretty much so, it's nothing for guys to worry about."

"Maybe you can explain all that girl stuff to me sometime?"

My heart started racing. Was he was asking for another date? "We may not have time on Saturday. We'll probably spend all afternoon talking just about intergalactic travel!"

There was a moment of silence on Bobby's end. Would he take the bait? "Intergalactic travel! I didn't know they made girl geeks!" he chuckled. "Saturday's going to be awesome!"

Crap, he didn't take the bait. What's a girl have to do to get a second date with a geek? "Yeah," I agreed. "Too bad I'll never get around to explaining girl stuff."

"There's always Sunday," he quickly suggested. "You said you don't mind going out with me."

He did it! He took the bait! Now to set the hook and reel him in. "I work until four on Sunday," I did my best to sound disappointed, hoping he'd find a solution. Kelly said that if a boy were serious about a girl, he'd find a way to date her.

"There's a cool movie that starts at six thirty," he volunteered. "We can get a burger after you're done work, and then see the show."

"I'm not going to those monster movies that you like!"

"You can have anything you want," he laughed making me feel weird. He passed all of Kelly's tests. He was definitely interested in me as a girl. I couldn't wait to see him again!

I could barely get my bra on the next morning. I was so excited that my hands just wouldn't work. I wore the prettiest pink lace boy-cut style panties. They rode low on my hips and

fit even better without my testicles. I chose a white satin bra with lace cups because it felt so nice against my new boobies. The bra is a thirty-two A! Three months ago, I was a thirty-two AA. I gained a full cup size! It still needed a little padding, but I'm really coming along in the boobies' department. Mom said I could end up as a thirty-six B, just like her.

I selected a pair of white pantyhose that made my legs look long and thin because Kelly says that boys like girls with long, thin legs. I wanted Bobby to notice them. I pulled on a sexy, lace trim, red half-slip, and then a short, red and white plaid skirt with an off the shoulders white top.

All of my girlfriends agree that the school girl look impresses boy the most. They get protective and want to hold her tightly. No girl in her right mind will argue with a boy who wants to hold and protect her, and I am certainly a girl in her right mind! I stepped into a pair of red skimmers that perfectly set off my skirt.

I did my makeup as Kelly had suggested, and then removed the hot rollers in my hair. I brushed my hair into angel wings before attaching a pair of Kelly's red earrings.

I looked for flaws in my outfit, hair, or makeup. I wanted to look my prettiest for Bobby. As I skipped down to the living room, thinking how ironic it was that not long ago I had accused Bobby of being a sissy and of acting like a girl. Now I was dressed in frilly panties, bra, slip, stockings, and a pretty skirt and top, waiting to go on a date with him!

"Who was the sissy now?" I giggled. Bobby would be wearing slacks and a shirt. Maybe he'd hold my hand as we walked and I would snuggle close to him. He'd probably hold my chair as I smoothed my pretty skirt and sat down. I'd feel my stocking covered legs rub against each other as I crossed them. Maybe Bobby would follow my pretty legs down to my cute ankle bracelet, and my red shoes. I was getting nervous and giddy thinking about actually going on a date with Bobby.



*I dressed especially cute for my first real date with Bobby. He mad my heart race, and I wanted to make his motor do the same. I felt so special as Bobby took my hand. I wanted to be his girl.*

Sure, I'd dated Mark a few times and a couple of other boys last summer, but they thought I was a girl, and I knew I wouldn't see them after summer vacation. Bobby was the first boy who knew me as Tim to ask me out. I'd be pretty, sweet, and fun to be with, which would build up Bobby's reputation. Girls would think Bobby was cool to get me to date him. They'd show more interest and would want to go out with him.

Mom and daddy told me that I looked very pretty. They were sure that Bobby would consider himself lucky to go out with such a good-looking girl. "I expect you to act like a lady," Mom said. "You were a little wild with Mark last summer. If you can't be trusted to behave, your father and I will make you wait a year or so before you go on another date."

Ouch, that hurt, wait another year to go out with a cute boy and spend time kissing? That would be cruel! "I'll behave, mom, I promise. Please don't make me wait. I'll be a good girl. I got a little carried-away last summer, but it won't happen again. I was just testing out my new equipment. I wanted to see if a cute boy would accept me as a girl."

"I saw those pictures," Daddy laughed. "I'd say you were accepted. Be careful, sweetheart. The doctor said that you would be experiencing strange new feelings because of the female hormones. If you're confused, talk to mom or Kelly."

"Sure daddy," I giggled. "Bobby's a sweetie. I want him to ask me out again, so I'll be a perfect white gloved Junior Miss."

"Good luck," Kelly said as the doorbell rang. "We'll go over the juicy details when you get home tonight!"

Daddy let Bobby in as I gathered my purse and jacket. "You look nice," Bobby said after greeting my family. What a doll, he makes nice to my family, and then tells me that I look nice. His mom trained him well. I had to thank her at work.

Of course, Bobby wasn't the wimp I used to think he was. I noticed his smile as he checked out my boobies, butt, and legs! He'd get a big kiss for that later.

The exhibit was fantastic! It was everything claimed and then some. I felt so tiny and helpless imagining my part in such a huge universe that I accidentally bumped into Bobby, prompting him to put his arm around me to keep me from falling. "Thanks," I smiled up at him wondering when he'd gotten so tall and strong. "I got carried away for a minute."

"Glad to help," he said. "I'd hate to lose my first date." He didn't move his arm, so I moved closer. It felt wonderful.

Bobby walked me to work after the exhibit, still hand in hand, talking about what we had seen and how impressive it had been. Before we realized it, we were at the shop and it was time for me to go to work. "I had fun, Bobby," I kissed his cheek. "Thanks for inviting me."

"Are we still on for the movie tomorrow?" he asked.

"Of course we are," I waved goodbye and walked into the shop. Tomorrow couldn't get here soon enough.

My new job wasn't the cakewalk I thought it would be. I started in the girls and children's department; I'd learn the product line and help mothers pick out clothes for their young children. When you have a ten-year-old girl that wants to look like Britney Spears and a mother who is desperately trying to steer her little girl into clothes designed for her age, it gets tense. Some kids pout and others throw tantrums. I'd do anything to shut them up. I saw this when I went shopping, but now I had to put up with it instead of walking away.

I worked with Mrs. Terns to learn how to measure kids and work the cash register. The preschoolers were so cute that you wanted to give them a big hug. The older they got, the tougher it was. When they were nine or ten, most girls had decided they were going to look - 'Streetwalker Chic'. Kelly never went through that stage or she might have passed it on to me. Instead of wearing a cute skirt and top, I could be wearing a mini-skirt, biker shorts, and torn fishnet stockings.

By the end of my shift, keeping the racks of clothes neat, cleaning up the dressing rooms, and waiting on customers made me one whipped girl. As I stood in the lady's room

redoing my makeup, it occurred to me – I really am a girl! I wear pretty outfits, go to school as a girl, have a job as a girl, and best of all, I get to date boys! If I had any doubts that I should have been a girl, dating boys erased them.

When I first started wearing girl's clothes, I noticed boys looking at me funny, but I thought they were laughing at me. As time went on, I wondered why they kept looking at me and turned away when I looked back at them. When I went shopping with my girlfriends, we'd run into some boys from school. They acted funny around me. They didn't point or tease me, just the opposite. They joked with me as they did with my girlfriends; and once a boy told me that I looked good in a short skirt. I didn't have experience with girls, so I didn't recognize the obvious; those boys were flirting with me! Now that I know the signs and Kelly has taught me the basics of flirting with boys, it's going to be lots of fun!

Another sign that I misread was my feelings when I was around certain boys. Boys like Chuck made me feel funny inside. My heart would beat faster, my lips would dry out making me lick them, and sometimes I'd have trouble talking. My girlfriends teased me. They recognized the symptoms girls have when they're around cute boys. I brushed it off as being embarrassed to be dressed like a girl when I should be dressed like the boys.

"I was such a dummy!" I thought as I fixed my lipstick and made sure my outfit was just right. "Luckily, the boys haven't written me off. A couple still check me out."

"Spill it, girl!" Kelly demanded as soon as I shut the car door. "Did he make any moves on you? Is he a good kisser?"

"Kelly!" Mom screamed. "Quit badgering your sister. I'm sure that Bobby was a perfect gentleman."

"Too bad," Kelly shot me a look.

"I had a great time," I rushed to Bobby's defense. "He's sweet. I tripped at the exhibit and he caught me before I fell."

"The old accidental fall trick?" Mom laughed. "I bet you just happened to end up with his arm around your waist."

I couldn't keep from blushing. "It was an accident, I swear it was! I lost my balance and Bobby caught me."

"How long did he keep his arm around you?" Kelly teased.

"A half hour," I giggled, remembering how nice it felt. "We held hands all the way to the store."

"Did you give him a kiss?" Mom asked.

"Uh huh, on the cheek, I didn't know if I should kiss him on the lips."

"I thought you liked him?"

"I do, I really do!" Maybe I was a little too enthusiastic, but I couldn't help it. I felt so good whenever I was around Bobby.

"I think a kiss or two on the lips would be okay," Mom said. "Maybe when you say goodnight after the movie tomorrow?"

"Do you think it would be okay?" I squealed.

"Think of it as a way to pay him back for the movie," Kelly said. "That wouldn't be too hard, would it?"

"Maybe I should feel him up. He's buying me dinner at the Burgery. Maybe I should slip him a little tongue?"

"Your father will lock you up forever if he heard you talking like that," Mom laughed. "You don't need to feel him up to know if it's hard or not!"

"Nah, if he's anything like your average guy, you'll know," Kelly smiled, obviously thinking of a past boyfriend. "Those pop up when you least expect it!"

I couldn't remember having such a problem. "How come it never happened to me?"

"You were too much of a girl to be interested in another girl," she shrugged. "Girls feel things differently than guys."

"How did you feel dating Mark?" Mom asked. "Did your stomach feel funny, and were your breasts just a little warm?"

"Did you have funny feelings in your crotch?" Kelly asked.

“So that’s what was going on! Why didn’t you tell me about this stuff before?”

“Do you suppose it had anything to do with you being a boy before?” Kelly joked. “I’d never tell a boy how it felt when he got me all horny. He’d never understand anyhow.”

I needed answers to my questions about Bobby. We could talk about the differences between girls and boys anytime. “So, it’s okay to kiss Bobby and maybe even a little tongue too?”

“Go for it,” Mom giggled, “Remember, you’re a young lady!”

“A sugar and spice, white gloved, Junior Miss,” I repeated.

“Maybe for you and daddy,” I thought, “But I’m going to be Bobby’s dream girl!”

I wore a leather skirt and pink top to work the next day. Of course, I wore my prettiest panties, slip, and bra. I still like to prove to myself that I really am a girl

Mrs. Hiden was at the store when I got there. She complimented me on my outfit and asked if Bobby and I had a good time. “It was the best!” I told her. “It’s nice to have someone to talk to about astronomy who really understands.”

“Really, I couldn’t tell if he liked the exhibit. He never mentioned it.” Something must have gone wrong! He seemed happy and he wanted to make sure I’d go out with him today. What would I do if he didn’t show up for our first real date?

Mrs. Hiden must have noticed that I was getting upset. She took my hand and smiled. “He didn’t mention the exhibit because he was too busy telling us about the pretty girl he’d spent the afternoon with! I’ve never seen him so worked up before. You made quite an impression on him.”

“I tried to make up for being rotten to him before. He’s really sweet.”

“Don’t worry, he’ll be here later,” she laughed as she squeezed my hand. “I can’t imagine anything stopping him!”

“He’s a doll,” I gushed. “I didn’t understand that it’s okay for boys to be gentle. I thought I had to be tough to be a man.”

"Don't worry about it, Tamara, you were confused. I'm happy that you were able to get help."

After talking to Bobby's mom, I felt better and the day flew by. I was working when I looked up into the cutest face in the whole world. "Hi, remember me?" Bobby grinned. "I'm supposed to meet some really great girl here for a date."

"I remember, now shoo before I get in trouble. I'm supposed to be working, you know."

"Don't sweat the small stuff," he joked. "I happen to know the boss. I'll put in a good word for you!"

"That word is going to be 'grounded' if you don't get lost!" his mother's voice boomed out from behind him. "Take a hike until the young lady is done or you'll spend the next two weekends cleaning the basement!"

"I'm going!" Bobby laughed as he backed from the counter. "I'll be back though."

"Don't let her get away, okay?" he called to his mom.

His mom shook her head. "Boys can be so childish."

"Maybe, but he is so cute!"

As the last customer walked out, Bobby rushed back in. "Who was that cranky old lady?" he asked.

"She's my boss and your mother," I giggled.

"I thought she looked familiar," he smiled. "Is she always that cranky?"

"Are you back again?" his mom asked. "I used to beg you to stop in and help me, but you were always too busy."

"I might find some free time now, mom," he eagerly volunteered. "Got any boxes to move, just ask!"

"We'll talk about it later. Let Tamara finish closing or she'll never get out of here."

That was all he needed to hear. He grabbed the trash, ran it out to the dumpster and then started hanging clothes up. Ten minutes later, we walked out the door, hand in hand.

The movie turned out to be a Sci-fi double header, so we were able to catch two movies instead of one and I wasn't going to complain about spending twice as much time with Bobby. It was just like I had told Bobby's mom; I enjoyed having someone to talk to that understood Sci-Fi and so did Bobby. Even if he weren't cute, I would have enjoyed being with him.

As we walked home after the movie, Bobby let go of my hand and put his arm around my waist. He looked down at me and asked if I minded. I was too along the way to Heaven to answer so I gave him a kiss instead.

"I like the way you answer questions!" he whispered before kissing me back. "Remind me to ask you lots of questions."

That wonderful feeling of my insides being tied up in knots came rushing back as our lips met. My boobies felt warm, and there was a strange feeling in my crotch.

"Ask anytime," I said breathlessly. "Anything you want to know, just ask. I'll be happy to answer you."

Bobby held me tight and told me that he thought I was the sweetest girl in the whole world! I never felt so wonderfully weak and helpless before in my life.

We kissed a few more times before saying goodnight. He promised to be waiting for me in the morning so that we could walk to school together. I asked if it would be okay to hold hands as we walked together.

"I was going to ask you the same thing!" he laughed and gave me a hug. "I was worried that you might be afraid of what everyone would think if they saw us holding hands."

"All of my girlfriends will think I'm so lucky to have such a cute guy like you!" I told him as I stretched to meet his lips.

Our lips met, parted, and I was so excited that I nearly wet my panties. I thanked him for giving me the best time I'd ever had then rushed into the house.

"That's the boy you called a sissy?" Kelly teased as I closed the door behind me. "Were you nuts?"

"Yeah, I think so," I giggled. "Boy was I ever wrong."

"Did you have a good time?" Daddy asked. "You two seem to have really hit it off."

I nodded furiously. Uh, huh, I had a good time. He's walking me to school tomorrow."

"He's walked you to school every day for a month," Daddy seemed puzzled. "What's so special about that?"

"He's going to hold my hand!" I screamed. "Everyone's going to see me and the cutest guy in the whole world, holding hands!"

"That's great, honey!" Daddy said as he gave me a hug and kiss. "My little girl's growing up."

I hugged and kissed daddy back then Kelly and I raced to our room to go over all the details of my date with Bobby. Mom was right behind us, promising daddy she'd be back after we had a little "Girl Talk."

Daddy smiled knowingly, he wasn't about to get involved with three women talking about guys.

"Did he try to put his arm around you during the show?" Mom asked. "Your father pulled that on our second date."

I shook my head. "No, he was a perfect gentleman all during the show,"

Kelly laughed. "Too bad, huh?"

"He made up for it on the way home though," I told them all about how we were walking along, when Bobby suddenly stopped and put his arm around me," It was even better than dancing with daddy!"

"He must be something else," Mom whistled softly. "You looked like you were in heaven dancing with your dad."

"I was," I smiled as I remembered the feelings I had while daddy held me in his arms. "But Bobby's different, and the feelings are completely different."

“Yes honey, they are,” Mom agreed. “These are sexual feelings; nothing like you experienced before. You’re starting to experience the beginnings of female sexual desires, when you share them with the right man, there’s nothing in this world to compare.”

“Please,” Kelly whined. “This touchy-feely crap is making me ill. Did you get any tongue from Bobby? What am I thinking; of course you did. What boy in his right mind wouldn’t try slipping a little tongue to a cute girl?”

I nodded enthusiastically. “He slipped me some the second time we kissed; and the third, and the fourth. It’s fun playing tag with our tongues.”

“Remember, your father and I expect you to act like a lady,” Mom reminded me with a stern look. “You need to know that it’s usually up to the girl to control how far things go with a boy. More often than not, males have only enough blood for their penis or their brain, but not both. If the blood is going to their penis, you had better be prepared to think for them.”

I was completely shocked at what mom was saying. “Mom, I can’t believe you’re saying things like that!”

“Get over it,” Kelly advised. “I got the same lecture and she’s right. You won’t get pregnant, but there are some nasty little bugs out there that will kill you if you’re not careful.”

“Being female is more than pretty clothes and boys making fools of themselves over you,” Mom continued her lecture. “You’re also a target for men who feel that raping a woman is a power trip. You have to be alert to your surroundings and to your partner. Not all males are rapists and wife beaters but enough are that you have to be careful. Know who you’re dating, know his family too if possible. The more you know the safer you’ll be. Above all, if it doesn’t feel right to you, get away as fast as you can.”

“Bobby’s not like that mom, I can tell,” I protested. My first real boyfriend and she is making him seem like a mad killer.

"You're right," Mom agreed. "Bobby's not, but then again, he's not likely to be the last male you'll ever be involved with either."

"Your world changed the instant you decide to become female," Kelly said softly. "Be careful, I don't want to lose the little sister I waited so long to find!"

I couldn't take it anymore and broke down in tears. Mom and Kelly quickly pulled me into their arms and held me until I quit crying.

"I'll be careful, I promise," I told them. "I love you guys so much!"

The next morning, I dressed in white lace panties, a bra with soft, satin cups with a pretty pink flower where the cups met, and a white half-slip with several inches of scalloped lace trim at the hem. After spending time with Bobby, I didn't feel any need to confirm that I was a girl. I just enjoyed knowing that under my plain looking uniform, I was wearing something pretty and feminine.

Bobby was waiting for me as I raced out of the house that morning. I thought he looked sharper than ever before in his blue blazer, white shirt, and blue slacks. Maybe it was because I thought of him as my guy now and being my guy made him that much cuter!

"You look happy this morning!" he said as he gave me a quick hug. "Do you still want to hold hands? Everyone's going to know your secret?"

"You're right!" I said as though the idea had just popped into my head. "What was I thinking?"

Bobby's smile faded quickly. "I understand."

"I'm glad you understand, Bobby," I led him along. "We'll only hold hands until we get into the building. Since your locker is on the other side of the building, we won't be able to keep holding hands." His look of confusion was priceless. I couldn't wait to see how he'd take what I was about to say. "So when we get inside, you can give me a hug and a kiss, go to

your locked, and then we'll meet again in history class!" Watching his face light up made my day, as well as when he leaned over and kissed me on the cheek.

There were confused looks along the way, but nothing like the looks we got when the bus pulled in at school. Guys were pointing and nudging each other while girls were watching us and whispering to each other. As soon as we got into the building, Bobby let go of my hand, pulled me close, and kissed my cheek. "See you in history!" he called as he walked away.

I stashed my jacket in my locker, grabbed the books I needed, and walked to class, cheerfully ignoring the whispers as I passed. I was pretending to go over my notes, when Lanie ran to her seat next to me, tossed down her books and purse, and grabbing my notebook. "What's this about you and a certain boy?" she demanded. "Some girls claim they saw you two together twice over the weekend, and then there's a story about you two holding hands and kissing!"

"Can't a girl go out with a cute guy without everyone getting worked up?" I asked feigning ignorance. "Would you stop Bobby if he wanted to hold your hand and kiss you?"

"Bobby's a boy and so are you!" she said.

"Not anymore," I whispered,

"You're kidding," she gasped. "Don't you work at Vogue? Bobby's mom works there too, doesn't she?"

"Actually, she owns it," I smiled. "She hired me."

"Does she know about Bobby and you?"

"Of course, silly, he walked me to work on Saturday, and he met me there on Sunday before going to the movie." Lanie couldn't put two and two together.

"Bobby's mom hired you to work at the best clothing store in the world. She doesn't mind that you're dating her son?"

"Why should she mind? I'm a good worker."

The teacher interrupted and we had to quit talking. She couldn't do anything but sit and steam until after class. She

caught up to me again at lunch. "Doesn't Bobby's mom mind him dating another guy? Are you two going to join that Gay group for teens?"

Bobby's voice rang out behind us. "My mom would have a bird if I went out with another guy, and why would we join that group?" he asked as he sat next to us.

"My mom doesn't mind if I date guys," I volunteered.

Lanie started to freak. "Stop it! You're confusing me. Will someone tell me what's going on?" I was about to explain, but she wouldn't shut up. "You're not gay, right?" Bobby and I both shook our heads no. "Your mom doesn't mind you dating guys?" she asked Bobby.

"I told you, she'd have a bird," Bobby insisted.

I smiled, "And my mom doesn't mind at all."

"So if you're not gay, and his mom doesn't want him dating guys and yours doesn't mind, and his mom knows he's dating you, then..." she grasped. "I'm totally confused."

Kelly and Mary joined us at the table. I motioned for them to sit with us. "Hi, Mary, did Kelly give you the news?"

"You bet she did. Congratulations!" she hugged me. Looking at Lanie, she said. "Why don't you tell her?"

"We were, but she wouldn't shut up," Bobby explained.

"One more clue, okay?" I asked Lanie. I withdrew from my purse my hormone tablets. "Know what these are?"

She stared at my twenty-eight day cycle of pills. "Birth control pills," she shrugged. "Why would you take them?"

Mary joined the game. "What's in birth control pills?"

Lanie nodded her head. "Estrogen."

Kelly said, "My sweet sister is taking pills that contain estrogen, she's dating a boy, neither of them is gay, and neither of their parents mind them dating. Think carefully."

Suddenly, Lanie stared at my chest. "What would happen if I pinched these?" she asked, reaching for my boobies.

“I’d probably scream and never speak to you again,” I said.

She hugged me tight. “I thought I was imagining it when I noticed you getting curves. When did all this happen?”

“Just before I took charm classes,” I proudly thrust out my chest. “But I wanted to be a girl ever since I was little.”

“Why were you such a jerk?”

I said sadly, “I was afraid to tell anyone, so I was nasty hoping no one would figure things out.” I took Bobby’s hand. My slim fingers with manicured nails were a contrast to his larger hands. “Being nasty to Bobby was the best thing to happen to me. Dressing as a girl made me realize that I was only pretending to be a boy. I talked to my parents, we talked to doctors, and Timothy Michael Ferguson is officially gone!”

Bobby squeezed my hand and pulled me close. “Tammy apologized to me and my family at a New Years Eve party,” he explained. “We decided she meant it, so we got to know each other better. The Judge could’ve given her a different sentence, since being a girl wasn’t a punishment anymore, but my family was against it. When mom offered her the job, I asked if I could date her.”

“I started looking at him differently when we met in court. He didn’t seem like a sissy anymore. Actually, he was cute. We went to the space exhibit together, and then he asked me on a date. Come to my house tonight,” I told Lanie, “And I’ll tell you about the guy I dated last summer.”

That evening, I showed Lanie the pictures I took of Mark. I told her about the Ferris wheel and my first kiss as a girl. “You look so pretty,” she said when she saw a photo of me in my sundress. “I never thought much of you as a boy.”

“Thank heaven Bobby didn’t either. He has been sweet. Sometimes we sit and talk.”

“Geeks!” she snorted, “Do you do anything but talk?”

“We find time for a few kisses while we’re talking,” I said. “He’s a great kisser and his tongue likes mine.”

"It's not fair," she pouted. "One day you're a flat chested boy, and the next you're a cute girl with a boyfriend."

"It took more than a day," I insisted. "I've been taking female hormones since last spring, and I'm only a 32A."

"You're wearing that padded girdle and bra?"

I struck a sexy pose as I undid my uniform blouse. I stripped to my bra, and then reached behind and undid the hooks. "Do these look like padding?" I asked as my breasts sprang free. I stepped out of my skirt and half-slip to show off my cute butt. "I had to put up with morning sickness and mood swings to look like this," I told her, "but it was worth it."

"You said you weren't wearing padding," she said, pointing to my crotch. "You still wear that gaffe thing?"

"No," I sighed. "My testicles would product male hormones, so I had them removed and taking female hormones shrunk my thingy. When I get older, they'll turn it into a vagina."

Lanie burst out laughing. "This is so weird!" she finally said. You used to tease a poor kid because he didn't meet your standards of how a boy should act. You called him a sissy, and you almost got him killed after dressing him as a girl. Now you're one of the prettiest girls in school and the boy you called a sissy is an absolute hunk. Plus you are dating each other!"

"You're right!" I laughed. "Can't a girl be wrong about a guy? Besides, I look better in a dress than he would!"

Lanie laughed, "No doubt, you are a hot looking girl!"

I gave her a hug. "Thanks, it means so much to me to fit in. I couldn't cut it as a boy. Being a girl feels so right to me."

"How does it feel to kiss a guy? Do you feel funny?"

"I worried about that for a long time," I confessed. "I wasn't sure how I'd react to being with a boy. Could I adjust to being treated like a girl?" I smiled, remembering how nice it was being with Mark on the Ferris wheel. "Mark made me feel squishy inside. I never felt anything like that before, but I liked it a lot! It was great when we kissed."

We spent hours talking about boys and clothes and boys. Boys have become a favorite subject. I love the way they look, the way they feel when I hug them, and when they kiss me, I melt. No doubt about it, I was a typical teenage girl.

The next day, Bobby and I walked to school hand in hand, but this time there was no fuss. Everyone had heard about me becoming a girl. Kelly told me that a couple of kids said that they thought I was a girl all along. Everyone was so used to my being Tammy that my becoming a girl seemed normal.

After only three weeks of dating, Bobby asked if we could go steady. I wanted to say yes, but I knew that I'd better check with mom and daddy. He promised to check with his parents too and we were sure they'd agree.

Even though we swore that we were truly, madly, in love with each other, our parents told us that we could date occasionally, we could be best of friends, but we were too young to go steady. That sucked, but at least we could talk. I knew Bobby would always be there to help me with anything bothering me. I'd always be there for him too.

My girlfriends talked me into going with them to the weekly school dances. They said that boys had asked about me and wanted to date me. The dances were a good way to separate the boys that wanted to see if I really was a girl from the boys who thought I was cute and wanted to know me.

I wore a pair of brown leather pants, a cream-colored turtleneck, and two-inch heels to my first dance. Lanie and the girls met at my place so we could go as a group. I learned that girls do group stuff best. We shop as a group, we hang out as a group, and of course, we go to the bathroom as a group.

It all seemed weird when I first became Tammy, but I got used to it quickly. It's great too not be alone. Sure, boys hang out with our group, but its girls only for shopping and going to the bathroom because that's when we talk about boys.

We weren't in the place five minutes when someone asked me to dance. I could have died when I saw Chuck grinning. "I heard through the grapevine that you are officially a girl," he

smiled and held out his hand. "I had my suspicions before, but everyone's confirmed them now."

"It's official," I took his hand. "Tim's gone for good."

I didn't realize that as we were talking, the fast songs stopped and a slow one was playing. Chuck grinned and led me to the dance floor. "Nice timing huh?" he said as he took me in his arms.

"That's sweet of you, Chuck," I said as I moved closer. "You're devious, but sweet."

We danced, talked, and had a great time. It was a fantasy come true. A boy I once had a huge crush on wanted to dance with me! I saw the other girls dancing with boys and hoped they were as happy with their partners as I was with mine.

I danced with five or six boys. Some boys were nice; others were morons. I wish I had grown up as a girl. I would know how to tell the hunks from the jerks. I need to rely on advice from Kelly and my girlfriends until I could date enough boys. Of course, if our parents hadn't laid down the law about going steady, Bobby and I wouldn't worry about whom to date!

We still walked to school together, but we couldn't hold hands or kiss the way we used to. Bobby was officially part of the group I hung out with and was starting to date other girls. I hoped they were nice to him. I'd hate to go before the Judge for breaking the neck of some girl who was mean to Bobby!

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Thanksgiving dinner this year was going to be at my aunt's house. Everyone wanted to see me and congratulate me but there wouldn't be room enough for everyone at our house.

I decided not to wear a dress, my cousins all planned on wearing jeans and I didn't want to look out of place. I knew I was going to be the center of attention anyhow, so why over do it?

I chose a pair of tan jeans, nice and tight to show off my cute little butt, a burnt orange top, and a pair of ankle boots. Instead of a belt, I wore a long, silk scarf that matched my top

and made my outfit look sweet and feminine. My wonderful sister didn't want to show me up so she chose a pair of jeans, a button down oxford style top, and a pair of sneakers. I told her how much I appreciated her not trying to out do me. She hugged me and told me that she didn't want anything to ruin her little sister's debut!

My grandmothers and my girl cousins were thrilled to see me again. They went on and on about how pretty I looked, what a graceful young woman I'd become, and did I have a boyfriend yet?

"I had a boyfriend," I pretended to pout for mom's benefit. "But mom and daddy said that I was too young to go steady."

Daddy started laughing. "You poor baby; we were so mean to you. Don't forget to mention though that Bobby's parents felt the same way."

"I think fifteen's old enough to go steady," My cousin Ann protested. "Mom gave me the same lecture."

"Fifteen is too young to be tied down," Mom insisted as my aunt nodded in agreement. "If you never date other boys how will you know when the right one comes along? You won't have anything to compare him too and you could end up single, with six kids, wondering what went wrong."

I couldn't just stand there and let them insult the boy I loved. "Bobby would never do such a thing; he's different than any other boy."

"Be patient dear," My grandmother advised. "If he's the one, he'll be worth waiting for. I went through the same thing when I was young."

Ann tugged on my arm. "Let's get away from these old fuddy-duddies. We'll go to your room and you can tell us all about this guy."

All of us girls made for my room where I pulled out my scrapbook.

I showed everyone Mark's picture and told the story of how Kelly and I had tempted him and his brother by sunning ourselves where they were playing volleyball.

"You looked good in that suit!" One of my cousins laughed. "Those poor boys never knew what hit them."

The girls listened intently to my stories about the amusement park and how I got my first kiss from Mark.

"Did he French kiss you?" Ann asked. "I got my first French kiss last spring."

"Oh yeah," I laughed. "I was afraid to do it at first but once he had his arms around me and his lips against mine, I couldn't wait!"

"Summer boys are fun," An older cousin added. "Use 'em up and throw 'em away. They don't mind because they're doing the same to us."

"So who's this Bobby guy that you're head over heels in love with?" My oldest cousin Melissa asked as she looked at Bobby's pictures. "He's cute, where'd you guys meet?"

Kelly suddenly started laughing so hard I thought she was going to hurt herself.

"Go ahead, little sister," she gasped. "Tell them where you met Bobby."

"His mom owns the Vogue, the shop where I work," I tried to rush through the details of our meeting and get on to what a doll baby he was.

"Try again," Kelly was holding her sides and laughing like crazy.

"It's true!" I insisted. "His mom does own the store where I work."

"Remember the reason she had to wear girl's clothes?" Kelly asked in between bouts of insane laughter. "Tammy caused some poor boy to get hit by a truck."

"Yeah, that's right," another cousin started. "Some kid named Bobby Hiden, right?"

I could see the look on Ann's face as things started to come together in her head. "Bobby Hiden? Your boyfriend's name is Bobby. Please tell me your boyfriend isn't the kid that got you into this mess!"

"Bobby's not a kid! He's the sweetest, most lovable boy in the whole world!" I'm not sure if anyone heard me, since they were all rolling around on the bed, laughing and howling. "Did you hear me?" I asked loudly.

"Of course we heard you," Melissa said as she wiped her eyes. "Why do you think we're laughing so hard?"

"Stop it!" I shouted. "It's not funny."

"Think about it for a minute," Melissa said. "You had to pretend to be a girl because of what you did to some boy. You decided that you were really supposed to be a girl so you go to charm school, take hormones, get your nuts cut off, and end up as the cutest little thing to hit town in ages. You could have your choice of boys and who do you settle with but the kid that got you into this in the first place!"

"Okay, I could sell my story as the plot for a soap opera, but I still love Bobby!"

"Then don't lose contact with him!" Melissa put her arm around me. "Even if you have to date others, stay in touch. If he's half as wonderful as you think, you deserve each other!"

The girls gathered around me on the bed to hear about the boy I fell in love with. I told them about the space exhibit, the movies, and walking to school together. I told them how it felt when he held and kissed me. "Mom's right, Tammy," Kelly said. "You need to take your time. Bobby will be there when you're old enough to make a life choice."

My grandmother's and aunts were huddled with mom, deep in discussion that involved occasional laughter. I knew it was about me the second I walked in the room, since they stopped and looked at me. "Let me guess," I sighed. "You'd like to hear about me and Bobby Hiden, right?" Giggles and excited head nodding erupted.

My maternal grandmother motioned for me to sit near her. "He sounds so nice. Boys like that are priceless."

I sat next to grandma and told them about how I had developed a crush on Bobby and how cute I thought he was. "He likes science fiction movies. He's able to use words with more than one syllable, he's very smart, and can discuss things that other boys don't even know how to pronounce."

"Isn't this the same boy you thought was a sissy for the very same reasons?" my Grandfather interrupted.

"Yes, Grandpa, he is," I was ready and had the perfect answer. "But I was just a dumb boy then. I couldn't tell that he was the most wonderful boy in the whole world." Grandpa wished me luck and told me to bring the boy around so that he and my grandmother could approve of the young man their newest granddaughter had fallen for.

"You look fantastic," my aunt told me as she pulled me to my feet. "You've become a beautiful young woman. Are you as happy as you seem?"

"I think so," I answered. I shook my head and wiped a tear that started to form. "I didn't mean for this to happen. It just seemed to be the right thing for me."

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My job was perfect. I'd made some new friends at work and school, and I had a couple of dates too.

Once word got around school that I was becoming a girl, I was more popular than ever! Many of the kids were amazed when I first started dressing as Tamara. They expected a freaky looking, foul-mouthed boy in a Shirley Temple wig. What they got was a cute, well mannered, if thoroughly confused girl. They reacted as mom had predicted and I gradually got used to my punishment and accepted it.

The more I accepted it, the more others did too, and the more friends I gained. At first, it was just a couple of girls, but after a little while, boys started to become part of our little group. Once they were part of our group, they did what boys

usually do when around girls - they flirted. Once they flirted with us, we did what girls normally do - we flirted back.

I just acted the way the other girls did. When a boy smiled at me, I smiled back. When one told a corny joke, I groaned and laughed with the rest of the girls. When we had snowball fights, it was always the boys against the girls, and when we lost, as we usually did, I screamed and giggled as much as any other girl as the boys stormed our fort!

It must have been tough on many of the boys. I made their motors race, yet they couldn't put their cars in gear. No matter how cute I must have looked to them, I was still another boy. I didn't look like a boy, and I didn't act like a boy, but everyone knew that sweet, lovable Tammy Ferguson really was a boy.

Things changed in a big hurry once I decided to be a girl and started dating. Suddenly, all those boys wanted to get to know me better. Every time I turned around, a boy was asking if I'd like to see a show or go to a dance with him. My girlfriends thought this was funny. I'd gone from being a despised boy to one of the most popular girls.

I smiled and accepted lots of dates, but I still considered myself Bobby's girl. He understood when I dated other guys. He dated a couple of other girls. We were good kids and dated others just like our parents wanted, but we always saved the most important occasions for each other. A couple of boys asked me to the Christmas dance, but they never had a chance. Bobby had already gotten his best suit cleaned and I had a dress picked out since school started.

My dress was perfect. It was dark green with short puffy sleeves and a ruffle hem. Best of all, it perfectly fit my new curves. It had a deep V-neck, but there was a lace panel halfway down that kept much of my boobies from showing. I couldn't wait for Bobby to see me in it. I was sure I'd get a long, French kiss for looking so pretty for him.

I was at the beauty shop as soon as it opened. I had scheduled the works, hair, leg waxing, facial, manicure, and a pedicure. Kelly and my girlfriends convinced me that I could do my makeup as good as the beauty shop.

I slowly dressed in a pair of green satin bikini panties, as I carefully tucked away my thingy. It was much easier to tuck away now. After months of female hormones, it had shrunken. Mom said that it was as small as when I was a little boy!

I cradled my boobies into a matching bra, and then carefully pulled on a pair of extra sheer and silky pantyhose. I wanted to be extra careful with them since they cost almost fifteen dollars. I knew how pretty my legs would look in them. Bobby always told me loved looking at my pretty legs! I was just like any other girl; I couldn't resist getting my boyfriend hot and bothered.

I stepped into a pretty, green half-slip trimmed in the yummiest lace before I carefully slid my dress over my newly styled hair. Kelly zipped me up and then helped me balance while I stepped into the green pumps I bought for the dance.

"Poor Bobby's going to spend a lot of time in the bathroom tonight," Kelly grinned. "You're going to drive him crazy."

"I just want to look good for my guy," I said. "He'll look like a stud."

"He's changed a lot," Kelly agreed. "Who would have thought that skinny geek could look so good?"

I raised my hand and started waving it in the air. "I did, Miss Kelly, about a year ago. Do I get a gold star?"

"How about a night with Bobby?"

"I have to settle for the gold star for now," I moaned. "But in a few years, I'll give him a honeymoon he'll never forget!"

Our friends teased Bobby and me about 'puppy love', and our first crush, but not Kelly. She knew me better than anyone did, and when I told her that someday Bobby and I would get married, she never doubted it.

"Are you sure you used to be a boy?" Bobby teased as we danced. "No boy could ever look as pretty as you do."

"Me, a boy?" I laughed, "Who's spreading that nasty rumor? Probably the same person who said you were a sissy!"

Bobby looked far more upset than I was able to look. “Someone said I was a sissy? That’s ridiculous. A sissy would never have such a pretty girlfriend!”

“Absolutely not!” I answered. “I wouldn’t be caught dead with a sissy. I like guys who are tall, good looking, and have nice muscles.” I squeezed his arm. “Like these.”

“I like pretty girls who have soft, curvy bodies and are fun to hug and kiss,” he gave me a kiss that made my heart pound.

“I’m glad we got that settled!” he laughed.

“Uh huh, settled, yes, we settled,” I repeated. How in god’s name did anyone think I’d ever let this guy go?

Bobby’s mom met us after the dance and gave us a few minutes alone together when we got to my house. I thanked him for a great time and was about to reward him with a kiss when he pulled me close and kissed me like he had at the dance. I locked my hands around his neck and held on tight. I wanted to enjoy every second. His tongue pressed against my lips, so I happily opened them so our tongues could play with each other. Every Sunday at church, the minister preached about heaven, but Bobby proved that it really existed. With each second of his kiss, I knew that I could never be a boy!

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Christmas was more fun than ever! I had a great job that gave me the money to buy gifts for my friends and relatives. My girlfriends were thrilled to get the latest, hottest, outfits from Vogue, as were my mom, and Kelly.

I wanted to give Bobby a picture of me in a sexy outfit from Glamour Shots, but dad threatened to put me into a convent if I did, so he had to settle for super sensitive controls for his X-Box.

I got some very nice gifts like jewelry and perfume, but the best gift was the one Bobby gave me, a gold, heart shaped locket with our initials engraved on it and a picture of us inside! I took one look at it and I started to cry!



*I was in heaven as Bobby pulled me into his body while mother took photos. I was thrilled to be Bobby's girl, and hoped that would never change.*

With Christmas over, it was time to prepare for the big New Years Eve party. This year, instead of a gown, I chose a pants outfit, but not just any ordinary pair of pants and a top. My outfit caught my attention the first time I saw it at work.

It was midnight blue with gold threads running through it. It was made from very thin rayon. The pants hugged my waist and flowed gently over my rear before blooming out to look like a long skirt. The nearly see through top was made of the same material. Actually, from the neck to my breasts, the top was see-through. Two thin straps peeked through the sheer fabric. I'd have to wear just the right camisole under it. It was black with lace at the bodice. It would look so hot!

I fell in love with the outfit the instant I saw it, but I was afraid to buy it. Was I the right girl to carry off the look? Mrs. Hiden and Mrs. Harvey laughed when I confided in them. Mrs. Harvey said, "Sweetheart, if you're not the right girl for that outfit, we can't imagine who she might be! You have the perfect figure, not too busty, and not too tall or heavy. The way you carry yourself, a certain young man will pop through his zipper when he sees you!"

"Mrs. Harvey!" I giggled. "My mother and daddy expect me to be a sugar and spice, white gloved, Junior Miss!"

"Your daddy may expect that of you. Men always think of their daughters that way, but your mom would understand," Mrs. Hiden said. "What's the point of being a hot looking girl if you can't get a boy's motor running now and then?"

"This is your son we're talking about," I reminded her.

"My son will be fine," she laughed. "He'll be a perfect gentleman, even if he has trouble concentrating."

Mrs. Harvey finally helped. "You're not buying an outfit from Victoria's Secret. That outfit is in junior size, which means it's for a teenage girl. With your sense of style, I'm sure you can put together a look perfect for a girl your age."

"I can't believe this is happening," I shook my head, "but I'm not stupid. I'll take the outfit."

I showed mom and Kelly the outfit and told them about the little chat I had at work. "Go for it!" Kelly cheered. "If you want to hook a guy, you've got to use the right bait, and little sister, you are a very tempting piece of bait!"

"But daddy said..."

"Your father is a man. Men don't understand these things," Mom laughed. "He never minded it when I wore miniskirts and hot pants when we were dating. You can trust Bobby not to rip your clothes off and do you in the middle of the dance floor. Mrs. Harvey is right; you'll manage the perfect combination of innocence bordering on sex appeal."

I was a nervous wreck the day of the party. It was a good that I made an appointment to get my hair, nails, and makeup done. I was shaking so badly I would've had lipstick from ear to ear. I slid a pair of black lace panties over my hips, nestled my breasts into a black satin and lace bra, slipped on the black camisole that felt so good against my bare skin, and carefully pulled on a pair of silky black pantyhose. I took a deep breath and reached for my outfit. I hoped I had what it took to pull off the look. I was a scared fifteen-year-old girl, not sure if I could make the outfit work.

The outfit looked fabulous on me. It hugged every curve, yet it was loose enough that I didn't look like a streetwalker. I slipped on a pair of low heels and I knew I could pull it off.

My hair was done in my favorite style, a French braid. I added gold combs to each side of my head. I was able to tie in the gold fabric threads with gold earrings, a bracelet Kelly lent me, and a gold locket Bobby gave me for Christmas. I went easy on my makeup, using good foundation with a warm powder, rose blush, eyeshadow to bring out the reddish highlights in my hair, and a coral shade of lipstick.

"You look great," Kelly said. "You look older than fifteen, but keep that sweet young look. Bobby won't stand a chance."

I loved Kelly for telling me things like that. She's always there to listen to my problems and help me through the tough times when I had to pretend to be a girl.

Kelly looked hot in a black gown with a pink bow on each hip leading to pink inserts in the skirt. She wore her hair in a French braid too. Her makeup was done in the same subdued style as mine. Though we wore different outfits, it was easy to tell that we were sisters. We helped each other with our necklaces, sprayed on perfume, and then went to see if mom and daddy were ready.

Daddy looked handsome in a black suit with a red power tie. I gave him a quick kiss and told him how hot he looked. “Get your own guy,” Mom teased. “Maybe I should make her go back to being a boy. Tim never tried to steal my guy.”

“Don’t even joke about that!” I said. “I’d never steal your guy.” I smiled at daddy and straightened his tie. “He’s cute and all, but I happen to have one of my very own.”

“None of the other boys that you’ve dated have impressed you as much as Bobby?” Mom asked. “You’re settling for the first one to come along?”

“I’m not settling for anything,” I insisted. “Bobby’s good looking, smart, we like the same things, and he makes me feel so good when we’re together.”

“You haven’t been a girl for a year yet,” Daddy said. “Shouldn’t you take time to adjust before settling down?”

“I’ve been a girl all my life, daddy,” I ran my hands down my sides. “I tried being a boy, but this is so much better! If I’m old enough to decide that I should be a girl, I’m old enough to know that I want to spend the rest of my life with Bobby.”

“Just take it slow, honey,” Daddy asked. “I’d hate to have to hurt him if he breaks my baby’s heart.”

“That’s enough, dad!” Kelly sniffed. “You don’t have to worry about your mascara running.”

“He’ll have enough problems when I dry my eyes on his tie,” Mom joked, as she dabbed at her eyes.

“I’m just concerned about my girls,” Daddy shrugged. “How’s your love life going, Kelly?”

Mom reached for his tie, which quickly ended the discussion and allowed mom, Kelly, and me to check our makeup before we left for the party. As soon as we got to the party, I found out why everyone had been grinning at me. We were seated with the Hiden's! Bobby broke into a smile when he saw us coming towards the table. "You look great!" he said as he rushed to hold a chair for me. "I get the first dance."

"You can have them all," I smiled and kissed his cheek, "Unless Daddy wants one."

Of course, Daddy did want one, and so did about five other boys. Kelly of course was unmerciful, teasing me about monopolizing all of the boys. She did all right though. She danced and flirted with six or seven boys.

It was so nice to talk with Bobby. He kept telling me how pretty I looked and how much fun he was having dancing and just being with me, when out of the blue sky he asked if I'd change anything in my life if I could go back in time. "I would've been a lot nicer to a certain boy," I said.

"It wasn't your fault, Tammy," he gently took my hand. "You were so mixed up. If you hadn't gone through that phase of pretending to be a boy, we might have never met. I was too shy around girls, especially pretty ones like you. I spent weeks working up the nerve to ask you to go to the museum."

"You are the sweetest boy in the whole world," I told him. "Any girl would be lucky to go out with you."

It broke my heart that he was dating other girls. I wanted to keep him for myself, but our families thought we were too young for a commitment. "I have become pretty popular lately," he sighed. "How's the dating scene been for you?"

"Terrible," I laughed. "Three guys asked me out tonight."

"What's so bad about that?"

"Bad? I need a secretary to track who I'm going out with!"

He laughed. "I was right when I said you were silly!"

"You're still yucky!" I told him "Cute, but yucky!"

“I still get dibs on the Valentine’s Day dance!”

“I guess I can put up with a yucky guy like you for one night,” I teased. “Let’s see if you’ve got what it takes.” I pulled him to the dance floor. “You’ll do,” I laughed after our third dance. “Try not to be too yucky, okay?” He squeezed me tight and promised to work on it. I couldn’t wait for the dance!

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That summer our parents gave permission for us to go steady. Bobby took me out for pizza the night we got permission and gave me a ring with my birthstone in it. “It’s so beautiful!” I gushed before locking my lips onto his. “I love it!”

“I love you,” he said. “I want to marry you when we get older.”

“What did you say?” I asked. I heard right, but wanted to hear him say it again.

“I said I love you and want to marry you,” he repeated. “Will you marry me?”

“Yes, a thousand times, yes!” I cried. I was in his arms in a second, hugging, and kissing. We agreed to wait until we were out of college and to keep it a secret. Our parents might think we were rushing things and break us up again.

I kept my job at Vogue. I was making tons of commissions helping women and girls put together great looking outfits. I told Mrs. Hiden about my plans to get a degree in Business Management. She offered to let me become the store manager when Mrs. Harvey retired. Until then, I’d be the Assistant Store Manager and Mrs. Harvey will train me.

“I’ve talked to Marlene about it,” she told me. “We agree that I could spend months trying to find the right woman or I could offer it to the most qualified woman we ever met, you.”

Mrs. Harvey walked up. “Janet and I grew up together,” she grinned. “We’ve been like sisters since we were little girls. I told her that she should keep the job in the family and offer it to her future daughter-in-law.”

Oh crap, did Bobby or I screw up and tell someone? "Excuse me, what did you just say?"

"I should give the job to my future daughter-in-law," Mrs. Hiden laughed. "Welcome to the family, Tamara!"

We had a huge hug. They were in the jewelry store when Bobby bought my ring. He hadn't noticed them, but they overheard him say that he was going to ask me to marry him when he gave me the ring. "You aren't dumb enough to turn him down!" they laughed.

It's a strange world! I went from being an obnoxious teenage boy no one could stand to a young woman well liked by everyone she meets. I used to tease a kid about being a sissy, and now I'm the one in dresses and lingerie for life. I wouldn't have it any other way. I'll be the best wife that sissy could ever hope for. He's the only man I could ever love.

I'll be managing Vogue when Mrs. Harvey leaves in a couple of years. I'll cry my eyes out when she does. She's been so good to me. My girlfriends think I'm the luckiest girl in the universe. I'm got the sexiest boyfriend, clothes to die for, and I'll be helping to run the coolest clothing store in town when I'm only sixteen!

-----

I was twenty-two when I got my Bachelor's degree in Business Management and took over running Vogue for Mom Hiden. It hurt to have Mrs. Harvey retire, but she said that twenty years of managing the store was enough for her and that she was leaving it in good hands.

Kelly got married to a great man last year, and I was her Maid of Honor. She looked like an angel, but what she planned to do with her husband would make a whore blush!

Next year, I'll become Mrs. Robert Hiden. I've been waiting patiently for seven years to marry the only man who ever made me feel whole. I have a beautiful gown picked out. Of course, Kelly will be my Matron of Honor. She's been the most important person in my life since I was fourteen. I couldn't have made it through those rough times without her.

Daddy will give me away. He'll work hard to hold back the tears, but I'm not his little girl anymore. Mom will cry her eyes out along with Mom Hiden and Mrs. Harvey. It was hard for me to stay dry eyed when Kelly married.

I look back and laugh at how I ended up where I am. I was a complete jerk who teased a boy I didn't know. We called him names, we chased him, and almost got him killed when we tried to dress him up like the sissy we thought he was. My punishment was to live as a girl for three years, which brought me face to face with my true self. I wanted to be the sissy I accused Bobby of being!

Now, that same boy is a gorgeous hunk of a man who is going to deflower me on our wedding night. I'll be wearing the sexiest, laciest, lingerie my lover could imagine and I'll be only too happy to be the biggest sissy he could hope for!

Not bad for a bully!

**The End**

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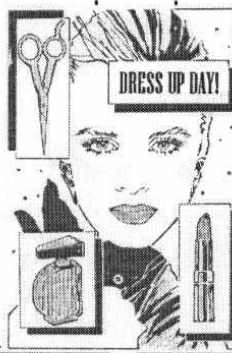
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This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

### **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 an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: 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!

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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.

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

That's actually their son and father! This 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!

**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.

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! 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 young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

### **CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7**

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

### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

#### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **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 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 curtsseys, 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.

### **CANDY, BOY WAITRESS**

Getting the right job can be tough...but with the right training anything is possible. A racy and wonderful story.

### **HE’S SO SKIRT**

## **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.

**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**

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.



**CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??**

**Ask your dealer or write:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**



# 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...



HEY FRANK!  
I LOVE YOUR  
TITS!

MY WIFE  
GAVE THEM  
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