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HUSBAND TO WAITRESS

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QUOTE BOARD

“Some men spend their lives looking for GOD. Others look for a woman. Could they be the same?”



REWARD!!

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HUSBAND TO WAITRESS

BY SANDY THOMAS

With support from Dawn Bell and Debra Rose

Chapter 1

MASCULINITY IS A PLACE AS WELL AS A TIME.

“Sam, hurry. My appointment is in fifteen minutes.”

“We need another car,” Sam moaned. “What am I going to do?”

“You know my hair takes over an hour,” Linda Wilson said to her newlywed husband.

“Aw, honey, do I have to go? I hate having to sit around waiting for you,” Sam whined.

“No more argument. You want the car, right? After my hair, drop me at the DO DROP. Why don't you take the want ads with you and look for a job?” his wife said with equal ridicule. “Once you get a job, we won't be like Siamese twins.”

Sam grumbled as he followed his wife to the car.

Both Sam and Linda had dropped out of college because they just did not have enough money. Both hoped to go back, but first came the rent, then food, then the bare necessities. You'd think that having her hair done so often would be an unnecessary luxury, but it was part of the job.

She worked hard as a waitress for Dana Nolan, an eccentric woman who owned a small chain of coffee shops called 'DO DROP CAFES'. The 'DO DROP' as most people called it was run like a military boot camp. Every waitress was highly trained, the uniforms

designed to make a trucker's day, and the coffee was hot and strong. The 'hairdo's' were part of the package and where the DO DROP got its name.

Linda was a good waitress and the tips were good. Sam didn't like what Linda had to do for money. He knew the customers could be crude, but for now, it was their only hope.

Sam hated accompanying his wife to the hairdresser. It was a standing appointment, part of the benefits of working at the DO. Women's hair salons made him feel uncomfortable. Sometimes he's go out for coffee rather than stay in what was a very male-unfriendly environment.

The little town was basically the Do Drop Cafe and a beauty shop. Most every little truck stop town had a coffee shop and a beauty parlor. Dana Nolan had used this to promote her business. She was considered an eccentric, but hard core businesswoman. She insisted on proper decorum from her waitresses at all times. In fact, all employees wore stylish uniforms that were replaced with the seasons.

Besides the company-supported hair styling, the employees were also provided with an open account at a local seamstress. Uniforms were to be fitted to show off shapely figures.

Sandi, his wife's hairdresser, worked from a small, one-room salon down the street from the DO DROP. She only worked by appointment and since the 'Do' was open 24 hours a day, seven days a week, just keeping the waitresses' hair in order was a chore. Even the little DO DROP had over 20 employees. Most waitresses were a

bit older than Linda, and some were career waitress. Sam hoped that wouldn't happen to his wife.

Sandi opened the door of her shop to let Linda and Sam in. "Hi, guys!" she said. "Glad you are on time. Gloria ran off with that guy in the MAC truck. She didn't even call Dana or me to cancel. I can take some time on your hair today."

Sandi was usually rushed and behind schedule. She looked at Sam and commented, "You have nice hair. You really should take care of it."

Linda agreed, "I've been telling him to condition it. Most of the time it looks like straw. No wonder he can't find a job."

"I'm getting it cut this week," Sam moaned. "I guess it's time to let go of my youth and get a crewcut like the drones."

"It's not the length," Sandi said as she softly felt a lock of Sam's hair. "It's the cut and condition. If you want to wear it long, you have to take care of it."

"I like it long," Linda stated, "but he won't take care of it." Linda had to spend a lot of time on her hair. She knew how much time a DO took. "It needs some shape and style."

"Won't matter," Sam stated, "It'll be a buzz soon."

"Well, it surely could use some shape, maybe some styling," Sandi suggested. "I could do it while Linda is under the dryer?"

"We're broke," Sam said. "If it weren't for the 'DO' paying for Linda, her hair would be the pits also."

"Hey," Sandi stated, "I understand. Dana pays me really well. Don't insult me with money. I want to help you two have a better life."

Sandi began to finger Sam's hair again. It was full and almost shoulder-length. Linda's hair was longer, but mostly kept up in fancy upsweeps for the DO. "Do you know how to cut men's hair," Sam asked shyly.

Sandi shook her head, "What? Do I know how to use shears? In fact, I have several male clients. Think about it. Do you think a barber is going to know how to cut your hair and keep it long?"

"I guess not."

Linda smiled, "Honey, let Sandi cut it."

Sam looked around and asked, "Anyone else scheduled?"

"You won't be embarrassed," Sandi said.

"Sure. I have nothing to lose," Sam replied.

"Let's get started," Sandi said. "Linda, show Sam the smocks."

Sam followed his wife into the dressing room next to the shampoo sink and chair. There were two professional beauty salon stylist chairs in front of a long mirror with bright lights. It wasn't like a barbershop with three combs, scissors, and buzz clippers. There were trays of curlers, clips, various combs, brushes, and a myriad of sprays.

In pink nylon smocks, Sam and Linda took their seats. Sandi began working on Linda, first shampooing her hair, and then trimming up a few uneven strands in the length. Linda seemed so relaxed while Sam was scared someone would walk in and see him in the pink cover-up.

Sam picked up a couple of magazines, selecting the ones that weren't full of pictures of women's hairdo's and

clothing. He glanced through a House and Garden magazine, but found himself watching Sandi work on his wife's hair. Sam had never watched the process, only the results. He was surprised at how slow and careful Sandi cut. With so much hair, he assumed that cutting could be less exact. She combed out the wet hair and pulled each section up, clipping them, then trimming each layer so it was perfect.

Sam's stared, finally asking, "So that's how you get it even?"

"It's a 'bob' layer cut that keeps the length and fullness at the bottom for movement and style," Sandi explained, "I will be doing the same to your hair."

"I don't want a girl's haircut?" Sam said, confused.

"Are you a girl?" Sandi asked.

"No."

"Well, then why would you look like a girl?" Linda laughed. "Long hair doesn't automatically make you a girl."

Sam continued watching as Sandi began rolling section after section of his wife's hair onto big pink rollers. Finally, Sandi was temporarily finished with Linda. She put a cap over Linda's curlers and brought a hairdryer over. "Next victim," Sandi giggled as helped him get comfortable in shampoo station.

Sam hesitated, but did as told. The pink salon cape was tightened around his neck and she sprayed warm water over his scalp. "Relax, dear," she said, "This should feel nice." Shampoo was followed by a conditioning rinse before Sam was led back to the chair.

“That was nice,” Sam smiled. Chills flowed down his back as a drip of water found its way under the tight collar and dribbled down his back.

“Better than some old barber?” Sandi joked. “It’s longer than it looked.” Sandi spoke as she began to comb out Sam’s long wet hair. “I’m going to trim the ends a bit to even it out. When I’m finished, it’ll look much longer.”

Sandi fingered the front and stated, “I think I should cut some bangs in front. It’ll be easier for you to look presentable. The hair in front is too long unless you want to curl it. Or do you want to hold it back with a barrette?”

Sam gasped a “no” as Sandi continued her analysis. She began without asking any more questions. She combed all his wet hair back then divided his hair into sections, deftly holding each up with a silver clip just like she did with Linda’s hair.

“This is going to be fun,” she muttered as she used electric hair clippers to trim off the light fuzz that Sam called sideburns. “They needed to go,” Sandi smiled.

Sandi released a clip and let a long tendril fall to Sam’s neck before cutting about a half-inch off with her scissors. From section to section, Sandi first released and then trimmed a little from the ends to match the cut. More was trimmed from the back and less from the sides. Sam gasped as he saw what she was doing...it was exactly like Linda’s long bob.

Quickly, Sandi brushed the soft hair about his face and cut bangs about eye level. “It’s like Linda’s!” Sam moaned.

"It's perfect. She will know how to help you make it look good!" Sandi exclaimed. "Don't comment yet. Let me blow it dry."

Before Sam could think, Sandi took a large round brush and briskly started pulling his hair while drying it straight. Her hands worked with precise expertise as she quickly began shaping his hairdo into a soft flowing bob.

Sandi did not pull the hair back, but down, making it curl about his face in luxurious opulent waves.

"I can't wear it like this," Sam gasped.

"Sure you can. It's very pretty."

Sam was suddenly very quiet as Sandi finished his wife's hair in a similar fashion. Sandi back-combed and teased her hair into its final styling while he sat thinking about what he was going to say to the barber the next day when he had it all cut off. "Maybe short hair won't be that bad," he thought to himself.

The long bob with the sides and back all the same length made his hair look much longer, even though Sandi had cut almost an inch off the back. Linda looked at Sam and said, "I love your hair."

"You should, it's just like yours."

"You both are gorgeous!" Sandi exclaimed as she fluffed out Linda's hair, "Only Linda is going to work and she needs a 'lift and tease' to get the big tips."

Sandi took a rat-tail comb and back-combed section after section of Linda's hair, teasing it into 'big hair'. With comb and hairspray, she teased and smoothed Linda's hairstyle until it was big enough for a beauty queen. Finally, she finished by spraying it big time.

“Well, what do you think of your wife now?” she asked smiling. “Shall we do your hair the same?”

“NO WAY!”

“You are missing out,” she giggled.

Sam stared in wonder at his reflection in the mirror. Could his hair look like that too? As it was, it looked like he wore woman's wig. It was softly curled throughout, his bangs tickling the tops of his brows, and his sideburns were gone, showing more cheekbones.

Linda was more interesting in her own hair, but commented, “Oh, your hair does look like mine. It's very pretty.”

Sam didn't want to be rude, so he didn't say what he felt. His eyes checked out his wife's hairstyle, and then his own. His face became flushed when Sandi asked, “Like it?”

“Yes, it looks nice,” he stammered. “Maybe it should be a bit shorter on the sides?”

“I blew it out straight. I thought you wanted it to look long?”

“It's nice.”

“Great. If you want me to do something else, I'll pencil you in for an appointment with your wife next week,” Sandi said looking at her watch. “Sally is late.” Sam suddenly wanted out of there.

Before they left, Sandi said, “Linda can help you curl it at home if you want it to look shorter for a job interview.”

Linda said, tipping Sandi for two, “Don't worry hon., I'll show you how. I have to get to work.”

Sam's hair was just
cut wrong for a male.

His father
would have
had a fit!



THE FIX...

Sam went home, his errands would have to be run another day. He went straight to the bathroom and tried to comb his hair into a manly style. Nothing worked. The more he brushed it, the fluffier and more feminine it got. He gave up, figuring that a shampoo in the morning would fix the problem.

Linda came home from the 'DO' about midnight. She usually got a ride home. When she climbed into bed, she whispered, "I love your hairdo."

"I've got to get it cut off. I can't do a thing with it."

"Your hair is beautiful. I'll help you get it off your face. If you don't like it after a week, Sandi will cut it.. Okay?"

The next morning, Sam continued his job search. Linda had shown him how to pull it back into a ponytail and comb the bangs to the side. Sam stopped at a coffee shop to read the paper (not the DO DROP). The waitress came up behind him and asked, "Miss, what can I get for you?" It took a second before she realized her mistake. A beet red Sam ordered coffee. The wind had blown his bangs down and a few wisps or tendrils floated about his face and made him look feminine. Needless to say, that took all the wind from his job hunting sails.

Once Sam slithered into the house, he moaned to Linda, "I have to get it cut. Everyone was staring at me and a waitress called me 'Miss.'"

Linda suggested, "Okay, I'll call Sandi. Let me have a try at making it work. I'm pretty good with hair you know." She proceeded to comb his hair out and pin it away from his face with some bobby pins. "If we can get it to curl back, it will look wonderful. When I want my hair back off of my face, I put it up at night. It stays right where it belongs that way."

"I'm not sleeping in curlers!" Sam stated.

That night Sam had strange restless dreams. It was undoubtedly from the new hairdo. He dreamed that he

was being chased. His heart was pounding and the bed sheets were damp. He decided that he would get a crew cut today and be done with all this hair stuff.

At noon the next day a submissive Sam sat in front of Sandi and begged her to cut it “all off.”

“I hate to do that. Your hair is so nice. What about controlling it with curlers at night?”

“I suggested that to him,” Linda stated.

“Please,” Sam begged, “I was mistaken for a woman.”

“That's bad?” Sandi giggled.

“Very bad.”

Sandi began digging into her drawer to get out her heavy-duty clippers when the little bell about the door clanged. “Excuse me,” Sandi said, checking her watch. “I don't have any appointments.”

Sam heard mumbling and hoped no one would come back, but they did. Sam gasped when he saw his wife's boss, Dana Nolan. Sandi asked, “You know Linda, and this is her husband, Sam?”

“Sam?” Dana stated, “Sam? I thought you had a girl in your chair. Pretty hair.”

“We are about to cut it all off,” Sandi said. “He says he can't get a job with it that long.”

Dana Nolan was not one for small talk. She cut to the point. “Too bad you aren't a girl. I lost one of my best girls. I hoped that Sandi had a lead for me. She knows all the girls in town.”

Dana fingered Sam's soft hair. “Yeah, too bad. My girls make a ton of money. More than you'd ever make in a gas station or pumping gas.”

Sam suddenly had an idea. “What about hiring a guy waiter? All the big towns have them.”

“Ninety percent of my customers are men, real tough men, mostly truckers. I don't think they'd like a guy serving them coffee. They want to see some leg.”

Linda griped, “It's not fair you know.”

Dana smiled, “My mangers hired a few male busboys in the past, but I don't go for that. It's my business. I give the customers what they want.” Suddenly Dana's eyes brightened. “You aren't the first one to suggest that I hire men as waiters. The EEOC has filed a complaint against me. I have an idea. You want a job?”

“I don't know how to cook,” Sam said.

“Do you know how to pour coffee? Pick up dishes? Just don't cut that hair off.”

FINALLY A JOB!

SAM! Where the heck have you been?” Linda rushed out from behind the counter carrying four plates of bacon and eggs. “Get coffee to table twelve right now! They are ready to eat me alive!” she said under her breath.

“I was in the bathroom,” he defended.

Sam was supposed to be changing the Coke machine. “I told you to ask! You are supposed to be working!”

“I'm here, honey, sorry,” the embarrassed young man said breathlessly as he scurried quickly toward table twelve.

Linda just stood there and put her hands on her hips and glared at him. “Maybe you shouldn't call me ‘honey’ around here. It might kill the tips. You're supposed to always be clearing tables or pouring coffee unless you

have permission. Do I have to put a bell around your neck?"

Sam stood there red faced and stammered out an apology to his suddenly demanding wife. "I had to use the restroom. Having to ask is sort of demean_"

"Demeaning?" asked Linda harshly, "Well that's just too bad. If I catch you going to the restroom without asking one of us girls for permission, I'll have Dana fire your little butt. Do I make myself CLEAR?"

She was serious. This was a side of his wife that he'd never seen. "Yes, honey. I'm sorry, I won't let it happen again," the chastised husband muttered.

"Well, now that I've spent five valuable minutes finding and disciplining you, clean those tables and put on two more pots of coffee. Make one decaf."

"What time do we get off?" Sam asked, "Maybe we can catch a late movie."

"Don't you even think about leaving here until you get caught up. If you work hard, we should be home by eleven," Linda said with a touch of sarcasm. "And heaven forbid that you forget to pick up the girl's uniforms at the dry cleaners on your break!"

As Linda turned to step back into her office she called back, "Remember to pick up my dress at the dry cleaners on your lunch break!"

As Sam went to the coffee machine perched back of the large counter, the waitresses flashing about at warp speed, the picture of an efficient, but very hard working waitresses. As he refilled the coffee, Judy breezed past in one of her short, tight skirts. She unceremoniously

plopped down a big pile of dirty dishes. “Take these, Sammi,” was all she said.

“Yes, Miss Brooks,” Sam said sadly.

“Sammi, come in here,” Miss Nolan said suddenly through the intercom box on her desk.

Sam stepped into Miss Nolan's office. There was one-way glass so that she could see all. The office was neat and clean, decorated in a clean, modern style.

“Yes, Miss?”

“Oh, there you are. I need you to do something else for me on your lunch break. They told you about the uniforms, right?” Sam nodded. “I want you to go to Frederick's Department Store and pick up 35 pair of pantyhose for the girls. Get 15 ‘Sheerly Nude’ 90 denier in size Medium, 10 in small, 5 in large, and 5 in tall. Do you have that? Put it on my account. Have you ever bought hose for Linda?”

“No.”

“Do you think you can get it right?”

“Sheer Nude” Sam recited back.

“Sheerly nude,” she corrected. “Don't they make a woman's legs look wonderful?” Sam glanced down at her black high-heeled pumps and long legs. He didn't know what to say. “Well Sammy?” Dana asked harshly, “Back to work!” SAM HAD NOT ALWAYS been called ‘Sam’. When he was little his mother called him Sammy.

Thus it began, his training was on the job was brutal. He was seeing a side to women he'd never seen before. Half his shifts were with Linda and half without. He was told to arrive for work at 6:30 sharp so he could put the coffee on and get things ready for the day. The

morning shift girls arrived at 7:00 sharp and expected everything to be in order. They were professionals and lived on tips. But Sam had to punch in dutifully at 6:30 sharp and usually didn't punch out until at least 5:00, or he caught hell from Linda for not cleaning up well.

After several days, Miss Nolan called him into her office. "I'm getting complaints from the dry cleaners about the slacks you are wearing. I know it's a dirty business, but they say you are ruining the slacks." Sam wore navy blue or black slacks and a starched white shirt. The pants were from a trial period when a few waitresses had talked Dana into letting them wear pants. It didn't last two weeks before she put them back in skirts.

Sam was fitted for slacks and shirts. The stretchy pants fit him very snug around the waist and hugged his bottom like girl's pants. The pants were made of a thin nylon material and fit funny. The shirt buttoned the wrong way, but was O.K. except they had French cuffs that were a little too "fussy" for his taste. The blank uniform shoes more like something a kid would wear. And the shoes had pointy little toes that cramped his feet. He complained to Linda, but she had no sympathy. All his comments were met with an icy stare. It was plain his opinion was not being solicited!

As he rotated his shifts, he met the many other waitresses. Some he liked and some were hard and cold to anyone who didn't have a tip in their hand.

He was introduced as "Sammy" right from the start and the name stuck. He once asked one of the girls to

call him “Sam”, and within two hours he was on the carpet in Miss Nolan's office being dressed down for it.

“I have chosen to call you Sammy. It's a name that is easy to call out and it's sort of a fitting name for an busboy, don't you think?”

“My mother called me Sammy,” he said, trying to be friendly.

“I'm not your mother,” she grumbled. “Also, you have those pants on backwards.”

Sam's face blushed as he looked down. How could he be so stupid. Dana said, “Go into my private bathroom and turn them around.”

“Wear them with the zipper in back?”

“The way they are supposed to be worn. Now don't get funny on me, you've been wearing them for over a week now.”

He had some trouble zipping them up the back, but they did fit better. He cringed at what the truckers would say when they saw the zipper in the back. Dana approved, saying, “That's okay except for one detail. Those tight thin pants show the clunky elastic of your underwear. Do you have to wear those bulky, stupid briefs under your pants, Sammy? Fix it tomorrow.”

The next day before work, he suddenly remembered Dana's orders and asked Linda what he should do. “Dana goes nuts. The only thing that will work are these.” She pulled out a pair of her plain white nylon panties. “The hi-cut brief style is better rather than bikinis,” she added. “Put these on.”

He slid the panties up his legs and pulled on the pants, zippering the back. Sam asked, "Why didn't you tell me that I was wearing the pants backwards?"

"We girl's thought it was cute." She looked at his pantied bottom and said, "That's how they are supposed to look."

Sam moaned, but liked the silky, taut feeling. "You'll need about 8 or 10 pairs, I guess. We'll pick them up after work."

"Panties? Just get me some jockey shorts," he said.

"It's not like anyone is ever going to see them on you."

Sam liked the silky feeling, but going to the men's room was embarrassing. There was no door on the stall and with the back zipper and panties; he couldn't just pull it out. Still, Sam went with his wife after work to Frederick's to buy panties. They only had seven pair of white hi-top panties, so they headed for the sales counter and put the seven white and one pink pair of panties on the counter.

The salesgirl, who knew Sam from his pantyhose purchases, quickly rang them up. As she took each pair off it's little hanger and scanned it and folded it, she glanced at Sam and Linda. Sam could felt his face turning red.

"Are these for you Miss or on Dana's account?" the salesgirl asked Linda.

"No, they are for Sam. Dana says she wants him neat looking."



*Sam was confused. He understood the need for neatness
but wearing panties? That was unreasonable....
but more comfortable than he imagined.*

The girl looked at Sam's pants. "I think she's right, Sam. The next time you are in for pantyhose, I'll throw in a couple for you. They are much smoother looking than panties alone."

His face flushed as he stammered, "Thanks, but I don't want you to get into trouble."

"No trouble. We have a bra and panty club," the salesgirl stated, "If you fill out this form, I'll stamp it.

You'll get one free pair of panties with every ten purchased and a free bra with every 7 purchased."

"That sounds good," Linda responded. When the girl handed the membership card to Sam, he tried to hand it to his wife, but she said, "You are the member. Fill it out. It'll save money."

As Sam filled out the little card, the salesgirl giggled about him being the first male member in the panty club. She laughed, "Male member, get it?"

She put the panties in a bag and stopped for a minute on the pink ones. "Sorry we are out of white, but these are a good choice. They're sleek and comfortable and easy to take care of," the girl said.

The next morning, Sam put on his new panties (the white ones!) He realized that these were not like Linda's. They had a high waistband, but the material was not as giving. The legs were hi-cut with a wider strip of a stiff material that went between his legs. It was obvious they were underpants made for girls. There was no allowance for maleness.

"These don't fit," he complained to Linda, "Can I borrow another pair of yours?"

Linda said that they were 'dancer's panties'. "What's that?"

"They are more elastic. That strappy thing makes you look sleeker in tight pants. Thank goodness you aren't very big down there," she said matter-of-factly. "Bet those pants fit much better with these."

Sam turned red. He knew he was small and it was a major source of embarrassment. From what these

panties did to his crotch, all the girls in the Cafe would probably know too!

“Get your slacks zipped up, Sammy. You are going to be late!”

His tight slacks did fit a little sleeker with panties.. Within a few days most of the girls at the 'DO' knew he wore panties under his slacks. When he bent over picking things up, it wasn't hard for them to see the thin, hi-cut elastic outline of his panties. The girls knew what they looked like from seeing their own behinds in panties under skin-tight pants. It didn't take Einstein to figure it out. Besides, it was obvious someone told everyone. One girl asked if she could use his bra and panties membership card.

Something even more humiliating occurred the very next week. Sam had gone to use the restroom in a rush and had not emptied himself completely before zipping up. His tight navy pants and thin nylon panties didn't help much. A definite wet stain spread across his crotch. He saw it, but he couldn't stay in the restroom until it dried. He heard a waitress looking for him. It was frustrating, but he had to go back out with his pants wet.

Of course, Miss Nolan saw the little stain almost right away. “Had a little accident I see,” she said, motioning to his crotch.

“Ahhh...well, I was in a hurry to get back and....”

“I think you should stop using the men's room, Sammy. Just sneak into the lady's room when no one is watching. There are doors on the stalls and you can sit and take your time from now on. In these thin nylon

panties with the back zipper slacks, you can't afford to be risky. What if a health inspector came in right now? What would you do? Greet him with wet pants? That wouldn't reflect on our little Cafe very well, would it?"

"No, Miss," Sammy said, embarrassed by the situation.

"It's settled then. You relieve yourself sitting down from now on, little man. If you think you need to, you should even wipe yourself with a bit of tissue before pulling up your panties."

THE Cafe was very slow on Monday nights. Sam had to come in at his regular 6:30, but stay until almost ten to clean the entire Cafe top to bottom. Every inch of the floor had to be scrubbed, stations straightened up and stocked, the trash taken out, carpets vacuumed, and the counters polished.

He had to clean up the area where the coffee was made. The waitresses often left it in a complete and utter mess, comfortable in the knowledge that keeping it clean was 'Sam's job'. Perhaps worst of all, he had to clean the bathrooms thoroughly.

It was downright humiliating to have one of the waitresses suddenly come in to the ladies' room and see him on his knees scrubbing the floor or in one of the stalls with the door propped open cleaning a toilet. Rather than be sympathetic, most of them would put their hands on their hips and look down at him and say something like, "Can't you hurry up with your chores, Sammi. I need to GO!"

He'd get red-faced and stammer out something like, "I'm sorry, I should be done soon_or I could step out for a moment_"

"It really doesn't matter that you're here, I guess," they'd say and go into an empty stall, followed by a quick primp in the mirror, then they would click out on their heels.

SAMMI'S LIFE AWAY from the 'DO' was no picnic either. Linda began ordering him around like she did at work. He began to do the cleaning and laundry. She refused to take care of his new panties, so every few days he rinsed them out by hand and hung them up carefully to dry on the shower curtain rod.

With both of them working different shifts, it felt like they didn't get to spend any time together. Most of the time, Sam ate the employee meals, hitched a ride home with someone, came home exhausted, and fell asleep quickly, usually not even bothering to get out of the panties he'd worn all day.

At five-fifteen the next morning, he was up again getting ready for work. Dealing with the shower, which constantly changed from too hot to too cold, was just another little "annoyance" he had to put up with in his new position. He had to rush to make a bus. Even though it was only a few miles, the bus stopped so much it took 30 minutes for him to get to the Cafe. Linda usually brought the car later if she worked.

One waitress at the 'Do' did not treat him quite so badly, and she was pretty too. Her name was Susan and she usually worked the early shift. Sam tried to be friendly with her. She always asked about Linda and

what was going on outside of work. She was the kind of girl that made big tips and flirted with everyone.

One Monday, she came up to Sam during a break, and asked, "Sam, you know I like you and I don't want you to take this wrong. Would it be okay for me to ask Linda to go to a...well...a movie with me tonight?"

"Sure!" Sam said, "If I hurried, I could finish by eight-thirty. Maybe I could go too?"

When Susan smiled at him, he at first felt great. "Oh, that's really sweet, Sammy, it really is, but this place is a mess. You'll never finish before nine, thirty."

Sam moaned, "Linda's home, you can call her there."

"I promise we will all get together some other time."

She started to turn away when Sam asked, "I thought you had a date with that cigarette salesman?"

"I do," she smiled, "He has his boss in town and we are all just going out as friends. That doesn't bother you, does it? Linda's just sitting around at home."

Susan was right. It took Sam until ten to finish and some nights he wasn't home until eleven.

"Call her at home," he said. "I guess it's okay."

Linda was still out when he got home. Sam was too tired to worry about her. He washed out some panties for the next day and went to bed.

He was awakened by voices. Linda was fixing her hair in bedroom mirror. "What the...?" Sam stammered.

"Go back to bed, dear," Linda said. "We are just having a nightcap."

"You brought them here? Oh," Sam gasped, "My panties are all over the bathroom."

“I'll get them,” Linda said, giving him a kiss on the forehead like a little boy. “I'll be in soon.”

For the next few days later, he overheard Susan telling the other waitresses about her handsome beau. Sam asked Linda about the date, but she just said, “It was nice. We'll all have to get together sometime. You'll meet him, he's coming in today.”

“I don't want to meet him here, dressed like this!”

After the noon rush, two handsome men in business suits came in and ordered coffee. Sam knew whom they were when he saw Linda's face. It was slow, but Susan and Linda introduced the men to everyone before calling Sam over. “This is my husband,” Linda announced proudly, then turned to Sam and said, “Could you get a refill for the men?”

By the time he returned, he couldn't believe that they were asking Susan and Linda out again. Everyone was quiet as Sam poured. After they left, Sam asked, “You aren't actually going out with that guy again?”

“It's not a date,” she stated firmly. “Susan likes that guy and I'm just going along for fun.”

“It's like a double date!”

“Frank has lots of money and just needs some friends. We are going to that expensive French restaurant in Centerville.

“It's like a date! You'll be getting all prettied up for it...probably wear that sexy blue dress.”

“Can I buy a new dress, please?”

“A new dress? You'll be eating crepes while I'm eating the employee dinner of macaroni and cheese?”

Susan came up and moaned dreamily. "Please let her go. I really like this guy."

Sam asked Linda, "Does Frank know you are happily married?"

"Sure," Linda said. They also knew that Sam wore nylon panties and sat when he peed in the ladies room.

It was hard for Sam to deny Linda a big night out after all the years of loyalty. "Okay, you can go," Sam said. "But be home early."

"Can I get a new dress too?"

The waitresses at the 'DO' used Sammy for just about every personal errand they could think of, both business and personal. He was the errand boy fetching coffee for anyone who yelled his name. If someone spilled something, the call would go out: "Sammy, get over here quickly. I'm afraid there's a little mess for you to clean up!"

As far as personal things, they were endless too. If one of the girls ran her pantyhose, he was dispatched to the store to buy another pair. He became almost an expert at the types, brands, and sizes the girls wore. Sometimes he had to pick up even more PERSONAL things, like tampons for the machine in the bathroom. It was embarrassing.

Sam was very concerned about Linda's "going out", but she convinced him it meant nothing. "Let's have some fun," she said, "I'll let you pick out a new dress for me to wear? We have a few bucks saved now. Let's go to Frederick's. I bet you could use some more panties."

Sam could not help but enjoy watching Linda shop for a new dress, shoes, purse, and perfume. By the time they got to the lingerie department, Sam was into dressing his wife. “I wish you knew how I feel. It's my first new dress in how many years? Can I get some new lingerie too?”

Sam joked, “Sure, if you put it on my membership card?”

Linda picked out a bra and panty combination with a matching garter belt and stockings. Sam was stunned when she said, “I've got an idea!” She selected identical sets. “This one is for you to wear while I'm out. You'll know what I'm feeling?”

On the way home, Linda stopped at a drugstore to pick up a few things. That night, she handed Sam a big bottle of pills. “You've been working too hard,” she said, “You look tired. Take one of these vitamins before you go to bed each day.”

Susan and Linda's double-dated went nicely, or so she told Sam. He had no idea what time she came home. He would awaken next to her, both wearing matching bra and panties.

Since Sam worked late on Mondays, Linda and Susan usually went out somewhere. When he asked where they went, Linda would say, “No place special. Just dinner and a movie.”

“Was Frank there?” Sam would ask.

“Yeah, he went along.” But Sam would hear Linda talking to another waitress, “Frank and I really want to

see that new movie..." or "Honey, do you think this hairstyle is okay for a concert?"

AFTER a couple months, Sam fell into a routine. It wasn't fun, but he was getting used to it. He was getting pretty good at restaurant work, running errands, and being an all-round "girl Friday". Was there such a thing as a "guy Friday?" he wondered.

Sam mostly worked mornings. When the alarm went off, he quietly got up, showered, and did his hair. Going to his dresser, he pulled out of pair of shiny white panties that were tight and snug-fitting enough that after all these months, the crotch of his pants was nearly as sleek and feminine as any woman's. The tight elastic and stretchy material of his panties easily controlled his soft flesh.

Next to his panties were three bras. Sam only wore them when Linda was out with Frank. It somehow made him feel better...besides the bras came "free" with being a member of the bra and panty club. As quick and simple as that, he was dressed in his panties, like any other "girl" at work.

He padded barefoot to his closet and flipped on the light seeing the rows of his uniforms wrapped in plastic. He would pick out a pair of navy or black pants with sharply pressed creases and cute little cuffs. The other hanger held a white short-sleeved top. He pulled the pants off their hanger and stepped into them, pulling them over his hips and high onto his trim waist. He reached back and tugged the waistband together and fiddled with the back button for a moment before it caught. Then he reached down and zipped up the back

of the cute pants. Sam wasn't entirely used to zipping things up in back yet, but he was getting better at it all the time. He finished by pulling on the little top.

He walked over to his vanity table and sat down. After a quick survey, he brushed out his styled hair and swept it back from his face before slipping his bare feet into the waitress style loafers with one-inch heels.

Working around so many women, it was only natural that his voice and vocabulary became sort of girlish to match his dress. Sam was used to having his wife see him in his little panties when she came home from her outings with Susan. Both husband and wife thought nothing of prancing around their room barely dressed. He'd been embarrassed around Linda at first, but now it just seemed normal to be showing off a girlish shape to her.

One of the most difficult adjustments Sam had to make was the adjustment to his sense of male pride. Everyone likes to feel self-confident, but it's tough to feel much pride when you're on your knees cleaning a bathroom, buying new panties, or being ordered about by a group of women. The waitresses quickly squashed any male pride he showed. "Just do the work," one said to him.

At home, it wasn't much better. Linda was bossy and seemed to have a new life of her own. The first time Frank picked up Linda when Sam was at home, he was outraged. He expected to see Susan and her boyfriend too, but Frank said, "No, it's only the two of us again tonight."

Of course, the jealousy and humiliation of being left at home to tackle the dirty laundry while your wife is out having fun with her new friend is an even stronger obstacle to any macho feelings.

When Sam tried to confront Linda with her relationship with Frank, she just shook her head. "He's a male friend, not a boyfriend. Why does everyone assume that a male and female can't just have fun together? He's got lots money and likes to spend it on me. Besides, you are tired all the time now."

"I work all the time!"

"Well, you had better start taking more of those vitamins. Your virility is lacking."

Sam yelled, "I hate answering the door while you are primping...makes me feel two inches tall!"

"Bitchy today, are we?" Linda chided.

Sam knew he was right. Sure he was tired, but seeing Frank and Linda head off together, wasn't right. After a long day at work, Sam didn't feel like getting all dressed up and going out, but neither did he look forward to another long, lonely night at home.

But the irony and bright side in all this was that Sam knew he was good at his work and he took personal pride in the success of the cafe.

When the Do Drop Cafe was given an award, Sam knew he had helped make it a top coffee shop. He felt pride at how he looked in his uniforms. At first he felt a little ashamed in such sissy clothes, but he felt a certain sense of pride in his "to serve" image. Like a military man might feel pride in his uniform, Sam felt pride in wearing his sleek little slacks and crisp white blouse,

mostly with a starched apron. He just ignored the little comments and did his work.

Sam liked the money, but he had so little time to spend any. Linda and his schedules made it so they only had a few nights together, and one of those Linda spent out. The inevitable jealousy cropped up towards Linda's friends and Frank. Sam complained, "It just isn't fair. He gets to go out on all the fun dates with you."

"You are working nights. What do you expect me to do? Sit around here?"

"But all WE do is talk about where you are going and what you are going to wear!"

"I thought you liked helping me pick out pretty things to wear with Frank? She asked, "We nearly always get something for you to wear around here. Thought you liked that?"

Sam blushed and said, "I do, but I feel like I'm losing you?"

"You aren't in a race with Frank. I like you both for different reasons. I wish you understood. Some men make women feel like women."

"Do you want to have sex with him?"

"To be honest," Linda thought for a second, and smiled, "I know he'd like to have it with me. He's just out of a divorce. Poor guy doesn't have any outlet."

"Maybe he should get a girlfriend!" Sam stated.

"Frank is a really good friend. He says he's not ready for a relationship yet."

The adjustment to Sam's sense of pride and his jealous nature were not easy to make. Linda was honest, "I feel bad for Frank. He spends all that money on me and doesn't get what he needs. I'm afraid it might

get so frustrating that he stops taking me out.” Tears came to her eyes.

Working at the 'Do', Sam had learned a lot about women. Beautiful young women, in sexy uniforms, “flirting” with any man who had a buck in his pocket. Sam saw what it takes to be popular with the waitresses and realized that he was almost sexless to the girls. They didn't mind sharing the ladies room with him, sometimes even hiking up their dresses to adjust something.

Sam looked at his beautiful wife. He was faced with the frightening experience of having a man attracted to his wife. Sam took Linda's hand, their manicured nails shined together. “It's important that Frank understands that you are happily married, right?”

Linda shook her head. “Neither of us would do anything without your permission.”

“MY PERMISSION?”

“Frank thought that if we had sex once, it would remove the sexual tension between us and we could just be friends.”

“Sexual tensions? Maybe you shouldn't run around with him in those short skirts and high-heels?”

“I'm a woman. I guess you will never understand.”



Linda said to Sam, "Frank thought that if we had sex once, it would remove the sexual tension between us and we could just be friends."

Sam had tried to get over his initial hurt feelings by simply accepting Frank as his wife's friend, but now she was asking his permission to have sex with him. "Think about it. Only one time, I promise," Linda begged.

Sam had learned there is nothing one can do to discourage the strong attraction a woman will naturally feel towards some kinds of men. She asked, "Can I have Frank talk to you? He's really a nice guy. You'll love him."

"Yeah! We all SHOULD talk," Sam gasped. He figured that the best strategy was to deal this new

masculine presence in the Linda's life as quickly as possible.

Linda asked, "What if we invited him over and we cooked him dinner. I'd like Frank to feel comfortable spending time in our home."

The next week, Linda was a taskmaster. Both took Sunday off to prepare for Frank's dinner. Sam was doing the housework and laundry, as well as picking out a meal to cook. Seeing how excited Linda was, Sam asked, "You aren't planning on having sex with Frank tonight, are you?"

"Heavens no. We are just going to talk about it."

Sam tried to concentrate on the housework and laundry. He had no idea what he'd say. He should just hit Frank, but he kept his mind firmly focused on the work at hand. It helped reduce jealous thoughts and silly obsessions. Sam also knew that they didn't need his permission. They could have just sneaked around like some of the other married girls at work.

Before Frank arrived, Linda said, "Whatever you decide is okay. I want you to know that I'd be very discreet. No one at work would need to know. And I would never openly show my affection for anyone but you. After all, I'm your wife!"

"You never show me any affection at work," Sam stated.

"It's not professional."

When Frank arrived, he looked a bit uncomfortable. Sam fixed and served him a drink. The conversation

was light until Sam cleaned up the dinner dishes and coffee was served in the living room.

Linda sat Sam down and turned to Frank, “So ask him.”

“Sammy, I feel awkward asking you, but I'm quite attracted to Linda. I either have to have her or stay away from her. She doesn't want that. We both feel if we just had sex once, the tension would be gone.”

Linda interrupted, “We'd make sure it was a safe time of the month so I won't get pregnant.”

Sam was in shock. He asked, “Are you two crazy? Where are you going to do this?”

Frank stated, “She wants to do it here.”

“In my bed? With me here?”

“Linda said it would make her feel more comfortable,” Frank stated.

“Where do I sleep?”

“On the couch,” Linda said. “You've slept there before. Please, I've never had any man this big.”

“You've seen it?” Sam gasped.

“How could I miss it,” Linda said. All eyes went to Frank's crotch and the fist-sized bulge between his thighs. “It's all I can think about.”

Sam couldn't believe that his first thought was the extra laundry if he said “yes.” He asked, “When do you want to do this?”

Linda moaned, “As soon as possible! You haven't been very interested in me lately.”

Sam knew that and realized he had no choice. Could he learn to accept the fact that his wife needed to have a normal, satisfying sex life with a man of her choosing? “Only one time?” Sam asked.

"Only one night," she corrected. Linda was doing her part by trying to be sensitive to Sam's feelings. She hadn't even kissed Frank hello in front of her husband.

"I can't believe this," Sam said in bewilderment. He said under his breath, "No one would know, right?"

"You mean like the girls at work," Linda asked, "heavens no!"

Frank declared, "On a day you work, I'll take Linda out to a late dinner. You'll be asleep when we get back. No one will ever know."

Linda laughed nervously, "This is wonderful, Sam. Would you help me pick out a new dress and a nightgown..."

"Why do you need another new dress?" Sam asked.

"Look, we're not going bowling here," she giggled, "I want one night to be enough."

After Frank left, Linda giggled, "He's so big, I'm almost scared! I'm not used to anything big."

"Thanks."

"Well, you aren't very big. Let's face it, those panties fit you pretty well."

"Maybe I should have been a girl," Sam groaned.

"You really are very girlish. The first time Frank saw you at work, he thought you were a girl."

"Do you think I look like a girl?"

"I love the way you look. I just need a man like Frank to put the swivel back in my hips. I wish you understood."

"To make me feel better or you?"

“Both,” she said. “I don't want you feeling competitive with Frank. I want you to be excited for me. You sure haven't been excited BY me lately.”

The timing was checked and double-checked. Linda didn't want to get pregnant, just laid. She hung a big calendar with her monthly cycle on it trying to figure out an absolutely “safe time.” Sam didn't know why, but he just wasn't feeling sexy lately. Linda came home with some “special pills” that were wrapped on their own little calendar that must have been February. “These are for you,” she said. “The woman at the pharmacy said they should increase our sex life.”

“You told someone about my lack of interest?”

“She's a professional. She said to take one of those other vitamins with each meal and one of the white pills before you go to bed...but only on the nights we might have sex.”

Sam looked confused. There were twenty-one white pills and seven pink ones. “Is this like Viagra, or something?”

“It won't happen that fast. It could take months. Just consider them like vitamins. You take the pink pills when I'm on my period.”

Linda knew that there were jealousies developing towards Frank. It was important that Sam feel less competitive with Frank's virility. Sam took the pills. He knew that he needed help in the potency area. He certainly couldn't feel any worse about himself.

By the end of a month, the big calendar revealed Linda's safe days. The “big night” as Linda called it

could be planned. It had to be between two days Sam worked and Linda didn't. Frank had to be off too and it couldn't be during Linda's time of the month or during her fertile period.

"He is going to wear a condom, right?" Sam asked, seeing how concerned Linda was with her cycle.

"Sure, but I want to be 100% safe." Linda couldn't stop talking about it with Sam. "You are so wonderful to let me do this!" she'd giggle. "Not many husbands would be so generous." It was obvious to Sam that Linda needed to be laid, royally laid.

It was becoming a production. Linda went on a diet, bought candles and new sheets for the bed. She even had her legs waxed. It was no surprise when Linda asked Sam, "How about next Monday night?"

He grimaced, "Are you sure this is right?"

"Look," she said, pointing at the calendar. "Here's my period, my fertile time, and Frank and I are off. Monday night, you just come home from work, take a little sleeping pill with your vitamins and go to sleep on the couch." Sam moaned but the BIG day was set.

THE BIG DAY

Frank picked up Linda about eight, just before Sam was due home. She wondered what would happen later when they went back to the apartment. Sam had been rather emotional lately and she worried that he might change his mind and cause a problem.

Linda didn't want any surprises, but one. She had taken her time to get Sam used to the idea. She had never drawn back from "Frank" conversations, but would Sam be able to get past her deflowerment by

another man? From other waitresses, she had heard stories of husbands with guns, fights, nasty divorces, etc. Linda had decided to go for “permission!”

Leaving the apartment, Frank instinctively reached for Linda's hand. They decided to drive for a while, stopping to walk down a street of small shops on the way to the restaurant.

“You look ravishing,” Frank whispered in her ear.

“Sam helped me pick out the dress,” she said vivaciously. Linda had made Sam select her dress for the evening. She told him, “I want something easy to get out of.”

“You are sounding awfully easy,” Sam had said, picking out a more conservative, but soft and sexy dress. Almost like something a girl would wear to church. It was a good choice.

As they walked, Linda felt a flutter in her stomach. Frank was so attractive in a simple white shirt and black business suit.

Frank had chosen that French restaurant where they first became close friends. They shared tastes of everything they ordered, enjoying a bottle of wine, relaxing in the intimate, candlelit atmosphere. For dessert there was a Crème Brulee for Linda and a mousse pie for Frank. It was after eleven when they finished.

“I'm completely stuffed,” she said as they drove towards her apartment.

“Not too stuffed, I hope,” Frank laughed, “Hope you saved a little room for me?” As much room as you need.” Her tone grew formal. “I hope Sam is asleep.”

They went up the carpeted stairs to the apartment. Linda paused outside her door, hesitant, listening for

any sound. Frank took a step closer to her. She gazed up at him, her heart beating frantically. "If this is too uncomfortable for you..."

His hand moved to stroke her hair, as she gasped, "NO! We are going to do this..."



*"Sam helped me pick out the dress," she said vivaciously.
"That's wonderful," Frank laughed,
"I'd say he's the perfect husband!"*

Frank leaned over and kissed her. Her eyes closed with the pleasure of his nearness. His kiss was so warm and sweet. Without thinking, she slid her hands up his arms and around his neck, feeling herself drawn into him as if that were the only place to be. Frank was as big and tall compared to Sam. She felt Frank's arms go around her and their kiss grew more intense.

“Do you want to go inside or do it here?” he asked seriously. She nodded towards the door. They carefully opened the door. As soon as they were in the room, they saw Sam asleep in the couch. They tiptoed into the bedroom and came together again, but this time all restraints were gone.

Hungrily, Frank pulled her to him, the strength of his hands communicating the depth of his desire. They stayed that way for a long time, Frank's hands searching areas that had taken so long in finding. They lay down on the bed not wanting to be apart for even a second. Clothing fell away. Linda thought for a moment of Sam sleeping in the other room before Frank's fingers took her breath away.

Linda's eyes popped open, stunned by the combination of passion and his massive, dominant fingers. Sam had been good in bed at first, but it wasn't the depth of feeling she was having with Frank.

She whispered hotly into Frank's ear, “Let's try to be quiet until it's in me.”

When Linda realized the heartbeat throbbing next to her wasn't Sam, she became fully awake. She slowly

opened her eyes. "Oh yeah," she thought as her body began to savor the aftermath of Frank's passion.

It was early, but Sam had to go to work. She quietly went into the living room and woke Sam. "Honey, you have to go to work."

He was groggy, but seeing his wife's tumbled waves of hair woke him up. He thought, "She hadn't really...had she?" She looked the same.

He asked, "Is Frank here?"

She nodded.

"Did he?"

Her hands went instinctively to his sexual pulse still throbbing in her belly. "Well?" Sam asked again, with some hope in his voice that it didn't happen.

She lowered her voice and whispered, "You are the best husband a girl could have! Thank you, honey. It was amazing! He has a world class nightstick."

Sam looked through the open bedroom door, seeing Frank sleeping, and the sheet covering his hips. Even from there, he could see the masculine bulge covered, but hardly concealed. Somehow Sam had managed to snooze through the entire night of their sexual high jinx.

Linda whispered to Sam, "What makes a great night in bed doesn't make a good marriage." She walked back into the bedroom; her crimson silk night gown shimmered with each undulating swish of her hips. She shut the door behind her.

Sam got up and went about his daily routine. He didn't dare go into the bedroom, his panties and uniform had been laid out on the couch. As he dressed, he didn't know whether to say good-bye or not. He walked to the

bedroom door and listened. He felt a twinge in his panties. He heard quiet little moans from Frank. He listened for Linda. He heard her make a strange sound like she was sick or something. It was like a choking or gagging..." Sam winced. She had never done THAT for him. He ran out the door.

On the way to work, Sam had begun to notice his lack of drive and physical softness. Panties, while at first being very uncomfortable and almost irritating, had now been something that he hardly noticed at all. He easily tucked everything back and the panties would hold it tight and almost flat; almost up inside.

Sam was almost entirely lacking of any sensitivity down there. It was almost as if his little "thingy" had become nothing and it was nothing like Franks' and always totally limp.

He was jealous but didn't know what to do about it. Maybe he'd find someone to have an affair? But there was the panty problem and that wouldn't be the extent of his embarrassment. He wasn't sure the limp, infibulated, little noodle between his legs would even work right anymore.

Whenever he sat to pee, it would just barely hang down worthlessly as if nothing more than an extension of a urethra. Then he would tuck and panty himself again and simply go about his feminine business.

He also began to notice, his former erogenous interest in Linda seemed to vanish away. Thinking about she and Frank made his nipples seemed to stiffen and swell.

His pants fit tighter too, his bottom seemed to be fatter and more wiggly when he walked.

At work, it was like every waitress knew what had happened. One woman said kindly to Sam, "Its okay, honey. No big deal...."

Another waitress heard that and said, "Have you see Frank's tight little bottom? He's got...."

Sam walked away to serve coffee, his own fleshy, sissy bottom seemed to jiggle under the thin, frail nylon fabrics of his uniform and panties. A customer stared and whistled softly.

Another waitress said, "Oh, your fanny is starting to get the men's attention. You know what that means?"

"Bigger tips?" Sam said softly.

"That and they will want to give you something up that pretty bottom of yours. I'm sure, that would REALLY make you feel like a waitress...just like Linda!" she laughed.

Some days, all the women wanted to talk about was sex. This was one of those days. Another waitress giggled, "Yeah, once you get a guy that sticks it to you good, you mince around for weeks afterwards."

It was a bit slow and the women wanted to chat with Sam. "Ever had one in your mouth, dear?"

"NO!" Sam would blush deeply in total shame and humility of the very thought of having to do that.

"Oh, it's really not so bad, honey. Girl's get used to it...if it's the right guy," they would giggle. "It's simply something that girls have to learn to do in order to please a men and keep him on a string."

Sam thought about Linda and Frank as one waitress teased, “I’d like to have a big one right now, wouldn’t you all? Mmmmmm, wouldn’t that be delicious?” The women all laughed loudly.

Sam had certainly heard about what girls did for guys—but had very little experience other than missionary position with Linda. Sam had never equated such beastly acts with being the least bit enjoying for the recipient.

Especially when the women told him, “Oh, with the right guy, no place is off limits. Some places it kind’a hurts a little at first, but if the guy is gentle, you will get used to it after a couple times. Some guys, you just bend over, and let him have his way with you until he gets done.”

Another waitress said, “It’s just being a girl, honey. Maybe you will learn how someday....”

They all laughed.

Again, the very thought of anyone being used like that made Sam cringe. The fact that some of the men had been looking at his bottom made him blush. But the afternoon rush began and, everything became a spinning whirlwind of being a good waitress.

Sam had learned to deal with women on their terms. They could be quite bitchy but he could be bitchy too. The more feminine he acted, the better he got along. It dawned on Sam finally that if he looked and acted like a waitress, he would be treated like an equal.

When Sam got home that night, he was surprised to find Linda still in bed. She looked like she was ridden hard and put away wet. She had a big hickey on her

neck and there were stains on the bed, her nightgown, and on the pillows.

“How was work, dear,” she asked wearily.

“Fine,” Sam said, then sarcastically asked, “How was your day?”

“Fulfilling,” she tried to smile. Next to the bed was a picture of Frank and Linda that was taken at a restaurant.

“Are you okay?” Sam asked.

“I guess,” Linda said nervously. She was staring blankly, like her mind was a million miles away. Her eyes looked like she had been crying. She was trembling a little.

Linda was wearing a little pair of white panties and its matching bra. Sam could see her panties were all gooey in the crotch and she was holding herself there. The stuff was creamy and thick, shining where the secretions had oozed.

“You need to take a bath,” Sam suggested.

“Not yet,” she giggled softly, “I want to feel it for a while longer. Do you want me to tell you about it?”



*On the dresser was a picture of Frank and Linda
taken at the restaurant..*

"Are you okay?" he asked his tired wife....

Sam felt that twinge in his panties again. "If you want," he stated.

"Okay, dear. Why don't you get out of those clothes, put on your little bra, and climb into bed."

Sam did as he was told. The bra felt good over his sensitive nipples. They had been itching and sometimes he couldn't stop rubbing them until they were really irritated and oversensitive.

Sam tried to avoid laying in the wet spots and stains, but it wasn't possible. He climbed into bed next to his wife. "I think we overdid it," Linda moaned, her hands cuddled her belly. "I'm going to be sick. I feel like I was beat up."

"Can I get you a couple aspirin?"

"Aspirin? That's part of the problem," she moaned. "Frank left you a note." She pointed to a piece of paper on the night-stand. It said, "Sammi! You are great! Thanks! Frank"

"He spelled my name wrong," Sam grunted. "Is it out of your system?"

Linda tried to make a joke. "He dumped everything he had into my system. I'll be lucky if I can walk tomorrow. You have no idea what we women have to put up with."

Sam looked at his wife. She appeared to be trying to lay very still, any movement painful. "You look awful!"

She looked at him too. "Did you have a tough day too? You look pale. Take your vitamins?"

"I'm glad you are so concerned about me."

As the next few months went by, life continued as before. The changes were subtle. A sexy new swivel was

sparked in Linda's walk. Linda still went out with Frank on evenings Sam worked late and he came over for dinner occasionally.

The first time Frank came over after the “big day”, he gave Sam a big hug and thanked him for the 'best night' he'd ever had. He said, “I think we can all be friends now.”

Sam asked, “I hope you aren't planning that again?”

“Heavens NO,” Linda stated, “I'd end up pregnant for sure.”

Frank agreed. But that monthly cycle calendar was kept up and current.

Sam thought it was funny. Not much had changed after the BIG DAY. Linda had always been a flirt and she continued. It was part of the job. Sam assumed that “flirting” had got her more than she could handle and the sexual tension between these friends was gone.

When Frank came over, Linda mostly sat and talked with him as Sam finished the cooking and even served the dinner, cleaned up, and served desert. During these dinners, the conversation always turned to Sam and how pretty he was becoming. The weekly hair stylings were softening his appearance.

Linda commented to Frank, “Some of the customers at work are calling Sam, ‘Miss' now.”

“If I looked like you,” Frank said to Sam, “I'd want to be a girl.”

Linda added, “I wish Dana would let you become a waitress? We could use the extra money.”

AT THE DO...

As two o'clock approached, Sam was cleaning up the lunch plates and preparing for the dinner rush. Dana called him in and said; "You've been here six months now. From now on, the girls are going to chip in a percent of their tips. I have something for you."

She handed him a little name tag like the girls wore. It said, "HELLO! My name is SAMMI."

"They spelled my name wrong?"

"I thought it was more in line with how you look. One thing more, your uniforms are getting tired and threadbare. I really don't want to spend the money on more pants that only you can use. One of the girls had an idea. A trendy little restaurant in Chicago uses them."

She pulled out a black pair of shorts, actually hot pants. They were very small and made of spandex, zipping up the back. "I bought enough of these so that the girls can wear them too. I told the girls that this is only a trial. I really don't like pants on waitresses."

Linda was thrilled when she heard the news. She took one of Sam's shorts and put them on. "I love short, shorts!" She had him take off his pants and slipped a pair over his sleek panties then zipped them up the back. "Look at us! Twins!" she exclaimed.

"You have to shave those legs," Linda stated.

"I know," he moaned, handing her Dana's memo about the 'shorts experiment'.

Carefully smoothing his short, tight shorts, he bent down in front of the mirror, exposing the bottoms of his panties.



*"If it was fun," Linda said, "They would call it FUN.
This is WORK! We wear what the boss says."
Sam looked at the menu and sighed, "
"I guess I don't understand why I have to dress like this..."*

“We'll have to watch that,” Linda said, making the same move. “At least we'll have the aprons to cover up a bit.”

“There's new aprons too,” Sam said. “Do you think I should wear 10's instead of these 8s?”

“No, that's how they are supposed to fit, but you've gained a few pounds in your bottom.” Linda noticed him admiring himself, even fluffing out his hair in the mirror.

Sam arrived early the next day dressed delightfully in the black satiny short-shorts, a white top, and white rubber court shoes. His legs were shaved perfectly smooth. That was the rule: freshly shaven legs or hose. His tight panties and spandex shorts had no trouble controlling his maleness, creating as compact and bulgeless crotch as any of the waitresses.

Sam put the new style, little lace apron around his waist and his nameplate, then began his routine work. The apron fit smoothly, sliding over the satiny shorts without restriction.

Dana was in early, getting coffee and taking in the complete image of her employee. She couldn't help but smile. Despite the fact he was male, Sam was the image she liked in a waitress...but he was only a busboy.

At first glance, Sam appeared to be a young woman with her hair nicely styled, wearing a white apron, a starched white blouse with long smooth, shapely legs that showed from behind. “I must look really stupid,” Sam said as he poured Miss Nolan another cup of coffee. He held out the lacy apron from his legs with his fingers.

“You look very nice and clean!” Dana took another look and said, “Take off the socks, they look silly. This isn't a tennis match. I'm not sure the tennis shoes go in a restaurant.”

Sam looked down trying to see his feet beneath the skirt of his apron. Without thinking he said, “Okay.” He removed the socks.

“You know the rules, right?” Dana asked. “Legs shaven just before work or pantyhose.”

It wasn't until the other girls showed up that morning that Sam realized that he was dressed EXACTLY like them. From head to toe, there was no difference. Besides the now commonplace “Miss!” he was now called “Waitress?”

The regular customers knew Sam's story, but some truckers off the interstate stared at Sam's bottom and a few made passes, to the amusement of the regulars.

The shorts were a big hit. His first weeks sales were up 10 %. So were the tips!

Dana was always looking for perfection. By the end of the first week, tennis shoes were out! Monday morning, the waitress' lounge was filled with boxes of shoes. “Me too?” Sam gasped when he saw them?

Dana smiled, “Why not? The heel is not that high.”

He sat down and put them on. They were softer and more comfortable than they looked. “They are for waitresses,” Dana said, “They are comfortable and stylish too.”

Sam sighed and went to work with his slim legs perched atop white, low-heeled pumps. “You look lovely!” Dana beamed at noon.

"I'm having trouble walking," Sam moaned, "I've broken three glasses."

"Those glasses cost money!" Dana nearly yelled, "Get used to those shoes or you are out of here."

Sam cowered, Dana could be an 'animal's mother' sometimes. It usually passed with the moon. He knew to stay out of her way for a few days. He just got busy cleaning the waitress station. Staying busy was his way of coping with all the changes in his life.

The week went quickly. It took Sam a while to get used to the heels and he only broke one more plate. He watched the waitresses move about smoothly and tried to copy their pose by taking smaller strides. By the end of the week, he had gradually adjusted his walk by taking shorter over-delicate steps that were more suitable on heels. When they worked together, Linda noticed his altered gait and was impressed with the way his bottom moved to keep his balance as he walked. He was walking like a lady!

Frank and Susan's boyfriend often stopped for a leisurely lunch. Sam knew that they were talking about him and the 'big night'. Despite the promise to be discrete, everyone seemed to know. When Frank walked in, one of the waitresses would yell to Linda, "Hey, Mr. Big is here!" or "What did Frank order, `hickey and eggs?" or if Linda wasn't there, they'd tell Sam, "Refill table ten. Check and see if the sausage is good today."

It took Sam some time to catch on. As far as his home life, things were the same, but different.

Since the BIG DAY, he and Linda had not had sex together, and it wasn't her, it was him. He just didn't feel like it. Sam told her, "I sure feel weird."

"Weird? What do you mean?"

"Well...you know...look at me. I sleep with my hair in curlers. I wear panties and like the way they fit. People at work make fun of me and I don't care."

Linda gave him a motherly hug. "Is it because of what happened between Frank and I? I can see how that could depress you."

"It's more than that..."

Linda interrupted, "Frank suggested that I ask you if we could 'do it' again, but I told him no."

"I thought he nearly killed you?"

"It was the first time. You know how men get carried away. Besides, you don't seem interested in me that way anymore."

Sam moaned, "I just don't feel like much of a man. Look at me. One guy told me that I was the cutest waitress at the DO and he was serious. I liked his compliment!"

"I think you look wonderful!" his wife stated looking deeply into his eyes.

"So you look like a girl? Maybe even feel feminine in your panties and heels. Is there any harm in that?"

"I guess not," he mumbled insecurely, "But I'm not meeting your needs."

"You are in every way but ONE. Maybe you need some more vitamins?" Linda suggested. "I heard about some you take ten days a month that are supposed to work."

Sam decided to change the subject.

By the end of the month, Sam was completely comfortable in heels. Nothing more was said about Frank.

Sam and Linda were too busy working to even see each other except at bedtime, where nothing happened but sleep.

Sam was beginning to feel guilty about his lack of interest in Linda. Sometimes she'd caress his back, but there was no arousal. One night she whispered hotly in his ear, "Maybe I can try something new?"

"Something you did with Frank," Sam said sarcastically.

"Frank put it everywhere," she said proudly, "Several times! I'm just asking you for once."

Sam felt a twinge in his panties. He suddenly gasped, "Would you tell me about it? Every detail?"

Linda sensed Sam stiffen. His swollen pink nipples were erect and there was a little lump in his panties. "Okay, I've been dying to tell someone!" Linda began. "I'll tell you what that man did to me. You didn't hear me yelling that night?"

"No," Sam said, removing his panties. "Tell me."

Linda began kissing down Sam's neck and whispered, "I'll show you. He was very gentle until he got it in me." She kissed his nipples.

Sam moaned. It was suddenly obvious to both that Sam found the idea of Frank doing his wife exciting. He gasped for air, "How big was he?"

"Oh honey!" Linda giggled, "I thought he was going to split me in two. I wish you'd heard me yell?"

Sam was having trouble breathing. “I wish I'd heard you too.”

“I was scared when I saw it,” she said, kissing his swollen nipples. “I tried to get away. I didn't think I could take it. I tried to get away, but he shoved me back down. I cried out, but he smothered my cries with his lips.

“Did it hurt?”

“I begged him to stop, but he knew what to do. I wish you could have seen my face when he suddenly put his entire weight on top of me and forced his way in. I screamed into his lips and struggled wildly in vain.”

Sam moaned as Linda turned him on his back and straddled him with no resistance. “I think he stretched me,” she said apologetically, her hands playing with his erect nipples. “I can hardly feel you.”

Sam was spiraling into a dizzy height. Each confession was more exhilarating than the one before. Sam wasn't that rigid, but it was the best sex he'd had in years, maybe ever! His sensuality was in his chest rather than between his legs. Sam moaned, “I can't believe he didn't use a condom.”

“I thought he had one on,” she confessed, “but he whispered that yours didn't fit. I told him to take it out, but he wouldn't. He just kept probing deeper until he met resistance and then he pushed into virgin areas. I pleaded with him that it was too close to my ovulation, but he wanted his sperm in me.”

Sam was amazed that the sensations coursing through his body were so different. He had always been so premature, but now he was able to just enjoy the

sensations. There was no hurry. "I'm sorry I was asleep, maybe I could have saved you?"

"I cried when I felt the strong spurting deep in my belly and I knew it was too late."

"Next time," Sam said, "make Frank wear a condom."

"I'll try," Linda gasped as she felt her little man spasm and fall out.

"Do you want to hear more?"

"Next time," Sam gasped breathlessly his face a rosy red.

A PROMOTION

"Jenny quit!" Dana said as Sam arrived for work. She ran off with that trucker without a day's notice. We are going to be crazy today! Thank goodness I can count on you."

"I liked Jenny," Sam said, "I'll miss her.

"Now I've got to replace her. Good waitresses are hard to find. Does Linda know any girls looking for a job?"

Sam shook his head. Then a light went on, Dana asked, "Do you want the job?"

"Sure! I'd love it!" Sam replied.

"Actually you deserve it," she muttered, "Half the customers come here just to try to figure you out. Maybe we could spread the rumor around that you have always been a girl. Would you mind wearing a little lipstick?"

"I guess not," Sam said. "When do I start being a waitress?"

"Right now! That was easy." Mrs. Nolan stepped back and looked him over from head to toe. "Come to my

office and let me pick out a shade of lipstick that'll match your complexion." Sam knew that he was about to double his salary or more.

Dana with a kind of patronizing look added, "I want the customers to think you're female. Is that okay with you? I think you need to start wearing makeup and a bra at all times."

Sam couldn't wait to start making as much money as Linda. "I'm sure Linda will help me do whatever it takes," he replied with a growing sense of pride in his voice.

"Not many wives would want their husbands playing in their makeup. You would have to wear female clothes, makeup, hairdo, and even nail polish while working. Will she'll help you with all that?"

Sam smiled, "Sure, I know something she wants."

When Sam told Linda, she gasped, "Dana is a perfectionist when it comes to how her girls look. Are you willing to make that sacrifice?" Linda asked.

"Can you help me?" Sam asked shyly.

"What do I get out of all this?" his wife asked seriously.

"We are going to double our income!"

Linda joked back, "We'll be spending that much in nylons!"

"Can you help me tonight?"

"Tonight?" Linda thought, "Frank was taking me to a movie. He'll be really disappointed."

Sam felt a shiver run up his back as he suggested, "Maybe he could come for dinner another night?"

"AND?"

“You could show me how to put on makeup...”

“AND?”

“Maybe we could talk about me sleeping on the couch again.”

Linda came up and gave him a big hug. “I think I like you being a girl! Male jealousy is so unattractive.”

Tears came to Sam's eyes, “I wish I understood it. The more feminine I become the more I understand you and your needs.”

“Maybe I can leave the door open?”

That night they worked on all the little details. Linda curled his hair and manicured his finger and toenails a soft pink. Sam asked, “What do I use to take the polish off?”

“Off?” Linda laughed, “Once we get you all dolled up, you are stuck that way for a while.”

“What do I wear when I'm not at work?”

“Dresses, silly. Who knows, in a month or two you might forget you're my husband!”

“Sometimes I wish I could.”

“And one more thing, you are going to need more bras. The three you have aren't going to be enough. I think you should wear them all the time,” his wife exclaimed as she stepped back to admire his image. “Beautiful hair...beautiful legs...maybe you should have been a girl!”

Looking in the mirror was strange. All the guilt and shame he'd been feeling disappeared. He was no longer an inferior male or impotent. Frank was no longer a threat to him. Sam almost swooned when he saw Linda pull a waitress uniform from her closet. “Let's put you in

a dress tomorrow!” The uniform was a classic ‘Waitress’ uniform. It was pink with white collar and lace trim, with short puffy sleeves. The skirt was short and fitted.

“I’ve never worn a skirt,” Sam said with a worried tone in his voice.

“You’re in for a real treat,” his wife giggled as she prepared his under things.

There was the white bra, panties, nude pantyhose, And a full slip that needed adjustment of the shoulder straps, but soon was hanging properly. Sam lifted his arms as the pink dress slipped down his body and zipped in back.

Linda stepped back for a better look. “You are going to drive those truckers mad!”

“Really?” Sam asked as he stepped in front of the mirror. “Do I have to flirt with them like you and the other girls do?”

“Only if you want the big tips!” his wife teased. “I’ll do your makeup tomorrow, but you have to learn to do it yourself. Let me put some makeup on you now, okay?”

“You’re the expert,” Sam admitted.

“I can do anything I think is necessary?” she asked.

“Okay, I guess?”

She found her tweezers and said, “This might hurt a bit.”

Tilting Sam’s head back, she began the stingingly torturous task of shaping her husband’s eyebrows into high girlish arches. Sam whimpered as Linda said, “Beauty hurts. You better get used to it. I want Sandi at the beauty shop to refine the shape next week. You’ll be amazed at how feminizing this is to your face.” Sam’s

eyebrows were now delicate thin arches that 'opened up' his eyes.

Linda outlined Sam's eyes with eyeliner, followed by eye shadow. He watched intently, having never seen himself with makeup. Next came foundation, blush, and mascara completed by lipstick. She selected a deep pink to use something dramatic for his first day. He was going to be getting a lot of attention.

Sam was shown how to blot the lipstick on a tissue. "Am I done?"

"Almost!" Sam watched carefully as she backcombed, sprayed, and styled his hair into an exceedingly feminine BIG hairdo. She added a small, plastic pink and white hair bow clip on one side to hold his hair back.

"Frank was right. You really should be a girl!" Linda gushed.

Sam stood up and walked to the full-length mirror. He was totally comfortable in the white high-heeled pumps. "Is that really me?" Sam gasped as he stared the shapely waitress in the mirror.

"Get used to it. That's what you are going to look like...at least until you get a better job or Dana fires you...or you run off with a trucker," Linda giggled.

It was nearly ten o'clock when they were done for the day. They were working together the next day, so Linda showed him how to lay out what they were wearing. Linda said, "Frank's coming in for lunch tomorrow. He can't wait to see you."

"Did you tell him it was okay again?" Sam blushed.

Linda smiled, “I told him he had to ask you again. Make him beg.” Sam felt a twinge as the nylon skirt moved about his hips.



*Fewer people laughed at Sam now...
but the men still stared.
Fitting in with the other girls felt nice..*

“Tomorrow when we get home, we'll have to pick you out some street clothes. You can't live in a uniform.”

“Dresses?” Sam asked.

“Dresses!” Linda stated, adding, “and you'll need a purse for your things.”

One of Linda's nylon nightgowns was waiting for him when he came to bed. Linda said, “You are a girl 24/7 now.” It felt sensational. The silky material was very comfortable.

“Would you mind if I called Frank my 'boyfriend' at work? Dana said I should spread the rumor that you are my roommate, and never really been my husband.”

Sam about swooned, feeling a flush, “Would you have to kiss him in front of everyone?”

“It would be 'in character',” Linda whispered in Sam's ear. “I probably should talk about him with you and the other girls. You know how all the girls talk about their boyfriends.”

Twenty minutes later they fell into a much needed sleep. Sam awoke to his wife's words, “Get used to it.”

Dane was worried. She needed to replace a waitress, but if it didn't work out, she would have lost a great busboy and a waitress. Arriving at 6:30, she was met with the familiar smell of fresh coffee.

There was Linda, serving a few early birds. “Morning, Dana,” Linda said cheerily. “Where's Sammi?” she asked as Sam walked out of the kitchen carrying a mug of coffee in Dana's 'boss' cup.

“Good morning, GIRLS,” Dana said as she saw Sam in his uniform. Her mouth must have dropped open. Sam looked remarkable, beyond her wildest anticipation.

Turning to Linda, Dana shook her head, “You must have really worked on your ‘roommate’.

“She didn't need much,” Linda laughed, “She's a natural.”

Sam was wearing a crisply ironed pink nylon uniform with a short skirt, not much longer than the white lace style apron tied over the skirt. The apron was tied in the back with a big, puffy bow. Sam's legs were encased in very sheer stockings that clearly showed his smooth, silky knees. White pumps with two-inch heels traditional went with his uniform.

“Come into my office,” Dana said, motioning to Sam. Sam gave her the mug and followed her.

“Your figure looks good in that uniform,” she noticed, surveying closely. She couldn't find a flaw. His makeup included a medium red lipstick which matched the nail polish on his manicured fingernails was perfect. Linda hadn't missed a trick. He even wore hoop earrings, a heart necklace, and a little gold watch.

Sam's hair was teased up into a flawless bouffant with wispy bangs and dainty curls pulled forward onto his cheeks in smooth curls. Lots of aromatic hair spray held the style firmly in place. “Okay, you and Linda understand the new rules, right?” she asked.

“From now on I'm just Linda's roommate,” Sam established, “She even took off her wedding ring this morning.”

“I just want to make sure that you fully understand what is expected of my girls. I'm sure this will work out quite well and you'll make a lot of money.”



“Your figure looks good in that uniform,” Dana noticed, surveying more closely. She couldn’t find a flaw.

He went about his daily duties, but he was now taking orders and making tips. The day went much faster, even with the constant reminders from Linda to fix his lips. By the time the lunch crowd left, he was in the flow of it.

As he was clearing dishes from a table, he saw Linda suddenly bolt towards the door. It was Frank with a buddy. She gave him a big sloppy kiss on the lips, making sure everyone saw it. “Sammi, can we have two coffees over here!” she yelled, scooting into a booth next to Frank.

Sam strolled over with two coffees, his hips swinging seductively in the pencil thin skirt. He felt that tingle again and the sensation of his bottom jiggling a bit as he walked.

Linda was sitting with her arm around Frank's shoulder. He said, “Sammi, you look great today! Bet you feel better like this.” Linda's fingers were playing with the back of his short hair, making Sam's nipples gather up into tiny knots, wrinkling the flesh around them.

“Are you two eating today,” Sam asked, “Linda said the salami is good.” They all laughed, then ordered.

Sam was proud of himself. He was able to joke with Frank. As he walked away, he knew that both men watched the pink nylon stretched tightly across his fleshy, soft bottom. A layer of fat had been built up under his skin, leaving his flesh cushiony and malleable. His ample bottom curved gently outward from his waist. His bottom was as shapely as Linda's in a skirt.

Serving Frank and his friend was a challenge. The tingling in his bra and panties was so intense that at one point he had to go to the ladies room before he fainted.

He adjusted his bra. His previously fat chest now bulged outward in creamy soft flesh that rested comfortably in the cups of his little push-up bra.

As he freshened his lipstick, Sam hardly recognized himself. His facial features had softened and lost their male character. His cheeks were pink and rounded. His big eyes blinked innocently in the mirror. He thought about Frank and his wife. He was happy for her. The previous burning pangs of jealousy had dwindled and were almost extinguished.

Frank came over for dinner that night. Sam was dressed in a light blue linen dress, super sheer pantyhose, and white high-heeled sandals. His hair was pulled up in back and clipped in place with a white, satin hair bow barrette. Linda was in a green dress with her hair done loose.

Frank just shook his head and said, "Sam, you're look every inch like a young woman. My buddy wanted to ask you out!" Sam knew that his shapely legs had attracted more than one male eye that day.

"It's a little early for that," Linda laughed, "But in a month or two? Who knows?"

"No way," Sam blushed and went to serve drinks.

After dinner, the conversation turned where Sam knew it would go. Frank said, "Sam, do you think it might be a good idea if I spent a few nights over here? It would give Linda something to talk about at work with you girls."

Sam glared, “I hoped you would have used a condom?”

“I'm not dating anyone,” Frank said, “and haven't since my marriage broke up. I need a feeling of intimacy. You understand, don't you?”

Linda defended him, “It's okay, honey. I like knowing a part of him is in me.”

“You two do what you want, but I'm not sleeping on the couch. I need my beauty sleep,” Sam said, winking at Linda when Frank wasn't watching. “In the meantime, I have to go curl my hair. I have to be at work at seven.”

When he came back to the living room after his shower, with a robe on and towel wrapped around his hair, he found his wife and Frank in a mad embrace. “Good night kids,” Sam chided, before putting on his nightgown and curling his hair.

When he climbed into bed, he heard the springs on the couch begin to squeak in a regular and easily recognized rhythm. The door was open a bit. Sam's breasts tingled.

Later, Linda came in and whispered, “I thought you'd come out and stop him? Did you watch?” Her fingers played with the elastic of his pink panties then went to the swollen nubs of his erect nipples.

Before Sam knew it, Linda had straddled him, his semi-rigid little thing engulfed in a hot, wet valley. Realizing what the wetness was, Sam felt delicious stirrings. “Oh,” Linda moaned, “I'm leaking all over you!”

“You are getting so big,” Sam gasped. His breasts jiggled with his efforts to simulate his maleness. There

was just no friction. Sam's smooth legs shook and sweat poured. Frank's juices were everywhere!

Sam gasped, "I've got more on me than you!"

"That's the idea," she whispered hotly. "You get your share!" A sweet morel of arousal shot up Sam's body. His body jerked to a rising pressure and he groaned aloud, followed by a small shutter and it was over.

"I've got to take a shower," Sam moaned.

"Not until morning, I want you to sleep with a man's essence between your legs too," she joked, "We both will have something to tell the girls tomorrow."

By the end of the week, Sam had to make room for all his new lingerie and clothes. The tips were good, so Linda insisted he buy some of his own things.

By the end of the second week, Linda said, "Let's dump your boy stuff. Besides, you've gained some weight around the bottom. Most of it won't fit anyway." By the next morning, Sam's male clothes were piled into several boxes and placed out for Goodwill.

"Now you can't be a boy, even if you wanted!" Linda stated. "In a month or two, you'll forgot you were ever a man."

"I hope so," Sam muttered, "I don't know what I'd do without my job."



There were many new signs that Sam was no longer the man of the house..

One day he stood in front of the mirror and gasped, "WOW! I have tits!"

"They are breasts, dear," Linda corrected. His chest came down smoothly from his neck until it reached two soft fleshy mounds with a little valley between them. His large pink nipples sat atop the mounds.

"Just goes to show, you were meant to be a girl," his wife chuckled.

They fascinated Sam. "They've been sore for a long time."

The next week when Frank came over for dinner, Sam was wearing a flowered print dress, sheer nylons, and three-inch high heels. He was learning quickly to achieve the full, pretty hairstyle waitresses adore and was part of his work image.

"You're beautiful," Frank said, adding, "My buddy still wants to take you out!"

Sam shook his head, "I'm sure you've told him about me."

"He doesn't care," Frank said, "He thinks you are a doll."

"He's married isn't he?"

Frank laughed, "He said if you are willing to over look one little thing, so is he."



*Seeing Sandi's handiwork, Sam said, "It's so feminine!"
"That's because you ARE feminine!" Sandi confirmed.*

On Wednesday mornings, Sam and his wife had standing beauty appointments to get their hair done. With Dana's decree, Sandi was told to DO up Sam and quickly he was sporting some pretty fancy French braiding, elegant upsweeps, often piling all but a few curly tendrils on top of his head in a chignon.

Sam's eyebrows were plucked into such thin high arches that sometimes he had to use a little eyebrow pencil to highlight them. Sandi wondered about the two. While Sandi was busy arranging roller after roller, Linda talked about girl stuff, and looking pretty for her boyfriend. Sam talked about finding a new dress and looking pretty for work.

While Linda chatted about Frank, being feminized for work aroused Sam. Seeing his feminine image made him forget about ever trying to be a virile male. What made him feel comfortable now were the clothes, hairstyle, makeup, and everything belonging to a pretty girl.

Seeing Sandi's finished work, Sam gushed girlishly, "It looks so feminine!"

"That's because you ARE feminine!" Sandi confirmed.

Dana changed the uniforms again. The new ones were white nylon, cut like a tight sheath dress with a high side slit designed to reveal a lot of smooth leg. The bodice was cut to show the waitresses cleavage. Sam, with his push up bras, could display a bosom with the best of them. Tips got better, sales were up, and everyone was happy.

One day, Sam came home and was greeted by Linda gushing, “I found it! The perfect apartment for us!”

“We were just beginning to save some money.”

“We are moving! I put down a deposit. It's got a view, a bigger kitchen, and lot's of closet space in both bedrooms.”

“We don't need a two bedroom place,” Sam groaned.

“Please,” she begged. “Frank and I are ruining the couch.”

“Why can't you two go to his place?”

“I like having you around,” Linda confessed, “It wouldn't be the same behind your back. The new place has very thin walls and the bedrooms have an adjoining bathroom with lots of big mirrors. You could be doing your hair!”

This made Sam redden in the cheeks. “Okay,” he mumbled, his pink tipped fingers touched at his hair neatly pinned up except for the tendrils of curls that floated about his face.

THE MOVE...

The move happened quickly. It was no trouble getting a few customers from work to do the heavy lifting. Nearly everyone had a truck. Both bedrooms were exactly the same. Linda was able to convince Sam to call one bedroom his and the other hers, even though they would be sleeping together. Even Sam agreed that the extra room was wonderful. Each bedroom had its own walk-in closet with a full wall mirror.

Life was good. Frank had a lawyer friend who offered to legally change Sam's name to Samantha.

When the papers showed up, Sam was about to sign when he realized that his marriage was being annulled. "What's this about!" he snapped at Linda. "The lawyer said a `Linda' couldn't be married to a `Samantha.'"

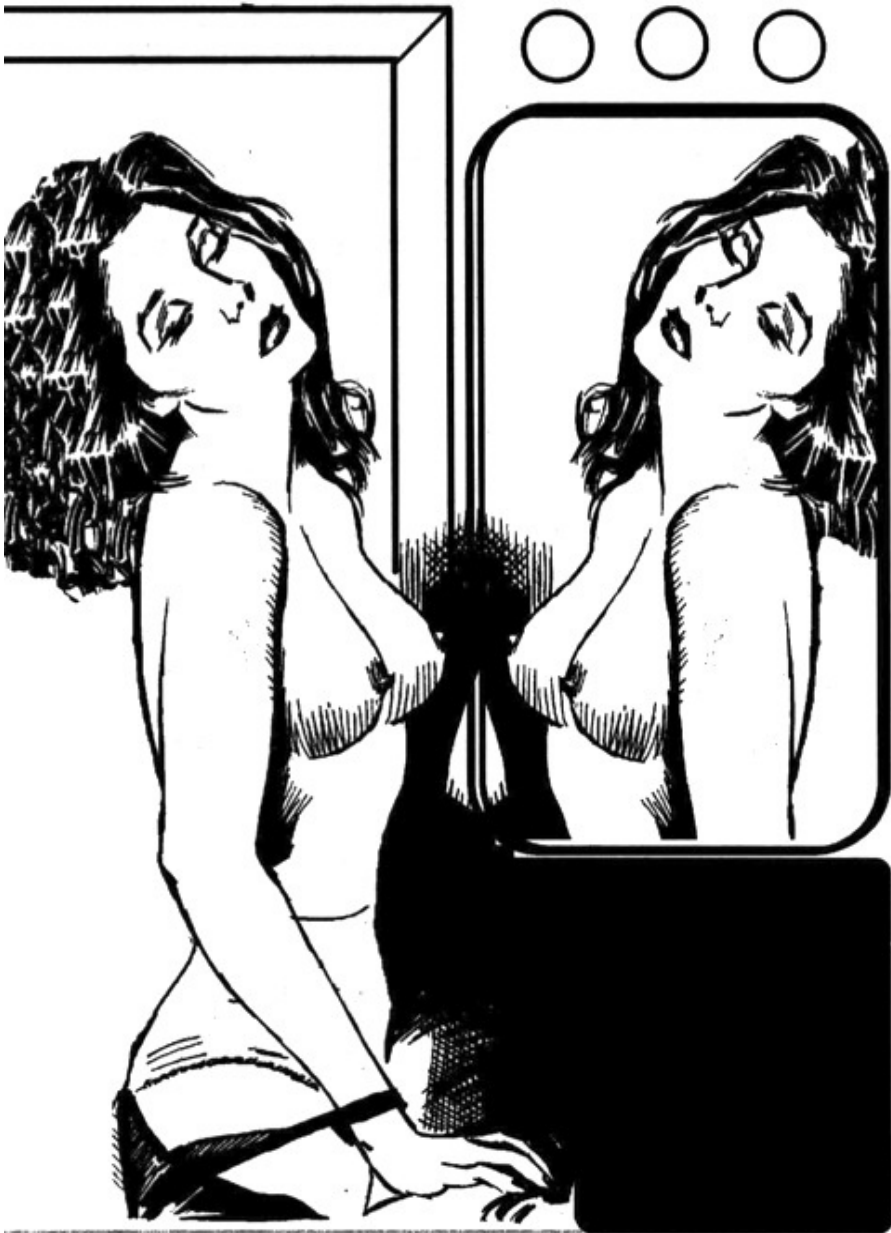
"It seemed like a good idea," Linda stated, "Nothing would change between the two of us."

"I'm not signing that!"

The next couple months were spent working and decorating their new place. Sam's hair grew well below his shoulders. With the weekly care and conditioning, he loved working with different styles. In his nightgown, nearly every night, he'd stand before the bathroom mirror, first brushing out, then fluffing and shaping his hair into the most feminine of soft, lustrous masses to wear proudly the next day! He'd pin his pretty tresses here and there, looking for subtle changes to enhance the feminine effect!

Usually, before Sam was aware of it, the sounds of passionate lovemaking drifted through the door, causing Sam's body to tingle. His heart palpitating, as he felt so marvelously girlish and feminine!

He couldn't restrain himself any longer! His hands flew to his hair to caress and explore, then down the front of his nightgown, and over the jelly-like mounds of supple flesh. Sam was thrilled as his fingers found the gathered knots of his substantial bosom. Just being like a woman was so satisfying. His hands went back to his soft tresses. He realized that he now had no hope of going back to being an ordinary man.



*The mirror told everthing about Sam's future...
he just didn't have what it takes to be a good husband.*

He opened the door to Linda's bedroom and saw Frank doing her like a Shepherd on a poodle. She was

biting her pillow. "I'm going to sign the papers!" Sam stammered because of a sudden cramp he felt.

He was so terribly excited.

"That's great," Linda moaned breathlessly. Frank picked up the pace at the news, making her cry out involuntarily. Sam wondered if it was from the news of his increased feminization or from Frank. It really didn't matter.

Later, after Frank left, Linda came in and kissed him. She had the legal papers in hand. "I'm so glad, it will let everyone know that you'd rather be a girl than a husband."

Linda noticed that Sam pulled his hand from under his nightgown to take the pen. She asked, "Can I call you Samantha? It's more girlish than Sammi."

He signed the paper and said with a girlish giggle, "That's my name now!"

"Isn't it just wonderful, darling?" she whispered hotly, as her hand cupped Sam's rounded, creamy breasts that pressed out pertly from his nightgown. "It's like starting over!"

"You could marry Frank and have his kids!" Sam gasped, his smooth shaven legs rubbed together sensuously.

"We'll all have fun, darling!" Linda said, effortlessly straddling him, "Since you are single, you can start dating again."

"What girl would want to go out with me?" Sam lamented.

“You have to date men now,” she said, her breath on his neck. “Samantha, you are going to make some man a darling girlfriend.”

“Oh, honey! I hope I find someone as nice as Frank!” cried Sam, beside himself in passion.

“That’s all you need to become ALL girl,” Linda caressed Sam.

Sam was so flushed, excited, and feeling so girlish that it didn’t seem impossible. Sam’s feminine feelings grew; there was no holding them in check any longer. Sam relaxed and his body shuttered again and again.

The papers were filed, and in a few weeks, Sam’s birth certificate came in the mail. It was official. “Oh, my,” he gasped, as he saw the ‘female’ designation. “I a girl!” He was now legally “Samantha” and most people began calling him that. Dana even ordered a new name tag.

While waiting tables, he sometimes wore his long hair tied back with a white, lace ribbon in a big bow. He looked lovely from his pale pink painted lips to his freshly ironed waitress uniform and the white linen apron. He liked his work, the days went by fast, and the money was good.

Sam’s femininity was impossible to deny. He had no more masculinity to defend. Frank gave Linda an engagement ring with a diamond much bigger than his.

For some reason, he liked the idea. Frank was practically living with them anyway and having Frank stare made him feel so girlish.

Linda came to his room less often now. His beauty sleep was more important than ever. Getting a new dress was more exciting than a night visit from Linda.

When a man at work would ask him out, Linda would say, "GO! You aren't getting any younger."

A red faced Sam would mutter, "I'm not ready yet" or "He's the wrong guy" or "I've got my eye on another one".

As for clothes, Sam loved skirts. He couldn't get enough of them, and his bottom had expanded to make the most of a tight one.

"I want you to be my bridesmaid," Linda asked Sam as they were getting ready for work. "We are planning a June wedding unless there's an accident."

"Actually, I'm not sure," Sam said.

"Not sure of what?" his wife said as she lovingly fluffed his hair.

"Of you getting married to Frank," Sam said, as he fixed his own hair.

"Why not?" his wife said with smile. "Jealous?"

"Me jealous of Frank?" Sam felt very feminine and showed off for his wife. He slipped out of his nightgown and retrieved an unpadded bra from his drawer. His breasts were smaller, but shapelier than Linda's and she knew it. "I just think you should wait." He daintily put on his bra, full slip, and gingham uniform.

"Please be my bridesmaid," Linda begged, "Frank wants you too! You know that we both want you to live here forever."

Sam straightened skirt, and finally stopped in front of the mirror where he swirled about for inspection. "Okay," Sam said demurely, with only a little fluttering of his long eyelashes.

“Great!” Linda said affectionately, “Wedding are great places to meet men. You had better find one before you lose your figure.”

“I’ve been flirting with a special one,” Sam admitted wistfully.

“TELL ME!” Linda pleaded.

“Nothing is going to happen, it’s just harmless flirting. He knows about me.”

“Poor kid,” Linda thought to herself, “He’s going to have a tough time with men.”

The months went quickly and the wedding approached. Sam was becoming more feminine every day. Only one thing continued to bother Linda. Sam flirted with a lot of customers, a few seriously. In his little short uniform that barely skimmed his knees, she hoped he’d find the right guy.

“You aren’t going to find another girl,” Linda stated. “I really think you should date some men. They can make you feel very feminine.”

“I know,” Sam said, confused by the pressure to get a boyfriend.

“We could double date and stuff,” Linda continued, “Maybe you are afraid of what men want to do with you? That’s normal for any girl.”

“I can handle them,” Sam seemed preoccupied.

When Dana called Sam into her office, he knew it was something good. She announced, “You have done a great job. The first girl I’ve been able to count on to not run off with a trucker.”

Sam smiled. He was dressed in an absolutely gorgeous fitted afternoon uniform, delicate plastic pearls, matching earrings, white pumps, and a delicate white ribbon tied provocatively in his curls.

"I'm kicking you upstairs!" Dana said, "I'd like you to take over the Interstate store and run it for me."

"Really!" Sam gushed.

"You are the only one I trust. These women can be so manipulating," Dana interrupted as she always did. "I can trust you to run a fair and profitable cafe. You started at the bottom and know how difficult it is to run a coffee shop well." Dana rambled on about image and the "DO" concept, nothing Sam didn't already know.

Who would believe that the extremely attractive young woman in a seductive mini skirt was once a busboy? As management, Sam no longer had to wear a uniform, but the short flirty skirt proved that he knew what the customers wanted.

As the new manager, he moved about the cafe with purpose, his figure the focus of attention everywhere. Seeing the new busboy, Sam introduced himself and said, "I want you to know, you have a most important job here. If I'm a bit demanding, it's because I want you to excel."

"Thank you, Miss," the boy said.

"Call me, Samantha," Sam smiled, "Now, who said you could wear your own pants here?"

"The old manager," the boy trembled.

A week before Linda's wedding to Frank, the three of them were having dinner together. She was gushing on

about the wedding plans. She asked Sam, “I'd like to tell my parents that you are Sam's sister. Is that okay?”

“Sure,” Sam said, tugging gently at the hem of his tight skirt.

“You two are sure quiet tonight,” Linda suddenly noticed.

Sam looked at Frank and nodded, his eyes looked down shyly. Frank said to Linda, “You know I wouldn't do anything without your permission.”

“MY PERMISSION?” she asked.

Frank looked for the words; “We thought that IT might remove the sexual tension between Samantha and I so we could just be friends.”

“What!?” she spat.

“I would never do IT without your permission,” Frank defended.

“We are getting married next week?” Linda screamed.

Frank said, “Honey, I feel awkward asking you, but I'm quite attracted to Samantha. She's so innocent and needs a man to show her the ropes. I either have to have her or we all can't live together...”

Linda turned to Sam and said, “You have no idea what you are getting into.”

“It would only be for one night,” Sam declared smugly.

THE END

Epilogue: See Illustration...

If you liked this story and would like to see a sequel, write to me!

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

EPILOGUE



*Sam enjoyed his honeymoon on the beach in Hawaii.
It was too bad Linda had to work at the DO DROP CAFE.
He would have liked her to tag along.....*

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