

TITILLATING TV TALES

WHAT SISSIES WANT



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

TITILLATING TALES...VOLUME 15

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“WHAT SISSIES WANT” SANDY THOMAS ADV. – 1

TITILLATING TV TALES

Volume 15

“WHAT SISSIES WANT”

PART ONE OF TWO

By Kelly Ann

Illustrations by Puyal

Published by

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"WHAT GIRLS WANT" I



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characters, places, and incidents either are the product of
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coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

Thanks to women being considered equal, it
is now possible to cross dress completely
without wearing anything feminine.

“WHAT SISSIES WANT”

PART ONE OF TWO

By Kelly Ann

Bobby Hiden acted like a real sissy. He was in the accelerated classes at school, and he was short, skinny, and sucked at sports. He always thought that he was pretending to be a boy. If his hair was just a little longer and he dressed a little differently, he would make a cute girl.

Some friends and I were always teasing him, calling him Barbie, asking if he played with dolls, whistling at him, and doing our best to let him know that he just was not cutting it as a boy. We often followed him home, teasing him all the way. Sometimes our parents would hear about it and chew us out, but to my friends and me it was something to do. After all, Bobby was not a real boy like us.

In mid-July, we decided to teach the sissy a lesson. We pulled Bobby into an alley behind some stores. I held him while the others stripped him of his shirt, shorts, shoes and socks, and replaced them with a girl's uniform skirt and blouse that we found in a charity donation box.

We planned to run away with Bobby's clothes, forcing him to walk home looking like the girl, but the jerk broke free and ran from the alley. Unfortunately, a delivery truck turned into the alley at the instant he reached the end. If he had been watching where he was going everything would have been okay, but he was looking back to see if we were chasing him. The trucks horn blared, and then there was a sickening thud. We watched helplessly as Bobby landed twenty feet from where the truck hit him

We were about to run as a crowd started to gather. The truck driver yelled for someone to stop the two of us. Several people quickly grabbed us and held us until the cops arrived.

Bobby was pretty badly hurt, but the little rat still managed to squeal on us causing us to end up at the police station until our parents arrived.

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“What the hell’s wrong with you?” Dad screamed, the veins on his forehead popping out. “I told you to leave that boy alone! He’s a good kid and has never bothered anyone.”

“He’s a sissy! He should have been watching where he was going,” I shrugged.

Bad move, that remark earned me a backhand from dad that nearly knocked me out of my seat. “Did you see that?” I asked the cop sitting behind the desk. “That’s child abuse!”

“See what?” the cop smiled. “Did I miss something?”

“Would you like me to leave the room so you two can have a private conversation?” he asked dad.

“No,” Dad sighed. “It’s a good idea, but I’d probably end up killing him.”

“Too bad,” the cop went back to his paperwork.

After our parents spent an hour or so talking to a Judge, My friends and I went home with instructions to show up with our families at the courthouse two weeks later. We would then find what our punishment would be. Our parents had agreed to plead us guilty to charges of assault!

Our parents grounded us until the hearing. I could not call my friends or even mention their names under penalty of grounding for the rest of my natural life. It was determined that each of us would face the Judge separately, where our penalties would be handed out.

Two weeks later, my family and I walked into the courtroom. The Judge had a reputation for being one of the best outdoorsmen in the county, so I figured he would let a tough guy like me off easy.

“You’re pretty tough for a fourteen year old kid huh?” the Judge asked after reading a paper on his desk. “I bet you really taught that Bobby kid a lesson.”

“You bet!” I said proudly. “The little sissy should have watched where he was going. I guess he was too busy checking out his pretty dress.”



"Bobby is a sissy! He deserved everything we did to him," Tim boasted. "It's not my fault he wasn't looking where he was going and ran into that truck!"

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Dad reached over to smack me, but the Judge quickly stopped him. "I'll handle this if you don't mind, Mr. Ferguson."

"Sissy's shouldn't be running around pretending to be real boys. They should stay at home helping their mommies bake cookies or play with their baby dolls," I stated.

"What makes you think Bobby is a sissy?" the Judge asked. "Didn't you put that dress on him? Have you seen him wearing a dress, playing with dolls, or baking cookies?"

"No, he probably does that stuff at home," I said confidently. "He runs like a girl, throws like a girl, and can't even climb the rope in gym class."

"If I understand you correctly, a boy can't possibly be a real boy if he can't run the way you think he should or throw a ball a certain way or isn't strong enough to climb a rope?" I nodded in agreement. "That's a pretty harsh standard, don't you think? Would you want to be held to such tough rules?"

"Absolutely!" I responded, "It's only right."

"Excellent, I'm glad to hear you say that because for the next three years you are going to be held to exactly that standard. Of course, there will be one small exception – you will not participate in any activity that you consider normal for boys your age. That means no football, no basketball, and no rope climbing, in short, absolutely nothing that a boy your age might be involved in."

"That's not fair!" I shouted. "It wasn't my fault the little..."

"Sissy?" the Judge asked, "Were you going to say sissy?"

"Yeah, he is a sissy," I added.

"That's really interesting. You believe Bobby is a sissy because he doesn't fit a standard that you have developed and feel some sort of strange compulsion to enforce. Frankly, I think you're a bully looking for someone to take your fears out on. I've done research and have found that you aren't active in school sports. You've quit the town's little league team, and you've never registered for the soccer or football teams."

“I would’ve been the best first basemen they ever had, but they made me play left field!” I argued. “Soccer is for wimps and only Neanderthal types play football.”

The Judge picked up a piece of paper and started to read it. “Your coach said you heckled your own pitcher and dropped too many catches to be relied on at first base.”

“The other guys threw like girls!” I defended myself. “It’s not my fault they couldn’t get the ball to me.”

The Judge wasn’t buying our arguments. “I think that you aren’t good at sports, your poor performance bothers you, and you’re really worried about your lack of masculinity?”

“Just because I don’t like a sissy doesn’t mean I’m worried about being one,” I screamed.

“We’ll see about that,” the Judge said in a low voice. “Remember exactly how you defined a sissy. For the next three years, you will fit that description perfectly. Your parents and I agreed that you will not participate in typical boy activities because you two will be sissies.”

“Not playing sports ain’t gonna make no sissy out of me,” I smirked. “I’ll still be twice the boy Bobby will ever be!”

I noticed an odd smile on dad’s face. Mom and the Judge were smiling the same way. “Actually you won’t be a boy. You will be spending the next three years as a girl. You will dress like and act like a girl. The only sports you will play will be volleyball, tennis, and cheerleading, typical sports for girls your age. Since you weren’t born female like a real girl, you’ll just be a sissy pretending to be a girl.”

“No!” I screamed, “You can’t make us do that!”

“I have written permission from your parents, the school administrators, and the state court allowing me to do just that,” the Judge smiled. “Your sentence will teach you to be careful judging others. A real man does not have to excel in sports and he certainly doesn’t bully others. Being a sissy will make a better man out of you, and the experience will show that there is more to life than what you call ‘Macho’.” Looking

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past us to my family, the Judge put the final additions on my sentence. “Have you folks made all of the necessary arrangements for your new daughter?”

“Yes, your honor,” my mother said. “I’ve collected a few outfits from her older sister that should fit her well enough until we go shopping. She’s scheduled for a makeover with my hairdresser in the morning, and Tamara Ann Ferguson will be starting the ninth grade in September.”

“Excellent!” the Judge said.

I felt sick to my stomach. My parents were planning to turn me into a total sissy, complete with a girl’s name and clothes! People would laugh at me and tease me everywhere I went, just as I had done to Bobby. The difference was that I didn’t deserve it!

“I’ll run away. I swear I will!” I shouted as tears ran down my cheeks. I couldn’t believe my lousy luck. Not only was I going to pretend to be a girl, I was crying just like one!

“Where will you go?” Dad asked. “You will be hitching a ride while wearing a pretty dress and heels. There are perverts who would be happy to give you a ride. Behave and learn to be a better man when you’re older.”

“I don’t care!” I screamed. “I swear I’ll run away. I don’t care what happens to me!”

“If you do,” the Judge sternly said. “The police will find you, and I will be forced to rescind this sentence and send you to a juvenile detention center until you’re eighteen and then to the county jail for two more years.”

That’s six years! The sentence was only for three years?”

“The additional time is for violation of your original sentence. Once you’re eighteen, you wouldn’t be a juvenile and would serve the rest of your sentence in an adult facility.”

“I promise to behave,” I meekly said. “Don’t send me to jail. I’ll do what you want.” A river of tears rolled down my cheeks.

They were serious! I remembered Mom measure me for my school uniform last week. Why would she measure around my

chest if she weren't serious? The neck circumference sizes boy's shirts. Mom never measured my neck, just my chest, as she does for my sister. She took measurements for my waist, hips, and length too, but she didn't measure to my shoes, just to my knees. She planned to order me a blouse and a skirt. The chest measurement was for a blouse and she wanted to see how long of a skirt I'd need. Girl's skirts at school cannot be shorter than two inches above the knee. She needed to know the distance from my waist to my knees.

I collapsed into a chair next to my mother, sobbing like a stupid girl. Mom was obviously playing a nasty joke on me. She'd actually send me to school wearing a girl's uniform. The school would never really let that happen. I would cause too much of a distraction when the other kids started to laugh and tease.

I felt sick to my stomach, sicker than I ever felt before. I had overheard her on the phone giving the measurements and saying that she needed two girl's uniforms instead of the usual one for my sister. I was really going to wear to school the same uniform skirt, blouse, and jacket as the girls. Good grief, I really was going to be Tamara for three years!

“Mr. Ferguson, I assume that you have no objection to the sentence for your child,” the Judge asked.

“None, your honor,” my father firmly said. “Tamara's mother and I have warned her many times about her behavior. We agree this is the best possible sentence.”

“Excellent, have you folks made the other arrangements that we discussed?” My parents nodded. I didn't like the way they looked at me. “Everything appears to be in order,” the Judge pronounced. “Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson thank you for your cooperation and I wish you success with your new daughter. Social workers will monitor your case. Discuss any questions with them, and I'll be get back to you.”

That was it. In less than fifteen minutes, my life turned upside down. My parents had agreed to make me spend the next three miserable, stinking, rotten years as a girl and there wasn't a thing I could do about it!

As we got to our car, dad opened and held mom’s door first and then quickly did the same for me. “It’s how a gentleman treats a lady,” he said.

I glared at him before sliding into the car. I was positive that my life was going to be absolute hell for the next three years. Dad had already thrown me to the dogs, and from the big grin on mom’s face, I bet that when she was done with me I’d rival Brittany Spears for the title of Teen Queen!

“All of this for one little punk sissy,” I thought. “And now there will be one more – me!”

I held back when dad opened my door in our driveway. “Come on, Tamara,” Mom called out. “We have a lot to do, so don’t waste time.”

Dad’s look indicated that there was no use in waiting. I was to be a sissy for the next three years, and delaying for a few seconds wasn’t going to change anything. I slid out of the car. “Good girl,” Dad smiled.

“The letter came!” my sister Kelly called out excitedly as we walked through the front door. “It’s official now!”

Mom looked over the letter Kelly handed her. She smiled and handed it to dad. “Yes, it is official,” Mom, grinned. The corners of her mouth nearly touched her ears. Motioning in my direction, she said. “This is your little sister, Tamara Ann, but I think she prefers to be called Tammy.”

“Tammy? That’s so queer! You can’t do this to me!” I screamed. No one seemed to care about my feelings, and they completely ignored me.

“This is going to be great!” Kelly gushed. “I always wanted a little sister. I will show you how to do all kinds of cools stuff, like doing your hair and makeup. She is allowed to wear makeup, isn’t she, mom?”

“Certainly, I let you start when you were fourteen. Go easy though. I don’t want Tammy looking like a tramp,” Mom said.

“How about I just skip the makeup stuff?” I offered, “Sort of an extra punishment?”

Mom’s smile never faded “That’s not necessary, Tammy. Learning to use makeup is an important part of growing up for a girl. One of the terms of your sentence is to immerse yourself in the role of a girl. At your age girls start to experiment with makeup, and so will you.”

“Are there problems already?” dad entered the room.

“Not in the least, honey,” Mom cheerfully replied. “Kelly and I were about to take Tammy Ann upstairs to change.”

“Great idea,” Dad grinned broadly. “Let’s see how pretty she can look!”

Mom took me by one hand while Kelly took the other and led me to the steps. “This is great!” Kelly giggled. “I used to love playing with my Barbie dolls and now I’ve got my very own life-sized one to play with!”

They ignored my groans as they led me my bedroom to begin my conversion into a fourteen-year-old girl. “Here’s something to read while we prepare,” Mom handed me the letter on school stationery.

My hands trembled as I read the official announcement of the sentence I had to serve. The letter was from the school district president, and sent to all parents of students. It informed them that I would start classes in September as a female student named Tamara Ann Ferguson. All students must treat me like any other female student. Harassment was punishable with ‘corrective action’. It didn’t take a genius to figure out what the corrective action might be.

“This got sent to everyone!” I moaned.

“Not quite everyone, sister dear,” Kelly giggled, “Just those who have kids in the school district.

“I’m doomed! I’ll never live this down,” I fought back tears.

“You should have listened when we warned you,” Mom called from my bathroom. “Get undressed. You need a bath.”

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I started to undo my belt and noticed that Kelly was in no hurry to leave. “Could I have some privacy?”

“What for, we’re sisters, remember? By the way, you’re sharing my room until yours is redone.”

“What’s to redo? It looks okay to me?” I scanned the usual posters of sport’s stars, wrestlers, and hot rods.

“It looks like a boy’s room,” Mom said.

“It is a boy’s room.”

“Not anymore, sweetie,” Kelly chuckled. “It’s going to be my little sister, Tammy’s room.”

“Do you want Kelly to help you get undressed?” Mom asked before I could complain about having my room redone. “Hurry up; your dad’s waiting to see how you will look.”

I expected Kelly to leave so I could get undressed, but there was no chance of that happening. I tried to ignore her, but as soon as I took something off, she scooped it up.

“You won’t need these,” she laughed as she grabbed my pants, socks, and briefs. “Mom let me pick out your new underwear. I bought you some really pretty things.” I wanted to do something to make her pay for upsetting me, but standing there naked, I couldn’t do anything.

“Ouch, that hurt!” I yelped when Kelly gave me a swat on the butt. “What was that for?”

“To wake you up and get you into the bathroom, dear sister,” she grabbed my hand. “Let’s go, time for your bath.”

It was horrifying to have her take me by the hand like a little kid and lead me into the bathroom, but I was so upset that I couldn’t resist. My sister was about to give me a bath, and then she and mom were going to dress me in girl’s clothes.

The bathroom smelled like a flower shop and bubbles covered the tub. It had been years since I took a bubble bath. I gave them up when I was nine I tried pleading with Kelly to let me take a shower instead. She didn’t consider my feelings before she shot my idea down. “Nope, all girls love bubble

baths, especially when they smell so nice, like this one. You’re going to be all soft and silky and smell so nice when you’re done. I bet you never take another shower again.”

Beaten down, I raised my leg to step into the tub when she pulled me back. “Not so fast, young lady, we have to get all of that yucky hair off of your legs. Now hold still,” she ordered as she began smearing goop on my legs from my toes to my crotch. I had to sit still for a few minutes to let the stuff work while she amused herself by plucking my eyebrows.

When I had waited long enough, she helped me into the tub like a little kid and began to wash my face with a bar of perfumed soap. “I can do that,” I reached for the washrag.

“Kelly will be giving you baths until I say otherwise, Tammy,” Mom heard my complaints. “You must learn how to take care of your skin and keep it smooth and silky.”

Kelly stuck her tongue out at me and went about washing me as if I was a little kid and she was the mother. She showed me how to shave my underarms without getting nicked, how to thoroughly wash and rinse my hair before using cream rinse, and when I was done she showed me how to pat myself dry with a fluffy towel instead of rubbing as I had been doing.

After having my sister see me naked and giving me a bath, I no longer had any shame left, so I didn’t bother to argue when she handed me a pair of silky yellow panties to put on.

“Don’t they feel so much nicer than your briefs?” Kelly smiled as I adjusted the waistband.

“Underwear is underwear,” I shrugged. “Who notices their underwear?”

“Trust me, you will from now on,” she assured me. “The proper lingerie can make a girl feel pretty and sexy.”

“I’m not a...” I started to say as mom entered the room.

“One day we’ll get you dressed in the prettiest outfit, you’ll wear the silkiest lingerie, your hair and nails will be perfect, and then we’ll see if you still think that you’re a boy!”

“That gives me something to look forward to,” I muttered.

Mom added, "You need to soften your voice so you sound like the girl you'll look like."

I started crying, "Please, don't make me do this. I don't want to look like and sound like a girl. I'm a boy!"

Kelly had an evil look in her eyes. "You're my sweet sister, Tammy, and you're going to look and sound like a girl. What would people think if a pretty girl sounded like a boy?"

I couldn't control the rage I was feeling. "I don't care what people think. I'm not going to do this!"

Seconds later, I was over mom's knee and she was paddling me with one of Kelly's hairbrushes. After ten stinging swats, I was apologizing in a soft, girlish voice for being such a bad girl.

Things went downhill from there. After putting on panties, I had to learn how to put on a padded bra by myself and get into pantyhose without ripping them or falling on my face. Next, they taught me how to unzip a dress enough to pull it over my head and zip it up without help. Then mom adjusted my slip to keep it from showing under my dress.

Kelly and mom led me to the mirror hanging on my closet door, my empty closet I might add, since Kelly was very busy while the rest of us were in court. My stomach started turning over, as I looked at myself in a pale blue dress with pink and yellow flowers and white stockings. The dress somehow made it look like I had the same figure as most of the girls in at school, and the padded bra gave me a bulge in the chest that would stir interest in boys. The stockings felt funny against my legs, but worst of all they made my legs look really good, not too skinny and not too fat, just nice and curvy.

"What do you think, mom, isn't she a doll?" Kelly asked. "The guys are going to be drooling over this little hottie!"

"Cut it out!" I screamed. "Any guy that comes on to me is going to get his teeth knocked down his throat! You can try all you want, but you'll never turn me into one of those little fags that wants guys hanging all over him."



"I'm too much a man to ever make into a girl!" Tim growled. "I may have to wear this girlie stuff, but you can't make me like it."

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure, Tamara," Kelly giggled. "You never were as much of a boy as you thought."

“Don’t kid yourself, doll face,” Kelly mocked, “You’re not much too look at by guy standards. Your facial features are too soft, you are small boned for a boy your age, and you have great looking legs. Your voice is just right now. Even when you are mad, you sound like so sweet. Try stamping your feet when you yell like that. It would look so adorable!”

I crossed my arms and glared, causing her to break up laughing. You are so cute,” she kissed my cheek.

“Take all the things I just mentioned, wrap them up in a pretty package like the outfit you’re wearing, and there’s only one word that fits you – girl!”

I wasn’t going to take crap from her. “You can’t make a boy into a girl, and besides, I look good for a guy my age!”

“You’re pretty close,” she teased. “Actually you’d look pretty good to a boy your age, not for one. A sweet girl like you would make a great gift for a boy your age!”

“Make her stop, mom, please make her stop.” I was on the verge of tears. I hadn’t cried in years, but now in just a few short hours, I was ready to bawl like a little baby.

Looking and sounding like a cute girl scared me. I’d die if a boy gave me the eye, yet I knew that Kelly was right. Guys would be checking me out every chance they could. They would stop once they realized who I really was, but the damage to my ego would be done. They would have thought of me as a cute girl, if only for a few moments.

“Is she doing something wrong, Tammy? Is she making you feel bad, like you and your friends made Booby feel?”

“You know what she’s doing. She wants to upset me by making me think boys will think I’m cute.”

“I don’t see anything wrong with that, honey,” Mom’s voice dripped with sweetness. “It’s very sweet of Kelly to tell her little sister that she’s pretty and boys will like her. Every girl wants reassurance. It helps her develop self confidence.”

“I don’t need any reassurance,” I cried. “I don’t want to talk like a girl. I don’t want to dress like a girl. I don’t want to be treated like a girl. And I’m already very self-confident!”

“If you were self-confident, you wouldn’t have felt threatened by Bobby. Maybe you were worried that Bobby being a sissy would wear off on you. Maybe you want to be a girl, but are afraid to say so.”

“That’s a bunch of garbage!” I shrieked, losing all control and crying like a baby. “I never wanted to be a girl.”

“We’ll see,” Mom stared at me. “Sit at the desk so we can fix your hair and face.”

“Slip your feet into these,” Kelly ordered as I sat at my desk covered with bottles of makeup, powder, and lipstick.

I saw a pair of light blue shoes that matched the dress I was wearing. With tears still running down my cheeks, I slid my feet into the shoes. Kelly ran her fingers through my hair. “Everything’s going to be okay, little sister,” she whispered.

“I hope so.” She blotted tears streaming down my cheeks.

For the next twenty minutes I listened to the type of makeup I should use, how much I should wear, and when I could wear it. It was all so confusing. I never heard of things like hypoallergenic, matte finish, or moisturizers before, but they said it was very important that I remember them to keep from having all sorts of skin problems.

“You need to learn is how to use a foundation,” Mom explained as she opened a bottle of light brown liquid and dabbed some onto a sponge. “A good foundation is like a primer coat of paint. It prepares the surface for the main coat that contains the pretty color.” She dabbed the sponge to my face in several places then smeared it together making my face pale looking.

“Next is the powder, which should be as close to your natural skin color as possible.” Mom took a small, round paintbrush, swirled it in powder, and brushed it over my face.

“Then we add blush to bring out the color in your cheeks.” She set down the brush she was using, chose another, picked up a tube, and twisted one end. A brush coated with pink powder emerged, and mom brushed the powder on my cheeks.

“I’ll show you the best makeup and colors to buy,” Kelly volunteered. “You don’t want to be sexy looking at your age.”

“I don’t want to look like anything,” I sniffled.

“Tough luck, sis,” Kelly shrugged. “You’re lucky the Judge didn’t lock you up. Mom and dad would’ve totally freaked.”

“It would have been better,” I said. “My life is ruined.”

“Chill, will ya,” Kelly snapped. “Bobby could’ve gotten killed and you’re worried about what people are going to think about you? You’ll live and so will Bobby.”

“Will you knock it off? We were just fooling around. We didn’t mean to hurt him.”

“Shut up!” Mom screamed, dropping the brush. “For the next three years there will be no mention of Tim! He is gone, history! For the next three years, you are my daughter and you will dress and act like a young lady or else!”

“Or else what? I’m stuck looking like a fairy already. It can’t get worse than this!” I should have known better, but I couldn’t resist.

“Or else I’ll make this permanent!” Mom explained that when the Judge first discussed my sentence with them, they did some research on boys who had this done to them and found a company that made boys beg to be turned into girls. The company offered instructions to parents who wanted to make their unruly sons into sweet, well-behaved, daughters.

“I could order CD’s, videos, or even PC games from this company. You can’t tell them apart from the real thing. It takes one time to get you hooked, and then you never want to dress like or be a boy again.”

“That’s a scam,” I exclaimed. “It can’t be done. They just want your money.”

“If you’re right, then you have nothing to lose,” Mom had the strange look on her face that I’d seen just before the Judge sentenced me to be a girl for three years. “I’m giving you fair warning. You’re going to be a girl one way or the other. How long you stay that way is entirely up to you. Three years as a girl or forever, you have ten seconds to make up your mind.”

I hoped she was just bluffing, but what if she wasn’t. Would she really turn me into a girl forever? I was sure that if she could, she certainly would. “I’d tell the Judge if you tried something like that. It’s probably child abuse.”

“The tapes have this cute little feature. If someone asks why you want to become a real girl, you’ll swear it’s what you always wanted. You’ll never be able to tell anyone what really happened. You have five seconds.”

“You win,” I quickly agreed. I hoped she was kidding, but I didn’t want to find out.

“Good choice, now lets finish with your makeup, please?” I sat very still like a good girl while mom and Kelly finished my makeup and styled my hair.

“That will do until you have it done at the beauty shop tomorrow,” Mom announced after parting my hair in the center and giving me bangs. “You do look pretty cute though.

I looked at my reflection and wanted to puke. I didn’t look like a boy dressed up like a girl, but I didn’t really look a girl either, which left me stuck as a sissy, part boy, part girl that people would stare at and make fun of.

“You’ll look better after the beauty shop,” Mom sensed my concern, but missed the point. The only way that I could look better would be to get out of these sissy clothes and into pants.

“This is how you’re going to dress, so get used to it, little sister,” Kelly added. “C’mon, let’s show dad his new daughter.”

I couldn’t share their enthusiasm with being introduced as the new girl in the family. I would have been content if a comet struck the earth and spared me the humiliation that was just about to start.

“Here she is, dad!” Kelly announced as we went downstairs. “Say hello to your new daughter, Tammy.”

“Smile for your daddy, sweetheart,” Mom whispered. “You never know when I might buy a new CD.”

Mom certainly knew just how to encourage me! I gave daddy, that’s what I’m supposed to call him, a big smile.

Daddy took his time checking me out. I stood with my arms hanging limply at my sides, feeling extremely stupid, and trying to ignore the odd feeling of the air conditioning blowing on my unprotected thighs.

“You don’t look too bad,” he finally said. “With a little work, you might fit right in as a girl.”

“Oh joy! I can’t wait for my first slumber party.”

Mom leaned in and whispered “CD” to me.

“Sorry, thanks for the compliment,” I quickly backtracked.

“Let’s get a few pictures,” Kelly suggested. “I want to remember my little sister in her ‘ugly duckling’ stage before she becomes a beautiful swan.”

“I’ll never be mistaken for a swan, especially not a beautiful one,” I joked, trying to make the best of things. “I’ll always be your ugly duckling brother in a dress.”

Kelly snapped a few shots of me alone, then me with mom and daddy, before setting the timer for a group shot. “Bend your knees a little, sis,” she said. “Relax! Girls don’t stand like wooden soldiers.” I smiled, bent my knees, and tried to imitate the way Kelly was standing just before the flash.

I was relieved when mom announced that we’d taken enough pictures, hoping that after dad gave me the once over and we had the photos out of the way, I could change into something less girly, but mom took care of that silly idea.

“Do you have a purse Tammy can use?” she asked Kelly. “We will pick a couple up for her while we’re shopping.”

“Shopping? Can’t I stay here? You know my sizes.”

“I’ve got a good idea, honey,” Mom smiled as if buying her son dresses was normal. “But you’ll find out that sizes for girls aren’t as exact as they are for boys. You need to try clothes on to get the best fit.”

“I could try them on when you get back,” I suggested. “If they don’t fit, you can always return them.”

“You’ll try them on before we buy them, Tammy,” Mom said firmly. “You’re going to spend three years as a girl, so you might as well get used to it. Eventually people will get used to you, and it won’t be a big deal.”

Kelly gave me a hug. “The letter from the school district is in everyone’s mail boxes today, sis. There’s no use pretending it didn’t happen.” It was the first time Kelly and I had hugged since we were little, and it felt nice to have her hold me.

“I’m so scared,” I whispered, “Everyone will laugh.”

Kelly put her arm around me. “Yes, they probably will for a little while. It’s something you’ll have to put up with, but if you do your best to fit in, people will get used to you.”

“Stay close, please?” I asked softly.

“I promise,” she handed me a purse that matched my dress and shoes. Imitating her, I slung the purse over my shoulder and held the strap to keep it from falling off. Mom opened the door to the garage and I followed Kelly, trying not to concentrate on what was happening.

Kelly stayed by my side trying to keep me interested in different outfits to help me avoid the stares and whispers as people passed us. Things were going pretty well until I heard a familiar voice. “Tim, is that really you?”

I reacted to my old name, and turned to see Elaine, or Lanie, a girl from school. “Her name is Tamara,” Mom said before I could say anything. “It’s nice to see you, Lanie.”

“Hi, Lanie,” I blushed. “This is the new me, for a while.”

“You don’t look so bad,” she grinned. “I’ve seen uglier girls than you!”

“Thanks, I guess,” I couldn’t help smiling. It was nice of Lanie to try to cheer me up. “I won’t steal your boyfriends.”

“Mind if I tag along?” she asked mom. “I love to shop and I know what the coolest girls buy.”

“You’d be great in sales!” Kelly laughed. “It’s a great idea. Tammy could use support from another girl her age.”

That’s all of the encouragement Lanie needed. She grabbed my arm and led me to a rack of skirts that she claimed I’d look “totally hot” in. “I’d rather not look ‘totally hot!’”

“Chill out,” Lanie laughed. “Being a girl can be all kinds of fun. You need to relax. You’re stuck like this for a while according to the letter, right?”

“For three stinking years!”

“Cool, I get a new girlfriend for three years! We’re gonna have a blast.”

“How about this dress?” she asked, as she pulled out a light blue dress. “Are you wearing a girdle or any padding?”

“This is all me,” I ran my hands down my sides. “This is Kelly’s old dress. I guess it’s mine now.”

“It’s looks good on you. I wanted to make sure we didn’t have to leave extra room for padding,” she looked at my chest.

“Oh yeah,” I blushed. “I guess I have some padding.”

“I was starting to get a little upset that I wasn’t as developed as I wanted!” she giggled. “It would kill me if a guy’s boobs were the same size as mine.”

She dragged me into the fitting room. It hurt that no one made a fuss over me going in there. Couldn’t they tell that I was a boy? “Start undressing. I’ll be right back,” she said as she left to find some clothes for me to try on. “We’re going to have a blast!”

I was standing in a slip and bra when she returned. She never blinked at seeing me dressed like that, but helped me into the blue dress and told me that it was perfect for me. She had me take it off and hang it away from the other clothes.

“This is your keep pile,” she explained as I struggled with the buttons on a blouse.

“There’s something wrong with these buttons,” I grumbled.

“Girl’s buttons are on the opposite from guy’s clothes, she laughed. “You’ll get used to it after you’ve worn a few blouses.”

Lanie kept me too busy to think about what was happening. A constant flow of clothes moved in and out of the dressing room. She finally ran out of things for me to try on, leaving me with three dresses, two skirts, four tops, and several pairs of jeans in my keep pile.

“I checked with your mom and she’s cool with you wearing slacks,” Lanie assured me. “You’ll spend enough time in skirts at school and you’ll still be wearing girl’s clothes.”

The mention of wearing skirts to school brought me crashing back to earth. I was standing in a girl’s dressing room wearing girl’s clothes, surrounded by girl’s clothes that I had tried on and my mom would be buying for me. Everyone knew that Tim was gone, replaced by a girl named Tamara.

“You okay?” Lanie asked.

I shook my head. “I’m a total sissy now, right? Look at what I’m wearing,” I sniffled. “I hate myself.”

Lanie quickly pulled me into a hug. “You’re only a sissy if you want to be,” she firmly said. “You screwed up big time, but you can change if you want to.”

“I can’t,” I started crying. “I have to be a sissy. I’m not allowed to be a boy.”

“You can’t be a boy, that’s for sure,” Lanie agreed. “You could try being a girl. It’s a lot of fun!”

“If you’re really a girl...”

Lanie finally calmed me down enough to leave the dressing room with my new clothes. Mom took the clothes so we could continue shopping. “Can she get her ears pierced?” Lanie asked. “She really should wear earrings to help her fit in.”

“That’s a great idea!” Kelly agreed. “Clip-on’s are really uncomfortable, and the prettiest earrings are for pierced ears.”

“She can get them done at the jewelry counter,” Mom suggested. She hurried over to the jewelry area. I saw the women look at me and smiled. They nodded their agreement, and two minutes later, I was sitting in a chair at the jewelry counter, my hands folded in my lap and my knees tightly together. Mom had made a special point of telling me that a girl always sits that way so no one can see up her dress. I sure as heck didn’t want anyone looking up my dress.

Two women took up positions, one on each ear. I watched helplessly in a hand mirror as they marked dots on my ears, and then wiped something on them to numb them. They picked up plastic guns that had the earrings I had selected attached and pressed them against my ears. Two pops and I felt sharp pain as they inserted my new earrings.

“Good luck, Tammy,” they said as I took the kit to keep my newly pierced ears clean and open. “Come back anytime.”

“Tammy,” Mom stopped me as I started for the exit, “You need underwear.”

I froze in my tracks. Dresses and skirts were one thing, but I couldn’t go into the girl’s store and pick out underwear! “Please, mom, don’t make me go there. I’ve put up with enough people staring and giggling. Can’t you buy it for me?”

“Come on, Tammy,” Lanie tugged at my arm, “It’ll be fun.”

I hesitated until mom mouthed “CD” to me. If I didn’t want to wear them forever, I had to start picking out my own now. I gave in, turned back and followed Lanie to girl’s underwear.

Of course, there were other girls buying underwear, excuse me lingerie. Lanie insisted that boys wear underwear, but girls wear lingerie. All the girls thought it was hilarious to see me in a dress and makeup buying frilly lingerie. “Is this one of the new girls mentioned in the letter?” an older girl asked Lanie. “What’s her name?”



I was scared to death! My friends were outside. Inside the lingerie shop were girls from my school. There was no escape from humiliation. As I contemplated my fate, mother was asking me to select a babydoll nightie.

“Hi, Mary, I don’t think you’ve met my sister, Tammy,” Kelly introduced me. “She’s going to be spending a few years with us, and I’d appreciate it if you’d go easy on her. She deserves her punishment, but imagine how tough it would be if we had to get used to being guys.”

“That would suck big wet ones!” Mary exclaimed her face twisted as though she’d smelled something horrid. “Okay, I’ll talk to the other girls and see what I can do.”

Mary turned and smiled at me. “I heard what you did to Bobby. Your sister’s right, you deserve this punishment. You owe your sister big time.”

I thought about telling her off, but dressed in girl’s clothes while holding frilly underwear made me reconsider. “Yes, I know,” I said in my new, girly voice. “She’s been a big help.”

“Are you really Tim Ferguson?” Mary laughed. “You sound too sweet to be Tim. He would’ve made a nasty remark.”

I was too embarrassed to look her in the eye. I held onto my new panties and shuffled my feet, causing my skirt to flare. “My name is Tamara Ferguson. Tim left for a while.”

Mary’s eyes got positively huge. “You’re cute and a real sweetie. You’re nothing like Tim. I like you already! When I heard you were being punished for what you did to Bobby, I thought about asking the football team to turn you into little sluts behind the gym. Your sister helped me make co-captain of the cheerleading squad, so I owe her big time. I’ll ask the kids to go easy on you.”

After Mary and her friends left, Kelly told me that it was good that I had been so nice. “Mary and her crowd are the most popular girls in the sophomore class. If you had been your usual nasty self, they’d have screwed you big time.”

“I felt too stupid to say anything,” I mumbled. “It really ticks me off, but I couldn’t say anything.”

Kelly laughed. “Hold onto that feeling, little sister, it may save your hide.”

I thought about what Kelly said as we finished shopping and left for home. I was still Tim, but I couldn't bring myself to do things the way I used to do them. As Tim, I thought people's fear of me made them stay away. Now I learn they couldn't stand me and were glad to see me punished.

“Please set the table for dinner, Tammy,” Daddy asked. “Watch how mom prepares dinner. We expect you to help with the cooking.”

Kelly and mom always set the table and cooked. Why did I have to learn them? I wanted to tell daddy that I didn't do girl's stuff, but all I said was, “Yes, daddy,” and asked Kelly where the dishes were kept. I was such a sissy!

I sat quietly through dinner as mom and Kelly gave daddy a rundown of our shopping trip, including how well behaved I was. “I wasn't sure who I was with,” Mom chuckled, “but I hope she sticks around. She's a real sweetheart.”

Daddy smiled and I felt funny inside. Did he know about those CD's? What if he liked me as a sissy?

I helped clear the table and clean the dishes. Wasn't that what a good little sissy was supposed to do? I must have done a good job since mom, daddy, and Kelly all told me what a big help I was. Like a good little sissy, I smiled and said that I was happy to help. I was determined not to cause trouble. I didn't want to be a sissy forever.

“Are you ready for your bath, Tammy?” Kelly asked after watching TV. “You need to get cleaned up for your appointment tomorrow.”

Crap! I had forgotten that Kelly was giving me baths. I had even forgotten about my beauty shop appointment tomorrow. Spending a day being humiliated can screw up a guy's brain.

“Okay,” I shrugged. I started to say goodnight to mom and daddy when mom stopped me. “Could we have a goodnight kiss, please?” I wanted to die first, but the thought of listening to mom's CD convinced me to hurry over and kiss them.

Goodnight mom, goodnight daddy,” I smiled and waved as I joined Kelly for my bath. I overheard daddy tell mom that he liked being called Daddy. How much worse could it get?

I hung up my dress and tossed my underwear, I mean my lingerie, into a hamper. I wrapped myself up in a fluffy pink robe and hurried another humiliating bath. “What are you up to?” Kelly asked as she soaped me. “You’re acting strange.”

“I’ve been turned into your personal, life-size Barbie doll, mom threatened to make it permanent, and you think I’m acting strange?” My sister had to be certifiably crazy!

“You’ve only been a girl for one day and you’ve become a total fluff. You’re girlier than I am, for heaven’s sake.”

“It’s not like I have a choice,” I sputtered. “If I don’t act like Little Miss Priss, mom will make sure I stay a girl forever!”

“You have to behave,” she told me as she shampooed my hair, “But you don’t have to be Shirley Temple. Mom would never do that unless there was no other choice. Calm down, do what mom and daddy tell you to do, stop being a potty mouth, be nice; and that’s all you have to do.”

“I can stop calling dad ‘Daddy’”. Maybe there was hope.

“Sorry, you screwed up big time on that one,” she laughed as she rinsed my hair, “He likes being called that. On the plus side, if you keep him happy, he’s putty in your hands. When you need a new dress for a dance, all you need to do is butter dad up and it’s yours!”

“Right,” I laughed, trying to imagine having that problem. “I’ll remember that when I see a dress I just have to have.”

“You’re going to be a girl until you’re seventeen,” Kelly snickered. “I won’t be surprised if you started going to dances. You’re cute. I could see guys asking you out.”

“They’d be wasting their time, unless mom pulls something on me.” What would make her think I’d be interested in dating guys? I’m stuck, not stupid!

“So you don’t mind being called cute?” she laughed.

I was about to say something, but nearly drowned as she poured water over my head. By the time I stopped choking, she'd moved on to teaching me how to wrap my hair in a towel, and I forgot all about being cute.

After my bath, I put on a pair of silky white panties with pink flowers, a pair of light pink silky shorts, and a sleeveless top. The pajamas were so light and felt so comfortable that I almost mentioned how nice they felt. Seeing my smooth hairless legs forced me to keep quiet. If she thought that I was enjoying any of this sissy crap, she'd tell mom that I liked dressing like a girl. Then I'd be listening to new CD's, and begging her to make me a real girl.

“I can tell by the look on your face that you like them,” Kelly prodded.

“I hate them.” Was I convincing enough?

“You love them, I can tell!” she teased. “Admit it.”

“I told you that I hate them,” I insisted, wishing she'd quit badgering me.

Kelly laughed and pointed. I could have died when I realized that I was rubbing the shorts between my fingers. I pulled my hands away. “Please don't tell anyone. I didn't mean to do that. Please, Kelly, please don't...” I was sobbing like a baby, promising to do anything she wanted to keep her from telling mom. I could see mom smiling as she placed headphones over my ears and turned on my CD player.

“Calm down, I won't tell her, but you owe me,” she handed me some tissues to dry my tears, and then to my amazement she started to undress.

“What are you doing?” I shouted in horror. I'd had tons of fantasies about seeing girls naked, but none involved Kelly.

“I want to take a bath too if you don't mind.”

“You can't undress in front of me!”

“You undressed in front of me twice so far, and you didn't mind undressing in front of Lanie.” She undressed, tossed her

clothes in the hamper, and calmly walked into the bathroom. Afraid to look, I buried my head in my pillow.

Mom called us for breakfast the next morning, and I hoped the previous day had been just a nightmare, but I was in Kelly’s room, in Kelly’s bed, in a pair of girl’s pajamas, and my dear sister had her arm around me. “Uh Kelly, this is really touching, but I’m hungry and breakfast is waiting,” I pried loose from her grip and wandered to the bathroom.

“Remember to sit down,” she called out in a helpful voice. “You’re a girl now!” Sitting with a pair of panties around my ankles, I wasn’t about to forget my new position in the world.

Mom told me how pretty I looked in my pajamas and asked if I liked them. “They’re girl’s pajamas, mom. I don’t like wearing stuff like this.” I shot a quick look at Kelly, but she kept her word and didn’t say a thing. Mom grinned and dished out breakfast. I wondered if she knew how much I enjoyed my new pajamas.

After breakfast, Kelly gave me a bra with straps that went around my neck instead of over my shoulders. She handed me a dress I’d bought while shopping with Lanie. The dress was green and white, ended at my knees, and had a strap about my neck like my bra straps. Like my first dress, this one appeared to give me girlish curves, and the padded bra completed the picture of a girl my age. Kelly brushed my hair and had me step into a pair of sandals with a little heel. I spent all day yesterday in heels the same size, so I wouldn’t kill myself. I just looked incredibly weird.

“No makeup?” I asked when Kelly told me that I was ready. It seemed odd after mom made such a big deal out of teaching me about it yesterday.

“Nope, they’ll just take it off at the beauty shop.”

My mood dropped when she mentioned the beauty shop. Mom was taking me to a girl factory and I was going to get a makeover. I saw a TV series where they took plain looking women, do weird things with the faces and hair, and they’d turn out looking hot. Did mom plan that for me?

Mom said that we had to hurry or we'd be late, so Kelly handed me a white purse. “It goes with everything,” she said, and shoved me into the garage. I sat quietly all the way to the beauty shop, afraid to ask mom what was going to happen. I was sure it wouldn't be good.

Brandi, the woman behind the counter at the beauty parlor, greeted mom by name and even knew that I was Tamara. She led me to the back of the shop. “We're going to pretty you up so you fit in better with other girls.”

“Does it matter that I don't want to fit in?”

“The better you fit in, the less you'll be teased.”

“My sister told me the same thing yesterday.”

“She's right. Now put this smock over your dress. I wouldn't want to drip on such a pretty dress.”

I didn't care if she dripped on the dress. That would make one less dress I'd have to wear. I knew better than to cause problems, so I put on the pink smock and sat in my assigned chair. She lowered my head into a sink to shampoo my hair. After the shampoo, I sat meekly while Brandi added extensions to make my hair extend to my shoulders.

“You'll be able to do so much more with longer hair,” she smiled. “You'll love the different looks you can create.”

“What's that smell?” I asked a few minutes later as Brandi massaged something with a foul smell into my hair.

“It's the coloring agent,” she continued working it through my hair. “They all have a terrible smell.”

“You mean coloring agent, as in hair dye?”

“Yes, you're going to have pretty auburn hair. A pretty Irish lass should have the right hair color.”

“I don't want auburn hair; please don't do this to me.”

“I'm sorry, Tammy; it's too late to stop once the dye is applied to your hair. I'm sure you will love your new look.”

“You don’t understand! I don’t want to look pretty. I don’t want to be a girl. I want to hide for three years!”

“Too late for that,” Brandi smiled as she combed my hair. She pointed to the front of the store where Lanie, Mary, and a few other girls stood watching. “You’ve got some friends.” The girls started waving. What else could I do, I smiled and waved back like a good little sissy.

Mom explained to my new friends that I was going to be occupied for a few hours and they could stop by later to see how I looked. They thought that was a great idea and promised to return. So much for hiding!

Brandi finished my hair and led me to another chair. “It’s going to take a while for the color to set. Meanwhile, you will get a facial, manicure, and a pedicure.”

“Will that make me into a girl?” I timidly asked, half-afraid of the answer. Did the girls come to watch me become a girl?

“It takes more than a day at the beauty shop to turn a boy into a girl,” Brandi laughed. “You’ll still be a boy when you’re done. You may not look like one, but that’s all that will change.”

“You’re sure, I mean absolutely, cross your heart, sure?”

“My word of honor,” she pledged. “Now lay back and relax.”

I tried to relax as another woman smeared goop on my face. She smoothed it out, leaving my nose, mouth, and eyes clear. A third woman removed my shoes and soaked my toes in warm water. She then pushed on my toenails with a sharp Popsicle stick. After a couple of minutes of that torture, she painted them a color she called ice pink. As soon as she finished with my toes, she started doing the same things to my fingers. Finally, she glued fake nails on my fingers. Of course, she painted them the same color as my toenails.

“You look much better!” Brandi said as she returned. “Your nails are so cute. You’ll be a cutie once we finish your facial.”

“Not that anyone cares, but did I mention that I don’t want to be a cutie? I was happy as a boy.”

Brandi had her answer all ready to go. “Nah, if you were, you never would have bullied that poor boy.” Why does everyone think that I have a secret wish to be a girl?

Brandi applied hot washcloths to my face to remove the goop, leaving my face feeling tingly. Just when I thought the worst was over, she began pulling hairs from my eyebrows causing me to yelp every time she gave a tug. The Judge knew what he was doing when he gave out this punishment. I don’t remember it hurting this bad when daddy spanked me.

“Take a look at the new you, Tammy,” Brandi held up a mirror. One glance at my very feminine looking face and hairstyle sent me over the edge. I looked like a girl!

“You promised not to make me into a girl!” I shouted, causing all the women in the shop to turn my way. Oops, that was a big mistake! If they didn’t already know I was a boy, I had just broadcast it to everyone.

“Calm down, honey. You are still a boy. Nothing was removed. We just enhanced your natural beauty.”

“You’re not bad looking for a boy,” Lanie was behind me staring into the mirror. “Heck, you’re not that bad for a girl.”

“You’re such a smooth talker,” I mocked. “I bet you have to beat guys away with a club.”

“I’m not allowed to date until I’m sixteen,” she laughed. “I’ll get it right by then. Maybe we can double?”

“Not a chance,” I insisted. “I don’t want anything to do with guys, especially not boys that would want to date me.”

“I’ll check back in a couple of months in case you change your mind,” she joked. “Want to go shopping again?”

I considered telling her what she could do with her shopping trip, but mom was quick to sense what was happening and stepped in to help. “She hasn’t been a girl long enough to fully appreciate the joys of shopping, Lanie. Would you like to join us for a bite to eat?”

“Would you mind, Tammy?” Lanie asked.

I thought about it for a moment or so. I wanted to be alone in my room, crying like a little girl, but I liked having Lanie around. She seemed to understand. “I could use a little company right now,” I smiled, “but don’t expect me to talk about shopping.”

“I guess I can forget about shopping in return for a free meal,” she agreed. “We can always talk about cute guys.” She laughed as I prepared to scream and yell. “Go ahead, Tammy, yell about how you aren’t interested in other guys. I bet there are still a couple of people who don’t know that you’re a boy!”

Mom and Kelly broke up laughing. “Go ahead,” they urged. “We’re dying to hear you say that you don’t like other boys!” I was defeated. All I could do was fume.

I hoped to pick up a double quarter-pounder at Mickey D’s drive thru, but mom decided to go inside with a lobby full of people, all of whom were checking me out. I had to stand in line and be the center of attention as older people stole looks at me while the kids laughed.

When it came my turn to order, I asked for my usual double quarter pounder. Mom quickly stepped in and changed my order. “Please give my daughter a grilled chicken salad. What were you thinking, Tammy?”

“I’m hungry!” I said while staring at the floor, too embarrassed to look up as they placed a salad on my tray. Mom quietly explained that my days of pigging out were over. From now on, I was to eat like a lady.

When mom finished embarrassing me, I broke down and cried. “Why did you do that?” I wailed. “The beauty shop was bad enough, but we could have eaten in the car.”

“Yes, we could,” she agreed, “But no one would have noticed you in the car. This way more people got to see my pretty daughter.”

“Isn’t it bad enough that I have to dress like this? Do you have to humiliate me too? I promised to behave. I thought that I could trust my mother!”

Mom held me close as I cried. “You can trust me, Tammy. I know you don’t understand, but I am helping you.”

“By letting everyone see your sissy son in his pretty dress?”

“Let them laugh and point, and get it over with,” she said. “The novelty will wear off and people will leave you alone. Either you let people accept you as a girl or you will be laughed at for three years.”

“You’re right,” I sniffled again, which upset me more. How could two lousy days in dresses make me act like such a sissy? I kept getting upset and start crying. Any day, I’ll probably start stomping my feet and pouting. ‘I’m not ready to be a freshman in high school,’ I thought. ‘Maybe I could get mom to enroll me in a nursery school. Then I could wear pretty dresses and ribbons in my hair. That would be just right for a sissy little girl like me.’

I ran to Kelly’s room, threw myself on her bed, and fell asleep crying my eyes out. The next thing I knew, Kelly was shaking me and telling me that it was time for my bath. “Could I give myself a bath today?” I asked. “You can watch, and I promise to shave my legs and underarms.”

Kelly kissed my forehead. “Okay, I’m tired of doing it. Do you want the pajamas you wore yesterday?”

“Yes, they feel so nice,” I smiled. “Thanks for not saying anything to mom at breakfast.”

“I’m not going to squeal on my little sister,” she gave me a hug. “I think you look so cute in your new pajamas. I just want to hug and squeeze you!” I didn’t like the way Kelly looked at me. She was treating me like an overgrown Barbie doll, but the pajamas did feel great, especially when they rubbed against my silky panties.

Kelly handed me a pair of cotton panties. “You might like to wear cotton instead of nylon. Some girls think that cotton is more comfortable.” Finally, something that wasn’t totally sissy, even if they were pink! I took the panties from her and thanked her. They felt lighter than my boy underwear.

I slid into the hot, scented bubble bath, lathered my legs from top to bottom, and gently ran a razor over them. I applied shaving cream to my underarms and cleared stubble from them. It was funny that until two days ago, I never touched a razor and if I hadn't picked on Bobby, I wouldn't need one now. I also wouldn't have a chance to wear those great pajamas, but I couldn't decide if that was a good thing or not.

I finished my bath, toweled off as Kelly taught me, and donned cotton panties. They were light and more comfortable than jockeys were. When I put my pajamas on, the incredible sensations from rubbing my butt were missing. It didn't feel anywhere as nice as the silky nylon panties.

I wanted a bedtime snack since I wasn't very sleepy, so Kelly and I made popcorn to watch a movie as mom walked in. "I thought you didn't like those pajamas, Tammy? Why are you wearing them again?" she asked.

"I made her wear them," Kelly said. "She looked so cute in them last night, and they really make her look like a girl with her new hairstyle."

Mom took a careful look at me and agreed. "You're right; she looks much prettier with her hair done. Don't stay up too late, girls," she said before leaving.

"Thanks," I whispered to Kelly. "She almost had me."

"You can trust me," she grinned. "Your secrets are safe with me." I gave Kelly the biggest hug. I never felt so close to her as I did then and it felt great!

Kelly was thrilled. "Keep that up and I'll order those CD's!" she teased. "I would like having a sweet little sister."

"You never know," I teased back. "Maybe I'll order some that will make you want to be a boy."

"Wouldn't that be funny?" she laughed. "At least there'd still be a boy and a girl in the family!"

I had a great time with Kelly that night. She said it was because I forgot to be a boy, but I doubt that. I didn't care if she thought of me as her little sister! I was stuck that way.

The next morning, Kelly said that we to be fitted for our school uniforms. I felt sick, but I didn't have a choice. I went to the closet and picked out a dress that wasn't too fancy. “Don't tell me that you enjoy wearing dresses too?” Kelly asked. “I understand the pajamas, but dresses are a pain to wear.”

“I thought I was supposed to wear them. Isn't that why you and mom made me wear them the last couple of days?”

“People are supposed to get used to seeing you as a girl. That's why she made you wear those dresses. Did you notice any other girls as dressed up as you were?”

I hadn't. Lanie, Kelly, and Mary were wearing shorts or denim skirts. I was the only one wearing a dress and stockings. In fact, I was the only one wearing makeup too!

“Try these,” she handed me white shorts and a sleeveless top. “They're called tank tops, or camisole tops when they have little straps and pretty trim,” she explained. “Change your underwear too. It's not ladylike to show your panties.”

I saw that my pink panties were visible through my white shorts. I retrieved a pair of white nylon panties with a pink bow at the center of the waistband. “I'm still new to this girl stuff,” I said as I put on the white silky panties.

“What's with the nylon panties?” Kelly asked. “I thought you would prefer the cotton ones.”

“I like the way the satin feels,” I told her after a pause. “You won't tell mom, will you?”

“I'll tell her they were my idea, just like the pajamas.”

“You're mean, making me wear these things,” I laughed. “I feel like a real sissy.”

“Wear the cotton ones,” she laughed back, “Be a man!”

I rubbed my butt through my pants and smiled at the wonderful feelings. “I can't. I'm supposed to act like a girl. I also have a mean sister who makes me wear frilly stuff.”

“You little brat,” she laughed and swatted me on the butt. “I think I will make you wear frilly stuff.” Was that supposed

to scare me? Why was my heart pounding with excitement? Something was wrong, but I wasn't sure what it was.

Trying on uniforms in front of a bunch of teenage girls was total humiliation. I heard every giggle and whispered 'queer', 'sissy', and 'fag'. Kelly and I shared a dressing room. I hate to think what it would have been like to undress in front of everyone. Without a sister to help, that's exactly what would have happened. I told Kelly how much I appreciated her.

“Are you sure people will stop laughing at me?” I asked mom on the way home. “I can't take this much longer.”

“Eventually they will stop. Remember that Bobby will be in the hospital for another two weeks. He'll need physical therapy for six weeks after that. He didn't have a choice, you did,” she said curtly.

I still had a few weeks before the start of school and mom was determined that everyone meet me before then. I went to more places with her and Kelly in a few weeks than I remember going to in my life. Mom suddenly developed a bad case of forgetfulness. There were always things she would forget during her weekly shopping trip, requiring that I take a trip to the store.

Each trip required careful preparation. Kelly and mom insisted that I brush my hair, wear makeup and a necklace or rings and my earrings before going out. It was important they insisted that a girl always look her best.

I was lucky they didn't insist that I dress up for those trips. I wore jeans, shorts, or a denim skirt. I wasn't often in the mood to wear the skirt. Need I mention that I usually had to wear a skirt once or twice a week?

Even without a skirt, my clothes never approached masculine. It was impossible to think of myself as tough when I was wearing powder blue shorts and matching cami top. Wearing nylon panties, a bra, makeup, and jewelry made me meek. I avoided eye contact and never spoke unless needed.

Avoiding people was tough enough during our shopping trips, but it was impossible on Sundays when the family went

to services. Mom was a stickler about dressing for church. As Tim, I had to wear a shirt and tie; now as Tammy, I wore dresses or skirts with stockings, heels, and makeup.

We always spent time before the service chatting with people we knew from church, which bored the heck out of me. Now I had to smile and put up with stupid questions about whether I was getting used to being Tammy. Worse were the dumb remarks like, ‘What a pretty dress’, ‘Who does your hair’, or the absolute pits – ‘You look very pretty’.

Did these idiots believe I enjoyed being pretty or complimented on how well I coordinated my dress with my shoes and purse? I hate every second I spend in girl’s clothes! Okay, so I didn’t mind wearing nylon panties, especially with my pajamas, but that wasn’t because I liked dressing in girl’s clothes. I just enjoyed the way they made me feel.

A couple of weeks before school started, I found that mom was right. People were getting tired of staring and pointing at me. I first noticed it at Sunday services. Mom’s friends greeted me as Tammy and complimented me on my clothes. I thought they were being nasty, but after a few weeks, I realized that they said the same things to Kelly. After a month and a half, people accepted me as a girl! I wasn’t thrilled, but if it stopped the laughs, pointing, and name-calling.

Mom noticed the change in people’s attitudes and used it to insist that I work harder at being a girl. She reminded me that although some of the older people at church accepted me as a girl, gaining acceptance in school would be much, harder. Therefore, I had to dedicate every minute into learning how to be a typical teenage girl.

I couldn’t imagine what else I could do to satisfy mom’s quest to make a girl out of me. I’ve worn nothing but girl’s clothes since the hearing, and I’ve had my hair done. If I’m not practicing with makeup or reading stupid teen fashion and fan magazines, I’m waiting for new nail polish to dry.

In the six weeks since the Judge ordered me to live as a girl, I’d done everything a girl my age could do. However, mom and Kelly insisted that there was more to learn. If I protested,

daddy would appear with a belt in hand. Given the option of learning more girl stuff or not being able to sit, I always chose to learn more about being a girl.

As start of school approached, and I worried whether I the kids would laugh at me, scorn me, or worse, accept me as a girl. Lanie would be supportive, but what of the other kids?

One morning, Mom, Kelly, and I sat around the kitchen table discussing the start of school. “At least I’ll have Lanie to talk to,” I grumbled after saying that most of the kids would shun me.

“You mean talk about what shade of lipstick makes your lips look most kissable?” Kelly teased.

“Maybe we’ll talk about the guys I’ll steal from my big sister?” I smiled back.

“You’re cute, but you’ll never steal any guys from me, little sister,” she laughed. “I could set you up with one of the freshmen guys on the football team if you’d like?”

“No thanks,” I smiled sweetly. “I prefer older men. My dates don’t have a seven o’clock curfew like yours do.”

“Behave yourselves, girls!” Mom said. “Don’t get worked up, Tammy. You aren’t going to date until you’re sixteen.”

“I was teasing,” I shrugged, “Sort of a sister thing.”

Mom laughed, “You should be careful teasing Kelly. After all, she is responsible for choosing your wardrobe.”

“I wear dresses and stockings to church, skirts and short shorts the rest of the time, and girl’s underwear too. What else could she do to me?” I asked.

“Ever hear of Victoria’s Secret?” Kelly asked. “They have the sexiest lingerie. You’d look adorable in a pretty teddy.”

“I’m not worried,” I laughed. “You’re too cheap to spend money on stuff like that. You’re more of a K-mart girl.” The look on Kelly’s face scared me. She was thinking of something horrible and it involved me.



Everyone was staring at me as I exited the school bus and slowly walked to my first class. I felt so exposed in my short skirt and light blouse. I was sure the kids were giggling at me. I was now the sissy!

“Don’t be too hard on Tammy,” Mom warned. “It’s bad enough that you make her wear those pajamas. A girl needs variety in her wardrobe.”

“Don’t worry, mom,” Kelly flashed a smile that said I was in trouble. “Tammy will have lots of variety in her wardrobe.”

The first day of school arrived despite my prayers that the world would end before then. I dressed in cotton panties, my usual padded bra, a white blouse, wine colored pleated skirt, knee socks, and saddle shoes. I brushed my hair, put in a pair of red earrings that matched my skirt.

When Kelly and I arrived at the school bus stop, there was quite a bit of laughing. Many girls formed into small groups to stare and giggle, while a few of the boys whistled at me. Kelly held my arm to keep me from running away. Lanie and Mary showed up and got the other kids to leave me alone. There were still odd looks and occasional giggling, but no one said anything to me.

The giggles and laughs continued as I answered, “Present” when my new name was called at the start of classes. Gym class was another low point in my pathetic day. I had to change in the coach’s office and show up on the gym floor wearing wine colored satin shorts and a white sleeveless top. Like every other girl in the class, I also wore a sports bra.

I was one of five girls bringing up the rear when we warmed up by running laps around the gym. During volleyball, the girls on the other team kept hitting the ball to a hapless me, who couldn’t get it over the net if I had a ladder! I was glad when gym class ended, so I could shower, don my uniform, and forget that I was the worst athlete in girl’s gym.

After the humiliation of gym class, I worked hard in my other classes. I paid close attention and took detailed notes. I hoped that I could avoid being the complete idiot I was in gym.

My first day of school as Tammy was a horrible experience. Kids on the bus and in the hallways laughed at me, whistled at me, and teased me. The girls in my gym class thoroughly

humiliated me. It was only the first day of school! I didn't want to think of how badly things were going to get for me.

Lanie called me that evening after school to cheer me up. She said that if I worked at it, I might get good enough for the girls to accept me in gym class. Girls were as competitive as boys were. My mistake was to go into the class thinking that I was better than the girls simply because I was a boy. I worked to improve in my gym class. I spent several evenings a week improving my speed and endurance. Lanie tutored me in volleyball until I could get the ball over the net.

The end of the first semester brought with it my first honors report card! All my studying had paid off with nothing but A's and B's. My parents were thrilled with how well my hard work paid off and my teachers were stunned. Other kids came to me for help with assignments and my popularity as Tammy was higher than I ever imagined.

The end of the first semester meant that winter was near and I was required to get a new wardrobe. I wasn't happy with that until Lanie called to say that some girls were organizing a 'Shop Till You Drop' trip to the mall, and I was invited.

The invitation confused me. I didn't like pretending that I was a girl. I remembered the humiliation of my first shopping trip as Tammy. Lanie reminded me that if I went, I could choose the styles I wanted instead of mom or Kelly.

The decisive factor was when Lanie told me that the other girls wanted me to shop with them. I had worked hard for the girl's acceptance, and didn't want to upset them. I felt stupid, but I accepted.

Kelly and I had become so close in the last few months that we kept each other company when we bathed. "I'm going shopping with a bunch of girls. They're going to have a blast with me," I said as I shaved my legs.

"I thought you were friends," she asked, "How can you be friends with people you don't trust?"

I finished shaving and massaged lotion on my legs to keep them soft. Strange behavior for a teenage boy, but since this

teenage boy wore skirts five days a week, it was important to keep my legs smooth. “I guess we’re friends. We have classes and we eat lunch together.”

“Don’t forget that group of girls that always sit together on the bus,” she reminded me.

“I don’t think of myself as one of the girls,” I said

“They’ve accepted you as a girl, otherwise they wouldn’t invite you on a shopping trip,” she explained. “Trust me; girls would never take a guy shopping with them.” I was pulling on a pair of pink lace panties when she said that. “I didn’t mean anything personal,” she said. “How do you like those panties? Are they as nice as the nylon ones I forced you to wear?”

I started wearing lace panties. They were lighter and more comfortable than the nylon ones. Kelly picked up a few for me and told mom that I should wear them.

“They’re horrible, totally horrible!” I laughed as I adjusted them. “You’re mean for forcing me to wear them. I hate you!”

“The things I put up with for my little sister,” she smiled. “I wonder whatever happened to my rotten little brother.”

“He’s still here, but not as rotten as he used to be.”

“I like him better as my little sister,” Kelly gave me a hug. “I hope she sticks around.”

“Don’t ask me to do that, Kelly,” I said softly. “I’ll miss keeping each other company, but I’m a boy, not a girl.”

“I’ll miss you too, Tammy,” she told me as we hugged. “Please don’t go back to being that rotten little brother!”

“I won’t be rotten, I promise.”

I picked one of Kelly’s ankle length brown suede skirts and a white pullover top. She has great taste in clothes. It is great that she lets me borrow anything I want from her closet. I had to buy her something nice to thank her. Meanwhile, I will pick up a couple of outfits to share with her.

I did my hair and makeup and was ready when the girls arrived. We piled into Lanie’s car and were off to conquer the

mall. Kelly was right. The girls wanted me as a girlfriend. We laughed and giggled, and started a game of 'Truth or Dare'.

I forced three girls to accept dares and felt proud of myself until Kara one of the more boy crazy girls in our group took a chance at me. "Which boy in our homeroom would you most like to neck with?" she said with an evil grin.

I would have to answer or take a dare. "That's not a fair question! Why not ask me which girl I'd like to neck with? That would be fair."

"That would be a dumb question," Kara laughed. "Why would a girl neck with another girl?"

"It isn't dumb, since I'm not a girl!"

"Do boys wear makeup?" Lanie asked.

"You know I have to!" I griped. "Ask me something else."

"Okay," Kara agreed, "Are you wearing panties?"

"That's not what I..."

"Are you wearing a bra?" Lanie asked.

"Does your school uniform include a skirt?" a third girl added more fuel to the out of control flames.

"Is Tammy a boy's name?" I was a sacrifice, offered up to the gods of silliness and there was no escape.

"That settles it!" Kara announced proudly, "Tammy is a girl's name, you're wearing makeup, panties, and a bra, and you wear a skirt to school."

"You must be a girl, Tammy!" they all laughed, "Truth or dare?"

"Dare," I answered. How bad could it be? "I'll think of something," Kara giggled. "Let's keep playing."

I did my best to trap the girls into taking dares, but they answered every question. They happily answered which boys they thought were the cutest, which ones they'd like to neck with, which girls in school stuffed their bras, and which girl

would get pregnant before the eleventh grade. I sat there in shock. I never thought that girls were so vicious!

By the time we got to the mall, I owed each girl a dare. I refused to answer questions about my favorite panties, the boy I wished would ask me out, and if would I French kiss a boy on the first date. It was a good thing I was their friend or they might ask if I'd give a boy a blowjob or a hand job!

None of the girls would tell me what her dare was going to be until we were out of the car. Then I found that they had decided that my dare should be to buy girl's clothes. "That's it, buy girl's clothes? That's what I'm supposed to do anyhow."

I should have known I was in deep trouble. I was examining a rack of skirts when Kara brought a red one with wide pleats to me. "It's your size, and I want it as my dare!" she announced. "I can't wait to see how cute you look!"

"I can't wear that!" I whimpered. "It's too short."

"I have lots of skirts this short and they're fun to wear!"

The skirt looked obscenely short, as short as the ones Kelly wore when she wanted to impress a boy on a date. If I bought that skirt, mom would be convinced that I wanted to be a girl.

"You have to do it, Tammy," Lanie insisted. "We answered all of your questions, but you took the dares. It's only fair."

"It wasn't fair!" I complained, "I was set up!"

"We are your friends," Kara said. "We wouldn't hurt you."

How could I refuse? I had to trust my friends. I took the skirt to change. I had just stepped out of my skirt and was standing in my top and panties when Lanie, Kara, and a couple of other girls pushed aside the curtain and piled into the change room. "Nice panties!" Kara giggled. "I have some like them. Aren't they the most comfortable panties ever?"

"My sister makes me wear them," I swore. "She gets a kick out of making me wear girly crap like this."

"Oh, you poor baby," another girl laughed as she squeezed into the room. "I've got just the thing for you – boy briefs!"

The girls broke down in hysterical laughter. ‘Boy briefs’ were cut like boy’s underwear, but rode low on the hips and were all lace. “I’ll never live this down,” I groaned.

“What’s to live down?” Kara asked. “We’re not going to tell anyone what kind of panties you wear. We wear them too.”

“But you’re...”

“Girls, yeah we know,” Lanie smiled, “And so are you for the next couple of years, so relax and enjoy!”

“That looks great on you!” they chimed when I fastened the skirt about my waist. Low slung, short, and with a wide belt that fastened loosely, it looked good on me.

“I thought you hated dressing like this?” one asked.

“I’d hate it too if I looked that hot!” laughed another.

Soon we were giggling and having a great time. I tried on a couple of outfits and even thanked the girls for the sexy panties. I drew the line when one girl suggested thong panties. I needed more support than the average girl did, and those panties wouldn’t give it to me.

“Get jeans to wear to and from school. Bare legs suck in the winter,” Lanie said as she pulled me to the casual section, “Although you have the legs for skirts,” she chuckled.

It was nearly impossible to find a pair of jeans I could wear! “What moron designs girl’s jeans?” I asked. “Look at all of the flowers and fancy trim. What boy would wear them?”

“They weren’t meant to be worn by boys,” the girls laughed. “But since when are you a boy?”

“Don’t let the skirt and panties fool you. I’m a boy!”

“Give me a few seconds, Tammy?” Kara called as she took off for another part of the store.

“How can you wear these?” I joked as I held up a pair of low rider jeans. “I’d be tugging them up all day.”

“You get used to them,” one girl shrugged. “They make you look sexy, so they’re worth getting used to.”

“I can’t picture myself as sexy,” I laughed.

“Don’t bet on it!” Kara’s said. “Grab a size 5 and use this.”

I looked at what she handed me, but couldn’t figure what she had in mind. “A girdle, do I look fat?”

“Not fat enough. It has padding like your bra. The jeans will not only fit, but if they don’t look good on you. I’ll wear thong panties to school on Monday.”

“How would I know if you did?” I asked. “Will you let me look under your skirt?”

“Why not, we saw your panties?” she smiled.

All the girls nodded in agreement. These girls had a strategy for any contingency, especially objections that I might have. I took several pairs of jeans and the girdle to the dressing room with my troop of new friends following behind.

“This is definitely not good,” I muttered while zipping the jeans. My hips and butt were suddenly well defined, but the bulge in my crotch was gone!

“Congratulations,” they all cheered. “You’re one of us now!”

“No, can’t be...still a...” I started to mumble.

“This was your initiation, Tammy,” Lanie announced. “You’re an honorary girl now!”

Was I supposed to scream and carry on, to announce that I didn’t want to be a girl, honorary or otherwise? “Thanks, that means a lot to me!” I gushed as we engaged in a group hug. How was I to explain to my family that I was an honorary girl?

As I set my packages on the bed, Kelly came in. “Did you pass?” she asked. “Did they make you an honorary girl?”

“You knew? You set me up, you and all the rest!”

“Of course I knew,” she said as she picked through my purchases. “The girls asked and I told them it was a great idea. You’re more a girl than a boy, and you can use girlfriends your age. Nice panties,” she smiled as she examined my boy cut briefs. “Do they make you feel as sexy as they look?”

“Oh, god yes!” I blurted out, “I can’t believe how nice they felt. Go ahead; try a pair, you’ll love them!”

Six months ago, Kelly would never undress in front of me and I felt the same. Now we were sort of sisters and changing in front of each other was as natural as borrowing each other’s clothes. Six months ago, I wouldn’t have had any panties to offer Kelly, but now I have a drawer full of pink, yellow, aqua, blue, white, and a few multicolored ones too. I used to have cotton ones, but I stashed them in my closet to make room for the nylon and lace ones because they felt so much nicer.

“These are nice,” Kelly smiled as she ran her hands over the panties. “They’re soft and comfy. Sometimes the cheap lace feels scratchy. These panties aren’t cheap.”

“Thank the girls. I wouldn’t have thought to buy them.”

Kelly reached into the back of her drawer and tossed a pair of lace panties to me. “Try them on. You’ll see what I mean.”

“Yuck!” I exclaimed as I pulled the scratchy fabric over my hips. “Where’d you get these?”

“They were on sale. I’ll never buy them again.”

“Hey, want to see something cool?” I asked as I pulled out the padded girdle from one of my bags. “Wait till you see this!”

I changed into my comfortable panties before pulling on the girdle. Once I got the girdle and jeans on, I tucked in my top and arched my back. “I look pretty good, right? Maybe you’ll have to be more careful when you bring a date home?”

“My sweet little sister is turning into a fox huh?” Kelly laughed and tossed a pillow at me. “I’ll tell mom and daddy that you want to be more than an honorary girl.”

“Don’t you dare!” I screamed. “I’m fooling around. You set me up with Lanie and the other girls. It wasn’t my idea.”

“We should get your poor little arm checked out, Tammy dear,” Kelly suggested. “Is it painful?”

I’d hate myself for asking, but I had to know! “What’s wrong with my arm?”

“Isn’t it sore after the girls twisted it to make you buy those sexy panties? You would never have done it otherwise, right Tim?”

Hearing my real name made me cringe. What was I doing? I had to pretend to be a girl, but what made me buy those panties and why did I enjoy wearing them so much? It started when I noticed that nylon panties were much softer, lighter, and more comfortable than boy’s underwear or cotton panties. Is it my fault they feel so nice? I was getting confused and upset, and tears began to trickle down my cheeks.

Kelly saw my tears and rushed to hug me, “Calm down, Tammy. I was only kidding. I won’t tell anyone, I promise.”

“I love you too, Kelly,” I smiled and snuggled closer to her, “But I feel so mixed up.”

“Do you want to talk about it?” she asked.

“I guess so,” I shrugged. “I’m worried that I’m getting caught up in something I can’t control. Worse of all is that sometimes I want to give in and let it take over.”

“Are you trying to tell me that you like being a girl?”

“I don’t know,” I started crying. “Sometimes it feels like I’m getting pulled in. I’m having fun, but it doesn’t seem right.”

She relaxed her grip, but still kept me close. “You’ve changed a lot since last summer.”

“A lot of people shun me now,” I sighed. “They won’t talk to me. They think I’m a fruit.”

“Sounds like the losers you used to hang with. Would you rather be with them or people like Lanie and Kara?”

“You don’t understand. The only kids friendly with me now are girls. What am I supposed to do when my sentence is up, go shopping?”

“Lanie and Kara are well liked and respected. If they like you, others will to,” Kelly said. “After all, mom was right that people would stop teasing you, wasn’t she?”

“Could you do me another tiny little favor please? I asked.

“I’ll tell mom the panties were my idea,” she laughed. It’s great to have a sister who’s also your best friend!

I decided that I wanted to attend a pajama party! I called Lanie and Kara, and they promised to set everything up. It would be great to spend time with girls while wearing a nightgown and panties and try different hairstyles, makeup, and nail polish.

We took turns doing each other’s hair and makeup. Lanie did Bree’s hair in pigtails and made her dress up in a short skirt like a little girl. Bree got her revenge when she did Lanie’s hair and makeup to make her look like a hooker!

I liked the little girl look and Lanie did my hair in pigtails after I dressed up in a short nightgown with ruffled panties. Mary took photos of me dressed that way and threatened to post them on the school bulletin board. I hit her with a pillow and soon we were all giggling while having a huge pillow fight.

The pillow fight ended in a group hug. I was on the outside with all the other girls, while Bree, laughing, was trapped on the inside. We moved to the pizza and soda, loaded a movie into the DVD player, and plopped down on the living room floor to enjoy a chick flick. It was a night I’d always remember.

We ended our party with a shopping trip. We were waiting outside the mall before it opened and stayed the whole morning and afternoon trying on different outfits from every store.

Things weren’t too bad for me. School was okay since no one teased me, but Thanksgiving and Christmas were tough. Mom and daddy told everyone in the family about Tammy, but it didn’t stop the smart remarks when we all got together.

Thanksgiving with daddy’s family was weird. Kelly and I decided to dress alike. She wore a white turtleneck top with a brown corduroy slacks, while I wore an identical top with an ankle length corduroy skirt and boots.

We had our hair done at the salon. Now that my hair was longer, Kelly thought it would be cool to get the same style, so we both got shag cuts and I got a new dye job. I was used to having auburn hair, but I was giving serious thought to going blonde for the summer. This girl stuff was becoming fun.

I did our makeup for dinner. Kelly wore diamond stud earrings. I chose ruby ones to go with my hair color. We did our nails, and then helped set the table for mom.

I would have laughed at the expression on my Grandparent's faces when they first saw me if it hadn't been me that caused it. "My God," Grandpa exclaimed when he walked in. "You look just like a girl."

"Thanks," I smiled. "That's the idea."

"Don't let the old fool get to you," Grandma said as she hugged me. "You look lovely." Grandma's compliment made me blush with pride. She noticed right away and smiled.

"I'll keep your secret, honey," she whispered as we hugged. "Give the old fart a kiss and see what happens," she said.

Before Grandpa could react, I threw my arms around his neck and kissed his cheek while Kelly kissed the other. "Keep that up and I may have to get rid of the old lady!" he laughed. "I could get used to this attention from pretty young ladies." Grandma hurried Grandpa away telling him that he would just make a fool of himself.

"Grandma thinks I like being a girl," I told Kelly when we were alone. "Should I tell her that she's wrong?"

"She'd never believe you," she laughed. "Neither would I."

"She promised to keep it a secret. Why didn't you tell me that she was so nice?"

"You were such a brat that you wouldn't have believed me. I like you much better as my sister!" she pulled me away from the door. "C'mon, we have to finish setting the table."

My aunts and uncles were amazed to see two cute sisters. I guess they were expecting a football player in a tight dress. I

hoped they thought I looked as pretty as Kelly did. I didn't want anyone else to think that I was enjoying myself!

My cousins were totally blown away, almost as if they'd never seen a boy as pretty as me before! Yes, that's right. I thought I looked pretty! I'd spent every minute of every day since last summer dressed like a girl and learning to be a girl. It was getting to me. I liked wearing pretty clothes. I loved shopping with my girlfriends. It was great to be close to my wonderful big sister, Kelly. Mom promised that if I did things her way, people would accept me and she was right. I had to live like a girl, so I planned to make the best of it.

Getting back to my cousins – my two younger boy cousins started to laugh at me until their mom asked if I had any outfits that they could wear. The laughter stopped when Kelly and I told them we were going to make them look pretty too.

My girl cousins were a little older and fascinated by my change. I used to tease them, but now we sat and talked about clothes and makeup the way I did with my girlfriends. Finally, they insisted on learning if it was just a practical joke. I suggested we give them a tour of my room. The girls jumped at the suggestion and we girls took off for my room leaving my bewildered boy cousins behind. They were afraid to go near my room in case Kelly and I decided to dress them up like girls too. I told them it wasn't that bad and that they'd enjoy being all prettied up, but they wouldn't believe me.

The girls were amazed to see my closet full of dresses and other pretty outfits. I showed them my school uniform and pictures from my sleepover. One cousin, Ann, opened my underwear drawer thinking she'd see briefs and boxers. I kept from laughing at her expression when she saw my pretty panties and the slips. What really blew her mind were my sexy boy cut panties and matching lace bras.

“Oh my god, you really are a girl!” she gasped as she held up a pair of black lace panties. “No boy would wear these.”

“I'm still a boy,” I argued, “Kelly makes me wear them.”

Kelly nodded in agreement. “I’m in charge of his clothes, so I make him wear frilly stuff. He takes bubble baths too!”

“He deserves it, he was rotten! Useless!” they shouted. “Hurting that poor kid was terrible!” They were right. I was useless. I wanted to tell them that I was sorry, but they wouldn’t believe me. Tears ran down my cheeks as I ran into Kelly’s room and slammed the door behind me.

“What’s his problem?” my cousin, Marie, asked Kelly.

“You hurt her feelings, you idiot!” Kelly shouted before gently knocking at the door.

“Are you okay?” she called.

“Who cares?” Ann laughed as she came into the room. “He’s a big cry baby, a real sissy.”

“She is my sister and you better apologize!” Kelly snarled.

“She?” Marie asked. “Don’t you mean ‘he’?”

“I mean ‘she!’” Kelly snapped back. “Tammy is my sweet, lovable, little sister. I’m waiting for an apology.”

“What’s the big deal,” Marie flippantly asked. “Let’s go downstairs and leave the sissy alone.”

“No, something’s wrong here,” said Ann. “Kelly hated Tim as much as any of us, yet she’s defending him.”

“Tammy has gone through a lot since last summer,” Kelly explained. “That rotten, miserable, little brother of mine changed into a sweet little sister that I love. She will end the semester on the honor roll, she has friends who accept her as Tammy and enjoy being with her, and we share outfits and sleep together. If that’s a problem, then don’t bother with me anymore because I won’t let you hurt my little sister.”

I slowly said, “I’m sorry about what I was like. You were right about me. I was rotten.”

“Is that an apology from Tim?” Ann asked.

“The apology is from Tammy,” I said as I wiped away my tears with a tissue. “Tim’s gone for a couple of years. I want to be friends.”

Ann stared at me for a bit, and then threw her arms around me. “I’d like to be your friend, Tammy,” she said softly.

“Me too!” Marie added as she hugged me.

I went to my vanity to touch up my makeup. I saw Ann staring at me in the mirror and thought of a way to make things up to her. “Your hair would look pretty in a French braid, Ann. Would you like me to fix it for you?” I offered.

“I thought Kelly did your hair?” Ann asked.

“Tammy usually does mine and if I really want to impress a date I get her to do my nails and makeup too,” Kelly said.

“Sit down. I promise to be good,” I told Ann.

When I finished her hair, she was thrilled. “Can you teach me to do this, please?”

“Sure,” I laughed, “On the condition that you let me show you how pretty you could look.”

Ann was the only girl wearing jeans. She was cute, but rarely dressed up. She practically lived in jeans. I did her makeup, bringing out her beautiful eyes and pretty complexion, and then picked out some clothes for her to wear.

“We’re about the same size, how about it?” I asked. I selected a cute skirt and top and my sexiest underwear.

“I don’t know,” she protested, “I like to feel comfortable.”

“Okay, if you don’t mind me looking prettier than you.”

“Give me those!” she took the clothes. “I have my pride.”

Ten minutes later, Ann was staring in a mirror and mumbling, “Mom’s been trying to get me to dress up for years, but couldn’t do what a boy was able to do.”

“What boy?” I joked. “Do you borrow dresses from boys?”

“Sorry, Tammy,” she said giving me a hug. “I’m having a tough time getting used to you is all.”

“Nowhere near as tough as I had it,” I laughed. “I hope we can be friends.”

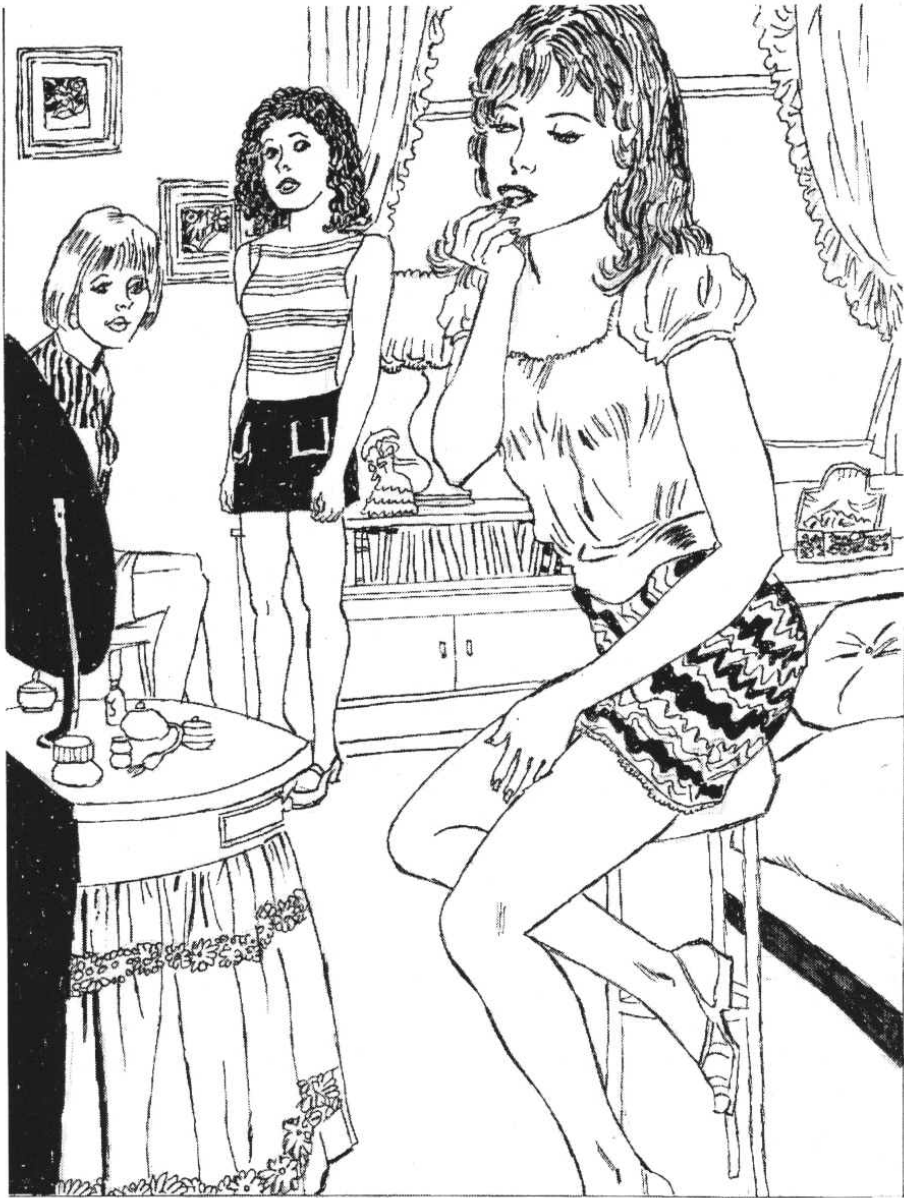
“Friends, are you nuts? I’m going to ask mom to adopt you! I’d kill to have you dress me. Guys would be dying to date me.”

Before we went to show off the new Ann, I promised to teach my cousins everything I knew about hair and makeup, and even invited them on shopping expeditions with my girlfriends. My new life was strange, but very fun!

Everyone was amazed at Ann’s new look and even more amazed when they found that I was the one who did it. Grandma gave me a wink, my aunts smiled knowingly, my uncles shrugged, and Ann basked in the attention she received. She would dress up more often now that she saw how pretty she was. At least one side of my family thought that I had given up on being a boy.

I went through most of my savings and all of my allowance getting Christmas gifts for my friends and family. It was hard work selecting just the right gift since I had no experience. In the past, I picked the first thing I saw and didn’t consider if the person would like it. Now I found myself going from shop to shop looking for the perfect gift for each person on my list.

Nothing but the prettiest earrings would do for the world’s best big sister who valued pretty earrings as much as I valued her. Mom needed a pair of driving gloves. Daddy had his eye on a new type of golf ball. My girlfriends would get accessories for their cell phones. Grandmothers would get gift certificates to their favorite beauty salons, and grandfathers would get opening day tickets for their favorite baseball teams. By the time I finished shopping, I was broke but satisfied that I had bought the perfect gifts. Now all I had to do was survive another family get together as a girl!



I showed my cousins how to apply makeup, ending up with my lipstick. Instead of making fun of me, they crowded about eager to learn. It was weird to have my girl cousins accept me as a girl.

Mom offered to let Kelly and me get our hair done for Christmas, but we were happy with our new sister look, so we decided on manicures at mom’s favorite nail parlor instead. It was my first manicure and I couldn’t believe how much it hurt as the woman poked and stabbed me with round sticks. I learned how important it was for a girl to get a manicure if she was willing to put up with the pain!

“Your nails are in terrible shape,” the manicurist commented. “You should take better care of them.”

“It never seemed important before,” I giggled, causing the woman to remember who I really was.

“I’m sorry; I forgot for a moment. I hope you don’t mind me saying this, but you look so pretty now.”

“It’s okay,” I smiled. “Thanks for the compliment.”

“You should get used to them,” she smiled warmly. “You’re going to get lots of them. You’ve become a pretty young lady.” My face easily matched the color of my nails, but I couldn’t help it. I loved compliments on my looks!

When we finished, we had deep red nails that extended past our fingertips. Mom had arranged a little surprise. Kelly had gold K’s in cursive added to her nails while I had T’s put on mine, a classy look considered the hottest thing in fashion magazines. My girlfriends would be so jealous!

Kelly and I bought identical outfits for Christmas, red velvet with green trim on the sleeves, white Peter Pan collars, and green satin sashes that tied in the back. They were the perfect Christmas dresses. We bought matching red satin slip, bra, and panty sets, green ribbons for our hair, and red velvet pumps to complete our look.

I did our makeup as usual. Kelly lent me a pair of dangling red earrings to go with a new bracelet. A teardrop ruby necklace completed my outfit. It felt odd to have something hanging from my ears and sliding around my wrist, but I liked the swaying of my earrings and the movement of my bracelet. They made me feel like I was really a girl.

It is strange that I liked that feeling, but the church would be crowded for Christmas services, and many people would be looking at me. It was important to feel like I was a real girl. I didn't want to forget and act like a boy.

I was sure that everyone in church was watching me, but I didn't make a mistake. I walked in with my family, set down my purse, took off my jacket, and smoothened out my skirt as I sat down. All through the service, I was the perfect lady; smoothing my dress when I sat or stood, smiling at everyone around us, and accepting all compliments gracefully. Mom, Daddy, and Kelly said they were proud of me. It was a mixed blessing that being a girl was second nature to me.

My aunt hugged me and told me how pretty I looked, while her husband and sons watched football. I enjoyed sitting around talking about how hard it was to adjust to being a girl.

“I used to love sleeping with your mom,” my aunt laughed. “I felt lonely one night and crawled into her bed. I stayed until she went away to college. It was comforting to be close to my big sister. She made sure none of the scary things that go bump in the night hurt me.” Kelly grinned and I smiled at her.

“When your grandmother finally let me wear makeup, your mom taught me how to make myself look pretty. I practiced everything she taught me and read every article I could find and soon she was asking me for help when she had a big date.”

“Does that sound familiar, girls?” Mom put an arm around me. “Kelly's hair and makeup skills have gotten so much better since her little sister here arrived. Tammy never sleeps in her own bed.”

“Kelly's bed is more comfortable than mine,” I answered. “You wouldn't want those scary things that go bump in the night to get me, would you?”

“That's sweet of you to notice my new skills, mom,” Kelly laughed. “I studied hard to learn them.”

“I might have believed that before I saw what Tammy did for Ann on Thanksgiving,” Mom laughed. “That was nice of you to help her like that.”

“I owed her a lot for what I did before,” I shrugged. “I just showed her what was possible. She liked the way she looked.”

Mom laughed, “She loved it. Her sister’s not thrilled. Ann’s been borrowing her dresses and her makeup is being used up twice as fast.”

“The idea was to make a girl out of you!” my aunt laughed. “You are turning the tables.”

“I’m not going to be a girl,” I insisted. “It’s back to jeans and short hair once my time is up.”

“I’ll miss my little sister,” Kelly said. “Who’s going to help me choose an outfit for a hot date? It won’t be the same if you’re a boy.” Talk about a horrible feeling! I’d really miss cuddling up to Kelly at night and our little talks while we bathed and shaved our legs. Kelly always knew the perfect solution to any problem. I could talk to her about anything. Whom would I go to with my problems when I was a boy? Kelly wouldn’t appreciate a boy watching her take a bath.

“I’ll miss being your little sister,” I confessed, “But I’m not really a girl. I never wanted to be a girl, but this thing has me all screwed up. I wish we had left Bobby alone.”

Mom hugged me. “Everything’s going to be okay, Tammy. You have time to enjoy being Kelly’s sister. When the time comes, you’ll be a fine young man.”

“You’ll still be my best friend,” Kelly promised. “No one could take your place.” We had a group hug that eased my pain. Maybe we could keep that up when I became a boy again, but I couldn’t imagine how.

After dinner, we all gathered around the tree to exchange gifts. Mom and Kelly were thrilled with their gifts making me wish that I had done this years ago. Kelly gave me a beautiful necklace, a delicate gold chain with ‘Tamara’ spelled out in red stones. I ran to a mirror to see if it looked as pretty around my neck as it did when I held it in my hands. I wasn’t disappointed. It looked so pretty that I almost broke down and cried. It was perfect against my green dress and with my hair color. I gave Kelly a big hug!

Mom and daddy surprised me with a huge makeup kit with every imaginable shade of lipstick, eye shadow, mascara, and blush along with a dozen brushes to apply the colors. I had lip liner, lip-gloss, lipstick, foundation, powder, glitter, and anything else that a girl could need to look beautiful.

“We had a tough time finding a present you’d enjoy,” Daddy said as I tore the wrapping from my gift. “That was before Thanksgiving and the makeover you gave Ann.”

“Once we saw Ann, we knew what your present had to be,” mom laughed. “Kelly would love to be your model. She gets lots of attention from boys when you do her makeup.”

“You may regret that,” I teased Kelly. “I may turn you into another Tammy Faye Baker!”

“I’ll take my chances,” Kelly smiled. “I’d appreciate it if you taught me a few of your tricks. It’s hard to go to my little sister to get my makeup done.”

“Anything for the best sister in the world,” I told her.

I managed to get through the holidays. All of the women and many of the men complimented me on how pretty I looked. Daddy promised to take us out for a New Years celebration to remember. I went shopping with mom and Kelly. Once I saw how I looked in a purple velvet gown with black trim, I felt so much better! The gown wasn’t a perfect fit, but Kelly said that I’d look hot with a little padding in my bra and padded girdle.. My New Year’s resolution to act more like a boy was shattered. I put it on hold for a day or two, since a gown as pretty as this one shouldn’t go too waste.

It didn’t take much to get me to look for new lingerie. I heard something call to me as soon as we walked into the lingerie department. I looked towards the sound and saw a matching bra, panty, and long slip set that was perfect.

“Did you hear that?” Kelly asked as she held the slip against my waist. “They knew she needed them.”

Mom looked at the black lace trim. “Aren’t they too frilly?”

"Not at all," Kelly answered, "she needs to be taught a lesson!"

We pulled into our driveway with our treasures, new gowns, underwear, and shoes, when mom turned to me. "Tell me that you're not going to enjoy this," she challenged. "Kelly isn't forcing you, is she? You enjoy wearing pretty clothes!"

"Sometimes," I admitted. "It feels nice to get dressed up."

"You should have told me," Mom smiled. "That's okay because from now on, you're going to be a sugar and spice, white glove, Junior Miss."

That feeling in my stomach was getting worse by the second. "Uh mom, I'm not sure about..."

Mom never let me finish my thought. "Doesn't getting dressed in pretty lingerie and a cute outfit sound like heaven?" she teased. "Tell me you don't want to wear your gown. Convince me that you don't want to wear a pretty top to show off your bust and a short skirt with stockings and heels."

I had trouble answering her. If I could calm down, I'd happily say yes! Mom saw the far-away look in my eyes and knew she had me. "I'll take that as a yes," she laughed.

I felt sick. She must have known that I wanted to wear the frilly things I'd said Kelly had forced on me. "I'm sorry, mom, I should have told you."

"Yes, you should have. I would have understood. You didn't trust me."

"Can I make it up to you?"

"I want you to trust me from now on."

"I will, I promise," I smiled.

"I want you to be the perfect young lady," she added.

"Geez, mom, I was doing pretty well with the underwear and all. I'm doing my best but..."

"No, you're not," Mom cut me off. "Since you obviously enjoy pretty things, I'm going to make your dreams come true."

The way mom looked at me gave me a very bad feeling “You’re not going to make me listen to those CD’s you talked about, are you?”

“I should,” Mom replied.

“Please, mom, not the CD’s,” tears began to trickle.

“I’ll forget the CD’s if you promise to do anything I ask. Do we have a deal?” she waited for my answer.

I didn’t have a choice. It was agree to whatever she wanted or listen to CD’s that would take away my freedom of choice. “It’s a deal,” I said, sounding defeated.

“I never said a word to mom,” Kelly told me later. “I don’t know how she found out.”

“That’s okay. I should have told her. I was just too scared to admit that I liked dressing up.”

“I never would’ve guessed you liked it,” she laughed as held up one of my slips. “You wear frillier stuff than I do.”

“You’ve been wearing them a lot longer than I have,” I said as I grabbed my slip. “Maybe you’re used to them?”

“It’s a pain in the neck to get all dressed up. Boys have it easy. They don’t have to shave their legs or curl their hair. It’s so much easier to get ready when you don’t have to put on makeup or do your nails.”

“That’s true,” I admitted. “But shaving my legs and curling my hair makes me feel pretty. Girl’s clothes feel so nice. There is such a variety of colors and clothes to wear. I don’t know how girls decide on just one outfit. If we didn’t wear uniforms, I’d miss the bus every morning trying to decide what to wear!”

“Aren’t you worried that you’ll become a sissy?” Kelly asked. Boy, did that bring me crashing back to earth. I was a boy with a drawer full of pretty underwear that I loved to wear. That didn’t make sense.

“I’m way past sissy,” I moaned. “Mom wants to make me a girl and I can’t wait.”

“I’m glad to hear that, Tammy,” Mom from the hallway. “I was worried that you wouldn’t like what I want to do.”

“What do you want to do to her, mom?” Kelly asked. “What’s this about sugar and spice and white gloves?”

“I’m going to turn you into a girl,” Mom said as if it were no big deal to make a girl out of a boy.

“I think the Judge beat you to it,” I tried to joke.

“No,” mom brushed aside my joke. “He said you had to dress like a girl. He never said you had to become a girl.”

“Is he getting his thingy cut off?” Kelly asked. “He’d really be a girl! We could get sexy bikinis and double date, and...”

It sounded like it was settled. I’d be a girl for real, like it or not. “Do I get a vote?”

“You’re not getting your ‘thingy’ cut off,” Mom said, “At least not right now. You can decide that when you’re older.”

“If he keeps his thingy, what else is there?”

I wish Kelly would let me ask my own questions. “Good question, Kelly, even better if I could have asked it.”

“Sorry, I’m just trying to help my sweet little sister,” she smiled. “You can ask the next question, okay?”

I turned to mom. “Can I get an answer to Kelly’s question? How am I supposed to become something I already am?”

“You’re not really a girl, no matter what you and think,” Mom explained. “You still have a few rough edges. Your daddy and I decided on a plan to smooth out the rough spots, starting with this first,” she dropped an athletic supporter on my bed.

It was a belt to keep my thingy tucked away. I removed my skirt and panties and struggled to pull the belt on. “You’ll get used to it,” mom laughed, “Once you have it on correctly.”

“Let me help,” Kelly finished reading the directions. “You will hurt yourself.”

She lifted my nuts and pushed them up into my groin. She rolled the skin on my thingy until it was covered, and then she pushed it all up with my nuts.

“Put your panties on and take a look!” she announced. “No more thingy!” Just as Kelly said, my thingy was gone.

“Are you sure I’ll get used to feeling like crap?” I moaned

Mom insisted, “You will love the way it makes you look.”

“I’ll manage,” I smiled.

“Good girl,” Mom congratulated me. “Now for your other gift,” she handed me a box. “You’re going to love these!”

“Boobies?” I giggled as I looked in the box, “Just what I always wanted.”

“They’re falsies,” Kelly said. She picked one from the box. “Why do they have flaps? Don’t you stick them in your bra?”

“Remove your top and bra, honey,” Mom said. “It’s time for my little girl to grow up.”

I watched as mom applied glue to the flaps of a boob. She pushed the breast against my chest and smoothed the flaps. After a few seconds, she let go and the boob stayed in place. “It looks so real!” Kelly exclaimed. “Hurry up, do the other side!”

Mom took the other boob and spread the glue. She positioned it, and when she let go, I looked just like my girlfriends at my slumber party. “They’re so cool!” I gushed as I stood in front of a mirror. “I look like the other girls!”

“They will help with your gymnastics class,” Kelly said. “You have a girl’s body, which will make the exercises easier.”

“Can I wear low cut tops, mom?” I asked.

“Only if your father approves of them, he’s very protective of his girls.”

“That’s putting it mildly,” Kelly laughed. “I’ve seen nuns in sexier outfits than I could wear!”

“You’re supposed to be young ladies, not a couple of streetwalkers,” Mom teased.

I said, “I had my heart set on tassels for my boobs.”

“They’re called breasts,” Mom insisted. “Ladies may give birth to boobs, but they have breasts.”

“Good point, mother,” Kelly agreed. “Is there anything to help my poor, uncultured, little sister act like a lady?”

“What a coincidence,” Mom said, acting surprised. “I happen to know of a way to help this poor girl.”

“I smell a rat.”

Mom grinned as she handed me a sheet of paper. I read it carefully. I was in a class to teach young girls the social skills required to be proper young ladies. It covered dress, posture, hair and nail care, makeup, and social skills. “Isn’t this a little much?” I asked. “I never said that I wanted to be a real girl.”

“You were having fun pretending to be a girl,” Mom said. “Wouldn’t you like to go on vacation as a girl?”

Could I fool strangers into thinking I was a girl? What would it be like to go where no one knew I was a boy? “I couldn’t fool anyone, mom,” I whined. “I get away with looking like this, but everyone knows I’m a boy.”

“Once you take the class, you could,” mom insisted. “It’s very thorough. Wouldn’t it be fun to be more feminine?”

“No, it wouldn’t,” I tried to tell her. “Girls from school go to those classes every year. I’d be humiliated!”

“Please,” mom stared at me. “You’ve been a fourteen year old girl since last July. Everyone’s used to you by now.”

“I could tell them it was my idea?” Kelly suggested.

Mom wouldn’t hear of it. “No, you’ve turned your poor little brother into a sissy,” she laughed. “Let your dad take a turn. After all, this was his idea. Tell everyone that Tammy’s dad is making her take charm classes.”

“This was Daddy’s idea?” I gasped. “Why would he want to turn me into a swish?”

“He’s become very fond of his new daughter,” Mom said. Oh crap, Daddy thinks that I’m enjoying myself! Well sure, I am, but I didn’t want daddy to know.

“Yes, he knows that you enjoy dressing up,” Mom said. “He and I have had several long talks about you. We’re grateful for the change in your behavior.”

“He thinks I’m a sissy, doesn’t he?”

Mom ran her fingers through my hair. “He thinks you were a mixed up boy. He’s proud of the way you’ve learned to behave, and he thinks you’re a lovely young woman.”

“Young woman?” I choked, “But I’m a boy.”

“Are you really, Tammy?” Mom softly asked. “Do you think of yourself as a boy?”

“Yes,” I lied. “I can’t help the way the clothes make me feel, but I’m still a boy!” Mom knew I was lying, but I couldn’t admit that I wanted to be a girl.

“I understand, dear,” she smiled, “You still have to take charm classes. They’ll help you while you’re still Tammy and hopefully calm you down when you go back to being Tom.”

“Not charm school, I’ll never live it down, mom,” I pleaded.

“You’ve been a girl since last summer,” Kelly winked. “Besides, it’s not your idea, its daddy’s.”

“I don’t have a choice?” I asked, hoping mom would cut me a break.

“No, your father and I feel this is for your own good,” she smiled as she walked out of the room. “You’ll enjoy it.”

“You blew it, Tammy,” Kelly said when mom was gone. “You could have been my sister for real.”

“Maybe I’d rather be your brother?”

“Right,” she laughed so hard I thought she’d fall off the bed. “And maybe the moon is made of green cheese!”

“Seriously, I’m having tons of fun, but it isn’t right,” I said. “I should really try being a boy again before I give up.”

“You tried for fourteen years,” she chuckled. “That’s how you ended up wearing panties and skirts. You’ve made more friends in the last six months as a girl than in fourteen years as a boy.” I couldn’t argue with her. I did have more friends and I really did prefer being a girl, but it still didn’t feel right.

“You’ll change your mind after the charm class,” she said. “It’s turned some rough girls into perfect little ladies.”

I thought about what mom said about being a sugar and spice white gloved Junior Miss. “I can’t wait,” I whispered.

Kelly whispered, “I know.”

“All of my panties come from Victoria’s Secret,” I proudly stated. “It’s the only place for lingerie, especially since seeing their lace ones.”

When New Years Eve finally came, Kelly and I were ready. We had our hair and nails redone, our gowns were laid out with our lingerie, and my makeup kit was ready for some serious work. I had just finished Kelly’s makeup when mom walked in. “I bought you girls something to make your evening more memorable,” she said with a big smile as she handed us a bag from Victoria’s Secret. “Your first merry widow’s.”

We opened our bags and gasped in harmony. We were proud owners of our own merry widow, a combination bra, corset, and garter belt that dripped feminine sex appeal! Kelly’s was black with red lace trim. Mine was violet with black lace trim. “The garter straps go under your panties, girls,” mom instructed, “And these attach to the ends.” She handed each of us several pairs of silky nylon stockings. “I gave you spares in case you get a run,” she said as we hurried to put on our new gifts.

“Isn’t this a little much?” I asked, wanting to take the gift but not sure whether I should.

She shrugged, “I bought them when I thought you wanted to be a girl. You don’t have to wear it if you are unsure.”

“I’m not sure,” I admitted. “It’s fun to dress up, but it’s scary too. I don’t know what to do.”

“Why not enjoy it?” Mom suggested, handing me the merry widow. “No one will know you’re wearing it. I bet you will enjoy the way you feel.”

Mom was right as usual. Once I got the garter hooks fastened to my nylons, I felt so different, as if the boy I was gone. The tug of my garters and the tightness about my waist made me feel so feminine I could easily forget being a boy.

“How does it feel?” Mom asked although she knew.

“I am going to love being a junior miss,” I sighed.

Mom was right about making the evening memorable. Dinner was fantastic and I learned to dance too. Daddy said that all the men would be envious. None of them had three beautiful women as their dates! He told me how pretty I looked. I couldn’t bring myself to stop him. I felt so pretty and I got all mushy inside when daddy would look over at me.

After dinner, Daddy glanced at me and winked at mom. “Go ahead,” she said with a grin. “She’ll love it.”

“Love what?” I asked as Daddy walked around the table. Stopping next to me, he held out his hand. “Would you dance with me, Tamara?” he asked, smiling from ear to ear.

“Dance, Tamara, me, you?” I felt confused. Was Daddy really asking me to dance with him as a girl? Why did he call me Tamara instead of Tammy? “Please?” he asked again. “I would like one special dance with my beautiful daughter.”

That mushy feeling washed over me, making me feel weak and funny. I reached out and let him take my hand. “You look very pretty,” Daddy whispered as he led me to the dance floor. “Are you having a good time?”

“Yes, daddy, I’m having a wonderful time,” I smiled as he led me around the floor. “Thank you for arranging this.”

If you had asked me my name, I would have said it was Tamara. Tammy was a tomboyish girl that lived in my house, but Tamara loved being a girl, a young woman actually.

Tammy was trying to get used to dresses and heels. Tamara felt completely comfortable in her gown and feminine lingerie.

I'll never forget dancing with Daddy even if I couldn't tell you the name of the song the band was playing. It was so wonderful and so confusing. After we danced, I tried to sort out my feelings. For little over fourteen years, I was a boy. Girls were around me, but I avoided them. It upset me to be around a bunch of laughing, giggling girls. They did things differently than I did, and even thought differently, so I ignored them and they ignored me, at least they used to ignore me. Now those same girls that crossed the street to avoid me are my best friends. We shop together, sit next to each other in class, and played dress-up at slumber parties. Something changed, and that something was I.

Daddy and I barely spoke before last summer. Now he's the greatest guy in the world. Before I go to bed at, he gets a goodnight kiss, and I give him another kiss at breakfast.

Mom was afraid to talk to me before. I was usually in a foul mood and yelled a lot. Now, she and I spend tons of time talking about the newest styles. She really values my opinion!

Kelly went from being my enemy to my best friend. We sleep together, keep each other company when we bathe, and are as close as sisters can be. She is willing to listen to me, she has great taste in clothes, and best of all, and she covers for me when I wanted to wear pretty clothes! I'm a very happy, very lucky girl. My life couldn't be better, unless you consider the little problem that I'm really a boy.

I didn't get to think about my problem for long. The band started playing fast songs and Kelly wanted me to dance with her. At first, I was shy about dancing with Kelly, but she insisted that girls did it all the time. She pointed to the dance floor where bunches of girls danced without partners. Kelly had never given bad advice, so off I went to dance.

I never went to dances at school. Only losers went to dances. Trying to imitate Kelly's moves in the middle of a group of ten other girls, I wished I had done this sooner!



Daddy escorted me onto the dance floor. "Who would have thought that my hellion son would turn into such a sweet girl? Are you enjoying yourself, Tammy?" he asked. "Yes, daddy, yes!" I gushed.

After several songs, we decided to sit for a while. I was thanking Kelly, when I someone tapped my shoulder. I turned to see daddy. “Would you like another dance?” he asked.

“Of course, daddy,” I took his hand. How could I refuse?

“Are you enjoying the evening?” he asked as we danced. “I want this to be unforgettable.”

“I’ll never forget it, daddy, I promise!” I said and kissed his cheek. “Has anyone told you what a sweetheart you are?”

“Your mom mentions it now and then,” he grinned.

“You’re such a tease!” I laughed as he twirled me, “but you really are a sweetheart!”

“Mom told me you were upset,” he said. “Can we help?”

Last summer, I would have told daddy to drop dead and stormed off. Things were different. I really didn’t know what to do and it seemed right to ask daddy to help. “I can’t decide what to do, daddy. I like being a girl.”

“You weren’t supposed to turn out this way, honey,” he said softly. “This was supposed to be a ‘punishment fits the crime’. No one expected you to become such a nice person. We would have been satisfied to have you more tolerant of others.”

“Believe me, it worked,” I giggled. “I never understood girls the way I do now!”

“What about Bobby?” Daddy asked. “He could have been seriously hurt.” I fought back tears starting to form.

“I’m sorry for what I did. I’m glad he wasn’t badly hurt.”

Daddy smiled. “You know that he’s here with his family?” My heart skipped a beat. I knew what I had to do. I didn’t know if I had the strength to do it.

“Can we skip the next dance, daddy?” I asked. “There is something I have to do.”

Daddy said that he understood and gave me a kiss on my cheek. “I’ve never been prouder of you.”

When the dance ended, I gathered my courage and went to find Bobby. “I want to apologize,” I said softly when I found him. “I was stupid and I hope you’re all right.”

Bobby stared at me with a confused look on his face. “I’m Tamara Ferguson. You probably remember me as Tim Ferguson.”

I felt so stupid! I was a boy in a gown, wearing girl’s underwear, apologizing for calling Bobby a sissy. I waited for him to start laughing. “You look nice. Please sit down,” he offered me a chair. “I won’t laugh,” he promised as he held the chair for me. “Please sit down.”

I smoothed my gown, smiled, and sat down. “You look very nice, Tamara,” his mother complimented me. “Was it hard getting used to all of this?”

“Yes, it was,” I smiled, hoping to keep her from laughing. “My mother and sister are a big help to me.”

“It took guts to come over here, young lady,” his dad said. “That’s a good sign that you’ve changed.”

“I’ve changed a lot since last summer,” I admitted. “I should have known better.”

“Mistakes can happen,” Bobby’s mom said with a smile. “The important thing is to learn from your mistakes.”

These people were acting as though I splashed a little mud on Bobby’s pants instead of almost getting him killed! Were they setting me up for the kill?

“Why don’t you gentlemen get us ladies a drink?” Bobby’s mom suggested, saving me from any embarrassing looks. “They’ll forget it by the time they get back,” she laughed as they walked away. “Men have short attention spans.”

“That was nice of you.”

She smiled and shook her head. “We women have to stick together. I’m sure you’ve had enough embarrassment to last a lifetime. You’ve become quite a lovely young woman.”

“Thank you,” I said proudly. “Mom said that the more I look and act like a girl, the less people will laugh.”

“I can’t imagine anyone laughing at you, Tamara,” she patted my hand, “or that anyone would ever again think of you as a young man.”

“I doubt that I could ever think of myself as a boy either,” I sighed. “I’m too far gone to want to be a boy again.”

“That’s a decision you’ll have to make, Tamara,” she said. “Maybe you’re seeing a side that was hidden?”

I giggled, “It’s not going to stay hidden much longer.”

We had to end our conversation because the men returned. I was happy that Bobby and his family had forgiven me. I was confused that they accepted me as a girl so easily. Bobby was very nice. We were interested in astronomy. I even convinced him to dance. We only danced fast songs, of course. I wasn’t going to slow dance with a guy. I wasn’t girl enough for that!

I told everyone about spending time with Bobby and his family. Kelly said I was crazy, but mom and daddy congratulated me for apologizing to them. They smiled when I told them how easily Mrs. Hiden accepted me as a girl. Was I the only one confused about my real gender?

That’s all for this book! READ ON IN PART II

WHAT GIRLS WANT!

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FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN

NO. 1

I BECAME MY SISTER

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TRANSFORMA
FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN

NO. 2

I BECAME A GIRL

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! I WAS ACTING LIKE A GIRL!

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TRANSFORMA
FORM OF WOMAN, MIND OF MAN

VOLUME #5

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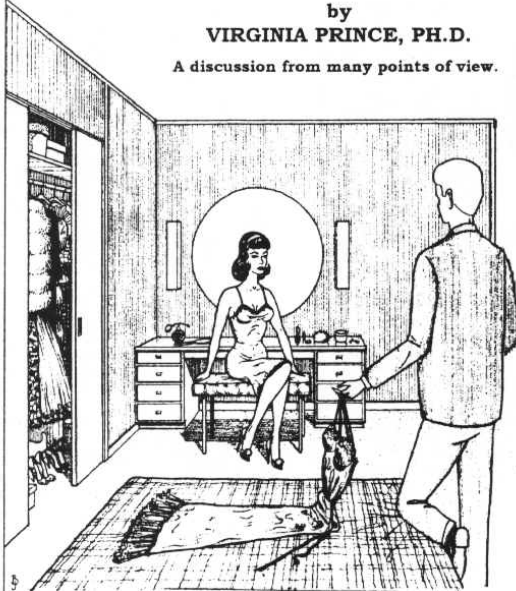
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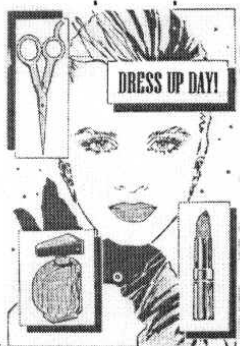
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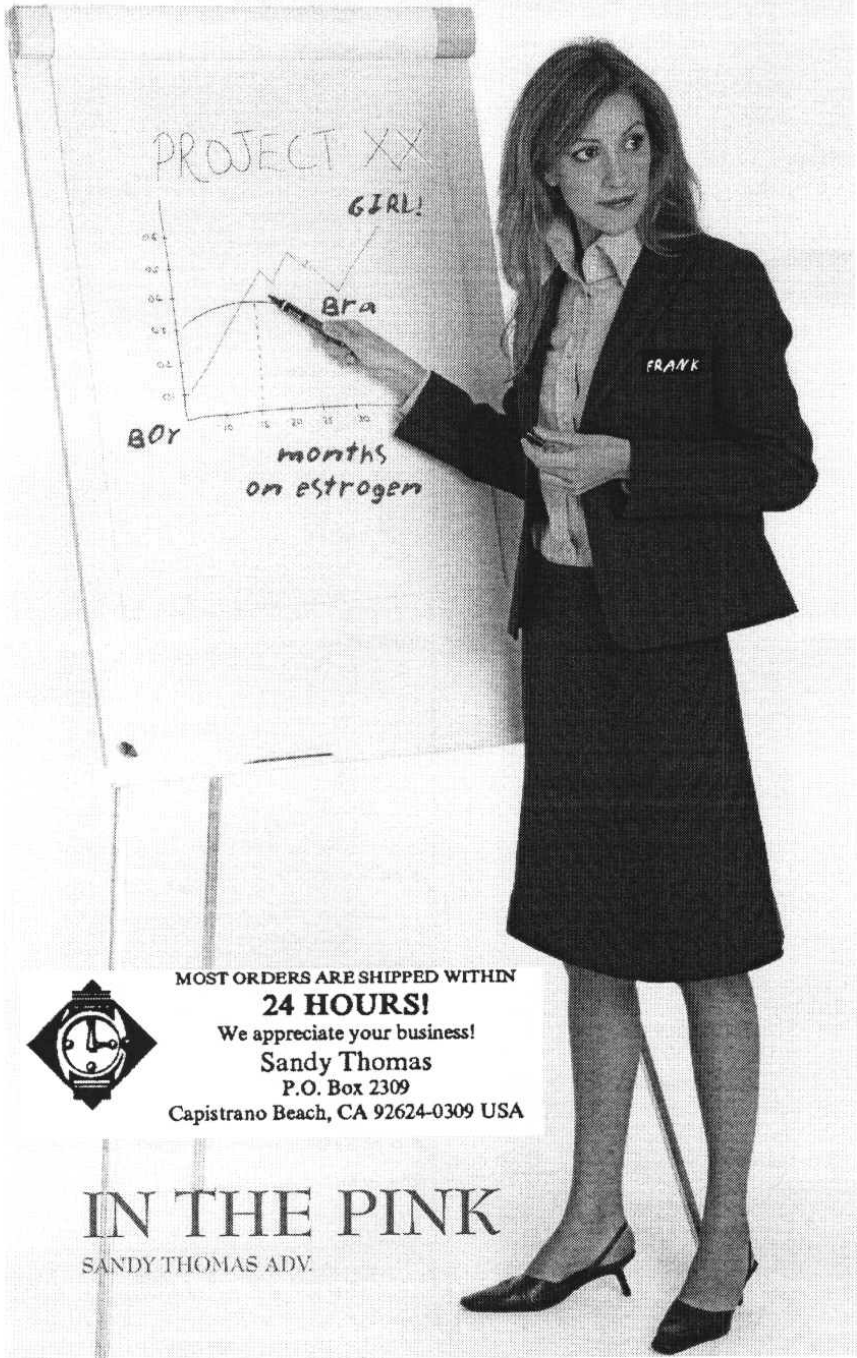
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The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate 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.

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

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

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

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

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The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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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!

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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!

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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.

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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.



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**Sandy Thomas
P.O. Box 2309**

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW	10.00
WHAT GIRLS WANT	10.00
WHAT SISSIES WANT	10.00
MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK II	10.00
PRETTIER IN PINK I	10.00
THE STORE BRIDE	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS II	10.00
GIRLS' THINGS I	10.00
A WILLING WOMAN	10.00
PRACTICALLY A GIRL	10.00
UNDER HIS SKIRTS	10.00
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2	10.00
AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1	10.00
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2	10.00
HUSBAND TO SISSY #1	10.00
GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION	
SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW	10.00
HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10	10.00
DRESSING DOWN	10.00
A PARTY GIRL #8	10.00
LUCK BE A LADY #7	10.00
FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
#1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5	10.00
ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1	10.00
TV Fiction Classics	
BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW	10.00
AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW	10.00
A PROPER #91	10.00
A PROPER LADY #90	10.00
GIRLHOOD #89 NEW	10.00
SWINGING HIGH #88 NEW	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B	10.00
FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A	10.00
GIRLISH #87	10.00
PINK SLIP #1 & II #85 & 86	10.00
GIRLS' GETAWAY #84	10.00
PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83	10.00
MISS UNDERSTOOD #82	10.00
SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81	10.00
GOING AS GIRLS #79	10.00
CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78	20.00
JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75 & 76	20.00
A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74	10.00
AUNTIE GETS TOUGH(er) #72 & 73	20.00
TOES IN THE HOSE #71	10.00
MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70	10.00
WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69	20.00
BIRTH OF A LADY #67	10.00
JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65 & 66	20.00
HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64	10.00
FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63	10.00
HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62	10.00
A DRESS FOR DANNY #61	10.00
BECOMING LADIES/GF #59 & #60	20.00
THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58	20.00
MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56	10.00
LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55	20.00
ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53	10.00
THE GIRLMAKERS #52	10.00
SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50 & 51	20.00
DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49	20.00
BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46 & 47	20.00
DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!	20.00
MORE THAN A WOMAN #43	10.00
CODE CREATED #42 2 BOOKS	20.00
LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41	10.00
GIRL BY CHOICE #40	10.00
WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39	10.00
BLONDE & BLONDER #38	10.00
CAMPING IN CURLS #37	10.00
SLINK OR SWIM #36	10.00
DAUGHTERS ONLY #35	10.00
HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34	10.00
FEMININE APPEAL #33	10.00
PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32	10.00
MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31	20.00
LIKE A DAUGHTER #29	10.00
HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28	10.00
WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!	20.00
ONE OF THE GIRLS #25	10.00
HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24	10.00
PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23	10.00
MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22	10.00
WOMAN'S WORK #21	10.00
THAT A GIRL #20	10.00
TIT FOR TAT #19	10.00
NEAR MISS #18	10.00
GOING A BROAD #17	10.00
DRESSED TO DANCE #16	10.00
FLIGHT OF FANCY #15	10.00
MAID UP #14	10.00
ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13	10.00
ALL DOLLED UP #12	10.00
NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11	10.00
SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10	10.00
JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9	10.00
LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8	10.00
PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7	10.00
CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6	10.00
Contemporary TV Fiction:	
PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW	10.00
DRESS or CONSCIENCE #72 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW	10.00
LAVENDAR & LACE I #70	10.00
DRESS UP DAY #69	10.00

..... SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #66	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRL(S) NOW! #61&62	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49 & 50	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48	10.00
..... MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)	20.00
..... FRILL OF IT ALL #38	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00
..... MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14	10.00
..... THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13	10.00
..... THE GIRL'S PART #12	10.00
..... THE NEW GIRL #11	10.00
..... FRENCH DRESSING #10	10.00
..... VOW OF FEMININITY #9	10.00
..... VIRGIN VOWS #8	10.00
..... CHANGING VOWS TOO #7	10.00
..... EXCHANGING VOWS #6	10.00
..... SLIP FOR A SKIRT #5	10.00
TRANSVESTITE Fiction Series	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00
SISSY'S SLIP	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00
..... HE'S SO SKIRT	NEW 10.00
TOTAL ORDER _____	
STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only)	_____
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)	_____
(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books)	_____
TOTAL ENCLOSED _____	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:	
SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC _____	exp / _____
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY _____	ST _____
	ZIP _____
..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08	