

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"CHICKS RULE!"

A DRESS IS JUST A DRESS UNTIL
YOUR WIFE MAKES YOU WEAR IT!



Volume 51

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

Volume 51

CHICKS RULE

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CHICKS RULE

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QUOTE BOARD

**This book is for all the feminine young women who
wittingly or otherwise provided the inspiration
for these stories. . .**

CHICKS RULE

By Ydnas

"For fear you get it..."

My wife and I were right out of college when we married. We moved into a tiny house near the hospital where she worked. She was a nurse so it was convenient and since I didn't have a job, it didn't matter that we were rather far from the big city.

She worked odd and sometimes very long shifts, which left me home alone. I was looking for a job but couldn't find one that matched my qualifications...

It had been a year with no success. As a computer programmer, I'd been told that jobs were like cherries in spring...a lot to pick from.

But no matter what I did, a good job was just beyond my reach. I had even applied to some temp offices with minimum success.

I mostly sat around during the day and played with my computer.

My wife at first was very supportive but as time went by, she was frustrated. "Get a haircut!" she started to say. "Maybe that would help?"

My hair was long and stringy. And I didn't want to cut it. More about that later.

I had actually found a job but had to quit. "Work isn't the problem, it's the guys I had to work with...."

So what did I do all day when my wife was at work? I had a particular interest that kept me rather busy...I became interested in my wife's clothes.

When I was home alone one day, I remember seeing her skirt on her bed and wondering what it would feel like. When I was a kid, I used to play in my mother's clothes and seeing that skirt revived the interest.

I am not a big guy, actually only an inch taller than my wife and not much heavier. It had an elastic waist so it wasn't too tight. I felt odd and took it off quickly, wondering what got into me.

But a few weeks later, another of her skirts was laying on the bed ready to go to the dry cleaners. It fit just fine. I wore it for half an hour or so, to the point of becoming nervous about spilling something on it. But it felt nice, but not quite to the point of feeling at home in it.

I found myself hoping that she would leave her clothes out and even began to offer to take her clothes to the laundry. She looked at me funny but agreed and even thanked me.

I began spending more time in her clothes...in fact; I was soon taking every opportunity to wear them.

It wasn't that skirts and dresses were more comfortable than my pants; there was something naughty and sexy about wearing them. In fact, I didn't really know why I liked wearing them. They felt nice and gave me a "cozy" feeling.

Nice and soft and swishy, and I especially liked how skirts swung around my legs when I walked.

When I offered to start doing the laundry, my wife was overjoyed. But this simply gave me access to her lingerie and other clothes. In fact, I'd begun changing into her clothes the minute she left for work. And sometimes didn't change back until she was leaving work and headed home.

For some reason the dresses had a calming effect on me. It was more than just the dress itself: it was a release from the pressures of being a man...male...husband. Each morning when I slipped a dress over my head, I was headed for a first-rate, relaxing day. I began to watch my wife and what she wore with what. I watched how she walked and the manner she sat.

I found myself walking a little more on my toes with my legs closer together. Sometimes I'd practice in front of the mirror trying to get the swing of my hips to look like hers. I found that high heels made a big difference.

Sitting was hard. It took me weeks to figure out how to sit and not wrinkle the back of her dress. I was always very careful to settle the skirt neatly around me when I sat down.

My job searching went on the back burner. Pounding the pavement for a job meant no dress wearing.



I was being very careful. When I began to wear her lingerie, I only wore what would be in the wash when she came home.

At some point, I began to wear lipstick and her makeup. I only used her old stuff at the bottom of the closet. It was so old; I'm lucky it didn't poison me.

I knew I shouldn't be doing it. I was uncomfortable with my actions but felt unable to stop. That and I'm sure I looked silly.

The idea that I was a man who liked to wear his wife's clothes made me ill...but not enough to stop.

Maybe I wanted to get caught? I began to take

little chances, like wearing her high heels until I heard her car drive up.

It was so nerve-wracking that I even stopped for a week. But the feelings were very strong, and very sweet, and I found myself thinking more and more about dressing up.

I suppose that I should have caught on to her inquiries. "Was any one here today?" she asked.

"No," I'd reply, wondering if I'd missed something.

She'd say, "Very nice job on the house. The beds made, carpets vacuumed, dishes done, WOW!"

I decided to play it safe. I took off her clothes an hour before she was due home. I guess that reduced some stress.

One day she came home and asked, "Where's my print dress?"

"At the dry cleaners. It'll be back in two days."

"I stopped at the cleaners on the way home. They don't have any of my clothes."

I replied. "Have you looked in your closet?" I think my voice was a little tense.

"I looked there" she said. "And I'm missing my black skirt and my white silk blouse. Where's the laundry?"

She looked in my closet. "Why are you looking in there?" I asked. She didn't say a word.

"Was anyone here today?" she asked.

"No, why?"

"Looks like someone is stealing my clothes...a woman who's been here a lot lately...."

"There's no woman."

She pointed at the floor. There was the freshly vacuumed carpet and in the fluffed pile were footprints...high-heeled footprints. I now knew what the dinosaurs must feel like...

"Who's the woman?" she demanded.

"There's no woman."

"There's been lipstick on water glasses. And it's not my shade. Who's the woman?"

I went over to my closet and opened my old suitcase. I pulled out her dress and skirt. They were wrinkled. I said, "I was going to take them to the cleaners tomorrow."

"In your locked suitcase?"

"I didn't want you to know I didn't go."

"Look," she said, "I want an honest explanation, right now!"

I was nailed. Things had happened really fast and I was embarrassed and scared. I didn't have time to think up an excuse that I thought she'd believe. So I just admitted, "I was trying them on."

"My dresses?"

I nodded.

"And I suppose the lipstick is yours too?"

"Actually your old lipstick from under the sink."

"Okay, let me get this straight. You've been dressing up in my clothes and wearing my makeup...and my lingerie too?"

I nodded. I think my face must have been as red as the lipstick because she just looked at me. I thought that I would die, right there on the spot. I'd never be able to hold my head up again in front of my wife.

She didn't even blink. "My clothes are too nice to be treated this way." She shook out her dress. If this is true, I want you to put this dress on right now...let me see what you are doing while I'm working."

"I know my own clothes pretty well," she said. "So put it on...where are my missing panties?"

"I went over and opened another suitcase pushed way in back of the closet.

"So let me see you...make up and all."

"I won't so it again," I apologized.

"Get dressed! NOW! I'll be in the living room."

About a half an hour later, I walked into the living room. "I'm sorry," I said softly.

She looked me over. She was cold and expressionless. "Do you know what you look like in that dress?"

"I know, I'll never do it again."

"Seriously," she said. "Do you know what you look like?"

"A fruit in a dress?"

"No," she smiled, "You look like a woman."

"I'm sorry," I said again.

She looked me over and shook her head. "You really look like a woman. With your long hair and that lipstick...even the dress fits you."

She thought for a moment. "Maybe you'll take better care of nice things if they are yours," she said, adding, "That dress and lingerie are now yours. Those are my favorite heels but I'm sure I can find you a few pair I don't like."

You could have floored me with a feather. "I'm sorry, dear," I moaned. "Please don't tease me."

"I'm not teasing you. The dress is yours...and I want you to wear it. I've been meaning to clean out my closet...I'm sure we can put together a nice little wardrobe for you."

"Seriously?" I asked. I knew when she laughed at me I'd feel like a disgrace.

"Leave the dress on and let's go clean out my closet."

I walked behind her, stunned. There were so many different emotions at the same time that I couldn't focus on anyone of them. Here I was in my wife's dress (MY dress now) walking behind her—on the way to pick out more dresses. I

knew "Lucy" was going to pull the football aside at any second.

She said, "You walk well in those heels. Do you prefer dresses or skirts?"

"Dresses," I said.

I thought of running away but I followed her into her closet. She said, "Here's the deal. I'll give you these things but you have to stay out of my good stuff, okay?"

I nodded.

"Here's a pretty housedress," she said, handing it to me. Why was she giving me these clothes?

Did she expect me to wear them in front of her? That would be humiliating.

"You know what this means," she asked. "I get to buy some new clothes."

I nodded. For the next hour, she picked and culled until she had a new wardrobe for me. One that she insisted be in my closet and my drawers. "I don't want you getting confused. These are your things now."

I finally got up the nerve to ask, "Why are you doing this?"

"Look at you," she said pulling me to a mirror. "You look like a woman. You obviously have some interest looking like one so why not have a few dresses? OH! You'll need makeup too..."

I didn't say much the whole rest of the night. She insisted I leave the dress on.

At bedtime, we were like twins, both of us pulling our dresses over our heads and in panties and bras, removing our makeup.

"You really look like a woman!" she said at least a dozen times that night.

The next morning, I was in bed as she got ready for work. She asked, "What dress are you going to wear today?"

"The joke is over," I moaned. "I'll put everything back in your closet today."

"The heck you will! I'm going shopping. "So the question is: what dress are you going to wear today?"

"One of mine?"

"Right!" she laughed. "When I come home tonight, leave the dress on and I'll help you do something with your hair."

In the quiet of my house, my whole world had changed in just twelve hours. I didn't know how to react to seeing dresses in my closet and lingerie in my drawers.

I put on lingerie and slipped a dress over my head as always. But it was different now. The dress was a pretty, flowered print housedress that my wife never wore. I liked the way it fit around my waist.

I went into the bathroom and in my drawer was MY makeup. I almost fainted.

When my wife came home, I'd changed into a simple but elegant dress. She had told me that I better be wearing a dress when she came home.

I remember hearing her drive up as usual and wanting to run. She walked through the door and saw me. She said, "You look nice in that. It wasn't my color. Did you start dinner?"

I nodded as I walked through the living room and handed her a drink. I was still scared.

"You really do look like a woman," she said again. "Tonight we'll do something with your hair. I think you need to shave your legs if you are going to wear those light colored nylons..."

Over dinner, I sat down at the table, rather clumsily. I was too frightened to move about like I'd practiced.

My wife laughed and stood up, "Sit down like this. Smooth your skirt like a lady. Take the sides of the skirt with both hands like this and pull it forward like this--tight across your bottom. Now when you sit you won't wrinkle your skirt."

"Thanks," I said, trying it a few times until I did it to her satisfaction. She showed me how to sit up straight with my legs prudishly together.

After dinner she said, "Maybe you're wondering why I'm not upset about your new taste in clothes. You have to admit, it's a little strange."

"Here it comes", I thought.

"You are not the first crossdresser I've come across. A couple of the doctors I've worked for deal with gender issues. Most things in life we have a choice in...sex is not one. Most men hate woman's things. You don't and what is amazing...in a dress, you look like a female. Does that bother you?"

"I've never been much of a lumberjack," I said.

"With a little practice and maybe a trip to the beauty parlor, you could go anywhere as a woman."

"OUT?"

"Sure! Why not? It could be our little secret. You can wear your dresses whenever you want, but remember don't EVER borrow my clothes without my permission." She laughed.

I was so relieved and happy that all my feelings came up at once, and I began to cry and laugh at the same time.

"I was so worried that you'd leave me," I sobbed. "Thank you for being so understanding."

She came over and put her arms around me and hugged me, and said, "It's not a big deal. We'll have you behaving like a lady in no time...it'll be fun."

She held me until I calmed down, and then we had quite a long conversation about girl things over the dinner table: about shaving legs, plucking eyebrows, nylons, long skirts, hair styles, nightgowns, nail polish, short frilly little skirts--we covered the whole subject.

She was happy to discuss anything and I suddenly wanted to know it all.

I asked her how long she knew I had been borrowing her clothes.

"At first, I thought you were having an affair," she said, "And what really pissed me off was that the girl was taking my clothes! Then they would show up again..."

That night, my wife showed me how to shave my legs. I wasn't very hairy anywhere so she suggested I shave them every two or three days.

The next morning, my wife was down preparing breakfast and I went to get dressed. I remembered, it was her day off and I wasn't sure how I should dress.

I put on my old tattered terrycloth robe and went to get some coffee.

When she saw me she whistled, "Nice legs, missy!"

"What should I wear today?" I asked.

"I'm wearing my demin skirt and a cotton blouse. Why don't you wear something that but-

tons up so that we can try some things with your hair."

It struck me: She was expecting me to wear a dress. One of MY dresses and wear it all day!

"Are you sure you want me to wear a dress today? It's your day off?"

She said, "The only way you are going to get good at this is to practice."

It felt so nice not hiding and sneaking about. I could let my other personality take over a bit.

After I dressed, I went downstairs into the kitchen and did a little pirouette in front of my wife. She nodded appreciatively. Then she said, "Let me see those legs! "

I reached down and hiked up the front of the dress. She smiled, "Nylons feel nice, don't they? We'll need to get more at the store."

After breakfast, my wife took me into the bathroom and she worked on my hair with a curling iron. She trimmed the back a bit.

She said, "You need some professional help. Maybe we could go to the beauty parlor together?"

"Outside? Like this? Never!"

She got serious. "Look, if you want my help, you have to get over your insecurities. I think with just a few changes, you could make a pretty young woman."

"But I'm your husband?"

"Look, it's time honesty came into our relationship. We have a few problems that we have to face. We are working on one of them here."

I didn't want to ask what the other problems were. I was having too much fun.

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WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

A NEW DO....

When my wife came home and told me she found a woman's hair salon to help me. I didn't want to go but she insisted, "I found the name of this shop from that doctor who has the gender clinic. Come on, it'll be fun."

I wasn't about to wear a dress outside but I did wear my wife's pants and tank top. "You really should have worn a dress," she said.

"I don't really want to cut my hair."

"You are going to love it. It's not how long hair is, it's the cut and style."

The shop was small. Zena introduced herself saying, "I know you are nervous...all the men are at first. Just put yourself in my hands." She turned to my wife and began to finger my hair. She asked, "Sometimes I have to cut hair so it

can go either way; male or female. What should I do with his?"

My wife said, "He's wearing dresses all the time now. But he's still afraid to go out in public. He needs to see a woman in the mirror."

"Aw!" Zena laughed. "Let me see if I can give him some confidence."

I was embarrassed and didn't say much.

Zena took me to the shampoo sink and washed and conditioned my hair. She and my wife chatted while the conditioner soaked in. I couldn't hear much because of the running water.

Back in the chair, Zena began working, first clipping my hair up in layers and then trimming each strand in the length.

"It'll look much longer now," Zena said. "I've cut it for fullness so you might have some trouble making it look male. If you have to, slick it back with grease. What about bangs in front? They are very feminizing."

My wife said, "Bangs would be great!"

Zena laughed, "You are lucky to have such an understanding wife."

"I know."

Zena carefully trimmed for fullness at the bottom so I'd have movement. She asked, "Do you have hot rollers?"

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"My wife does."

"You'll be needing your own," she said. "You'll need some clips, maybe barrettes and a few other things. I have them here."

I watched as Zena began rolling section after section of my hair onto big pink rollers.

I gasped. She was rolling my hair just like my wife did.

"You are doing that like my wife does?"

"You are going to have the same style!" Zena said. "Doctor's orders...I mean nurses!"

After 20 minutes under the dryer, Zena took out the rollers and took a large brush and began shaping my hairdo into a soft, flowing style. It was unmistakably feminine and just like my wife's!

It flowed about my face in opulent lavish waves.

"Now you really look like a woman," Zena announced.

I was in shock. Even in pants and shirt, I looked like a woman.

My wife laughed, "Don't you wish you'd worn a dress now?"

"I have a few in my boutique next door," Zena said. Turning to me, she asked, "Are you wearing your pretty panties?"

I blushed and nodded. Zena teased the back of my hair a bit and with hair spray set it into its final styling.

My wife asked, "Do you like it?"

I was shocked by my reflection in the mirror. I had a girl's head! My hair was softly curled and moved softly about my face when I moved.

"Well?" she asked.

"Amazing!" was all I could choke out.

Zena said, "Your wife will teach you how to style it and different ways to wear it." She stood back and asked my wife, "Can I shape his brows?"

"They need it, don't they?"

"It would open up his eyes," Zena said.

Zena turned me away from the mirror. I thought that she was just going to pull a few straggly hairs but soon the towel in front of her was full of the long hairs of my eyebrows. She would stop now and then, stand back and then start again...

"Isn't that enough," I asked."

"I have to get the right arch." She took a little piece of tape and put it between my eyes ripped it off taking even the smallest light hairs. Then she did the same thing to my light sideburns.

Almost done, she announced. "You are going to be surprised!" She turned the chair towards the mirror!

My mouth dropped. I gasped, "My gawd!"

My wife smiled and said, "We better get you a bra and dress to wear home."

Zena beamed with satisfaction. My fingers touched my brow to make sure it was really my

face. My brows were no longer thick and bushy as nature intended. They were above my eyes in delicate, high, pencil thin arches. Silky and thin and perfectly curved like my wife's.

Between the hairstyle and eyebrows, Zena had ineradicably altered my face into the one of a bewitching young female's. Even without a dress or makeup, I had no hope of passing for a normal man.

Zena said, "If we give him some acrylic nails, we will have emasculated everything..."



When we left Zena's that day. I was wearing a new sweater and skirt, high heels and some "specialty" lingerie. The wind blew my hair about my face and my skirt about my knees. On the way to the car, an older man said, "Good afternoon, ladies."

My wife laughed, "Looks like you better get used to being called 'Miss!' You'll look dreadful as a man now."

"What do I do?" I cried, "Just start being a woman?"

Just then another man walked by and asked, "Ladies, can you tell me where's the Wall Building?"

As he walked away, my wife said, "Looks like you have already started!"



So began my new existence in dresses.

My first ventures out were scary but I quickly learned that everyone simply related to me as a female.

It wasn't long before I had almost forgotten what pants felt like. Even at night, I wore a nightgown.

I wanted to let my eyebrows grow and get a more unisex haircut but

my wife insisted, "You can't stop now. You are the verge of a breakthrough."

"A breakthrough?"

"Sure. You probably don't even know you are doing it, but your demeanor is becoming lady-like. You are making the small fluttery gestures that are considered girlish, feminine and cute."

"Is that good?"

"If you like wearing dresses, it's good. Look how you are toying with your hair and the way you've crossed your legs. That's all coming with time."

TURNABOUT....

I never thought it would happen to me. When my wife found out about my interest in her clothes, she wasn't shocked like I expected. Sometimes I wish she had been.

Over the next few months, she couldn't be more helpful. She bought me books about fashion and cross-dressing, more nightgowns to sleep in, even threw out my underwear saying that panties were more comfortable.

I should have seen it coming. The first clue was that she wasn't embarrassed by my interest. In fact, to my humiliation, she told her mother and sister and a few of her close friends.

She insisted that I meet them dressed as a woman. To my surprise, they all were amazed that I actually looked like a woman. Her sister

said, "We always thought you were rather effeminate..."

Then something happened. Over the next few months, my wife started to change and I didn't know WHY.

That is, until one Saturday morning. I went to the grocery store. When I got home, to my surprise she had laid out a completely new woman's outfit for me to wear that evening.

"What's happening? A special night at home? Or for our anniversary...but it's a few days away?"

"We are going to have a special night."

Judging from the new dresses laid out on the bed, she was preparing for fancy night of dressing up with me.

There were two matching short red dresses and pairs of 3-1/2" red, strappy, high heeled sandals.

She giggled, "This is going to be so fun. Come over and let me paint your fingernails and toenails the same color as our dresses."

I sat down and she began to manicure my nails. First lightly shaping the length and then painting them the color of the dresses and her lipstick.

"I have a surprise for you," she replied, "don't get upset until I'm finished."

A little about my wife. She is 24 years old, and looks fantastic. She always keeps herself in

good shape. She has shoulder-length brown hair, sexy brown eyes, and a great figure. At 5'7" and 115 pounds, she gets a lot of looks from men whenever we go out. (I, on the other hand, am 5'7", skinny as a rail with not a muscle to be found.)

My wife's breasts are not huge but she makes up for it with her long, tanned, gorgeous legs and a bottom to die for.

She said, "Remember when I found out about your interest in my clothes and how embarrassed you were. You said you didn't want anyone to know? I think that is wrong."

"So?"

"Well?" she smiled, "We have dates tonight!"

"What?"

"Dates! You know, men to take us out?"

"I can't do that...you can't do that either?"

"Sure you can, look how feminine you've become. You wear panties all the time. Your hair is as long and pretty as mine and tell me you won't look great in this dress."

I felt dazed, as if someone had punched me in the gut. It was true that I'd become feminine. I went to the beauty parlor with her, shaved my legs, slept in a nightgown and wore dresses everywhere.

"Honey, you are practically a girl now," she stated. "I feel like I'm living with a girl?"

"But who would go out with me?"

The answer came fast...

She smiled, "Remember those doctors who run the gender clinic? One of them asked me to go to lunch with him."

"You went?"

"Of course, silly. Anyway, his name is Butch, he is 32 years old, extremely successful, and REALLY well built. He is 6'3" and very sweet."

"He knew you're married?"

"Of course, but when I told him about you, he asked me out on a date. I said no to begin with but he said that the other doctor in his clinic would love to meet you. I couldn't help myself. I agreed that we'd go out with them."

"No way!"

"I know you must be angry that I accepted without asking you, but I couldn't say no to him. It seemed like so much fun."

I was dumbstruck. "What kind of a date is this? You expect us to wear those dresses? It'll look like we're easy."

She laughed, "Look. Neither one of us has dated anyone since we were married. This is a chance for you to explore your femininity..."

"I'm worried that Butch will want to explore yours."

My pleading was obviously falling on deaf ears, as she finally stated flatly, "I'm going. I can call and cancel your date but I'm going. After all the understanding I've given you, you'd deny me a nice night out with a friend."

I had no choice. I felt safer being there. "Who's the weird doctor who wants to meet me?"

She laughed, "He's worked with Butch since medical school. They've been best friends forever."

"You really think this is a good idea?"

"I think it's wonderful. Just don't you steal Butch from me," she joked.

I looked at the dresses and said, "They wanted us to dress alike?"

"Like sisters!" she giggled. "I told Butch that you were as feminine as a sister. Don't make me a liar."

I found myself preparing myself...just like my wife. We were dabbing perfume on our thighs just below the hemline of our skirts, and behind our knees, then on our necks.

Her erect nipples were clearly visible thru the thin material of her bra and dress.

"You're excited by all this, aren't you?" I asked.

She looked at me and giggled, "Wait until you meet our dates...they are so handsome!"

"You've met my date?"

"Nick came to lunch with us the other day. He's as handsome as Butch...promise." Still giggling, she added, "Don't you worry, he'll treat you like a lady."

She laughed as the doorbell rang. "Well, 'young lady', are you going to get the door or not?"

I headed towards the front door. In disbelief that I was wearing a dress and there were men on the other side of the door. My delicate heels clicked across the foyer floor, my bottom swaying as I walked in such high heels.

When I opened the door, I felt sick.

The men were smiling. Butch made the introductions. He said, "Your wife was right! You make a knock out woman. Right, Nick?"

"WOW!" he gasped as they followed me into the living room.

My wife looked more radiant than I had EVER seen her look. Butch walked in, took my wife in his arms and gave her one of those little "Hollywood" kisses on her painted lips.

I felt so humiliated. These were real men. Even in her heels, she had to stand on her little painted toes to reach up and kiss him.

In the car on the way to the restaurant, Nick took my hand in his and said, "I'm very impressed. I saw pictures of you but you are much prettier in person."

We were in the back seat. I saw my wife's delicate fingers with their red-tipped nails gently caressing Butch's thick neck.

I felt ashamed to be a man. My hands looked so small compared to Nick's huge hands and long, thick fingers. He whispered in my ear, "You are much prettier than your wife."

I sat there like an idiot...I didn't know what to say. I said, "Thanks."

Butch whispered something to my wife and she giggled and looked back at me.

We went to dinner and I began to relax. The drinks helped. Nick ordered for me...Butch for my wife. Over dinner we talked about their work.

Afterwards, the men handed us each little boxes. My wife looked at Butch and asked, "For me?"

I looked at my box. Nick said, "Open it...Butch said you two were having an anniversary this week."

We opened the boxes and removed small, gold bracelets. My wife gasped, "It's lovely!"

Nick said, "They are ankle bracelets. Let me put it on." My wife pulled her leg up on Butch's lap and I reluctantly did the same.

"We wear those on our left ankles," she said to me.

Nick gently wrapped the ankle bracelet around my leg, just above the little strap of my high heel.

My wife said, "Very pretty. Thank you!"

"It's the least I can do," Butch said.

"Well," Nick said, "There's more I can. Your wife says you need a job."

That had been a most sensitive issue between us but not mentioned lately. I'd been try-

ing but since the dot.com business died, few companies needed a programmer.

Nick went on, "I don't want you to take this the wrong way, but I need a receptionist and if you can type, you can have the job."

I was in shock. My wife must have known what was coming because she said, "Well? Thank Nick and ask when you start!"

I didn't know how to ask the question so I asked, "What's the dress code?"

Nick laughed, "For you? I want you in a dress!"

"Seriously?"

"Look. I'm offering you a job. You will have to trust me but I think it will turn into a good job."

"As a girl? Every day!"

"Your wife says you dress everyday anyway," he said. "We all talked about it at lunch the other day. We feel you should express yourself and see just how feminine you can become. What better way to do it than a nine to five?"

I looked at my wife who had her arm around Butch's neck again.

I glanced at her and grimaced. She smiled sweetly and asked, "You can type, right?"

"You want me to be a secretary?"

"That, and frankly, I want to watch you as you become more feminine. In a month or two, I'm betting you'll forget you are a man."

"I don't want to forget."

"Why not?" my wife said. "This is a chance most crossdressers would die for. You get to wear dresses everyday! Imagine flitting around all day in soft, alluring dresses. In time, you'll become as poised as any woman. Nick even offered to put you on female hormones...to make your dresses fit and feel better!"

"Hormones?" I moaned. "That would kill our..." I stopped and looked at the faces around me. I couldn't tell if friends or foes surrounded me.

I asked my wife, "Do you really want me to take female hormones?"

"Look at you. That's all that's missing!"

We managed to finish our dinners without any more discussion of the job. The guys paid the check and we went to a nightclub.

It was very crowded. Butch and my wife disappeared for a long time. Nick and I mostly just sat in the corner booth and talked.

On the way home, Nick asked, so should I expect you at work? Nine A.M.!"

He put his arm around me and drew me close. I was able to say, "I need to talk to my wife about this..."

"Well, if you are there at nine, you have a job."

"I do appreciate the offer and the company this evening...it's just that..."

Suddenly Nick's lips were on mine. Then I saw my wife lean over and kiss Butch with more feeling than I could bear to watch. I closed my eyes and submitted my lips to Nick.

I was embarrassed when he whispered, "You kiss like a girl...how sweet!" A flood of humiliation swept over me. I was glad we were home and saying goodnight before feelings got more intense. My wife gave Butch one last kiss and they walked us to the door like gentlemen.

Once safely inside, I nearly broke down. "What are you doing? You were treating me like a girlfriend. I'm your husband!"

She laughed, "Aren't you forgetting how you are dressed? And how nicely you said good night to Nick? And what you are wearing to work on Monday?"

"I didn't say I was taking the job."

"Do you have another job? If not, you will take it till you do."

"Dear Gawd!" I cried, "You want me to go to work as a woman?"

She just looked at me. "I thought you would be happy and excited about this?"

THE NEW JOB....

On Monday morning I walked into my new job wearing a blue turquoise dress with a square cut neckline. The silk dress fit my body and accentuated my girlish figure. My wife had given

me some of her diamond earrings and did my hair up to look the part of a Receptionist. I had on pink lipstick and lip-gloss, my eyes accentuated with the right amount of shadow.

The fragrance of a sweet smelling perfume followed my every move.

Nick saw me walk in and came out to greet me. I smiled and blushed at him. He was everything in a man that I wasn't but he couldn't take his eyes off me. He extended his hand professionally and showed me around the office.

"You should always be like this," he whispered in my ear.

My first day went well and by the time I got home, I was in seventh heaven, gabbing to my wife about work like a crazed schoolgirl.

"SO I assume there will be a second day?" she joked.

I blushed. Why did she always have to be right?

My second day as a woman went well. Nick always extended his hand to me wherever we passed. He was always watching me--rarely letting me out of his sight. But he maintained a professional manner.

Nick asked me to lunch the second week. I felt like I had to go since my paycheck was even more than his first generous offer.

I finally asked him, "So why are you so interested in me?"

He laughed, "You don't know? I'd trade everything to be able to do what you are doing."

"You mean?"

"At twelve, my mom dressed me up and took me out shopping. Then my beard grew in and I was over six foot--my dressing up days were over. That's why I started the gender clinic."

I was very impressed by his honesty. We were more alike than the obvious.

I liked the idea that a "doctor" idolized me.

A couple days later, we went to lunch. Afterwards, Nick suggested we go shopping for a new dress. Nick was so excited as I tried on various dresses, finally picking out a gorgeous blue silk shift. It had long sleeves, but a fairly low-cut top. It fit snugly on top, with a well-defined waist, and a flaring, full skirt that hung just below the knee.

"You look fabulous," he said. "All you need to go with it is..."

I went back to work with the dress, a great pair of pumps and matching purse. I was embarrassed that I let a man buy me a dress.

By the end of my first month, I was used to wearing dresses and doing my makeup and hair for work. I was doing what the women in the office did. What all women did. I wore a full

complement of makeup, pink lipstick and a matching shade of nail polish, on both fingers and toes.

Each day I put on a fresh white lace bra, matching panties, a brand new pair of sheer elegance tan pantyhose, and a full slip with lace trim on top and bottom. I wore a tiny ladies' gold watch and that thin gold ankle bracelet, with a string of pearls around my neck and matching pearl teardrop earrings.

My hair was long, and I wore it down, with part of both sides pulled and tied in back with a little blue ribbon of the same material and color as my dress. Nick never missed a detail. He made me feel most feminine and beautiful.

There were little goods and bads. I began to take the courtesies women receive for granted. Doors were opened for me and Nick always drove and picked up the bill.

On the other hand, I no longer could walk with the freedom of empty hands. I always had to take my purse.

I liked working with Nick. Several times a month, I filled in at the clinic. On those days I wore a white nurses uniform, white stockings and white shoes. Nick was showing me how to give injections and perform other medical procedures.

So when he called me into his office after work, I wasn't surprised. I sat down and

crossed my legs as femininely and gracefully as I could, knowing he was sensing my every delight. Nick wore a suit and tie. "Oh my," he said, "you look sensational."

I thanked him sweetly, instinctively straightening my dress and patting my hair. After a month in dresses, I felt marvelous and comfortable. I opened my purse and coated my lips with frosted pink gloss. I knew I was driving Nick nuts.

"Look what I have for you?" he smiled, holding up a hypodermic.

My heart fluttered, "What is that for?"

"I think you know," he smiled. "I talked to your wife. She said for you to do it."

"Won't that kill my sex drive?"

"Your male sex drive will be reduced. But look at you? In your pretty pumps, your shapely, smooth, nyloned legs, and the short length of your skirt, does that matter much now?"

I moaned. I tugged gently at the hem of my dress and crossed my legs. I probably wasn't much of a "turn on" to a woman now anyway.

My masculine determination was melting away. I asked, "My wife said she wants me to become more feminine?"

Nick laughed, "Can't you tell? The more time you spend as a woman, the more like a woman you'll become...hasn't it been awkward making love to your wife?"

"That's personal!" I said. But it had been. Seeing her in lingerie had lost its kick. As had seeing her strut around in a short skirt and high heels. I no longer cherished the difference between her and me. The whisper of a slip against a dress used to drive me wild. Now I couldn't escape the sounds and sensations surrounding me.

Oh sure, she had softer skin, breasts, fleshy hips and womanhood but that was about all that made us different.

Nick commented, "Must be difficult being a jock in bed when you're wearing a bra and panties?"

I flushed a deep red. My wife wanted me to leave them on when we made love. And that wasn't happening as much.

"What would those hormones do?"

"Female hormones will soften your skin and more. Just putting on lipstick and high heels has got you this far but femininity is something 'inherent'. I propose that if you become estrogen dominated, you will find new pleasures from feminine pursuits and THAT will make you more feminine."

I walked out of the office, my skirt swishing, heels clicking, and hose rustling, and a dull ache where I'd been shot. I felt guilty for having the injection. But I'd never been the most macho

man and my wife knew it even before I started dressing.

I was a very thin man, and with my long hair was often mistaken for a woman. There were many times a waitress came up behind us and said, "Ladies, what can I get you?"

I could have had a haircut but I didn't. Secretly, it excited me and now I knew why. And now, my wife was encouraging me...

That night when I told her about taking the shot, she said, "Wonderful. Now we don't need to worry about birth control."

"Why not?"

She laughed, "Didn't Nick tell you? In about ten days, you won't be having erections. No erections...no penetration...no babies!"

"No SEX?"

"Not with me," she said.

I ranted and raved for a few minutes before she said, "Look, it's only for a month. If you miss male sex that much, you just don't get next months shot."

"That's for sure!" I stated.

We made love that night. I had some trouble and I wasn't sure if it was the injection or something mental. By the end of the week, things weren't working. My wife seemed pleased but I was frustrated.

She said, "Get over it. A few months of injections will solve everything."

When my month was up, I asked my wife if I should have another injection.

"Of course!" she said. I wasn't completely comfortable with the idea of another month without intercourse but my body felt different. I didn't understand exactly why but I was eager to continue.

Nick confessed and told me about what would happen if I continued. I would continue to have difficulty with intercourse and my breasts would bud. He was using some kind of anti-testosterone with a cocktail of several kinds of estrogens.

"I wish I could have erections?" I asked.

"That wouldn't be very ladylike, would it?" he laughed.

I was again lifting my skirt and lowering my panties so that Nick could plunge a hypodermic needle full of girl juice deep into my hip. Nick didn't hesitate. He felt it was better to surprise me.

I flinched, but it didn't matter, he quickly emptied the needle.

"I gave you a good dose this time," he explained. "Your body is used to estrogen now."

I felt flushed but the glow felt nice. I pulled up my panties, hose and lowered my skirt.

The next morning when I woke up, I felt as if I was punched in the belly. My nipples were throbbing and nausea migrated about my abdomen, where it seemed want to explode. I ran into the bathroom and threw up.

When I came back, tears filled my eyes. "I'm sick," I moaned.

My wife laughed, "It'll pass. Morning sickness."

She was right, I suddenly felt okay.

Nick's forecast regarding my reaction to estrogen therapy was correct. I like the way I felt. My skin softened and my panties fit better. I could see at the end of the second month, a subtle shaping of my figure into a more female form. My nipples pressed outward from my chest and other curves appeared.

But more than that, I was changing mentally. I was no longer jealous of my wife going out with Butch. They were friends and besides, most weekends, Nick and I went with them as a foursome.

It was always fun. The guys had a lot of money and we went to the best places in town. Sometimes Butch introduced my wife as "his wife" but Nick sometimes introduced me as his wife too. It made me feel funny inside.

One Saturday night we were all together but the guys had driven their two seat sportscars. Nick dropped me off but my wife didn't come home until real late. I was furious! I yelled, "I was scared something happened! Where were you!"

She paused for a moment to look at me and answered in her sexy little girl teasing voice, "You knew I was safe with Butch."

I was overcome. "I was worried!" I answered breathlessly. "You should have called. What happened?"

"Are you sure you want to know?" she asked me in her teasing voice. "First, you have to promise not to get mad?"

"Mad? Why should I be mad?"

"Well Butch and I were on the way home. He commented on how pretty you looked tonight. Then he asked what the hormones are doing. I told him. He asked if it was okay with you if I spent the night with him...you know, since you can't make it work right now..."

"You told him no, right?" I answered flatly.

"You know I like him. He figured since we go out and he kisses me in front of you..."

"I never said anything about spending the night with him! I thought you were just friends?"

"We are. I thought you might be a little mad but then I figured that you've seen him kiss me

and hold me...maybe you wouldn't be too mad if I only took a nap with him."

I was getting upset now. "A nap? Letting Butch "nap" with my wife was definitely over the line. She sensed my anger and said, "I knew you might be mad if I spent the whole night with him, so I decided to only spend a couple hours."

"Where?"

"His house. I figured if we just spent a little time together, you might still be mad, but not real, real, mad."

"What are you doing with him?"

"Just kissing and petting and stuff. Nothing serious. It wasn't all night so you shouldn't be real mad about it."

It was puzzling to me how someone can feel up another guy's wife just a little bit and it be okay. I asked, "What do you mean by petting you just a little."

"You know, like we do in the car. I'd never let him release inside of me...just play around a tiny little bit--so you wouldn't be too mad."

This wasn't good enough. "How far are you going? Second base? Third? One inch? Two?"

She hesitated. "Well I don't know. You're mad, aren't you? I didn't want THAT to happen. After all the understanding I've given you...you deny me a little fun? It wasn't like I was taking notes..."

"I'm sorry but...."

She interrupted, "Now, you promised that you wouldn't be mad. Honesty between us has to be rewarded by understanding. I figured that it would be okay since his partner is your boss and all. They've given you that wonderful job..."

I didn't know what to say but I muttered, "But you're my wife."

"He's just a friend. That's okay isn't it?" It doesn't really count as long as you are 'out of business, right?"

UNDERSTANDING NICK...

I was beginning to really like and understand Nick. While he couldn't become a woman, that wasn't stopping him from doing everything he could to make me live out his fantasy. At first I resisted but realized that it was harmless fun. There was shopping. He loved buying me clothes; mostly lingerie and sexy dresses to wear to work.

There was one thing he did that I didn't like. When at lunch, he would point out men that were staring at me and want to discuss what they were thinking. I didn't like these discussions.

Were they meant to desensitize me to relating to men differently? I didn't know. I'd complain, "I'm a guy and like girls...I'm married to one, remember?"

"Maybe you'll be able to be a husband again," Nick said, "But everyday you spend, it'll be

harder to go back. You are getting breasts. If we stop the hormones now, maybe they'll dry up...maybe not."

I was changing and couldn't admit that I liked being more feminine than before. My waist reduced in size as much as my bottom grew. Nick knew it was true that I was more confident and happy in my beloved dresses.

New dresses made me happy and Nick liked making me happy. As a guy, I never went clothes shopping for myself. My wife always did it for me.

Now it was hard for me to say no, so I wore everything he bought. He had a lot of money and bought me the sexiest and most feminine outfits.

And his payment? It was those men who stared at me. The men who did 180's as I walked by. The men who couldn't take their eyes off my figure. At first I wanted to hide and cringe but the hormones did something to me. When I started developing real breasts, I found myself feeling flattered by the attention.

Nick said, "When men look, flirt back." Sometimes they flirted back, sometimes not. Either way, I had a new awareness of men.

As a guy, I blended in with the woodwork. Nobody noticed me. Now doing what should embarrass me, I get noticed.

I was reluctant to tell my wife. I began to notice that some men preferred looking at me to her. Was it Nick's choice of clothes for me? I didn't know.

Nick loved seeing me change. He was more impressed in my personality change than my physical change. I was curious why he wanted me to become a woman.

He said, "I know you'll understand. I'm a man and will always be...but you," he said, "you are on the verge of becoming what I dream about. A man who responds as a woman."

At the middle of my monthly cycle, I would get a bit depressed and want to go back to being a man. But more times a month, I caught myself thinking I'd like to be a little bigger up there, if you know what I mean.

"You like having breasts, don't you?" my wife asked one morning.

I almost dropped my coffee but I gave an honest answer. "Yes, they feel nice...I've always found yours quite attractive."

I thought it would end there, but she asked, "So, do you like having your own or playing with mine more?"

"Yours, of course." She laughed and as I was explaining it, she got closer to me so that her breasts were touching me.

"When yours are the size of mine, tell me that again."

I was surprised. "You actually think I should try to get bigger?"

"I like us this way. We are having the time of our life since you've changed."

"So, you really don't mind if I grow a little more," I asked. Between her rubbing her breasts against me, and telling me that she wanted me to grow, I was having a hard time keeping my cool."

She said, "I bet in about six months, you could be a full 'B' cup. That's my size!"

I gasped, "A full 'B' cup? I don't want to get that big. How could I go back to being a man?"

Then she got a great big grin. "Just don't you dare get bigger than me!"

I asked Nick, "So, tell me more about these feminine boys in the clinic. Were they living as girls when you met them, or did they get feminine after you met them?"

He told me that all of the guys had been rather effeminate all of their lives, but some of them became women later.

"I don't find men attractive at all," he said, "But you'd be surprised at how many men like cross-dressers and find them physically attractive. They get turned on by watching them get more feminine. As a matter of fact, some men like me, encourage them to become girls."

"So, what turns you on?" I asked. "Shooting them with estrogen and watch them get fat hips and start popping buttons on their blouses?"

He was embarrassed but admitted it was exciting. He enjoyed discussions about feminization. I could tell it was fun for him to watch me develop.

Just before my next injection, I opened my blouse and pouted, "Look what you have done to me! My bra's don't fit anymore! They're too tight now."

His eyes got big as he saw my cup seams straining. He asked professionally, "Any other little problems?"

"My hips are getting fat..." then I laughed. "Is this what turns you on?"

"Oh yes!" he told me. "Let's get another shot into you."

"Okay," I said. "But if it turns you on to see me outgrow my bras, you better get your check book ready to take me shopping!"

He laughed. "The boys come in here so innocent. They just like wearing panties or something and want to just 'try' one little shot. One boy started developing so fast he was almost a 'D' cup before he stopped."

"Wow! How did he ever get that big?"

"Actually, his mother and grandmothers were double D's. I guess he had the right gene

pool. After only two months, he was spilling out of his bra."

"Did he like that?"

"He was pretty confused. He had grown up with women who were big, so he was used to seeing large breasts and seeing his mother in tops that had a lot of stretchy fabric. Suddenly he had the same problem."

After my shot, Nick insisted that he take me shopping for new bras.

I warned him, "I don't want to get any bigger so this might be my last shot."

"Are you sure? You could get a little bigger," he said. He picked up a pretty looking dress and made me try it on. When I came out of the dressing room, and I told him that I loved it because it was so feminine and girlish. It fit well everywhere but the bosom. It was loose, but certainly not real loose. My breasts were the most noticeable under the dress. As I modeled it, I ran my hands over the soft fabric.

"I think I'm big enough," I stated.

"Are you sure?" Nick asked. "You could fill out that dress a bit more. A few more shots and you'll really fill out your dresses."

"I'm a 36 A now." That seemed small compared to my wife's nearly "C" cup.

To my surprise, when I was fitted in the lingerie department I was a "B" cup! When I came

out and Nick saw me in one of my new bras, a big smile came to his face. In fact the buttons were straining on my dress. My breasts looked fuller and more rounded than ever.

Nick loved my new silhouette in the new bra and said that I looked great. I said, "Well, actually the bra cup is just a little loose. In a month or two, I bet it fits just right."

Several months passed, and I continued getting injections. My breasts filled out nicely, and my bra fit perfectly. I caught myself asking more and more questions about the boys Nick had turned into girls. I wanted to know how fast they developed and what their lives were like. Nick laughed and asked me, "Why, are you thinking about becoming a woman completely?"

I had tears in my eyes as I confessed that I couldn't stop now. I had tried, but found it impossible. Each month I found myself looking forward to being feminized.

"What am I going to do?" I asked.

"You're probably asking the wrong person," he told me. "I find it hard to encourage anyone to be a man, when I find them so attractive as a woman."

"I'm losing my will to be a man," I cried. "I enjoyed being a little feminine, but not like this!"

Nick said, "If you really want to go back to where you were, I'll help you the best I can."

A couple days later, my wife and I were getting ready to go out with Butch and Nick. She noticed that my breasts were getting squished in my dress, and that my bottom was tight in the skirt. "What the...?" she looked at me like she hadn't seen me for months. "Your figure is better than mine? What size bra are you wearing?"

"36B."

"Padded?"

"No."

We had grown apart. I thought that the novelty of dressing up would wear off, but if anything it got more voracious. I now saw my wife differently, a combination of the physical changes I had gone through and seeing her without a testosterone flash.

My figure had changed completely. I even had to adjust my car seat to keep my breasts out of the way of the steering wheel. It had outgrown all my panties and bras. Nick began buying me sweaters, some of which I wore without a bra!

He said, "It's not the sweater, it's what you have under it."

I had to laugh. I was still growing! They were getting so big, I was starting to worry about "droop." I also faced the fact that I was going to have breasts for life.

I guess the final straw for my marriage was when I realized that my bra was way too tight. I commented to my wife, "This bra must have shrunk in the wash...it's way too small."

She looked at me and took it out of my hands. "That's MY bra!"

It was pretty much down hill from there.

I could see it in her. For some women, femininity is not something that improves with age. She had relied on her girlishness and innocent modesty for too long. She took a man's attention for granted...lately gaining weight and letting her appearance go.

Butch was seeing her less. She began to blame me for his lack of interest.

I moved into the extra room. I announced, "Now you can't blame me!"

It's hard to believe that I used to be so attracted to her and her figure. Nick says I have a better figure, which at first embarrassed me. But now I'm flaunting my curves. While my wife was spending her nights with her hands in the candy dish, I was eating salads to get into the next smaller size skirt.

My body was continuing to undergo changes but with dieting, my waist is a 24 but my hips a 36. Seems like everything I eat goes to my bottom. I think Nick likes that...

Nick has warned me that I was approaching a place of "no return". Time passes so quickly. In another year, he says my masculinity will be completely dried up and will never return. I'm kind of psyching myself up for it. I don't know if I'll love or hate being an older woman--but I'm ready for it."

Each night as I took off my clothes, I admire my figure. My panties are tight, and fit smoothly to my narrow waist.

I love looking at my little round tummy. I wish I could have a baby in it. Of course it's one thing to fantasize, but another to actually have one.

But then I gave it some more thought. It felt stimulating to imagine a man wanting me to have his baby...or at least try.

I told Nick about my daydreams. He laughed and said, "It's about time. With all the cycles you've been through, you are just now thinking about procreation?"

"I can't have a baby, right?"

"Right!" he laughed, "but there's no reason you can't explore what it's like making babies."

"Sex? With a man?"

"I'm talking about filling that sweet little tummy with male seed."

I about swooned at the thought.

A week later, Nick called and wanted to take me away for the weekend. I was both excited

and scared. I felt sick at the thought of what might happen but I accepted.

NICK & I...

As summer came, Nick and I spent a lot of time together. He couldn't get enough of me and I knew what turned him on. I would come to bed in a frilly nightgown and long pigtails draped over my breasts and say, "You did this to me!"

He'd chuckle and grab me. "Now it's time for you to have my baby!"



I continued getting injections from Nick. Sometimes after sex, he'd give me a different mix of estrogen and progesterone and I'd get morning sickness again. My breasts would get sensitive and I felt bloated. Making me feel pregnant was Nick's little practical joke. I have to admit it was a turn on.

"Look," I'd say climbing on his lap. "Would you still find me sexy with my tummy out to here?"

His hands would caress gently over my belly and say, "And your breasts will be out to there too! A little Nicky in your belly."

"Already had the big Nick," I joked. I never thought life could be like this."

"How does it feel to be a man's fantasy," Nick asked.

I was wearing a sleeveless shift dress. My slender arms were wrapped around Nick's neck. I felt his attention growing.

My eyebrows rose innocently. "Oh my, am I causing that?"

At different times, I had doubts about what I'd done. But at last I was completely comfortable with it. I loved being a woman and loved being the center of attention. When we went out, both Nick and I really enjoyed the men's heads turning--he liked me to flirt.

I didn't mind, since I knew he enjoyed watching my feminine confidence grow.

On Christmas Eve, I cooked dinner and we made love. While in the throws of passion, Nick whispered, "Will you marry me?"

I got to daydreaming about being a wife and it's duties. I didn't answer until we were ready to fall asleep.

"Well?" he asked again.

"Why buy the cow when you get the milk for free," I joked.

"I was just thinking about how great the cow would look in a wedding dress."

Our relationship was getting more and more serious. It seemed that marriage crept into our talks once in a while...usually during sex. But it seemed we talked more and more, until I realized that he was serious.

We planned on getting married in June. He wanted me to have a big church wedding and a sexy white wedding dress to walk down the aisle.

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Over a romantic dinner, Nick asked me, "I know you were a virgin before me but don't you have desires now for other men?"

"NO!" I said, "Should I?"

"By now, with the hormones you're on--frankly yes."

"Look, I tease other guys because I know you like it.

Not long after, I decided to surprise Nick by dressing up and acting like a whore. He had a business meeting that night so I told him I planned to go out to a dance club alone. I had the whole thing planned out. I'd look like a hot wife.

I made up my face with long false eye-lashes, heavy black eyeliner, two shades of bright eye shadow and gleaming ruby red lipstick. I looked like a woman who wanted men and got them.

Under a tight spandex red dress, I wore a garter belt, black stockings a pair of ultra high red high heels.

Nick was dumfounded when he saw me. I didn't let up. I said, "I don't know what's gotten into me. I hope I meet some MEN tonight!"

"Suddenly boy crazy, eh?"

"I need men," I said seriously.

He joked, "Here's to you scoring tonight!"

I repainted my thick red lips and began to move my hips lewdly.

"Will you come over to my house after you go dancing?" he asked insecurely. "I want to hear all about your evening."

"It might be late?"

"I don't care, please come over and tell me about it..."

"No matter how late?"

"No matter..."

When I walked into his house it was after two. He was up, waiting for me. He ran to me and said, "I was worried, it's late?"

Then he noticed my hair was messed up and my dress wrinkled. "What happened to you?"

I plopped down on the bed, and said, "It's finally happened, I did it."

What?" he gasped breathlessly.

"You were my first, but my virginity is no more for sure now.... Not just making out--the real thing. I hope you're not mad. I have to be honest with you."

"At the nightclub, I was invited to a party by this guy Johnny. He was so handsome. When asked me to dance, of course I said yes. Well anyway there were a few fast songs, then a slow song.... I didn't think he would want to keep dancing, you know how guys are. He did! While we were leaning into one another he put his hand on my bottom. I just about died. He pulled me in closer to him and I could feel his manhood rub-

bing me. He was so excited by me I couldn't help myself."

Nick was breathing hard. "Did he try to kiss you?"

"Try? Next thing I knew, we were in the corner kissing and he put his tongue in my mouth, a real French kiss! I was so nervous.

"We made out for a long time, and then he put his hand on my breast. His fingers began massaging my nipples like you do...it made me so hot! My tummy started to ache and throb and I got that quivery, out of control feeling that you give me."

"I went on. Nick's expression was one of shock. "Johnny was driving me crazy.

"I found myself sitting on his lap. He said my bottom felt so good.

"He unbuttoned his pants and asked me if I would touch him. It jumped in my hand.

"We were kissing and sucking each other's tongues. I felt his maleness twitching in my hand.

"He whispered in my ear about wanting to be inside me.

"I was so scared and didn't know what to do. Johnny reached down and I told him it wasn't a good time of the month. I turned around and pulled my panties down in back. I didn't think that it would fit up inside. I can't tell you how much I wanted to have him deep inside me--the craving was overwhelming. I'm not sure if I ever

wanted something so bad in my life. My fear of being penetrated by him could not stop the urgency of my need.

"He placed the head of it up against me, making me insane with desire. I was moaning and whimpering as he prepared to slip inside me. I just about died when he began to penetrate me but it felt so good. Suddenly he pushed into me and I shrieked. He pulled back only to push in again. I begged him again to try again to violate me with his pillar of sex. He couldn't hold back anymore and thrust into me.

"At first there was pain and pleasure but it quickly felt incredible. I was giving myself to a man as if I was made for him. He tore into me with such passion that I lost all control of my body. I began to move my hips to his thrusts.

"I could feel his tension inside me begin to build to a dangerous level. I wanted him deeper inside my body. In fact caught myself pleading with him to give me more.

"His thrusts became harder and faster than I could imagine was possible. My belly began to throb and burn as he filled me. Moaning out loud for anyone to hear, I pleaded for more. The louder I moaned, the harder he gave it to me.

"Johnny began to rotate his hips while plunging into me. The effect of him beginning his final throws sent me over the edge.

"My breasts and bottom quivered with each thrust and I knew that he could feel me shudder-

ing inside. I felt him grow, if that was possible and I knew what was coming my way. When I thought I couldn't take anymore, he thrust all the way inside me and a luscious, warmth filled my belly, soothing the fire he'd created. I felt throb after throbs fill me. I wanted every drop. It felt so incredible that I nearly fainted, maybe I did, I'm not sure."

Nick sat and could hardly believe that I was the young man he'd feminized. My hands went to my belly and I asked him, "Do you still want to marry me?"

"OH YES!" Nick gasped, "More than ever! I want you to have female emotions and needs!"

I toyed with a strand of my hair. I looked at him and said, "You know I'm joking, right?"

He looked disoriented and didn't know what to say. "You're kidding?"

"Totally a practical joke."

"It would be okay, you know?" he said.

"It's a joke."

We laughed about it later. I think my playing to his fantasy made him love me even more. The worst thing a man can do is take their woman for granted....I wonder where I learned that?

THE END

If you liked this story, let me know!

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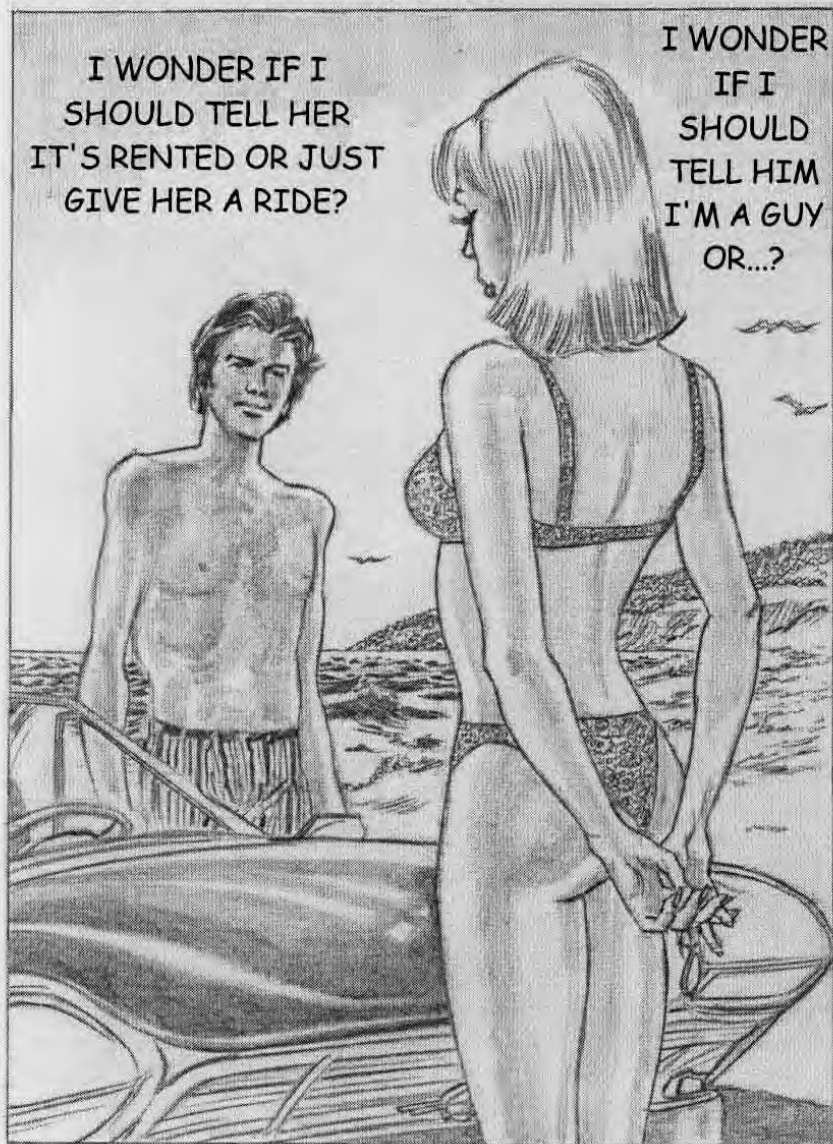
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