

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

## "GOING AS GIRLS"



**DIANNE IS ALWAYS BORROWING  
GEORGE'S STUFF SO HE DECIDES TO  
BORROW HERS!  
VOLUME 79**

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

MAGAZINE

Volume 79

## **GOING AS GIRLS**

By OOLA

**For LULU.COM**

Published by

SANDY THOMAS ADV.

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 79

GOING AS GIRLS

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# GOING AS GIRLS

Written by OOLA

I met Dianne at a tennis club. It started out innocently enough. She asked, "Want to hit some balls?" But she really meant, "Can I break your balls?"

Now, I am a good tennis player and even though my father was Asian and I am slightly built, I am very fast. I'd never had any trouble beating a girl, even though Dianne and I are approximately the same height and weight.

So I lob a ball softly to her and "POW" this ball comes screaming back and out of my reach. Dianne smiles sweetly and says "That's 15—zip, George."

I laugh and figure that it was a lucky hit. For the next 90 minutes, I'm in the game of my life. I'm sweating; she's sweating. My long ebony hair is wet and in my eyes and she's determined to beat my pants off... I won but barely and it was love at first sight... but that should have been a clue to something?

We've only been married a short time, a little more than 2 years.

It's been a tough adjustment for both of us. Dianne grew up with brothers and the rules being "survival of the fittest," and "possession is 99% of the law." So she just takes stuff, my stuff without asking.

I'll go out and my car will be missing. My tennis racket will just be gone, and she gets on my computer and rearranges stuff. She reads my mail.

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But most unfortunately for me is that she wears the same size in just about everything I do, including shoes.

“That’s why I married you,” she’d joke. “You’re my size.”

At first I thought it was cute when Dianne began to wear my shirts with the shirrtails tied up at her waist. It wasn’t quite in fashion but she has such a cute figure. It only became a problem when she extended her borrowing to my pants, sports shirts, sweaters, shoes, robe and almost everything else in my limited wardrobe.

I was blistering mad! Not a clean shirt in the house, and I was already late for my appointment! Our marriage is almost as perfect as one can be and is only flawed by her forgetfulness in sending out and picking up our cleaning and laundry; but as I said, most of all by her constant borrowing of my clothes and personal belongings without asking me first!

When I first complained to Dianne about her unrelenting use of my things, she pouted a little and then promised that she would not borrow anything of mine in the future without my express consent. This pledge lasted for less than 24 hours. “After all,” she said to me, “you can borrow my things and I wouldn’t object so why should you make such a big deal over some silly clothes when you know I wouldn’t care if you borrowed mine!” A woman’s logic!

After two years of wedded bliss, my firm sent me to relocate in Los Angeles because they wanted local inspections from one of their own representatives. I was in the yellow page business and we were acquiring small, local telephone books. In addition, they wanted me to gather accurate information about our present

clients and dig up some possible new ones. For me, it was a wonderful opportunity to work from my home, be my own boss, and set my own hours.

Dianne, who had always been an efficient legal secretary, decided that she only wanted to work part time, and had taken a position with the "Girl Friday" Service, a business that provides temporary legal secretaries for law firms. She enjoyed the array of the jobs, the diverse companies that needed her, meeting new people, and the chance to stay home several days during the month.

Everything was perfect! If only she'd leave my stuff alone.

One morning, I went out and my car was missing. Now I really didn't mind that much but it had some important papers inside. What bugged me most is that she never asked. When I yelled at her, she'd smile sweetly and say, "Like my brothers, you'd just say 'No!'"

It was like she was rubbing my nose in it. She could use anything of mine she wanted. "She'd hate it if I got into her stuff," I thought. "I'm going to have to do something drastic to put an end to this nonsense!"

So back to my missing shirt, I didn't have many choices this morning. I got dressed minus my shirt and tie, grabbed a tie, and rushed out of the house. Luckily I found a men's store on the way that was open, bought a shirt, but at a much higher price than I would normally like to pay. I put it on and drove off to inspect a new company on the outskirts of the county.

All day long I kept thinking of ways to get Dianne to appreciate my needs and leave my belongings alone. I

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was still preoccupied with all this when I returned home after work.

I had to do something. I certainly did not want to fight with Dianne about it. I'd been there before and it had demonstrated to be useless. I took off my shirt and tie and hung them in the closet knowing that I would probably have to wear them again the next day since Dianne would probably forget to pick up the laundry again. A job I would have been happy to do if only I knew which laundry our things were at!

I was about to put on a sports shirt when I noticed a colorful denim shirt of Dianne's alongside it in the closet. I was becoming even more upset when I noticed her row of freshly laundered and ironed blouses nearby.

All of these clean and laundered clothes in total contrast to my solitary shirt, which I had just bought that morning. "I bet she wouldn't like it if I were to borrow one of her blouses, especially if she wanted to wear it today," I thought.

"That's it!" I said to myself. "I'll just slip into one of her shirts this evening. When she gets home, she will really explode and maybe agree not to borrow from me ever again if I will leave HER things alone."

The more I thought about it, the better I liked this idea. There would be no arguments and Dianne would be the one to bring up the subject of borrowing clothes and want to put an end to it! Men. We have all the answers!

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**I carelessly put on Dianne's red denim blouse and crunched up the sleeves.  
She was going to blow her top!**

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I removed my undershirt and quickly slipped into the long-sleeved, red denim shirt and only half-buttoned it down the front. I tucked the shirt into my trousers and then occupied myself with some news on the television while waiting for Dianne's arrival.

She could not fail to notice that I was wearing her blouse when she came home that evening. Being of above average in intelligence, she'd easily see the point and that would be that, right? I've never said I married a stupid woman.

Well, when she walked in, she acted like she was completely oblivious to what I was wearing. She gabbed about her day... "I had a really easy day. I was working at a really small firm and it's really easy when there are so few lawyers!"

I was fairly let down by her lack of comment on the blouse I was wearing but I knew what she was doing. I decided to go along with her lack of scrutiny. I also decided there would be no mention from me unless it came from her first. She would not be able to stand me wearing her beautiful red blouse for very long!

Our conversation was forced as we sat down to eat our dinner. I wasn't going to ruin a perfectly good meal by starting a conversation about the obvious. Each of us was clearly determined that the other would be the first one to say something about me wearing her red denim blouse.

Later, I could not believe it when Dianne borrowed one of my pajama tops before crawling into bed. If she expected me to say something, she didn't put on. She did however, succeed in keeping me awake most of the night incensed over her lack of consideration and mostly her lack of comment!

I was still angry when I came home from work the next day and vowed that I would make Dianne take notice.

It was clear that Dianne “noticed” what I was wearing the night before. So I pushed it. When she came home, I was not only wearing one of her nicer blouses but in addition, I had put on a pair of her black Capri pants and matching sandals.

Still she pretended not to notice, and the evening went on as if I had been dressed predictably. I presume she really had determined that two could play at this game.

After dinner, Dianne went to do some shopping, and “borrowed” one of my knit sports shirts to wear with her Capri’s. She continued to wear it after returning home. I think she thought she had made a dent in my armor when she took it off.

She calculatingly laid the shirt out so I could see that the knit had been wholly stretched out by her ample breasts and that I would not be able to wear it again until it was laundered and returned to its proper shape.

Dianne was the first in bed that night, and although it was warmer than the evening before she was wearing another of my pajama tops. When I joined her in bed, the lights were already out. This was probably a good thing. I could not see her face. She could not see mine. I could have been anyone.

When I slipped into bed next to her my knees brushed up against her thigh. This is when she became conscious that I was wearing one of her beloved, frilly nightgowns! Still, she said nothing about it.



**When she came home, I was not only wearing one of her nicer blouses but in addition, I had on a pair of her black Capri pants and sandals.**

I was more surprised at the effect it was having on Dianne. What was even more surprising was the effect it was having on ME! That night we had the most exciting and erotically different yet perfect night of marital bliss. I wasn't quite sure how to feel about "why" but it was fun.

The next morning, I had already finished breakfast and was preparing to leave, when Dianne joined me. She was wearing my bathrobe, which she had done often before, to avoid spilling on her work clothes. But this morning it was to force me, her husband, to make some comment that would bring up the subject of borrowing clothes. This I would not do! Could not do!

I am not much Asian but "showing face" or emotion is something that is ingrained so I left for work even angrier than the day before! I didn't believe that was possible!!

That evening, I once again decided to make another move to get Dianne to say something about my wearing her clothes. Thinking that Capri's and blouses were not amply different from my own clothes, I decided to carry my labors a few steps further.

Being the same size as Dianne, I had no difficulty finding one of her new bras that fit me perfectly and easily padded it with paper to fill it out. I slipped on a pale yellow blouse with short sleeves and a wide oval neckline. I was very much aware of the projection from my chest.

Dianne would surely notice my new shape, even if she did not notice my, or rather her, clothes. I had to laugh, I didn't look bad. I even fluffed up my hair a little before picking a short, blue flared skirt and a pair of Dianne's mid-heeled strappy sandals to complete my

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outfit. I sat down in welcome anticipation of the blowup that would come when she came through the door.

I have never been more disappointed!

When Dianne walked in, she made absolutely no comment whatsoever on my clothing and acted as if it was just another normal evening with nothing-unusual going on. But it wasn't at all the same for me!

I felt completely different walking at a higher elevation than was normal. I was misjudging clearances because of my newly acquired breasts. Unaccustomed movements were called for because of this, and the short, tight skirt I was wearing. I did not necessarily find these different sensations displeasing and might have enjoyed them even more, if it were not for the argument I was expecting any moment from Dianne. She obviously was still determined it would not come.

"I need to run an errand. Would you like to go with me?" She asked this knowing full well that I would not leave the apartment looking like I did.

As all too usual, she was right and I stayed behind, fuming.

When she returned she showed no indication of her mounting irritation.

When we were prepared to go to bed that evening, Dianne handed me one of her nightgowns, and laid out a robe and a pair of mid-heeled slippers

"Thank you for thinking of me," I said calmly. She was anticipating an flare-up on my part by handing me the clothing in such a matter-of-fact way but I gave her no satisfaction.

She said nothing as I accepted the items and put them on wearing them as if it was the perfectly natural thing to do. The nightclothes were beautiful and



incredibly sexy. I couldn't keep my hands off Dianne when she wore them. I was hoping for another great night of sex, but no such luck. All dressed up and no one who cared!

Dianne was gone when I got up the next morning. Her job that day was rather far away and she had to leave early. I enjoyed my breakfast in the clothes I had worn the night before, in peace. I was relishing the weightlessness of these garments as I enjoyed my coffee and the newspaper.

"This feels really good." I said to myself unable to not help but notice how pleasant the feel of the nylon was against my body.

I also could not help but think about our wonderful night of lovemaking a few nights back. It was so much better than before.

"I wonder what happened last night?" I thought to myself greatly disappointed.

I wondered if it was possible that the freedom I felt wearing my wife's clothes contributed to making our previous evening such a blissful one.

I decided to stay dressed this way a little longer and was still wearing the gown while I shaved and planned my day's work. I sat on the edge of the bed and relished the lingerie for a moment longer and then decided I needed to get dressed.

My rather peaceful mood was shattered when I discovered that there was not one clean undershirt or shorts for me to wear that day. I was suspicious that this might be part of my wife's campaign to force me to "call uncle" and break first.

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I was completely committed to this battle and was not going to be defeated so easily. "Well, two can play at this game. I'll just liberate a pair of her panties for today. Yes, her best pair!" I said to myself as I rummaged through her drawer.

But wait. There were so many. The drawer was full of various pastels and bright colors of lace and nylon. I never knew she owned so many lovely panties. I hesitated and started to change my mind, but then reached out for the most ornate pair, knowing for sure that these were without a doubt Dianne's favorite pair.

I actually liked the way they felt as I slipped them up my legs and over my hips. The feel of the elastic band was softly soothing to my waistline as it gently hugged it.

I wore mostly blacks and grays because of my dark hair and complexion but I have always liked vivid colors. I was not really surprised that the bright red nylon panties I was wearing pleased a new part of my personality. I realized this was a part that I normally did not indulge.

At work that day I could not help but think of ways to force Dianne to give in and acknowledge my unusual dress. More than that I wanted her to promise to leave my things alone and in return I would do the same. I decided to carry things a giant step further that evening and really surprise my wife!

When I got home I quickly undressed and slipped into Dianne's skirt and shoes. I unwrapped the package I bought that afternoon containing inserts for my bra. I felt this might finally make Dianne take notice since more natural looking breasts would make my appearance look more natural and eye-catching. I

inflated them with a liquid to the proper size and placed them in the cups of my bra. Getting them hooked it in the back was done with a little difficulty.

I slipped on a lightweight, multi-colored blouse with  $\frac{3}{4}$  length sleeves. Dianne said a sheer blouse was the true testing ground of any bra. It remained true to the contours of my body while providing good coverage and lifting the insert breasts slightly without digging into the skin. The cups were nearly seamless and the center panel, shaped liked a triangle, laid flat between his breasts. Wearing a bra was surprisingly comfortable.

Next, I added a three-inch wide belt that cinched my waistline. I couldn't believe how it made my waist look smaller than it really is. I was very pleased with what I saw in the mirror. I decided to add a pair of Dianne's sheerest and most expensive hose to complete the outfit. I was somewhat surprised at the delightful feeling I felt when I rolled the hose up my legs. I wasn't used to the feel of the elastic as it hugged my thighs, holding the hose in place.

Dressed as I now was, in my wife's blouse, skirt, hose, bra, and shoes, I began to set the table for dinner. I was rather distracted by the swish of the short skirt that barely hid the top of my hose. I was relishing the facade I made as I caught a hint of myself in the mirror from time to time.

When Dianne came home that evening, I was sitting on the couch enjoying television. I stood up as she came through the door.

I had really enjoyed the feel of nylon hose on my crossed legs and hated to stand up. I had to use some control to keep my skirt long enough to hide the red



panties beneath. They wanted to peak out when I bent over or made other movements.

Dianne smiled and calmly took in my appearance, missing nothing, but giving no hint that she noticed anything curious. As before, she acted as if nothing unusual was going on. She did tease me with occasional remarks trying to force me to concede to the way I was dressed. She said, "I saw a lovely mini-dress today at the mall and I bought it. It's really cute and has short sleeves and a low neckline that shows quite a bit of me. It is a beautiful print, too," she teased. "I know you will love it," She coyly chided.

I didn't act as if I was aware of her game. I made small talk as if nothing at all was different. I acted as if it made no impression on me when I found a fresh nightgown and robe on my bed as we prepared for sleep.

"Oh, by the way, thanks for laying out my clothes for the night, I appreciate it." I said coolly. I was darned if Dianne was going to get me to complain about this, not until she acknowledges my clothes.

The next morning neither one of us said a word at breakfast as we ate while dressed in identical outfits. We talked about our work schedules and other things, but nothing about the clothes that I was wearing.

It was Friday and I only had telephone calls to make in the morning. Dianne left after eating breakfast.

It was a lazy day for me and my mind kept wandering back to our "Problem." I was searching for ways to resolve it once and for all. Today was a good day to give it a try since I had nothing but time on my hands.

I went to our closet and picked out the new mini-dress that Dianne had not yet worn. Perhaps the skirt

and blouse I had worn before had not been noticeable or intolerable enough.

“This is perfect. It will really piss her off when she sees me wearing this before she does,” I thought.

It was a very short mini-dress with a scooped neck that belted under the bust line. It had short rather cappy sleeves and the cutest jeweled design just over the left breast. Knowing that hose would be preposterous because the dress was so short, I selected a brand new pair of pantyhose with abbreviated sides so that no hint of the panty showed no matter how I moved or what I did. I put a beige bra with my new inserts on the bed alongside these other items.

“This would be an impossible game plan,” I thought, “if Dianne and I weren't the same size!” But then I thought, “We wouldn't have had this problem in the first place if we were not!” I decided to go for the “throat.”

I would use everything that was hers. I would even look better than she, if that is possible. I was going for the kill and would attack her pride!

“You're going to lose Dianne!” I said aloud to myself. With a more determined plan in mind I next selected an orange and gold choker to fill the void of the scooped necked mini-dress, and then matching earrings. “On Dianne they dangle nicely,” I thought to myself. Then as almost an afterthought I went back to the closet to grab my wife's favorite blond wig that she wore when she did not have time to have her hair done. I placed it on the bed next to three gold bracelets I needed to finish off my look.

The preliminary work was done. I undressed. In the safety of our bathroom, I proceeded to shave every trace of hair from my body; from my neck to my ankles.

What a scary experience this was; lathering up in the shower, I shaved everywhere Dianne would. I soon had a hairless chest and smoothly shaven legs. After I was dry, I put on a pink, thigh length terry coat with little straps that resembled a slip. Then I began to sift through my wife's cosmetic drawer. What a drawer! All kinds of things.

“Yes,” I said to myself, “everything that is hers.”

Based upon more than two years of watching my gorgeous wife, relying completely on recall, and priding myself on being observant, I slowly selected face makeup, blush, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, mascara, and eyebrow gel with a brush in a tube.

“What do you do with and why would a woman need an eyebrow brush in a tube?” I wondered to myself.

I needed and found a comb, and a variety of brushes and then placed all of it on the sink near my razor.

It was a little after 1pm and I did not expect Dianne until at least 5 pm. I thought that maybe I should wait until the very last minute before I put on the unfamiliar cosmetics. If I did it too soon, even my light beard might show through and I wanted my appearance to be so realistic that she would as a result be forced to say something.

It was not all that long before I removed the terrycloth coat and was slipping my newly shaven legs into the pantyhose. This was a foreign action, slipping both feet into the hose and rolling the pantyhose alternately up each leg, finally surrounding my hips, and arranging them so that there were no wrinkles.

When I stood up to put on my bra and inserts, I could feel the stretch of nylon across the lower portion of

my body, and a tingling sensation ensued as I tightened and hooked the bra resolutely to my smoothly shaven chest. I slipped into a pair of Dianne's dressy shoes, put on one of her housecoats and amused myself watching TV for an hour or so.

At 4 p.m. I shaved my face much closer than usual. My big breasted appearance look unusual in my reflection from the mirror. I proceeded rather clumsily to apply the assortment of makeup I had earlier selected. How smooth the sponge glided across my face as I applied the face makeup!

I used the eyebrow pencil with more zeal than skill, and I was not at all satisfied until I had plucked out a few straggly hairs to give my brows a more uniform appearance. "Ouch!" I screamed to no one. "Why do women do this to themselves?"

"Do I use the eyebrow gel with a brush in a tube now?" I wondered dizzily to myself. It was all going to my head!

I slowly outlined the upper lid of my eyes, extending the line somewhat beyond the corner.

Next I brushed color on my upper lid before applying the lash extender, or I guess mascara to my lower lids. I couldn't believe how much larger my eyes looked!

Next, I outlined my lips with a sable-tipped brush as I had seen Dianne do so many times before. I knew next to fill in the space with lipstick. After applying blush lightly to my cheeks, I was not satisfied until I had gone over the rouged area and the rest of my face with pressed powder the same shade as the face makeup. Boy, I was observant!

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It was with some surprise that I discovered how fast time had flown by and that it was after 5. Dianne would be home any minute.

I brazenly stepped into the mini-dress and lifted it up towards my shoulders. I actually taking pleasure in the way it felt as I tenderly urged it over my new breasts. I had a little trouble with the zipper but eventually managed to zip it up the back.

Next, with unfamiliar ineptness, I attached the earrings to each of my ears and fastened the choker around my neck. Removing my watch, I slipped on the three golden bracelets to replace it, picked up Dianne's favorite blond wig, and walked over to the mirror to see how great I looked. I also needed to figure out how to arrange her wig!

Although I had seen my face while making up, the total picture I saw reflected from the full-length mirror stunned me. Completely stunned me. I hoped to look okay, but I never expected to actually look like a woman but it did.

Her shoes and her pantyhose made my feet look smaller and my legs incredibly shapely and feminine.

My eyes traveled up my legs almost to my hips where the mini-dress began. Then up to my bust line above the belt. This completed the sum total of my feminine body. My face was one of a total stranger, a feminine someone else, and the slight toss of my earrings as I turned my head was enchanting. The change was astonishing.

It was not until I had positioned the wig and arranged the hair over my shoulders that I began to have reservations about my plan. What I was seeing in the mirror was an attractive equivalent of my wife, with nothing of a "husband" in evidence.

My curvy, trim figure was MOST agreeable to me as a man and I observed myself more closely.

I thought I could feel the pantyhose embrace my legs and hips more closely. I could even sense my artificial breasts rising with my amplified emotion as if they were in reality a part of my body.

Looking at my brilliantly made up face, I felt a euphoria that I could not entirely comprehend. I tossed my head slightly to one side allowing my hair to circle my face more suitably then sat down as if in a daze.

“What a catastrophe,” I thought, getting a bit scared. “What if Dianne doesn't give in and doesn't say a word?” Then I calmed myself thinking, “Of course she will give in when she sees me tonight. I certainly would if I were in her shoes.” Well, I was there exactly **IN HER SHOES!**

I vowed that Dianne would be the loser in our contest of wills! She started this. It was all her fault!

My resolve strengthened, I went into the kitchen to get a much-needed drink to add to my resolve! It was at this moment Dianne came home.

“George, I'm home. Are you here?” she asked, not seeing me.

“Be with you in a minute. Just getting myself a drink,” I managed to reply. “A much needed drink,” I muttered under my breath. “Bet you could use one too!”

When I strutted into the family room there was an insignificant silence but for the first time Dianne looked anxious. Motionless, she swiftly regained her self-control and asked about my day as if nothing was irregular. Nonetheless, she was taking in my appearance as never before. I saw her eyes checking out every detail of this “stranger” in our home.



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“At least she isn’t laughing,” I said myself, unsure what she was really thinking. I thought I looked like a woman, did she?

Dianne chatted about her day, trying not to show any betrayal in her voice. “GEORGIA, will you set the table while I get our dinner ready?”

“Certainly Dianne, dear. I would love to help you in the kitchen,” I replied while at the same time thinking, “If she thinks she’ll get a rise out of me by calling me some feminine form of my name, she has another thing coming!”

During the meal that followed, we talked about our work, about the vacation we were planning, about our families, about everything EXCEPT what we were both thinking about.

I could see that Dianne was examining me very closely for flaws that she could not easily find.

**Wait a minute; let’s let Dianne tell her side of this story.**

*Now I know what a mother feels like when she finds her 10-year-old daughter playing in her makeup. I couldn’t help but think that despite the excellent effort that George made to get me, he still needed help. Less than I would have thought though.*

*I can “keep face” too. I’m certain that I did not show my amusement as he smoothed and fussed with his brief dress. I also couldn’t help but notice the strange expression on his face as he noticed his long legs when we sat down on the couch together. He’s competitive, but he’s in over his head in trying to compete with my legs.*

*I nearly broke up when George excused himself to freshen his makeup. I almost applauded at how little*

real awkwardness there was when he moved about the room. Later, during the evening when George excused himself again, this time to answer nature's call, I could not help thinking how awkward this first bathroom experience would be for him. If only I were a fly on the wall!

However, despite the humor of the situation, I was finally beginning to get seriously angry with him.

"He's carrying this just a little too far," I thought to myself, "I'll think of something to wrap up this mess."

When we were ready to retire for the evening, I suggested to George, "Georgia, you should remove your makeup before you go to bed, or you will ruin your lovely complexion."

George did as I suggested and although I did not lay out a gown and robe as I had done the night before, George got one for himself.

In spite of the anger and gloom we had both felt that evening, a most romantic evening followed but passed too swiftly and George was without doubt present.

George had obviously now committed himself to an unalterable course of action. The next morning, was Saturday and he not only borrowed my panties, Capri's, bra, sweater, and shoes but also put on makeup as he had the night before. And let's not forget my wig.

"You should try a different bra for that sweater, Georgia, dear," was the only remark that I made about his appearance. At the same time, I could not resist touching up the wig to make it appear neater.

Although we were not going out for the evening, I thought it likely that we would spend our usual weekend at home. We had made it a practice to dress up a little on

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*Saturday's since we were first married and to enjoy it by candlelight. We both thought this was romantic.*

*I expected George to honor this custom and to make his appearance instead of Georgia, at least one this evening--in anticipation of the temporary halt in our conflict.*

*But I saw it in his eyes...I could say something or it would be Georgia. When I started to get dressed up for the evening, so did George. He seemed almost disappointed that I said nothing and when I sat down and applied nail polish to my fingers, George did the same. When I did the same to my toenails, George did likewise. When I applied my makeup, George did also. The duplication of efforts continued without any comment until we both were ready to dress.*

*There was only the slightest bit of hostility from George when I picked out a dress to wear. He said, "AHHH, I had hoped to wear that tonight."*

*I forced a smile and said, "Why dear, I think it will look very nice on you. I'll just wear this one." But I was thinking, "You moron!"*

*I have to admit that it was not a pleasing feeling for me, seeing my husband who was dressed in my favorite silk dress with the sheerest hose and my highest CFM shoes. George helped himself to the best of my things. He struggled into my waist cincher and again I almost burst into laughter. Who was he hurting?*

*George was also adding insult to injury by adding glitter to his hair and mostly by walking acceptably in his, or rather my, high heels. My favorite dangling rhinestone earrings and necklace did not detract from his appearance.*

*I know I would have been happier if his makeup had not been so artfully applied and if his figure had been less attractive. I have to admit that I could not avoid looking at his bust line and found it hard to believe that there was really nothing to it.*

*I seethed and said little during the meal. "At least he could have forgotten our conflict for this one evening," I thought. "Just like a man. This is going too far, and I must do something about it to bring this business to a close." And there it was. Finally I thought I had it.*

*We sometimes went out on Saturday evenings and I was sure that George would not go out dressed as he was. I snidely inquired after dinner, "Georgia, I need some things at the drug store that can't wait. Since we'll be out would you like to go out and listen to some music? Perhaps have a few drinks? I'll meet you in the garage when you're ready," and without waiting for his reply, I put on my coat and left the apartment to give him time to change his clothes, or so I thought.*

*Here it was, the moment of truth. If George changes his clothes into pants and a shirt, I WIN! You LOSE! This was my best plan to end his little game.*

*I was surprised to see Georgia, not George, approach the car, wearing my beaded black sweater, and clutching an evening bag in his hand. Not to be outdone I yelled, maybe a bit too shrilly, "Get in the car." I forced the car into gear, not too smoothly, and we were on our way!*

*I needed to stop at the drugstore for some "real girl" things and George insisted on waiting in the car.*

*Despite my pleadings to come into the store with me he remained a coward and hid inside. I assumed he was certain that I would lose it when I returned to the car but it was George who was to be disappointed this evening.*

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*"I could really use a drink tonight, Georgia, couldn't you?" I asked knowing he did not know where I had in mind.*

*"Sure," he replied in anticipation of getting home and relaxing over a scotch and soda after this most trying day.*

*I was not in the mood to be a loser tonight so I surprised George by pulling into the driveway at Cedar Creek before he knew what was happening. In no time at all, the attendant had the passenger door open and George found himself swiveling around in the seat to exit the car in as graceful a manner as possible.*

*He was joined by me, who grabbed him firmly by the elbow and led him into the dimly lit bar. There were people scattered all around the room. I wanted to sit close to the fireplace but there was no table near.*

*In the dark, I suppose we appeared to be two attractive women out for the evening. The girl at the front desk wanted to take our coats but we declined. I told her we were going to the bar for an after dinner drink. Since there were no tables by the fire she seated us at one of the little tables directly behind the bar.*

*I could see that George was somewhat nervous and he appeared to copy all my movements. I looked at myself in my mirror he did the same. I put my purse down on the small table and he did the same. I arranged myself in chair, George skirmed in his.*

*After giving our drink order to the cocktail waitress, George fumbled in his small evening bag for his cigarettes and removed his lighter. He quickly lit up, I'm sure, hoping to hide his uneasiness caused by me, his scheming spouse. The red impression on the filter of his cigarette was not lost on me as he placed it in the ashtray. I saw him staring at it also.*

*George was a scotch and soda drinker, but apparently he did not feel it was appropriate to order his favorite drink in his present condition, and ordered a Lemon Drop Martini instead. Apparently he also thought it was a more appropriate drink to go with his present circumstances. If he thought all he would have to do was sip his stupid drink until the evening was over, he had better think again!*

*“Georgia, would you just look at that dress that woman is wearing! Isn't it stunning?” I said this knowing that any response would be unlikely.*

*George kept his eyes on his drink and his mouth shut. He had his eyes on the smoke rising from his now lipstick red tipped cigarette and nodded, trying to keep up with my conversation.*

*I was sensing his uneasiness, and continued, “Look at that hairstyle on that small blond to your right. That would look nice on you,” I continued in my attempt to make him more uncomfortable.*

*I pointed out some men in the corner. “Don't you just love men in business suits? Do you think they are wearing boxer or jockey shorts?” I continued. I didn't need to point out that they were NOT wearing panties. Men did not wear panties, right?*

*The forced, one-sided conversation continued, but ended when two men walked away from the bar and towards our table.*

*“Hi ladies. My name is Bill Revlon and this is my friend, John. We noticed that you two ladies were alone, and wondered if you would like to join us for a few drinks and maybe some dancing at a place that's not too far from here. The band is very good.”*

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*I could see George's face reddening and he was even more embarrassed when I said, "We were just leaving. Let me talk it over with my GIRL friend and we'll let you know. Come GEORGIA, let's go to the restroom and freshen up while we talk over this yummy invitation. Coming?"*

*George girlishly picked up his purse to escape to the less threatening but forbidden territory of the "Ladies" room. His walk was awkward, apparently slowed down by the tight dress. It seemed to force him to take delightfully short, mincing steps. Well, I found it delightful. The high heels weren't helping him much either!*

*I was thoroughly enjoying his embarrassment. It was so thrilling to be so in control of my husband. Where was his rough and tough maleness now? He had always made the decisions and I now realized how submissive I had been to his wishes. There was no longer a male zone for George to cling to. The one who wore the pants no longer ruled! I liked that.*

*The phones outside the bathrooms were completely taken by men looking for dates. There was the usual line of women waiting outside. George was looking pretty shaken just about now. I bet the "Ladies" room now seemed like a refuge to him.*

*Wrong! George had a look of horror on his face as we entered the powder room, which was filled with women fixing their hair, touching up makeup, straightening hose and freshening their perfumes. The primping area was thick with the sweet scent of perfume. I went ahead and sat down at the vanity and began redoing my makeup, which did not really need it, while George stood awkwardly behind me not seeming to know what to do. But it was only for a moment.*

*I looked at him and asked sweetly, "Would you like to borrow my lipstick, dear?"*

*I could tell that George wanted to run and I expected give up on the spot. Did he now get it? Did he see how easily I had won our little war? Or could he surprise me?*

### GEORGE'S SIDE AGAIN

Once inside the ladies room, I took a deep breath and my sense of bewilderment began to fade. I decided to turn this sickening situation to my advantage. "Okay," I thought, "this is just what she wants. She wants me to grovel." Let's see about that.

I struck up a conversation with the lady next to me. I kept my voice up high and coughed like I was getting over a cold. Like this explained my deeper voice. I was nervous but I couldn't let Dianne win.

I sat down alongside Dianne and copied her cosmetic maneuvers and then excused myself. I went into a stall so I could think. I knew she could see under the stall door if she wanted too. I didn't care if she saw my high heels, nylons and lacy panties as I sat down, like a girl to pee.

It was a successful maneuver on my part. I could see that Dianne was stewing as she waited for me to return. She didn't like George talking to strange women and apparently that went for Georgia! I did what needed to be done and we returned to our table without discussing the men's idea.

"What do you think, Georgia, shall we accept Bill and John's invitation and have a little MALE companionship tonight?" She asked this rather loudly as we neared our table.

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“That’s entirely up to you, girlfriend,” was my cool reply. “If I’d known we were going dancing, I’d worn something of yours that’s a little more comfortable!” I whispered this into her ear as I glided behind her to my chair.

Dianne winced at my reply and I could tell that she knew what she had to do. She did not accept the gentlemen’s offer saying we both had a busy day tomorrow.

I had done it. I made her back down. It might have been small but it was a pleasing victory.

“Come on girls. Don’t be party poopers.” Bill said. “Look at you. You’re both all dressed up and no where to go but home?” Bill was beginning to whine.

“No guys, we really have to go,” was Dianne’s final answer.

“Well then, we’re sorry to hear that. We come here all the time. Perhaps we can do it another time,” was Bill’s obviously disappointed reply.

A short while later, we saw him talking to two other women at the bar.

“Men!” Diane smiled as she paid for the evening. It felt good. I would have paid, but the one thing I forgot —was my wallet.

We were both quiet on the drive home. Dianne seemed angry that the evening had not gone as SHE had planned. I was equally angry because of what she had attempted to do. That was playing dirty.

Still trying to get to me, Dianne said, “If you’d worn my black dress we could have gone dancing with those men.”

“They were strangers!”

“Then I should have suggested Starbucks. At least we could have gotten to know them,” she whined.

“I wish you had,” I announced insolently, refusing to be victimized by her sense of power.

“Next time we are GOING!” Dianne declared.

“That’s fine,” I stated.

Neither of us spoke as we removed our makeup and got into our nightgowns. Silently we prepared for bed. That is until Dianne apparently noticed my flat chest and sweetly suggested, “Why don't you wear a sleep bra with that tonight? You certainly need something in those cups.”

If she wanted to argue, I wasn't in the mood. I did exactly as she suggested. I took a sleep bra from the dresser, padded it and climbed into bed with her. My mind was racing. The night had been full of so many surprises and sensations. Fear. Loathing. Excitement. It was strange meeting men. Scary but exciting at the same time.

I was still mad at my wife but we were still in love. She is beautiful and the recall of the tall handsome businessman trying to whisk my conservative wife away off to a romantic evening was mesmerizing.

The reflection that it was done while I sat primly in a dress and panties was outrageous...yet it had happened.

Dianne chatted about the band and how she wished we had danced. I guess we were both in the mood. Like many nights this night was just like we were still on our honeymoon. For a brief while, all was forgiven. We made love as passionately as we did the first night I wore her nightgown. Dianne repainted her lips a

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beautiful red and as she came out from under the covers, up for air all I could think about was the red ring on the filter of my red-hot cigarette!

“Oh, George...” she gasped as I deeply kissed her and gently lowered her panties. My fingers gently felt between her legs. “Oh, George, don’t stop,” she softly moaned.

But the next morning, the truce was over. Obviously there was to be no day off in this silent battle. I did not put on my favorite blue denims and old T-shirt that Sunday morning. I had to keep up the momentum.

Instead of wearing my boy clothes, I quietly slipped into her panties, a bra, and one of Dianne's simple, yet sexy sundresses. After applying Dianne's makeup with as much skill as I could, I decided to try my own hair. I combed it and teased it. I thought it looked pretty good. It was better than a wig. I felt so much more natural. It was in this condition that Dianne found me when she awoke.

She again said nothing about my dress but “Great sex last night!”

Dianne got up and dressed and we had our breakfast. This morning I felt like helping with all the necessary chores. I helped set the table and I cleared it. I cleaned up after Dianne cooked. I did the dishes. It was to get her goat because I never lift a finger in the kitchen. Besides, it seemed the natural thing to do.

When I was finished with my womanly chores, I excused myself and went to my office. I was neglecting my work and had a lot of paper work to clear up. Real work was beginning to back up. It was fascinating doing



my work in these new clothes that were less confining than my own and the time passed quickly.

Dianne used her free time to catch up on the household chores that she could not do during the week. I could hear her humming softly to herself as she dusted. "What does she have to be so happy about," I sourly thought to myself. "She must be scheming!"

She did not let up in her attempts to make me uncomfortable. She made one snide remark after another. These were remarks that she hoped would get me angry enough to give up this mad game.

Such as, "Georgia, do the flowers look good on this table, or should I move them?" She said this with so much sugar in her voice I thought I would be sick.

Or "Honey, I have to buy some new panties tomorrow. Should I get the bikini style like this one, or should I get some with flared legs like this other pair," she asked holding each pair against my waist so that I could see the garments better.

Or "What kind of pantyhose should we buy? Should we get some textured, or should we buy the panty briefs that show less when WE sit down in our short skirts?" She continued and continued and continued. I thought I would scream.

Or "Could you try this skirt on? I need to shorten it and it would be easier if it was on you. Remember, we are the same size. You don't mind, do you? It's so much cheaper if I do it myself. You know how expensive a tailor can be!"

But I wasn't about to be put off so easily. When I responded to each question she added some backhanded compliment such as, "That skirt is lovely on you, it's one

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of my favorites. Would you turn completely around so that I can see if the hem is even?"

Or she'd tease, "Georgia, your makeup looks really good on you but we should go shopping soon and get you your own cosmetics. You should choose colors that will be more suitable to your complexion."

This brand of mockery continued through most of the day with me, George, never ignoring the questions or comments and always making some fitting and kind reply, not wanting to give Dianne any satisfaction.

When we were finished with dinner Dianne asked me, "Would you like to go to the drugstore with me again tonight? There are some things we need especially for you. I won't have any time to do it tomorrow."

Later that evening, I found myself standing at the cosmetic counter of our local pharmacy.

In no time at all I had a complete makeup kit just for me. I do admit it was with some assistance from Dianne. Somehow in the process I was covered in perfumes on my arms, neck and behind my ears. I was not able to stop her for fear that my voice would give me away. She knew my weaknesses.

"Something needs to be done about this." I thought to myself. "Georgia can not be silenced forever!"

Riding home Dianne continued to tease, "That last cologne you tried certainly has a heavenly scent. It should really bring out the za-za-zing in your men friends! I'm so happy you bought it. Your new makeup will look fabulous on you too! I hope you don't mind if I borrow some occasionally? You know how I like to share!"

Borrow! There it was. That word again. I didn't answer. To be honest, I was delighted with the scent of my new cologne. For some reason it did make me feel more feminine than I thought I was capable of feeling. However, I did not share these feelings with Dianne. Not tonight. I did however, feel like some coffee and shared this with her instead.

"Hey, Dianne. Why don't we stop at Starbucks for some coffee? I could really use a latte. What do you think?" I asked knowing she'd jump at any chance to potentially embarrass me.

"What a great idea, George. It's still early and you never know who we might run into. Who knows, maybe Bill and John will be there. We could all go dancing!" She said all this with the most innocent look on her beautiful face. What an actress!

What started as a means of getting a rise out of Dianne was now becoming my mission in life. When we got home, I stripped, removed my makeup and put something really smelly on my skin. Ok, it smelled good.

I found my sleep bra and nightgown and slipped into my slippers. They look like furry little animals. Pink, furry animals.

Dianne pretty much did the same and soon joined me on the couch. Her favorite show, "Sex in the City" was on so we sat quietly and watched the television for a while.

All to soon it was time for bed. "Dianne, I'm going to take a shower," I said. "Don't wait up for me, I'll be there soon. I want to get an early start in the morning."

Dianne must have sensed an opportunity not to be overlooked and insisted, "Honey, take your shower in the

morning. Just get up a little earlier. I like the way you smell. If you shower tonight you'll wash it all off and need to put on fresh cologne when you get out of the shower. Why waste it. Unless, of course, you don't like it." She had a sing song lilt in her voice as she said this.

"You're right. I can take my shower in the morning," I replied.

"And Dianne, isn't it astonishing how a sleep bra with inserts can give a flat-chested girl like me really big boobs?" I lobbed back at her.

I could tell that Dianne was furious, but forced herself not to show it. "I will put an end to all this by tomorrow, one way or another," she fumed to herself.

Instead of continuing with her thoughts, she suggested that she get us a drink before retiring. I liked it when she waited on me. "Sure, Dianne. A drink sounds really good. Could you use a lot of ice?"

She left the room and went to the bar to make our drinks. Although she seemed gone longer than necessary soon enough she returned with drinks in hand. She served me nicely and the cool liquid soon seemed to relax us both.

### DIANNE'S TURN

*I tossed and turned. Sleep was tricky for me tonight. I had a plan in mind but my conscience kept interfering. I was seriously trying to find a way to force George to be the first to give in. I was determined to win. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, I finessed my plan and convinced myself that what I knew was probably a little too drastic was justified. Wasn't this George's entire fault in the first place?*

*I continued to toss and turn until I couldn't stand it anymore. I jumped out of bed even though it was earlier*

than usual. I didn't need to worry about George. I might have put a little too much in his drink the night before. "He needs some more sleep anyway," I thought to myself. I was getting good at justifying all my bad deeds!

I set out with a clear plan in mind. I started by emptying all of George's clothes from his dresser and put them into storage boxes. I took all his personal jewelry and his watch. With some difficulty I carried the boxes to the garage and put them in the trunk of my car. I knew he would never think to look here. I was so mad I even thought to take it all to "Goodwill!"

Next, I cleaned out our closet and removed all of George's clothes including his robe and his shoes. Like before, I put all of this in boxes and carried them one by one to the trunk of my car. I was thankful there was so little and I was able to carry it all by myself. I broke a fingernail in the process and cursed him under my breath. This was, after all, his fault!

Next on my "to do" list, I removed all of George's boy things from bathroom.

"What is all this crap anyway?" I thought to myself. "He razzes me about all the stuff I use, but some of this stuff is just gross!" I realized I was muttering aloud to myself at this point.

I did, however, leave him his razor and the rest of his shaving gear. I knew this was one thing he would definitely need.

Lastly, I removed the keys to my car from his key chain. I emptied his wallet and put his things into one of my nicer Coach wallets. At least he'd be styling!

Miraculously, or perhaps drug induced, George slept very soundly as I killed him off. I was able to sneak out the door for work without even seeing him.

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*"This should do it," I thought as I drove away. "He's supposed to look at several companies today and I know he will be furious when he finds he can't leave the house. These appointments cannot be done over the phone! Soon we can get back to normal." My mind was racing. I needed to concentrate on my driving but I couldn't.*

*"He wouldn't DARE go out in daylight in my things." I continued to myself. "Of course not! Just wait until he sees what I bring him tonight. I know he will end this charade the minute he sees what I have in mind!"*

### **GEORGE'S STORY**

I woke up and stumbled into the bathroom where I took off my gown and sleep bra and took my shower. It felt so good. I love a shower! I was faintly aware of the smell of the cologne and knew I needed to wash it away. Still sleepy, I grabbed the bathrobe that was hanging on the door where my bathrobe always hangs. I put it on, stumbling again slightly, still feeling quite groggy. I usually wake up after a shower.

I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I slipped on my furry little slippers. "They're really cute," I thought to myself. I shaved as usual, although the way I was dressed is anything but usual.

Naturally I was angry when I found my underwear drawer empty.

I thought, "Darn it Dianne, you forgot to take out the laundry again. I'll just help myself to a pair of your panties. Isn't it funny how you always seem to have clean clothes to wear?" I fumed silently to myself. My mind was still foggy and I wondered to myself if I ever would have worn a pair of these lovely panties if we hadn't started this fight.

I slipped the panties over my hips enjoying the way they felt as I slipped them up my legs. It still amazed me how well they fit. I went to the closet to get my pants. Suddenly it was perfectly clear to me what Dianne was doing.

My side of the closet was completely empty. Gone. Everything. I ran to my dresser and opened the other drawers. Empty. Everything was gone!

I ran through the house looking everywhere I could think to look for my things. My head was suddenly clear. I had to find my clothes. Room to room, cupboard after cupboard I searched. I ran to the garage. Nothing. I became more and more angry as I realized there was not one piece of my clothes anywhere in the house!

"This can't be happening," I thought to myself. "I can't let her get away with this! I won't. I swear to God! If she thinks I'm going to sit here all day naked, waiting for her to get home to make it all right, she doesn't know the man she married!"

I was fuming, "She's not going to win here!" I could do this. Can't I? I had guts. Hadn't I proven that many times now? I could go in there, get dressed and go to work in her clothes! Yes! I could do it.

These jumbled thoughts were racing through my mind. "Anyway," I thought to myself, "It will be interesting to see if I can get away with it. I don't have to see anyone I know, but I will be out there with people who might pick up on my "flaws." I continued the battle in my head.

"However, I did get away with it at the drugstore and the bar. What about the guys? They asked us both out. Not just Dianne! But I really have no choice, either

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I dress like a woman or she wins." I knew I could do this!

My decision was made. I was ready to step out into the world as "Georgia!" I took great pains in getting ready. I slipped on my bra with its inserts and dabbed some cologne wrists, behind my ears, even between the cups of my bra. The sweet aroma added to my gusto for this escapade ahead. I knew I would have to make myself as feminine and as attractive as possible.

"I must look absolutely perfect. I can't make any mistakes here," I commanded myself. "I have to look like a real woman or someone will notice and I will probably die on the spot! My company cannot get a call about this." This was my mantra. I had to be perfect so I would be confident. I could not be discovered and ultimately humiliated.

I continued dressing meticulously. I took a waist cinch from her drawer, put it on then added a sexy camisole. I easily found a pair of Dianne's sheerest hose and rolled them firmly up my legs. I could feel them pull as I straightened up and hesitated at the feel of these garments on my smooth body. For sport, I stepped into a pair of sexy, 4-inch ankle strap sandals. I stopped a moment to look at myself in the mirror.



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ANDY THOMAS ADV.



I wasn't sure if I should be ashamed of what I saw  
what the mirror reflected.

The hose felt so good but what a pain it would be to have to do this every day! The shoes were uncomfortable so I took them off. I stepped into a silky white slip that was trimmed in black. I adjusted everything and when it was all in place over my hips, I ran my hands gently down my legs enjoying the feel of the nylon against the silk.

I felt additional apprehension as I continued to run my hands alternately up each leg smoothing out my hose as I had seen Dianne often do. With my undergarments in place, I surveyed my reflection in the mirror again and I couldn't believe I was actually doing this.

I slipped my silky, nylon-clad feet back into my furry slippers and began to apply the new makeup Dianne bought for me the night before. I really intended to have her return it all later, but now that would not be possible. With painstaking care, I applied foundation to my face, eye makeup, lipstick to my lips and blush. I was pleased with what I saw. I saw only "Georgia" in the mirror. A real sense of triumph came over me.

"Why am I enjoying this so much?" I contemplated. "I should be mad when I see this face in the mirror! Not ecstatic! Not over some soft, silky clothes and a bunch of cosmetics. Maybe it's because I'm doing something about it and not just sitting back and being bullied by Dianne's stunts." My mind would not stop racing.

I next chose a white tailored blouse, that I hoped would be the least conspicuous. I put it on, and then I slipped a slim blue skirt over my outstretched arms and let it slither to a rest below my hips. Tucking the blouse firmly into the skirt and zipping the skirt up the back I then slid the skirt up to my thighs and reached firmly for the blouse hem, pulled it taut as I had seen my wife do so often. I smartly brushed the skirt back until it

came to rest just slightly above my nylon-clad knees. I sat for a moment, exhausted!

Adding a simple strand of pearls and earrings to complete my outfit, I also borrowed my wife's extra watch when I discovered that mine was missing. I decided that the blonde shoulder length wig I had worn previously was not what I needed to be 100% authentic and I went to the mirror to properly arrange my own hair.

Once my hair was in place, the mirror image from the mirror was not exactly what I anticipated. There was a good-looking, eye-catching, slim waisted, dark-haired girl with an impeccable complexion. I had shapely, eye-catching legs and trim ankles looking back at me. I looked much younger than my age and I gazed in utter pleasure at the portrait I completed.

What was going through my mind was becoming most disturbing to me. I was enjoying this new look way too much. I was relishing the experience of my feminine undergarments with my feet in nylon hose attractively encased in my mid-heeled shoes with their lovely ankle strap. I was in heaven, wholly aware of the makeup on my face and the light brush of my hair resting on my shoulders.

The two attractive mounds of womanliness protruding from my upper body were a delight and the silky softness of my bare arms was a joy. The slim skirt accented my hips, which was pleasurable, giving them the appearance of more curves than were really there. Dianne's slim watch on my willowy wrist and the motion of my earrings as I turned added passion to my feelings.

"Now just hold on there buddy," I thought. "This is just a war. You're not supposed to like this at all.

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You're pissed! This is only a momentary trend and will end once Dianne gives in and admits she's lost!"

On the other hand, I liked looking at this beautiful girl in the mirror. I loved to feel the way the skirt pulled when I walked with short, constricted steps. Enough! I needed to get to work and was forced to stop this musing.

I grabbed a large bag from the closet and filled it with all the things I would need: makeup, keys, cigarettes and money. Lastly, I put on the jacket that went with the tailored suit and was out the door for my first meeting of the day.

Amazingly, my day was without incident. No one appeared to look at me any differently than they would have at any other attractive woman.

I had lunch in a local restaurant and when it was time to order, I did so unobserved. I felt truly safe and secure from discovery when I went to use the Ladies Room. No one seemed to notice me so I freshened my makeup when I was finished and left without incident.

I was feeling quite pleased with myself. The day was going better than I really expected it to. I felt so good that I even took a few extra minutes to window shop. There was so much to look at. Women's clothing was everywhere, in every store window and I knew it was time to stop when I found myself thinking, "I wonder how that black and white, polka-dot dress would look on me? Look at that matching slip and bra! They're so sexy. I would love to have that to wear on special occasions. I would need that divine pair of shoes to go with this outfit!" It went on and on in my mind and I couldn't turn it off.



**I liked looking at this beautiful girl in the mirror.  
I loved to feel the way the skirt pulled when I  
walked with short, constricted steps.**

This was more than I had bargained for and I couldn't stop these thoughts from returning no matter how firmly I tried! I had to stop!

I neatly smoothed my skirt beneath my bottom as I sat down in the car. I placed my pad on my skirted lap

and wrote up my reports for the day. Here in the close confines of my car is where I was most aware of the scent of my perfume that Dianne had had the foresight to buy the night before. As I sat here, I enjoyed the reflection of my face complete with my own hair in the rear view mirror. It was like there was someone else in the car but it was only me.

I sat there pondering my position for just a few moments longer. I needed to get back to the real world although I was starting to have trouble distinguishing between what was real and what was not.

I arrived home later than usual and found Dianne waiting. She seemed somewhat worried and rather impatient. She also seemed unable to figure out how I had been able to get all dolled up and out of the house to do my job. That is, of course, until she saw the bathroom!

It was a mess with remnants of makeup in the sink, which I had neglected to clean up. Her closet was completely destroyed and she noticed all her missing things. It was obviously all too apparent to her what had happened. She looked as if she would explode.

### DIANNE'S STORY

*I never dreamed that George would have the nerve to spend an entire day in my clothes. I suppose I should be relieved that at least he had used his own makeup and perfume. I looked at the open perfume bottle and thought to myself that I must tell George to be sure and close it when he was through so that it did not evaporate or lose its strength.*

*"What am I doing?" I thought, "This should make me mad, not amuse me!"*

*I set the table and prepared dinner while I waited for George. I knew it would be fascinating to see what he*

*looked like after a full day out in the real world; my world. I hoped that his experiences today would cure him and that he would be prepared to compromise. At this point, I would be willing to do my part to end it once and for all, but he would have to make the first move.*

*I was pleased with myself for covering all the bases. I knew that there was the possibility that George would leave the house although he was dressed in my clothes. The two items I purchased today would put an end to all this foolishness, even if forcing him to leave the house dressed as a woman had not. I was resolute that when George walked into the apartment I would not comment on or acknowledge anything about his clothing, unless he made some comment about it first.*

*Now that George was home, I was amazed at how well he looked and how much more of Georgia walked into the room than George. It seems that walking all day in high heels and a tight skirt had slightly improved his posture. He even seemed to walk more gracefully.*

*What I was not prepared for, however, was the almost total picture of femininity that joined me in the living room and asked so sweetly how my day had gone.*

*“Oh, just fine, GEORGIA,” I replied. “I worked for a new company today. It was different. It wasn’t a law firm. The work was easy and their products are interesting.” Was I rambling?*

*“ I did buy you two items they handle and I hope you don't mind my spending the money on you. They are things you can use and I'm certain you will just love. Why don't you try them on after dinner? In the meantime, why don't you slip into something more comfortable?” I sexily suggested but only in jest.*

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*George slipped into a comfortable tee shirt and Capri pants I had left hanging where he could easily find them. He carefully hung up his borrowed clothes and put on a pair of low-heeled casual shoes.*

*Our dinner conversation was not unusual, and George told me all about his work that day and about the fine lunch he had enjoyed.*

*Although our conversation was normal George apparently could not help wondering about what I had bought for him. On several occasions he tried to ask about it and seemed to be wondering what part they played in my plot to get him to give in.*

*He helped me with the dishes and was full of compliments. He admired my legs, calling them "shapely," as I leaned over the counter. I knew he was comparing the two of us and I bet he could not help thinking that his legs were equally good-looking.*

*When the kitchen was clean I insisted that he try on the things I had purchased for him. "Please honey, I can't wait to see how they look on you!"*

*"What are they?" He suspiciously asked*

*"Why don't you just open the packages and see for yourself. You don't have to keep them if you don't like them and you can return them yourself and exchange them for something else," I sweetly answered.*

*There on the dresser were the two large packages I had purchased that day.*

**TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,  
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P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**



**What husband would be thrilled to get breasts  
and a gaff from his wife?**

## GEORGE'S STORY

"I might as well open them and find out what she has in store for me," I thought. "No matter what, she's not going to get a rise out of me!"

I blushed as I opened the first package. I could feel the color rise from nowhere! It contained two false breasts made of a soft, flesh colored material. They looked and felt just like the real thing with nipples and all. They were beautiful. The instruction sheet that was included clued me that they were fastened to the chest by suction. Then in theory when makeup was applied around the edges, they could not be detected as false. Even the large pink tinted nipples on each breast looked realistic.

I didn't know what to say. What husband would be thrilled to get breasts from his wife?

I opened the second package. In it was what first appeared to be a flesh colored pantie but was more like a girdle. But on closer examination it was something utterly unlike anything I had ever seen. The instruction tag said it was a "gaff."

She said, matter-of-factly, "If you are going to continue to wear my clothes, I thought you might like them? Things will fit better."

I should have been angry about these gifts but I closed the bedroom door. I could feel Dianne's eyes boring into me as I stripped naked and read the instructions.

I struggled to get into the gaff that was very, very tight. Drawing it up over my hips, I noticed how thin the flesh colored material was and how the edges blended perfectly with my skin. I blushed as I had some difficulty in positioning my genitals as shown in the

instructions. I felt silly trying to make my maleness disappear but it was the only position the garment allowed. Once in place, it created the illusion of womanly genitals.

I next attached the false breasts, pressing them against my chest so that the proper suction would hold them in place. They looked just like Dianne's! Standing a short distance from the mirror, giving the impression of being totally nude, I looked every inch a woman and the blond wig resting on my bare, smooth shoulders further added to my pleasure in the illusion.

I was embarrassed looking so naked and girlish and quickly put something over my naked body!"

I slipped into a deliberately sheer blouse and also deliberately didn't wear a bra knowing it would get to Dianne. I took a moment to relish my sexy reflection in the mirror. I was feeling very anxious.

I searched for the perfect pair and found a sheer panty brief that rode up over each leg, meeting no obstacle at all until it rested gently on my waist. I added a very short, flared skirt and shoes and when I completed my dressing.

I walked as gracefully as I could. I felt completely like a woman in every way. I could see it in her eyes; Dianne could see it too!

### DIANNE'S STORY

*I looked at George trying not to be too obvious. I couldn't believe how shapely his breasts looked through the sheer blouse. I had to ask, "Do you like your new presents, Georgia?"*

*"I like the way the blouse fits," he stammered.*

*"It gives you a figure that any well-rounded girl would die to have. Would you lift your skirt so I can see*



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what my other gift does for you?" I said this all as sweetly as I possibly could.

George lifted his short skirt and then for some unknown reason to me, twirled around several times. The short skirt billowed out revealing absolutely no vestige of masculinity. To me he appeared all female!

"Now panties fit you!" I announced. Strangely, I was inexplicably turned on. I reached out and pulled George to me. There in living room, I pulled him onto the floor. I was seducing my husband who now looked completely like a real woman.

"Very nice," I moaned I gently nibbled his ear then kissed down his neck. Shivers ran up and down his body as I caressed and kneaded his breasts.

I deeply kissed him and gently lifted his skirt. His panties were completely exposed but his manhood was nowhere to be found. It was hidden beneath the device I made him wear. There was nothing to see. I gently felt between his legs like a man would a woman.

He broke our kiss in surprise. "Don't," he shyly whispered, seeming suddenly embarrassed.

"Why?" I said hotly in his ear. "I'm just making sure that the next time men ask us out, you can accept..."

He moaned as I continued, knowing I had hit a nerve. "Do you think it's okay for our dates to pick us up here," I whispered.

"What if a neighbor sees us leaving?"

"SO? They aren't paying our bills..."

I couldn't be stopped and we continued to make love. I teased more and lowered George onto the floor, like a man would, and continued to lavish kisses, gentle touches and caresses over his entire body. My emotions

*caught fire and I began to ravage him. I know where a mans sensitive spots are and used that to my full advantage as I kept him at full arousal.*

*Then we were done.*

*George quickly sat up on the floor apparently waiting for me to say something. Maybe he needed an explanation for my sudden sexual desire. But I couldn't explain it and could only think of my plan, so I said, "Why don't you put your clothes back on, add a bra and change your blouse and help me with the grocery shopping? You don't mind going with me, do you?" I asked, all the while thinking, "Damn, this isn't turning out as I expected. What an attractive girl George could be if I gave him some expert help, though I certainly don't intend to do so."*

*George did not refuse my invitation as I had hoped. In fact, he began to strut. It was perhaps because of his newly acquired endowments or more likely the great sex we just had. I'm not really sure. The next thing I know he's removed his blouse and puts on a bra. He leaned over and gently eased his breasts into the cups just like he's seen me do 1000 times! I was staring in amazement!*

*He sweetly she asked me, Dianne, to hook the bra in the back, which I did. I became more furious when he selected a blouse that buttoned down the back. Once again I had to help. He was beginning to rub my nose in it!*

## **GEORGE'S STORY**

It was a new experience for me doing our grocery shopping; pushing the shopping cart, loading it with food and things, going up to the check stand and paying for my purchases while observing other women, less neatly

dressed with makeup less perfect than mine as they performed similar duties. I took sheer delight in moving about the store wearing my revealing short skirt and watching both men and women take a second look at me. I was obviously a fox.

Driving back to our apartment, I kept thinking, "I do enjoy dressing and even acting like a girl. I might as well enjoy it while I can since I know it will come to an end soon. It is such a thrill that I don't care how long it takes for Dianne to give in and ask that we change things back to the way they were and to stop her borrowing.

If she thinks that I will ask where my clothes are when we get home, she can just forget it. I think I will wear a mini-dress tomorrow and I know just the one that I want. The pink one with the belt halfway down the hips. I will look adorable in the fitted top now that I have the perfect accessories."

Dianne apparently noticed just how pleased I was with myself. I thought I knew exactly what she was thinking. Now she would be even more determined to win out.

"I have other plans for you mister," Dianne was thinking to herself, "and when I put them in place we will see how long it is before you come crying to me asking forgiveness to get back to your own clothes," she thought. "From here on out, I will really treat like a woman--maybe not always--not at night--but after a few days of my program you will be ready to call it quits and ends this ridiculous affair." If only I could read her mind.

That evening I selected a transparent gown relishing the sheer delight that my new breasts caused. I could see on Dianne's face that it was difficult for her to see me, her spouse, looking so utterly feminine in such a transparent gown. But my Dianne, she'd eat dirt before she'd eat crow!

For the next few weeks, Dianne continued to treat me like a woman with just a few exceptions at night. I still am the man in the house.

I continued at work to make my business inspections wearing Dianne's clothes. I guess she couldn't stand it anymore. She didn't have enough clothing for the two of us. I suppose in desperation over her diminishing wardrobe, Dianne bought new lingerie, hose, dresses, Capri's and almost doubled her wardrobe. She placed them in my drawers and closet. She never said a word to me and I never acknowledged that anything unusual was taking place.

My pleasure continued unabated during this period and this fact was not lost on Dianne. There were times when Dianne's remarks, always softly sarcastic, were made to Georgia rather than to me, George.

"Watch me sit down."

"Walk with your feet firmly together and take smaller steps, dear."

"This is the correct way to apply your false eyelashes."

"Let me explain again, the difference between the makeup we wear in the evening versus the makeup we wear in broad daylight."

"You are wearing the wrong bra for your low-cut blouse--your straps show!"



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“You are getting to be quite a good cook, but you need help in planning our meals.”

“You can read this fashion magazine when I am finished and not before!”

“Do you need any help in selecting your accessories?”

“What dress are you wearing tonight?”

“When you rinse your panties, do it like I am doing. You don’t want to rip them!”

“Let me pluck your eyebrows a little more, you need more of a curve.”

Blah, blah, blah!

The truth is, her cracks really didn’t bother me. I’m no fool. I needed all the help I could get. I was learning and was most keen to learn more and as much as I could about this newly opened life. I tried to hide the great enjoyment and happiness I was getting from being treated like a woman and this was not lost on Dianne who seemed to become more dismayed when I, Georgia, seemed at times to completely forget about my alter ego, George.

Every passing day found me more feminine in actions, dress, interests, conversation, posture and my grooming habits. Now, when I had to interview clients in addition to my inspections, I did so with no fear whatsoever of being found out. I was able to get more information faster and more accurately since the clients often felt that they were dealing with an ignorant woman.

Dianne now found herself in the awkward position of alternately hating me and then seeming to enjoy molding me to be her counterpart in every possible way. Nothing was lost on me!

One evening while we were dining out, both dressed in daring dresses with tight skirts and wearing our best jewelry and highest heels, the two men that had asked us to go dancing found us again.

Bill said, "Remember us? Don't forget, you did say next time."

I actually asked the two men to join us and allowed them to buy our dinner.

### DIANNE'S STORY

*I became more upset than usual when George indulged in a mild flirtation with Bill and seemed to enjoy it! I too could play that game.*

*We all were dancing as couples. In anger, I allowed John to hold me close and danced intimately during a slow dance. I knew that George would be jealous seeing my breasts pressed against another man's chest.*

*But to my surprise, George looked surprised at first, then hurt. He seemed to go limp in Bill's arms, allowing himself to be held tightly in a dance embrace.*

*Seeing George in such a girlishly entanglement with a man was too much . . .he was obviously doing it to 'get to' me and to make me give up.*

*What had started as a game was now creating some intense feelings. Anger, anguish, and trepidation. On one side it all seemed like 'fun', so why was I feeling so alone and resentful, almost competitive? Yes, competitive with my husband.*

*The evening ended innocently with the men getting good night kisses and my promise of future 'encounters'. George wasn't about to let me get to him.*



*The evening ended innocently with the men getting good night kisses.*

*He commented, "Nice evening, I loved the music. But next time we meet the guys, I want to wear your yellow dress."*

*"That's okay with me!" I said then added, "Weren't they wonderful dancers...?"*

*I made up my mind, knowing that I would have to do something else to end this problem.*

*As it happened, I had been doing some legal research on a pharmaceutical company and ran across information on female hormones. That information led me to ask an older lady at work about her estrogen prescription. I knew that George was now taking my vitamins and I realized that day that I had found the means of bringing the feud to a close in my favor.*

*I went to my doctor and with the right symptoms easily obtained everything I needed.*

*I read up on what they might do and had a fair idea of the dosage I would have to give George to obtain my desired results without causing serious injury to him.*

*I could imagine the dismay that would be George's as he became aware of the changes that the hormones would bring to his body and not knowing why.*

*He would assume that the clothes he was wearing and cosmetics were the cause and would halt his attempts at femininity. Wouldn't 'Georgia' be surprised when I told him what I had done to get him to give in and give up the battle!*

*George was so enamored of his new found feminine activity and dress that he did not give it a second thought when I told him about "my" new vitamin pills that Dr. Rogers had suggested I take several times a day. I mentioned that he maybe shouldn't take them...but...the*

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*very feminine pillbox, which I carry my vitamins in, was quickly in his purse. I'm sure to get him. George never even asked me why the pink vitamins were to be taken for 21 days and the white ones for seven. A 28-day cycle of vitamins. Men know so little about the moon! What can I say?*

*I began to feel more relaxed with George over the next several weeks knowing that soon enough he would come running to me for forgiveness. Especially when he noticed that he did not have to shave as often, that his hips were becoming more rounded, that his complexion was improved and that he soon would be having problems attaching his suction type breasts to his chest, because of real flesh that would be developing. I could afford to be pleasant and wait.*

*Because of our more relaxed mood, I was more helpful than ever to George. We would go everywhere together and spent more and more time away from the apartment.*

*We would swim in the ocean and we both enjoyed showing off our better than average figures in matching short dresses.*



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*We both enjoyed showing off our better than average figures in matching short dresses.*

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*We went horseback riding, to fashion shows, plays, movies, bowling, restaurants and George enjoyed dressing differently for each occasion.*

*One evening after we had taken our vitamin pills and were watching television, I asked George, "Why don't you let me see what I can do with your hair. It really is long enough so that you don't ever have to wear a wig. You do have such pretty hair of your own."*

*"But darling, you don't even set your own hair, so how in the world can you do mine? Why don't you make a beauty parlor appointment for us instead?" George teased.*

*"That is a wonderful idea. I'll make appointments for us tomorrow," I quickly replied.*

### **GEORGE'S STORY**

I got dressed in a colorful wraparound skirt and a short-sleeved blouse for this new experience. How wonderfully relaxing and how feminine I felt having my hair washed by someone else. I looked very unusual though, with curlers in my hair.

I was pleased that I could discuss hairstyles intelligently, based upon my reading. I had become accustomed to reading fashion and hairstyle magazines these past few months. I enjoyed having my now long nails manicured while waiting under the dryer. I mostly enjoyed the girl talk with the manicurist and the other women nearby. Everything seemed natural and in order.

Dianne, who was a very interested observer in my advances sometimes looked at me like, "Enjoy yourself...and we'll see who wins this match!"





Over the next few months I noticed that I did not need a waist cinch as often as I had before and how much snuggler my panties and pantyhose fit me around my hips and thighs. Occasionally I wondered when I had developed my sultry voice but never really thought too much about it.

I loved not having to shave my beard as often as before. It was wonderful. Maybe shaving so often caused it not to grow as often. I don't know. Why question a good thing?

I also did not have to shave my legs quite as often and their silky smoothness still delighted me. It did bother me that I had difficulty in attaching my artificial breasts and I wondered if they had stretched out. "I wonder if I should ask Dianne to buy me another pair," I thought to myself.

We did every thing together and it seemed we shared the same tastes in clothes and almost all social events. Although my weight had not changed my proportions had. This I attributed to the clothes I was becoming accustomed to.

Like the gaff. I was totally comfortable and even liked the secure tight feeling.

Although the changes to my body were not as obvious to me they apparently were to Dianne. She sometimes seemed desperate to me and I was sure that it was only a matter of time until she said something and called an end to this game. I was beginning to think that if we were going to end it Dianne had better say something soon!

Dianne's softly sarcastic remarks ended and conversations and discussions seemed naturally to revolve around "Georgia" rather than "George." She would say things like:

“Shall we buy some new bikinis for the summer?”

or “Georgia, shall we go out tonight?”

or “Georgia, wear the short dress. It makes you look so sexy.”

I was aware that I had been less sexually demanding of Dianne since taking my “vitamin” pills, but this evening was an exception. The flesh colored tights had been removed and I joined Dianne in bed where she had gone a few minutes before. The night was silent and I put my arms around Dianne's slim waist and drew her closer while Dianne reciprocated with like action.

The familiar feel of nylon gowns against each other as our legs entwined was definitely a turn-on. We both seemed to enjoy our newly found feminine sex life. It was very pleasant to us both and it had been for some time now. As we clung to each other with our breasts touching, we became aware at the same instant that I had not replaced my suction breasts, yet there was a definite feel of soft curved mounds pressing against Dianne. We pulled back from each other and lay silently alongside one another without a word being said.

After what appeared to be an eternity, I reached out my hand and caressed my wife's breast and then placed my hand on my own breast. They were real and I was stunned.

### DIANNE'S STORY

*When George's hand left my breast I reached over as he had done and we kissed again. At first softly then passionately and deeply, my fingers playing about the bodice of his nightgown.*





***I touched the top of his gown, gently slipping strap off his small, rounded shoulder revealing his pink sleep-cup lace bra that created an eye-catching cleavage.***

*My stomach did a little flip as I touched the top of his gown, gently slipping one side off his small, rounded shoulder revealing his pink sleep-cup lace bra that gently boosted George's bust and produced eye-catching cleavage. I felt between his legs and he primly crossed*

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*his legs tightly in a girlish fashion. It was a new game we played-- never removing the gaff until the last minute.*

*"What a pretty brassiere," I whispered. I could feel George blush in the dark. I leaned forward and lowered the straps of his bra and kissed him again.*

*Not releasing his lips, my fingers teased at the soft and smooth flesh around his nipples.*

*His nipples responded and hardened like mine. I gasped! He didn't have on his breast forms! My fingers roamed with new urgency. His nipples were enlarged, tender and responsive to my touch.*

*I was in shock and so scared I couldn't move or speak as I began kissing down his chest and over his breasts. I shut my eyes and moaned, "We've turned you into a girl!" George sat up and crossed his arms tightly across his chest, feeling the cool air hit his damp nipples.*

*That was when my hand went down and felt at George's panties finding no lump.*

*I knew that this is what I had been expecting and I now knew for sure that my hopes and fears had been realized.*

*I was shocked. I had not wanted it to go this far and yet it had. Reaching over and turning on the lamp I said, "George, we MUST talk. I'm sorry about the way I have been acting and about borrowing your things. I promise, never, but never to do it again. This has gone too far. I'll bring your clothes up from the trunk of my car where they've been since we started this silly feud and I will get them for you the very first thing in the morning," I continued. "I'm glad it's over now but I must admit that I did enjoy both our activities in your transformation into a woman. We were able to share a*

*part of living that usually a husband and wife cannot," I concluded.*

*George should have been pleased that he was the victor and that I had at last given in and conceded, but he was actually obviously unhappy over this turn of events.*

*"You're right Dianne and I also must admit that I've enjoyed almost every minute of these past several months. But I also knew that it would have to end some day. Bring up my things tomorrow. I'm glad it's Saturday so that we can have plenty of time to change things back to normal." He said to me with a touch of sadness in his voice.*

*Our game had ended...score--love, love. We fell asleep cuddled in each other's arms mutually caressing the other's sensitive enticements that only spouse should have possessed. All was well with the world. Or was it?*

### **THE MORNING AFTER...**

*After a breakfast with us both in nighties and gowns, we dressed so I could bring George's clothes back into the house.*

*George changed and wore a designer's sheer white peasant top with no bra and a pair of soft but tight tan suede lace-up flared pants, slung very low on his rounded hips. His low-rise nude gaff thong made sure the pants fit smoothly. His ankles and feet were bare, save for a little moisturizer and a nice pedicure.*

*His hair was pinned up and he wore an accent of Asian jade jewelry. He looked casual but totally feminine. There was now a significant movement of his breasts against the peasant top when he moved. I began to worry that I'd gone too far.*



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*"We'd better get you back into some male clothes!" I said. "I'll go get you some from their hiding place."*

*When I returned and handed him clothes, I looked directly at his smooth face and hair pulled back into a high girlish ponytail. His face was softer as was his figure.*

*I said to George, "It's been so long, I've forgotten what George looks like!"*

*When he went to change, I could not help thinking of how I would miss "Georgia". Both of us knew it couldn't go on even though we both like the new kind of relationship. Anyway, it was finished now.*

*The living thing that entered the room and walked toward me was certainly not the George I remembered. The walk was mincing and quite graceful, actually feline despite the thick shoes and trousers. The pants fit too loosely around the waistline and they were much too tight around his femininely shaped hips.*

*His long curled dark brown hair and creamy complexion with slight traces of makeup still remaining did not suggest a "man." The distinct impression of breasts and nipples pressing outward from the masculine shirtfront was scandalous. He'd had no time to remove his nail enamel and this added to his bizarre appearance.*

*"Have you looked at yourself Georgia?" I cried, unaware that I had used his feminine name that even he had become accustomed to. "You look weird in men's clothes! If I let you go out like that, you are sure to be laughed at. This will take much longer than I had imagined. I see we have problems that I didn't anticipate! Why did you let this go so far!"*



*"Me? So far! It was you that wouldn't give in!"*  
*George cried.*

### GEORGE'S STORY

I knew Dianne was aware of my whimsical appearance in male clothes. I had made my entrance nevertheless to please my wife and to make her happy. I was not at all pleased by what I saw! Whatever it meant, I had to admit at least to myself that I preferred being Georgia to George.

Dianne was obviously in shock too. We had to talk this out but apparently not until she ordered me to get dressed again "in a housedress or something else appropriate. Dianne also requested, "Please be sure and put on a bra since your bouncing breasts will only divert our attention from our problem."

Although I had been suspicious, I was still shocked when Dianne told me about the female hormones she had been giving me as "vitamin pills." I had been taking more than one a day since I felt my masculine desires dwindle.

I admitted that I preferred working as a woman and she was not entirely surprised. I expressed my fears about the drastic moves that would be necessary to bring George back with possible amputation of my breasts and then having to cut my hair shorter! Dianne was emphatic that she would not allow either action.

"Georgia, I think that you had better forget about trying to be a man for a while. Let's face it darling, you must earn a living and you would appear most unusual with your feminine voice and with a 'double-breasted' and I do mean double-breasted shirt."

"Really?" I said, running my hands over my most noticeable chest.

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“Really. Besides, where would you get male trousers to fit those shapely hips? You certainly couldn't take me to the beach or join me at the beauty salon or shopping without tongues wagging, now could you?”

“Are you serious?” was all I could say. It was all happening so fast. “You mean you don't mind putting up with me as Georgia permanently?”

“I like the new you and I love your help around the house! You are my best friend now. And notice, we don't fight about wearing each others clothes!”

I laughed, “Besides, what would we do with all the lovely things you bought for me. They would be out of style before you could wear them out. In a sense, we would both be cutting our wardrobes in half! That would be foolish, wouldn't it?”

The discussion ran late into the evening. My clothes were returned to the trunk of the car in preparation for a donation to a worthy charity.

We decided to move into a new and larger apartment since we needed more closet space for our growing wardrobes. Georgia was to become a permanent member of our family. Goodbye George, hello Georgia!

We also decided I should continue taking the female hormones and take classes in makeup, dress, dancing, etc. to allow me to catch up on my wasted years.

It wasn't long before I was simply an attractive woman to the eyes of others and even myself. No more signs of George. My hair was long, down around my shoulders. My hands were smooth, my nails were long, gleaming painted ovals.

My long legs were now accustomed to high heels and nylons. I had the art of make-up down to perfection, and a feminine walk and mannerisms were now completely natural to me. In most respects I was now a woman. In all but one! I had a man's great love for a wonderful woman, Dianne.

But in all other respect, we do things as girls. I'll never forget our first real (pick up at the door) double date. It wasn't easy but I knew I had to be comfortable seeing Dianne with other guys. If I was really going to be Dianne's girlfriend, I knew we'd probably have to date men occasionally.

The morning of our first double date, we went shopping. I had never enjoyed shopping for dresses with my wife before but now this was different. She was saying, "We have nothing to wear," but it meant, "We want to look feminine and sexy."

When Dianne and I arrived at the store, we found that we were the only customers there so we got wonderful treatment. Dianne explained to the salesgirl that we wanted dresses for a special date and gave her our size. The lady went searching for the perfect dresses while Dianne and I browsed through the racks of dresses.

There were so many beautiful dresses but Dianne had something special in mind. The salesgirl returned with a few "hot date" dresses. The first dress was a short red dress that had spaghetti straps. Dianne liked the dress for me, and I knew why. The straps would fall and give my date complete access to my enhanced breasts. While I didn't mind showing them off, I didn't want to look cheap.

We narrowed down our search to two possibilities, both revealing. Both were silk dresses. The first was a

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tight sheath dress with a high side slit designed to reveal a lot of nyloned leg as well as cleavage. The neckline was not cut low but had a small round collar.

This closed snugly with a button at the back of the neck. The sultry dress revealed cleavage by having a cut-out below the collar in a kind of triangular shape. The whole dress was distinctly of oriental design, something one would expect to see on a rich lady from Hong Kong.

The second dress was basic black with gold and silver highlights. It had a low, scoop neckline and had been designed to drape the wearer luxuriously with soft folds of shimmering silk. The waistline had a matching sash and the skirt was very short. We both tried on both dresses twice.

I loved the way that both clung to my newly developed feminine curves. We knew that this was going to be a difficult decision. Dianne kept asking me which dress I wanted to wear. I kept asking her.

Both of them were very beautiful, but in the end neither Dianne nor I could decide so we bought both and matching shoes.

We'll fight over them later....

**THE END**

**IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY,  
WRITE TO ME:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**

**NEW TITLES MONTHLY!**







**George is still borrowing Dianne's clothes...  
but filling them out in all the right places!**