

## TV FICTION CLASSICS



# YEAR AMONG THE SISSIEST

*IF A SISSY IS GOING TO ACT LIKE A GIRL...  
WHY NOT TRAIN THEM TO BE JUST LIKE GIRLS?  
A STORY OF SISSIES BECOMING GIRLS.*

**VOLUME 96**

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**YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES I**

**DAVIS GETS A DRESS**

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## “YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES I”

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### **QUOTE BOARD**

“Men don't care about fashion. If they did, men would be running around, staring at skirts and blouses and trying to get a peek at the latest designs in lingerie.”

DAVIS GETS A DRESS

PART ONE

# YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES



Davis awoke to the sound of foghorns on San Francisco Bay groaning through his dorm room window. He opened his deep-blue eyes and was greeted by the sight of a generous bouquet of pink and magenta peonies cascading out of an

old orange juice bottle. Before going to sleep the night before he put them on the low wicker table near his bed, so their delicate fragrance would scent his dreams.

He sighed and rolled over on his back. His long hair fanned out on the pillow and he absently combed his fingers through the silky tangles. A few years ago he might have popped-up to go early surfing. But things were different now. The steady drum of the rain on the roof was hypnotic, and Davis stared at the ceiling.

He suddenly remembered the dream he had. He was standing before a class of students and he was wearing a navy blue pleated school uniform skirt that was so thin and light on his hips that he could barely feel it except when its' hem, and the hem of his lace hemmed half-slip that he wore under his skirt, swished about his legs.

For most boys that would have been a nightmare with the shame of everyone laughing at him. But not for Davis. It was a classroom of SFFA; "San Francisco Finishing Academy" and nobody was laughing. They were all just heaping praise.

Davis's hand went down to his pink sleep panties and he felt their silken softness and warmth. Panties... He was wearing panties and a baby doll nightgown.

Davis abruptly sat-up in bed. “Well, that was one dream that seems to be coming true. He got up and put on his pink nylon robe, tying the belt tight against his thin waist. The flowers on his table were from his Aunt as a “congratulations” on getting into the Academy.

Davis crouched down by his makeup table and looked at his face in the mirror, and then at the card from his Aunt. The little card was adorned with flowers and had a mild feminine scent to it.

“Dear Davis,” the card read. “You really are pretty and I know you will do well in school and in life! You are very special.”

Love,

*Aunt Jenny*

Jenny’s signature was a bold, feminine, flourish.

Davis was suddenly anxious and shivered a bit as he sat there at his makeup table in his frail silken panties and his pink satin bathrobe. All this had been a sobering experience, mainly because Davis had to face the fact that he was not like other boys. He was more like other girls...

## THE BEGINNING...

It was with Aunt Jenny that Davis first started dressing-up. She made Davis promise not to tell anyone and she encouraged him...bought him things and showed him the ropes (straps). Aunt Jenny gushed over him as if he was her own teenaged daughter.

Davis knew now he should have been more careful then -- but at the time he just went along with it and thought nothing about future ramifications. First there was lipstick, and makeup on weekends, and then the perfume that soon became a nightly ritual. Davis was learning to do routine things just like any girl.

It even began to get where Davis didn't feel he looked right in the morning unless he first 'put on his face'. But there was school and such, so mostly it was just weekends and nights.

It was all innocent fun...but one day Aunt Jenny started on his eyebrows. Davis should never have allowed the plucking. It pinched a lot but Aunt Jenny kept telling him that the results would be well worth it. But she got carried away and when she was finished, Davis looked at himself in the mirror and saw that he now had a pretty pair of thin, bewitching, highly arched feminine eyebrows.

Suddenly, even without the rest of his makeup and even if he was wearing boy's jeans and a shirt, people would still see him as

effeminate -- and with his long hair, maybe would even see him as a girl wearing boy's clothes. His plucked eyebrows seemed to be almost like a permanent brand that conveyed to any onlooker a message that said, "I'm feminine -- a Nancy-boy. I want to look like a girl."

For weeks after that, Davis was ever conscious at how people looked at his face and paranoid about them seeing him as a sissy. But he got used to it after time and the paranoia soon passed. He was almost getting to the point where he didn't even care what people thought when they saw him in public.

Aunt Jenny told him over and over, "Honey, people see what they want to see. If they perceive you as feminine, so what! Lots of boys and even men have feminine features that they inherited from their mother's genes. And be aware that such features in a male are commonly very attractive to young girls. Lots of girls prefer their boyfriends to be more feminine and soft looking -- and more sensitive -- as opposed to appearing and being rough and coarse and seemingly immune to sensation. Good grooming, hygiene and cleanliness, all very desirable things to women of all ages. No girl wants a dirty, gross boyfriend."

But look where that had gotten him! Davis sat up in bed, gently fingered a daisy blossom in the little vase next to him, and grabbed his towel -- and raced into the shower. The other

boys at the school had probably not yet even gotten out of bed. He put on fresh panties from his dresser drawer -- a pair of pink nylon full cut briefs with a bit of lace around the leg openings that he would wear for the day. Then he sat down on his bed to put on his pantyhose.

It was yet another girlish ritual that he had learned from his Aunt Jenny. Now with practice and his now femininely manicured fingers, he could with dexterity, skin his smooth legs into a pair of pantyhose literally in seconds. Most boys would find this ritual a struggle in frustration. But not Davis.

First, carefully each foot. Then, carefully roll the pantyhose up his shaven legs and smooth out any wrinkles while keeping them straight so the seams in the panty section would fit properly in front and back once he got them on and his pantyhose wouldn't be all twisted. Then fitting them over his hips and rump and making sure his 'thingy' (as his Aunt called it), was well tucked and hidden in its silken panty gusset. Perfect...just as Aunt Jenny had taught him so long ago.

While his school feminine wardrobe was basic, it had already been searched, scrutinized and gone over thoroughly with his baggage when he first arrived at the school -- where any and all items of male orientation were immediately removed for disposal. Any male oriented cosmetics, shaving crème, shampoos,

items of clothing, shoes, male oriented trinkets and certainly any male underwear were taken away to be thrown out.

Rule number one at the school was plain and simple and easy for all freshmen to understand: "NO PANTS ALLOWED, WHATSOEVER!"

In only pantyhose and panties and makeup, Davis went into another dresser drawer and selected his brassiere for the day. It was a snow-white Bali floral lace trimmed underwire with soft tricot cups that contained his silicone pads. He knew that the bra would someday cup and gently caress and protect incredibly sensitive, budding, estrogen-induced breasts.

### **AUNT JENNY....**

Davis came from a broken family. His father was husband number two for his mother. She birthed Davis and then moved on to husband number three, had a baby and moved on to number four. She was beautiful but a tramp.

His father was a hard working, successful, but narrow-minded businessman. Davis could tell that every time he looked at Davis, he was reminded of failure. He sent Davis to live with his unmarried sister while he traveled and took overseas positions.

The games began quickly. When Davis appeared without pajamas, she gave him a set of her nylon ones. They were a sheer blue with the top having overlapping lace trim and a Peter

Pan collar. The pants had an elastic waistband, and were very soft and sheer.

To Davis, they felt and smelled like his nylon nightgowns. When his Aunt made him admit he liked them, he suddenly had many sets of her nylon pajamas. She gave him nylon nightshirts and a nylon robe to match, and they were new.

“You bought these for me?” he asked.

“I can tell you like them,” she smiled. “And you look so pretty in them.”

“Pretty?” Davis gasped.

As Davis prepared for his school day, he thought about those early days with his Aunt. When he first started wearing nightgowns, it was embarrassing. For any genetic male who had never worn a nightgown before, it was a unique and different feeling. There was getting used to the straps, skirt, and bodice. But Aunt Jenny taught him to properly take care of pretty things.

Davis held the snow-white Bali bra up to his nipples and ever so gently fitted and nestled his budding femme breasts into the delicate, silken thin tricot cups. While managing to keep the bra against him in front, he reached back and easily attached the clasps. When he first started wearing a bra, this step was always a struggle until he learned the finger dexterity of working backwards. All girls had to master the hookup...few boys ever had to deal with it.

“This was the way to properly put on a bra,” Aunt Jenny had lectured him long ago, “so it doesn’t stretch it all out of shape like what happens when you try and cheat by putting the bra on backwards, attaching the clasps in front and sliding the bra around forwards. That’s something only lazy girls do,” Aunt Jenny told him. “Nothing will make a girl more irritated in the morning than to put on her best and most favorite brassiere only to find out that it had been stretched and torn at a seam -- or that a clasp had become torn -- because she abused her brassiere by putting it on wrong. Lingerie is expensive, honey.”

In fact, at this very moment in Davis’ bathroom was a wooden swing-out drying rack that contained his assortment of panties, nylon half-slips, pantyhose and brassieres that he had worn in previous days. He had hand washed the pretties and had hung them to drip dry over the shower/tub.

Anybody walking into Davis’s bath would certainly see nothing even resembling any male presence -- not with all the frillies hanging in there and not to mention all the feminine scented soaps and shampoos and cosmetics, too.

“I think I’ll just wear a simple skirt and sweater today,” Davis thought to himself. “Just something easy and simple in case I have to try on clothes, or have to strip in the nurse’s office.”

With that in mind, Davis went to another dresser drawer and selected a little nylon tricot half-slip with a little floral lace embellishment at the hem to wear under his skirt for the day. He remembered the first time Aunt Jenny put him into a half-slip -- and one that also had a hem of lace."

"Why the lace," he asked her. "Does everything have to have lace?"

"Well certainly," she responded. "Why not? The lace will make you feel pretty under your skirt and will remind you secretly that you are dressed prettily like a girl. Feeling pretty is being pretty," she said to him.

Of course she was right. Now, Davis would not dream of not having a pretty lace hem on any of his slips or half-slips. His collection of pretty lace hemmed petticoats and slips had become his feminine pride and joy. For some strange and unknown reason, Davis seemed to totally relish in the feeling of a pretty lace hem secretly swirling and swishing about his thighs underneath his skirt or dress. The sensations were a constant reminder that he was petticoated and pantied and dressed as a pretty, totally feminine, girl.

"Pretty is as pretty does," his Aunt would say.



**The sensations created by his dress were a constant reminder that he was pantied and was expected to act like a totally feminine young lady.**

He wriggled into his now favorite jean skirt -- skillfully attached the side zip and button and walked over to the dresser mirror where he pulled a fuzzy pink turtleneck over his head. Looking to see that everything was straight, and that no lace of his half-slip was showing, he set to work on his hair. With quick deliberate strokes of his brush, he smoothed it up and off the nape of his neck and within seconds had secured the thick brunette waves into a high ponytail using a little piece of pink ribbon tied into a pretty bow. He used a mirror to make sure it was perfect and it couldn't have been more girlish.

He remembered when he was small how his father always called some boys, even men, sissies. He cursed at the ones that seemed to bleat and cry and whine like little girls. Boys that were scaredy-cats. Afraid of a pitched baseball or getting dirty.

He'd say, "They ought to put a ribbon in his hair."

When Davis' Aunt Jenny first tied a ribbon into his tresses for the very first time, that very same thought certainly came to his mind. But for some unknown reason he just allowed her to put the ribbon in his hair. By then he was more than just sleeping in a nightgown.

Davis knew that he was just being feminine and 'expressing his most desirable feminine traits' as his Aunt always said. But maybe he

was simply a lightheaded sissy, derided by his father.

He tried to clear his head of any negative thoughts, as it just was going to be another of his first days at the Academy.

How tough could it be? His Aunt Jenny was his early instructor, and Davis couldn't imagine anyone stricter or more inspiring. She knew how to make Davis feel special and feminine. She taught him respect for being feminine. She was insisting and demanding, yet she was encouraging and approving.

There was no way Davis would be seen without bothering to put on makeup or earrings or lipstick anymore. There was no way that Davis would take big male strides when he walked anymore. Aunty had taught him how to walk daintily and properly like a lady and had broken him of ugly inborn male habits and mannerisms. He wouldn't sit in a chair slouched -- or with his knees not pressed together. Instead of bending forward at the waist like a male would do, Aunty taught him how to stoop like a girl in order to reach for something low or on the floor. Aunt Jenny called it "proper ladylike skirt management."

She told him, "There's a whole lot more to being feminine and being like a lady than just putting on a skirt or a dress. You have to learn to act and even think feminine." She constantly drilled him. Every time she caught him

exhibiting the tiniest inborn male mannerism, Aunt Jenny made him correct the mannerism immediately.

This meant many an evening of walking from one side of a room to another. He learned to take smaller feminine steps and to “not walk like a plumber” as Aunt Jenny frequently said.

He learned to stoop properly down to get something low and how to seat himself in a chair in a gracious and ladylike manner. To not “slouch like a lazy cowboy” as she said. He could sit for hours with his hands folded daintily in his skirted lap -- or while holding his purse in his lap -- with his stockinged knees tightly together like a proper lady. He was “not a stevedore” as Aunty liked to analogize.

The training in getting his mannerisms right took weeks of constant vigil and drilling by his Aunt Jenny. At some point, there was no turning back. His girlishness was becoming almost subconscious and second nature.

It had gotten to the point where even if Davis was wearing slacks, he'd still seat himself like a lady, smoothing the back of his slacks with his hand before he sat down like a lady in a skirt would do -- and sitting with his knees kept together, hands in his lap, erect and never slouched or slumped.

When he walked down the street, even in jeans, Davis would take smaller strides and put one foot in front of the other carefully like a

proper lady would walk. His hands were kept above his waist and never allowed to hang down “like a gorilla” as Aunt Jenny would say.

Davis’ Aunt Jenny was a refined, meticulous woman who was as meticulous about her lingerie as she was about her outer clothes. When Davis started wearing panties, they were as lovely as she could afford. Whether they were lacy or tailored, Davis had to show respect for these flimsy garments. His Aunt said, “Plain boy-type of underwear provides better wear. But if you want to wear my kind, I’ll show you how.”

“Sure,” Davis said. He was hooked and loved the feel of the delicates.

Every night, he would hand wash the panties he wore during the day. He used a gentle detergent and hung them in the shower to dry. In the morning, when the panties were dry, he put them in my drawers or lay a pair out on the bed for later. He learned that hand-washing his delicates on a daily basis kept his panties fresh and like new, especially the more frilly ones with lace panels.

His Aunt did offer to buy him some more utilitarian, even boy styles of panties but the pretty, lacy ones instantly reminded of why he liked wearing them in the first place. They were girlie and his to wear. He liked seeing them hanging in his bathroom.

On his birthday, his father sent Aunt Jenny some money for clothes. His Aunt went shopping and said, "I decided your father should splurge on some new pretties for you."

"Pretties?" Davis looked at the many pastel boxes. He opened one of the small boxes. "Oh my," he said, pulling out a very frilly pair of panties. They were pink, lacy with a touch of naughtiness. Made of pink lace laid over pink nylon, the panties were guaranteed to feel great against the wearer's skin.

"You like," she smiled?

"Wow, dad bought these?" he asked.

"He sent the money."

"These are like yours." Aunt Jenny was a woman who had different panties for different occasions. There were work panties and panties for dressy or romantic occasions. These were like real women's panties, feminine, sophisticated and stylish. Davis' fingers went over the flirty front chiffon panel with a lace nylon flower print.

"I love them," he blushed. "I know I shouldn't be...."

She interrupted, "You're just learning to like what women like. No harm there."

Davis opened another little box and found another pair of panties. And then another.

"It's about time you had some of your very own," she said. "Open the biggest box first, then

the next large box. The smaller boxes are just more panties.”

Davis’ jaw must have dropped when he opened the box. There were bras, really grown-up, A-cup brassieres that matched the panties. He looked up at his Aunt.

She laughed, “They were having a bra and panty sale. The bras were basically free.”

“What do I do with them?”

“They go with the panties. I’ll show you how to wear them.” She opened her blouse a bit and showed him she was wearing the exact style. “These are the most comfortable bras I’ve ever worn.”

Davis knew that a lot of girls hated wearing bras and that their mothers made them wear them.

“And you thought I’d want to wear one?”

“I know you liked the panties. Girls your age have started to develop breasts. I thought you might like to start wearing a bra around the house.”

Davis looked down and saw the bras, each wrapped in tissue paper. “It might be fun to try them.” Davis didn’t remember what else he said, but he remembered blushing as he reached into the pink box and pulled out a bra and played with the straps.

“Dad would kill me,” he smiled.

“Me, for sure,” she laughed. His Aunt explained how the straps were adjustable. “You’ll have to try it on, Dear.”

Davis removed his top and his undershirt. His Aunt held the bra in front of him and he put his arms through the straps. He tried to fasten the back, but couldn’t. His Aunt laughed and fastened the back. She showed him where to put his fingers, so he could do it himself. She snugged the shoulder straps until they were almost too tight.

“How does it feel?”

“It’s OK,” Davis answered. “Actually, it feels kind of strange, but good, at the same time.”

When he looked in the mirror, he had bumps that looked a higher and bigger. The elastic cups pulled against his chest. He put one of his thinnest, cotton T-shirts.

By the end of the day, the novelty of wearing a bra wore off a bit. Davis mentioned that he was ready to take it off to his Aunt. She laughed, “Not yet, honey.”

Davis looked at her funny.

She smiled, “With your new figure, you can now try wearing a dress, high heels and maybe even some makeup?”

“Like a girl?”

“Yes, honey. JUST like a girl. You obviously think it’s fun to wear sexy lingerie. It is! And doesn’t that brassiere make you feel

feminine? My guess, once I get you into a dress, you'll be hooked."

"What are you suggesting? Turn me into a woman?"

"We can just make you just LIKE a woman. I'll teach you to shave your legs, do your hair and everything."

"You're kidding?" Davis asked.

She wasn't.

The next day, at an age when most boys are going through the experience of needing their first jock strap for sports, Davis and his Aunt were making room in his drawers for the new additions. While he was used to seeing panties and nightgowns, the brassieres and the new mounds on his chest were a little disquieting.

Shaving his legs was a big move. There was no way to hide smooth legs in gym. "Honey," his Aunt said, "If we are going to try to make you feel like a girl, it's probably not a good idea to have you undress in front of boys. I'll get you out of gym."

"Seriously?"

"When I'm done with you, around naked boys you'll worry about getting pregnant."

"You're kidding?"

"I am," she laughed. "But I think we can get you pretty close. You game?"

"Where do we start?"

“Between your ears,” she said gently. “You’re very girlish and we just need to get you thinking like a girl.”

“I really liked wearing panties,” he admitted.

“You’ll be wearing panties...and dresses, and slips, and doing your hair.”

“I’m willing to try to it for a while.”

“Honey, that won’t work. Girls don’t have a choice about being girls. I’m afraid that once we get going, becoming like a boy again will be difficult. Girls don’t love their panties the way you do now. Before long, panties will just be what you wear under your dresses.”

Davis gasped, “I must be nuts?”

His Aunt said with a smile, “I know you can do it. Before you know it, you’ll be doing your hair, makeup and have drawers full of pretty nylon, satin, and lace lingerie to choose from and wear everyday.”

“The brassieres too?”

“Everyday, all day,” she laughed.

Davis looked down at his chest. The bra fit well creating nicely projecting breasts. He felt the bizarre impression of having girlish breasts and doubted if he’d ever get used to the sensation of pert breasts straining against his top. His face flushed; nervously his hips shifted on the seat cushion, aware of the nylon of his panties.

Davis glanced furtively at his Aunt to see if she was actually teasing him. But she was

actually taking his boy underwear out of his drawers. She said, "You won't be needing these! Quit squirming. You look so tense."

He sighed, "I'm just a little nervous and wondering if I'll really like doing girl things."

"Well, probably not everything. It'll take some time, some things are embarrassing and you'll be apprehensive to do them. But I'll take a lot of time with you. You'll probably struggle a little, but without actually forcing you... well, I'll be very determined to... to shall we say, make you succeed."

'Succeed...' The word, its very connotation, sent a quiver up his spine.

With soft knowing words, she added, "Being a girl is much better than being an effeminate boy. I know you can do this...young lady." She went about picking out an outfit.

A rush of emotion hit Davis' squirmy stomach. The next hour was a whirl of activity. His Aunt coached him on how to shave his legs and take a bubble bath. Laid out on his bed was lingerie and a simple little housedress. Davis was left alone to do his best getting dressed. It seemed like fun but he knew if it was absolutely horrible, he could back out.

Davis put on the nicest panties and matching bra and managed, after some struggle, to get it hooked in back. He was pretty sure he did it right. The slip, and the dress, was a little

awkward to get on but he was pleasantly surprised by the fact that it was not really uncomfortable and even felt fairly nice. He didn't know how to describe it, but he felt sort of like a lady. The full slinky slip added to the sensuousness.

In his lingerie, slip and dress, Davis looked in the mirror. It was strange to see himself fitting so well into a dress.

His Aunt came in and was pleased to find him already dressed. She made a few comments about how his figure was different in a dress. She said, "With the bra and dress, you have a very attractive and girlish figure. Yes, this is the right thing for you."

Davis stood in front of the mirror and began to wiggle a little to get his skirt to move. His Aunt was smiling at him and was being very flattering and encouraging.

He lifted his skirt at one point, high enough to see his panties, and she chided, "Young lady!"

Davis blushed beet red and yanked his skirt down quickly.

Aunt Jenny seriously asked, "SO? Are you still ready for this?"

"I'm surprised at how nice it feels to wear a dress."

"I'm going to write to your father for more money," she smiled, "and we are going to blow his money on the prettiest dresses!"

It was only a week later that a large check arrived. Aunt Jenny laughed, "Your father must really feel guilty!"

The idea of buying dresses was incredibly exciting to Davis. He didn't feel like a girl, but it didn't seem funny wearing a dress. He didn't know if he felt feminine, or maybe even like a sissy. Not that there's anything wrong with feeling like a sissy.

His Aunt said, "Sissyish or not, you need to feel feminine and do everything that girls do."

"I'll try my best."

"And remember, you're young and the boys are going to be trying to get under your skirts. That's the way the boy/girl thing works. You are going to be the girl."

Davis felt his heart pumping. "I... I guess that's okay," he mumbled in confusion.

She saw his face flush at the knowledge that boys might want him. Embarrassed, his eyes shifted away. But there was no way to avoid the dilemma. Davis would either do his best to fit into society as an attractive woman or he might as well give-up. Little shivers ran up his back as he sat playing with the hem of his skirt.

His breasts were pushing against the smooth, tight fabric of his dress. Davis knew his Aunt was right, he couldn't just go around dressed as a girl, he had to think like a girl. He would have to want men to think he was attractive.

Davis broke the tension. "Maybe you should start saving for my wedding dress?" He arched his back to emphasize his breasts.

"That's the right attitude," she smiled. "My bet is that whether you marry a man or a woman, you will need that wedding dress."

"You really seem to think I'm hopelessly gone as a male, don't you?"

Jenny said, "Honey, your lipstick needs touching up."

Davis jumped before he realized she was teasing. She continued, "You finding the right girl will be much more difficult than finding the right guy. When I'm done with you, you'll feel like a beautiful young woman. Men will find you attractive, and you will enjoy their attention. From there, you just need to loosen up and take pleasure in your femininity. Now let's get rid of this boy stuff."

Easily as a gardener snatching up a pile of leaves, she began taking piles of Davis' boy clothes and putting them in piles.

In a futile gesture, Davis suggested that some of his jeans and t-shirts might work as girl's clothes.

"No way would a girl be caught in these things."

Davis sat and again pulled the skirt down over his bare knees. Jenny produced a couple large garbage bags and in went his boy's white cotton underpants.



**Davis and his Aunt Jenny. She was showing him the ropes; actually straps, lace, bows and ribbons.**

In his drawer, the jockeys were replaced by a thick pile of thin, colorful panties.

The sight of the panties took his breath away and his fingers felt through his skirt at the ones he was wearing.

He heard his voice gasp and felt his lips quivering, "Are you sure what we are doing is right? Can you really make me like a girl?"

"You?" she said. "Look at you. You are much more like a girl than a boy."

It was an emotional mingling of gasps of excitement and astonishment as the full realization tumbled through his mind... this was no longer a game of teasing words, sneaking around in panties and nightgowns.

Suddenly Davis was firmly on the road to femininity. Jenny was determined to make Davis into the girl of his dreams. Squirming with anxiety, his pulse pounding, he watched her begin with his closet. He began to help her; his skirt flared as he moved about with smooth shaved legs and put the disarray of boy's clothing into bags.

Davis fumbled about, still not used working in a skirt with prominent breasts, and covering his thighs was a half-hearted and feeble effort. Jenny continued to ignore his little gasps of protest while she eliminated every one of his 'boy things'.

Like a netted butterfly swept from the blue of a tropical sky, his life was being taken to a

different world while he timidly accepted his fate.

As if Jenny was trapping a moth, she flashed the pretty bright colors of nylon at Davis, chatting about his future as a girl. “The boys are going to love you as a girl!”

His blushing only encouraged her. He said, “You’re beginning to scare me. I just like playing dress-up.”

She noticed his eyes, they were staring straight over to the mirror on the wall, checking out his girlish reflection.

She laughed, “Oh, honey, you see it in the mirror too, right?”

“Ohhh, I don’t know...” His voice lowered to barely a whisper.

“You see it too. You see a feminine reflection that needs lipstick and a pretty dress.

Davis wasn’t sure. His eyes pleaded for help making sense. “I shouldn’t... ohhh... I don’t know...”

“It’s going to very exciting dear... I’m going to teach you how to do all the sweet little things we women get to do each day, all day, everyday....”

The offer was just too good.

### **That was years ago....**

In his school dorm room, Davis carefully prepared himself for the rest of the day at school. Once put together, Davis learned not to

be vain. Lipstick was only refreshed in a ladies' room. Stockings, skirt hems, or errant bra straps were only straightened in a private place, or in the ladies' room.

Lastly, Davis slipped into a pair of hemp, mid-heeled sandals and grabbed his purse. Once together and composed, Davis went down the hall and banged on Montana's door -- his new friend who had already been at the school for one semester -- and walked in.

He winced when he saw Montana standing in front of the full-length mirror on his closet door, wearing only a bra and petal pink panties. It was almost time for a class and he wasn't even dressed yet.

"I feel so fat!" he moaned.

"It's just the hormones." Davis tried not to look annoyed and tried to not look amazed at seeing Montana's plump, fat, jigging, most feminine looking behind.

Montana wriggled into a matching pink lace-hemmed half-slip, and his favorite little day dress, and walked over to the dresser. Davis liked that kind of day dress -- a puff sleeved, full skirted, simple A-line dress. It was not overly feminine but pretty, practical, functional and comfortable.

"I feel out of control. I wish I could be a boy again," Montana moaned.

Davis just listened. When Montana paced; the skirt of his dress moved about his smooth

legs and rippled about his fat pantied rump. His chubby fanny wiggled from under the thin layer of his dress -- against his panties and slip -- as he minced around and put on some fresh creamy, rose-colored lipstick.

Davis eyed his friend critically. He was actually getting maybe too round from the hormones. His bottom was full and plump but looked good in the dress. Just as Davis was about to warn Montana not to gain too much weight, Montana said, "I just want to put on my nightie and go back to bed...but..."

Montana sighed, sat down on his bed and rolled a stretchy pair of cinnamon colored pantyhose over his shaven legs and up and his full, round, pantied hips.

On Montana's pantied front, Davis could discern absolutely no evidence of anything between Montana's legs other than a smoothed over, silken pink panty vee. Montana looked just like a girl in front.

Davis wolf whistled softly under his breath and said, "The boys are going to be all over that one of these days, honey!"

Montana's smiled, even with the still slight humiliation as being called a "honey" and then turned it into a concerned frown.

"Montana, what's wrong? I thought you'd be thrilled?"

Montana pirouetted in front of the mirror to get a look at his bottom. He clasped his hands

in front of him and felt the softness of his belly and the absolute emptiness in the front of his silky panties, and gave a nervous giggle. He cleared his throat to cover his uneasiness. He'd tried to keep his feelings to himself, but his fears about the school and about what he was evolving into had been building. Suddenly Davis was sure he was going to cry, and Montana bent over to hide his face.

"It's just the hormones," Davis comforted. "They're making you feel that way."

"I'm all for wearing dresses all the time," Montana said slowly, "but I don't know about being a real woman. Sometimes I like being a sissy-boy and doing girls things just for fun."

Davis' eyes grew big with surprise. "That's why we are here, dear. Just relax. It'll all be okay, honey."

"Yeah," Montana admitted reluctantly, slightly humiliated at being called a 'honey' again. He felt somewhat more comfortable now that his feelings were better under control.

"They say that the first year a boy is here at SFFA, they realize they don't know a thing about being a girl," Davis added.

"I'm only eighteen," Montana said emphatically. "I really feel like I let my father down."

"Don't be stupid!" Davis scoffed. "You make too pretty a girl for your father to give you a hard time."

“My father thinks I’m crazy. He even called me a sissy and a pansy until my mother told him to quit calling me names,” Montana responded while he brushed his long, unruly hair away from his face with his hand. “Mom always knew how to whip him into place.” He broke into a sheepish grin and began to do his makeup.

“Well, can you blame him?” Davis countered. “Just look at yourself standing there in a frail dress with lingerie underneath. Of course you may look like a sissy to those that know you as a boy. But to those that don’t know you, you look like a girl. And besides, who cares what anybody thinks?”

Montana let out a long sigh and went off on yet another hormone induced tangent. “And... some of the boys here are really stuck-up bitches.”

They both laughed at that thought. Davis had seen some of them already, too. Davis had been considered one of the best new femmes at the Academy, although he hadn’t been quite as convinced as everyone else about his promise.

“Are you going to hurry, or what? I don’t want to be late for class.”

Montana nodded vigorously and quickly brushed some blush on his cheeks. “I hate Health class. I heard we all get shots again this week. That’s all I need!”

Davis giggled wickedly, “Spare me! Are you really thinking about becoming a boy again?”

“Maybe?”

In spite of his own worries about the Academy’s hormone therapy, Davis was surprised to hear the news about the hormone shots. Many of the boys were already on estrogen when they arrived but the Academy had their own treatment. Getting estrogen injections would be much more profound and would certainly lay waste to any inborn maleness at a much more accelerated pace than just taking pills.

Montana checked his thin girlish wristwatch and grabbed a brush from the makeup table. He pulled it through his tangled curls once, tossed it aside, and reached for a box full of hairpins. He talked more quickly now. “Have you taken a good look at some of the Seniors?”

“I know, I know,” Davis said impatiently. “They all look and act like girls.” Feelings for what was certainly going to be happening to him were sometimes confusing. On the one hand, he loved the freedom to wear what he loved, but on the other, there was a loss of self-determination -- with a loss of identity.

Davis looked at Montana who pursed his lips and blotted his lipstick. “The problem, you see,” Montana said, “one does not know if they will really like being a girl for real until he’s too far over-the-top and it’s too late... I don’t like having cycles and feeling pregnant.”

“Oh, would you stop worrying. The estrogen you have taken so far hasn’t been so bad, has it? And you won’t be getting pregnant or having real menstrual periods, either. Trust me.”

Montana paused and stuffed a handful of hairpins between his pink lips. He continued to mumble as he struggled to work his wild hair into a reasonably neat, long braid. He said, “It’s not as though we were ever studs and God’s gift to the girls.”

“Don’t remind me,” Davis said with a tight laugh. “But we have been into more girls’ panties than any of those macho guys that used to laugh at us.”

Montana had to laugh at that. Neither boy had much time for girls in high school, even if they should have been interested. To them both, girls were more helping friends and an avenue for support more than anything else. If they looked at girls, it was strictly from admiration and envy. There was homework to be done, and helping the women around the house....

Davis stood. “Hey, come on, we’ve got to get to class.”

Montana jumped-up. He poked his head in front of his dresser mirror and shrieked, “Okay, girl, here we go!”

As they walked to class, their feminine heels clicked on the hallway tile. There was something about Montana, the delicate dark-haired boy that was so familiar. He was

wearing that girlishly cut day dress that swished about as he walked and his braided hair was flowing down his back. His fleshy, pantied fanny jiggled enticingly with every step.

Suddenly Davis gaped at Montana. “Wow, I just realized that you look like one of the popular cheerleaders that went to my school.” Davis’s voice was full of wonder. “You’ve got the same curly dark hair and round blue eyes. You even walk like a cheerleader!”

Davis got a glimpse of Montana’s cheeks going scarlet. Montana gathered his braid in both his hands and yanked out the rubber band allowing his long hair to flow into a rather curly style that looked freshly curled. “No one’s ever told me that before,” he suddenly exclaimed, “but, lot’s of boys have long dark hair and blue eyes and walk like a cheerleader...at least here they do.”

Davis grinned. “You really do look like her. Her name was Twila. No wonder I like you so much.”

“Oh yeah?” Montana arched his eyebrows and teased, “Did you ever want Twila...I mean like a boy?”

“She was dating several guys on the football team but I was a bit obsessed with her -- just her looks and what she wore and how she carried herself.”

Montana teased, “I had a thick scrapbook filled with photo clippings of a dark haired girl I

liked...to this day, I still want to be just like her.”

Davis flashed a knowing grin and folded his arms across his budding chest. “Tell me. You adored her because you wanted to look like her!”

“Not a bad theory,” Montana said, cool and curt. “So if you’d had Twila, you wouldn’t be turning into a girl now?”

“I guess I cut out the middleman,” Davis laughed. But he stood a bit dumbfounded and studied his friend. In the few days he had known Montana, they had become close. They shared what normally wouldn’t be shared with a stranger.

“I’m sorry, Davis. I didn’t mean to make fun of you,” he apologized. “I’ve got a dumb tummy ache. Probably the hormones again.”

“Uh, yeah. The hormones,” Davis mumbled. Five minutes ago Montana had been her usually bubbly self. Then nausea and some hot flashes and some wishy-washy tangents had come on very suddenly. It was all part of being feminized.

Davis gave his friend a sidelong glance. Even Davis hadn’t been acting like himself lately. But there was little time to worry. He slung his purse on his shoulder, and they hurried to their first class.

Classes....

The training courses were all specifically designed to focus on femininity. Courses focused

on creating experts in makeup, hair styling and other female interests -- which included film, fashion, catwalk, weddings, dance, photography, dressmaking, interior decorating, and floral arrangement. But there were more serious classes...feminine health, hygiene and mental health classes.

The halls had begun to fill. Up and down the narrow halls of the brownstone building, boys were scurrying to class in an assortment of coed outfits -- mostly short skirts and sweaters. Most wore high heels so the sound of clicking was the dominant sound along with all the squealing and chattering.

Davis was digging into his purse for his day's schedule. He asked Montana, "Do you have 'Introduction to Housekeeping' in Room 204?"

Mrs. Simpson -- a 40ish SFFA graduate who was also the Head Housekeeping Supervisor at one of San Francisco's finest hotels, taught the class.

Mrs. Simpson always wore a black, A-line maid's uniform that was hemmed below the knee; complete with a white waist apron, maid's cap and even a nametag -- nylons and black mid-heeled comfort pumps.

One could see that she was wearing a lace trimmed full slip underneath from the way her slip and bra straps and the outline of her lace hem showed through the thin fabric of her

maid's dress. Her graying light brown hair was done in a conservative neck length page.

Davis found out later that the "Mrs." was because she was married...to a woman! In fact, the woman's spouse was the executive manager of the hotel. Yes they had completely switched roles.

"Good morning girls!" she gushed at them. In this school, everyone was addressed as girls even though they were all boys. No concessions, and no exceptions! "This is an introduction and orientation class to Housekeeping, Homemaking, and perhaps a life in Maid Service. Advanced classes are available as you progress in your feminine education"

"Mrs. Simpson" could only be perceived as a woman. Her walk, clothes, and manner were submissive in approach. The white blouse was filled out by a more than adequate set of breasts.

Instead of standing at a lectern, Mrs. Simpson pulled out a little wireless microphone and began a slide show while began walking among the boys.

Davis noted that she was very good-looking for an older woman. In fact all the instructors were very attractive. There was still enough male in Davis to recognize a good-looking woman.

Mrs. Simpson said, "I understand what you all are feeling. Most of you see yourselves as future super models and not housekeepers. But

most of you will end up doing a lot more housekeeping than cat walking....”

Davis was impressed. This man seemed so womanly...not just his very attractive figure, but also his mannerisms. He appeared to be womanlier than most females. Davis would have never guessed Mrs. Simpson was once a guy.

The one thing that surprised Davis the most was that ‘he’ was married to a woman. Mrs. Simpson showed a few pictures of himself and his wife, which were taken at work, at dinner, and at home. They could have been sisters or girlfriends.

Mrs. Simpson said, “In my day-to-day relationship with my wife, I do the girl things. She makes more money than me and at work; she is the boss. If I hadn’t met her, I’d probably have married a man.... I lead a simple feminine life that is pretty special.”

Going on, “Each of you will complete the homemaking curriculum and could even take the Special Programs for Maid Service. You would graduate and know Maid Service and be qualified to become a full time housekeeper or hotel maid -- or as a personal lady’s assistant. That is IF your super model career fails.”

Few of the boys laughed. The curriculum included progressive courses in cooking, house keeping, cleaning, ironing, laundry, mannerisms and customs, uniform care and courses in

service of all kinds from day-to-day service in a private residence to formal dinner service for a hotel banquet. Some students went on to a career as either a personal assistant -- usually as a ladies' maid for a professional woman, such as women doctors, lawyers, corporate senior managers -- or as a career in hotel occupations, such as that of a maid, room attendant, laundry room attendant, banquet server, and the like.

"That's how I met my wife," Mrs. Simpson smiled.

Montana whispered to Davis, "I'm not wearing some maid's uniform and cleaning house! I'd rather be a wife!"

"Or a supermodel," Davis teased.

Montana whispered, "Doing dishes or changing beds is not my idea of a fun way to spend the day or to be a girl. I have enough trouble just getting my makeup on and getting into a skirt and blouse in the morning."

"That couldn't be all that bad working for a rich lady," Davis commented. "You get to live in a mansion, you get all your room and board and clothing paid for, plus medical benefits and a salary -- for what really is only light work. Beats the heck out of working under a car or digging ditches. You'd travel with the woman."

"Yeah, from your spot inside a hot kitchen or from the bathroom you have to clean, or the hallway floor you have to scrub. You won't be

seeing the Eiffel Tower or the Louvre. No thanks. Not for me,” Montana shrugged.

The bell rang.

“Well, I have Health in ‘T’ Studio, wherever that is, Davis said to Montana.”

“They call it Health and Hygiene. That’s where they usually hand out the regular appointments to get our shots and our exams. Ugh! I don’t even mind the shots anymore except how they are making my fanny get so wide and fat...my skirts barely fit me anymore.”

“You think I’ll get fat too?” Davis asked innocently.

“Only thing that shrinks from those hormone shots is your prostate and your....”

“I’ve taken estrogen,” Davis said proudly. I took some my Aunt gave me to prevent my beard from starting.”

“Not like what they give you here,” Montana giggled girlishly.

Seeing Davis with a dark hair on his chin, she said, “Oh honey, that won’t do.”

Along with his Aunt, part of his nightly routine was taking a Tri-Phasic birth control pill. The very light dose pills were in a little 28-day package. There were different levels of female hormones for three weeks (white, light blue and dark blue pills) and ending with no hormones for one week (green pills).

Girlishly, he took the little pills every evening and like magic, the few hair on his chin

disappeared. But his nipples started to swell and get extremely tender -- to where even a thin cotton T-shirt would chafe and irritate.

"It's that part of the cycle," his Aunt said. That's why we women wear something like a tricot-cupped bra to protect the tenderness so they aren't so irritated and itchy all the time."

Davis moaned, "I shouldn't even be having a cycle or taking those pills."

She interrupted, "...or wearing panties or nightgowns or lipstick. You really want to give it all up?"

The SFFA felt the way toward making estrogen safe for the boys was not by watering the dosage but by mimicking the way nature uses it. Not many pills. Injections made the Estradiol enter the body directly, never touching the mouth or stomach. Like healthy young women, they mimicked the natural hormone ups and downs. Each boy would have smooth and steady cycles of estrogen, progesterone and male hormone blockers.

"So, are you are getting a shot today? I have 'Family Relationships' next," added Montana. "They make me talk about my father. Yuck..."

"I don't want to talk about my father," Davis moaned.

Montana said, "I think I'll skip Relationships and get all dressed up and go shopping at Union Square. That always makes me feel better...."



**Montana had had enough of school for the day. What he needed was a shopping trip to take his mind off all the intense training to be like a girl.**

## **Dad or DADDY?**

In the second month of Davis' first summer in dresses, another disaster struck. Davis had been working in the kitchen one afternoon with his Aunt -- learning how to bake home-made bread from scratch. Out of nowhere, his father suddenly walked in the front door. He had just returned from an eleven-month overseas work assignment. Of course, like any father, he expected to find his son maybe out in the yard throwing a football or baseball -- or maybe even cutting the lawn. But no.

He walked in to find his son in the kitchen with a frilly flounced white cotton apron around his waist and wearing a pastel blue, full skirted, short-sleeved, thin cotton shirt dress, and women's mid-heel navy blue pumps -- and with his hair in a pony tail with a pink scrunchie.

He could only look at his now lipsticked son, freeze in his tracks from the shock of what he was seeing and say, "What the hell is this? You are wearin' a dress?"

An argument started between his father and his Aunt. Davis retreated but his father caught him and yanked up his dress to reveal his white lace hemmed full slip and his matching white garterbelt, stockings and his snow white, lace trimmed sissy pants.

"Wearin' panties too, for God's sakes! What has your Aunt done to you?" He said seriously,

“Son, do you know what happens to boys like you?”

Davis didn't answer just somehow managed to push down his light blue cotton dress and his slip and retreat farther away before running upstairs to his room in total shame. He lay down on his bed, in tears of shame now, and listened to the rest of their argument before his father yelled, “Hell with it.” -- and simply left the way he had come through the front door.

That was the last time Davis saw his father. His Aunt learned later that he moved to Brazil and was working another overseas project. He was now gone from Davis's life. The only time Davis heard his name was when they got the monthly court ordered child support checks from the trust fund that was sending them.

### **HEALTH CLASS....**

The teacher was Dana Roberts, perhaps the most beautiful of the instructors. Each one of the boys had to stand up and tell a little about themselves and how they came to be at SFFA. Most were very shy and hated it. It was humiliating for some who had to stand and announce, “Hi. My name is Lennie and I'm here to become all the girl I can be”

Davis loved it and he loved pretending he was on stage, telling the story of his Aunt, graciously acknowledging her influence and thanking the SFFA for being there.

One by one, the boys stood up and told what brought them to the Academy. "My mother sent me here," one boy said, "because I was always getting into trouble."

Another boy who was already going by the feminine name of Alice stood up before the class, wearing a swishy, full skirted, maroon floral, silky polyester shirtwaist that was hemmed youthfully just above his knees -- and wearing black patent leather high-heeled pumps. He told how his mother and sister had put him into panties as punishment -- and when they saw how the panties mellowed him out and controlled his rebellion, they added a dress, slip, apron and household chores. Pretty soon he was wearing dresses and skirts and panties and nylons full time.

Most of the boys were there to refine themselves physically and mentally so they could go on living and working in a feminine role.

For Davis and a few of the other boys, it would be their first cycle of injections. For others, it was just boosters. All would find themselves on an examination table in the school nurse's office with their dress and slip raised up in back and their panties lowered to receive their first jab of estrogens into their bottom cheeks. Montana had told Davis, "They give you a nice plump girlish bottom, so your panties fit better."

Both Davis and Montana felt like there was an express train speeding away towards a dark and forbidding tunnel -- and on into a strange, new world on the other side of that tunnel -- with a good chance of never returning. And they were both on it. They both had first class seats.

Near the end of the class, Dana Roberts pulled out papers and called each boy's name to come up and get their first appointment with the school nurse. It was just another round of "firsts". Being a girl was full of them.

### **FIRST JAB....**

Davis remembered his first week at the Academy. Mostly there were just orientation assemblies, evaluations, and class assignments. Right off the bat, everything was moving along quickly, maybe too quickly.

Now Davis walked through the campus to the Chrissie Hall Clinic. Even before he spotted the hastily printed "*Attire meets attitude.*" sign with an arrow underneath, Davis figured out where to go. There were no other boys in sight, but from an open door at the end of the room he heard a chorus of voices and a high-pitched squeal. He slipped into the room, after reading a sign that said, "*Take a seat.*" Davis could hear a conversation. A student was getting a shot with female hormones, and Davis knew he was next.

While sitting, his legs crossed girlishly, Davis was apprehensive. These weren't just the "pop an occasional pill" estrogens to soften his skin. This was no-nonsense, hard-core feminization -- "chemical castration" some who were in the know called it. It was just like having testicles surgically removed he had heard.

The estrogens would shrink everything, so the sacs were empty and the supporting seminal vessels would all but dry-up. The results were startling. The older boys that he had seen in the hallways looked rounded, soft and womanish instead of being flat and thin shaped like a male. He might get a fat butt like Montana.

Injections, of course, would accelerate the feminization process and all but eliminate any further need for ingestion of estrogen pills. It would be like a 75/25 mix with twenty-five percent of it in the fast-acting injections along with seventy-five percent of it being the slow and steady acting estrogen pellets. The slow dissolving pellets would soon take over the hormone system.

Within weeks, Davis was told, he could expect marked budding of breasts and even gradual widening of hips and plumping of bottoms and thighs -- just like a teenaged girl turning into a young woman.

Davis listened hard but could barely hear the soft voices; soothing voices. The nurses voices that would introduce him to female hormones.

Davis waited for his turn...as the student before him had done.

He heard a squealing coming from the exam room where they were fixing-up the student before him.

Suddenly a nurse came out and said, "Are you Davis? We are almost ready for you."

The other student was suddenly being led out. He heard a nurse say, "You'll feel better in a day or two, honey. Morning nausea is normal and in a few weeks your breasts should start coming in. They will probably itch a little for a while, maybe even be very sensitive. With these pellets, you will remain hormonally stable at female levels for 6 months! This eliminates some of the mood swings that occur when your boy hormones clash and drop during the first couple months."

Davis really had little idea of what they were even talking about. All he knew was that he was here as ordered and the shots were strictly required.

It was suddenly Davis' turn.... A middle aged, stern looking graying haired nurse appeared and took Davis back into a private exam room where there was an exam table with stirrups for examining women and a counter with various medical instruments and bottles of injectable medicines.

Also on the table was a large tube of lubricating jelly, a bottle of crème of some sort

and what appeared to look like a series of plastic applicators that almost resembled a tampon inserter only filled with some kind of fluid.

"I've taken some estrogen before," Davis informed.

"I see... but not like these," the nurse added matter-of-factly. "After some months, and probably by the end of your first year here, you may not even need your gaff. Your little thingie will just soften to near nothingness."

Just the thought of that made Davis shiver. But he had heard that there was absolutely no pain and that it just happened.

"Is that necessary?" Davis asked nervously.

"What, you want to stand to pee?" the nurse laughed sarcastically. "No, you'll be happier knowing that you have to sit in the ladies' room like the rest of us. You're little panties will fit better, honey. Let me walk you through the procedure and the legal stuff..."

Davis was shown some pictures of the outcome of treatment. They were graphic and showed before and after progressions. Some things were shriveled; other things were rounded out and softened. Hips were widened. Arms were thinned and weakened. Legs were fattened at the upper thigh but more thin and elastic below the knees. All the subjects in the photos looked much better in bra and panties as the hormone treatments progressed -- as Davis noticed how their panties looked so naturally

womanish in front with the appearance of rounded bellies and almost nothing between their legs except a sweet panty gusset vee.

Many of the boys had already been on some kind of hormone therapy but few were completely feminized and emasculated. Some, while still just a little bit chubby, would be given a strict low-carb and no-sugar diet along with an exercise program to reduce their waistlines while not building male muscle mass anywhere else.

Under the estrogens, arms, shoulders and wrists would smooth out as the legs and hips became rounded. With the new proportions, all would soon walk and move with complete natural girlish ease in even the highest of heels and the shortest and tightest and most hobbling of skirts. When they walked, one would hear the click, click of their feminine heels along with the sweet zinging, swishy sound of nylon rubbing against nylon on their plumped upper thighs. And with their weakened arms and shoulders, all the boys would soon be completely frail, weakened and girlish in mannerisms.

The nurse mentioned “androgen blockers”. She said, “We have found that becoming completely feminized reduces gender confusion and facilitates a more feminine gender presentation. That can greatly improve mental health and quality of life as a girl. I have a form for you to initial and sign....”

The form read:

**Feminizing Effects**

1. I understand that estrogen, androgen antagonists, and a combination of the other female hormones are to be given to completely feminize my body.

2. I understand the feminizing effects of estrogen and androgen antagonists and I will probably develop womanly breasts, and even if estrogen is stopped, the breast tissue that has already developed may remain indefinitely.

3. I understand that taking feminizing medications will make my testicles produce less testosterone and may shrink from 25% to 80%. There will be an elimination of spontaneous erections. At some point, erections may never be firm enough for male mode, penetrative sex.

Signed and agreed \_\_\_\_\_

A pen was suddenly in Davis' hand and he signed the form. The nurse smiled.

The next minutes were a blur as Davis was told to bend over the exam table, raise the back of his skirt, and lower his panties while the nurse gave him an estrogen shot in his bottom. There was a pinch, really not enough pain to notice, but he did squeak.

“At your next appointment,” the nurse advised, “we’ll give you your first desensitizing.” Davis had absolutely no clue of what she was

talking about. He'd have to talk to some of the older boys who had been at the school longer.

Davis stood in the doorway trying to take in the confusion that met his eyes. He had expected to feel it maybe more or less. There was another boy, a well-dressed blond in heels, a silky beige blouse, and wrinkled linen skirt hurrying to make his injection appointment.

As Davis left, the boy asked, "Well?"

"Ask me in a month," Davis muttered. He'd heard that the emasculation schedule was hectic, but he had thought it would involve just first-year students. But upper class students were not spared. Even they were all scheduled for monthly boosters and sometimes weekly desensitizing. Davis wondered if he felt the hormone surge or if it was just emotional. He felt like crying. He looked at the little informational paper they had given him to read later. The first line read: *As your body responds like a woman...*

It went on to explain about the essential mix of female hormones now infused in his body chemistry and racing around in his system.

A bell rang and Davis headed for his next class as if nothing had happened. He wiggled through the busy corridor of the school's modern academic wing and the clusters of sissies in the hallway.

The sight of the amazingly feminine looking boys always overwhelmed Davis. And the upper class boys were every bit like girls. Young women! They chatted, gossiped and primed in the halls and bathroom. The noise in the narrow corridor was that of mincing, swishing, primping, chattering girls -- bright and freshly lipsticked mouths flapping up and down like little magpies -- and all the squealing and giggles. Davis momentarily felt overwhelmed by the crowd and the general din. He felt hot, a flash of heat.

The boys were in all sorts of feminine fashions -- pastel colored mini-skirts with matching pumps -- knee length black sheath skirts with blouses -- print shirt dresses -- A-line sheaths -- flouncy full skirts with petticoats -- and in all hem lengths. The younger ones usually wore the shorter hem lengths and the minis. The older and more mature and finished tended to be less flashy and more conservative.

When Davis walked past a classroom where the students had just let out. The little sign on the door said, "Marriage 401". He was astounded to see what came out of that classroom. They all looked every bit like young women. All were completely feminine and ladylike, even in their voices. Davis could smell the perfume and the scented feminine body lotions -- the shampoos and feminine conditioners -- the feminine deodorants and

crèmes that women use. He could hear their nylon stockings zinging as they walked and their upper thighs rubbed together -- and he could hear the audible *click, click* of their heels as they all walked down the hallway in seemingly perfect feminine comportment. They looked like perfect *Stepford Wives*. Every one of them looked almost perfect, like a housewife in the mall. Anyone not in the know would have absolutely no clue whatsoever that these were all males.

As Davis passed, the instructress, Dana Roberts said hello and smiled rather devilishly at him. "Well, Davis?" she asked, "How was the clinic?"

Davis was surprised Dana knew his name. "Okay, so far."

At that moment, second year student, Georgie walked by, coming from Ballet class. What really amazed Davis was the absolute lack of evidence of any male parts in the front of his pink leotard. There were noticeable sprouting of nipples breasts and new fleshy curves. He was completely devoid of any sign of being male.

Dana saw Davis' expression and laughed, "Next year, you'll be sporting a cute little figure in a pink leotard too. Davis, if you ever want to sit in on my Marriage class, you are welcome. There are two openings. Normally the program is for last-year students but we are allowing two from each lower class to apply. Come by at four

today. We are having a little girl fun. Bring Montana.”

Taking a breather in the ladies’ room, Davis sat in the little stall. The day, as all so far, seemed so surreal. It had gone fast. Davis had learned a lot and had seen a lot. He had seen things that no average boy would ever see in his life.

Even weirder was the daily realization he wouldn’t be taking off his girl clothes and being a boy anytime soon...or maybe ever.

One of the instructresses told him that when he had first arrived. She said, “Well, you better like wearing a dress, dear, because you will be wearing one for a long time to come.”

The school just assumed that all students would be girls forever. They give no concessions and there was no other course. There was no escape clause or “what if’s” or half-way. All male oriented possessions and clothes were gone. Davis was being trained to be a girl, to respond like a girl, to act, speak, think and move like a girl -- and to enjoy his femininity.

He saw the little round Band-Aid on his hip. “Oh my Gawd,” Davis muttered to himself. He pulled it off and sighed. His body was on it’s way to becoming a female, period. Could he really enter the outside world as a woman...live a woman’s life...dream a woman’s dreams?

## FIRST WEDDING DRESS....

Several classes for the boys were to learn about weddings, wedding planning and bridal preparation. They actually conducted wedding ceremonies and the boys played the part of the bride and bridesmaids and flower girls.

When Davis showed up that afternoon, he realized, he was to be the bride in one of those practice ceremonies.

“Don’t worry. We have some appropriate gowns,” the wardrobe mistress went on. “For the wedding scene we need two students. You’ll do for one, and Montana can be another. Even though most of the students still considered themselves as male, the school mistresses still addressed them all and referred to them in the feminine gender. ‘No concession’ was the rule.

Davis poked his head out of the dress prepared for him and Dana, the class instructress and also a former male, stooped to zip him up. Dana stepped back and studied the dress. “Very nice. Now walk.” Dana kept his eyes glued on Davis wiggle as he went through the motions. “Not bad!” Dana finally said. “Try these,” she said, handing Davis a pair of four inch, high-heeled, satin covered pumps.

Davis slipped them on. The stiff leather of the brand-new shoes felt hard against his nyloned toes. Davis took a breath and walked

again and Dana stepped back to study his walk again.

“That’a girl,” Dana said with an attitude of pride. “Now that walk of yours is saying *‘Female! Come and get it boys!’*” She laughed sarcastically.

Davis blushed and shivered at the very thought of what Dana had just said and stared at his reflection in a wall mirror before realizing the appealing young lady walking was himself. It was like he was standing there in a male body and mind and looking at the image of a total female -- like it was somebody else and not his reflection in the mirror.

The satin bridesmaid dress was a dream. The tight bodice fit him like a second skin and the soft white-rose color brought out the pink in his cheeks and deepened the blue of his eyes.

As Dana fussed with the top of the sleeves, Davis made himself stand taller. He hadn’t even been out on a date with a man, but already liked the “bride thing.” All women understood the need for a wedding and all the little details of the dress, hair and party. Davis was beginning to appreciate the rituals.

Dana giggled, “Someday you will meet the right man, honey....”

“I doubt if that will happen,” he said wistfully.

“You never know. Look at me, Dana responded.” It was like a light went on in

Dana's eyes. She ran off and came back carrying her wedding gown. "I was married in this one. Put it on."

Within minutes, Davis was dressed as a bride from a fairy-tale and the dress made him feel the part with every curve of his body. He turned his head and craned his neck to see the back of the satin-bustled gown. His bottom looked even bigger and round in the wedding gown and with the billowy and crackly taffeta petticoat underneath. Brushing his bangs out of his dark eyes, he let out a little squeal, "I love wedding dresses!"

"You carry yourself like you belong in one. For you it is natural!" Dana giggled. "Picking the right dress is difficult; finding a groom is easy."

"Makes me almost want to get married," Davis somehow quipped. "What's it like after the wedding?" Davis asked in a whisper of curiosity.

"Well, I was made to be a wife," Dana said softly. "Like you maybe, I was made, not born wife material. It was becoming obvious in my teens that I was going to end up being nothing but a failure as a male. I hated doing traditional men's things -- hated working on cars and watching men's sports. I hated football, especially. I liked doing creative things and one day took out my mother's sewing machine and a how-to book and made a skirt. When Mother

found out, she was totally encouraging and even signed me up for sewing classes at the local fabric store. Pretty soon the women at the fabric store sort of took me in and I even worked there part time during summers. But my father flipped out, as one can imagine. He wanted a quarterback in spikes and not a skilled seamstress in spiked heels.”

Davis nodded. Not many boys had a good relationship with their fathers. Some remembered their father’s fondly...some had died. Davis thought about his very similar home situation and admitted, “I like this wedding dress a lot, but I’m not sure I would like being a wife for a man everyday.”

Dana laughed, “Honey, the man usually goes with the bride dress thing... If that happens to you, the school is here to prepare you for it. But yes, being a wife can be exciting but somewhat challenging at times. It’s nice to be protected and kept but it’s also a lot of work at times. You’d get used to it, honey, just like all the rest of us that end up becoming wives. No one said becoming a girl was going to be easy but if you don’t like it, just stay a boy! You can just walk out the front door of the school anytime you want. This isn’t a prison, you know.”

“I know,” Davis answered. “But I love the soft pretty clothes and the feminine lifestyle. I got the shot today. They say the hormones will

help to settle me down inwardly and mentally. Right now they are just giving me hot flashes.”

Dana smiled, “Oh, the school may tell you to ‘*not worry, you’ll get over it,*’ or ‘*it’s just a phase you’re going through.*’ All that is true, but it’s not something you’ll simply ‘get over.’ Your body is going through some very exciting changes and it can do things you never even imagined. Wait until you move fast sometime, or jump up and down and feel your titties bounce for the first time. Boy is that ever a rush!”

“I guess that sounds good. But how do you know until it happens.”

“You just do. And maybe you will find yourself in a wedding dress for *real* someday -- with a real husband that is taking you by the arm into the bridal suite to consummate the vows you just gave when you verbally relinquished everything about yourself that was ever male. *Then* it will surely hit you what this was all about. Any maleness left in you will flit away like a thin vapor in the wind. Having a husband will remove any doubts of your femininity. And when that night is all over, you will really know what it means to be a woman and a wife.”

**Continued in Part two.**

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