

GIRLFRIENDS

TV FICTION

HIS GIRL'S NIGHT OUT II



RICK'S WIFE THINKS THAT HE IS SPENDING TOO MUCH TIME WATCHING SPORTS. SHE HAS THE PERFECT SOLUTION! A GIRL'S NIGHT OUT... AS A GIRL!

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VOLUME 12 – PART TWO

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this book are entirely the products of the author's
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event in real life.**

QUOTE BOARD

**To lead a breathtaking life, one only needs a little black
dress, know how to walk in heels and a compliment.**

HIS GIRL'S NIGHT OUT II!

(Just a little nudge)

By Kelly Anne and Sandy Thomas

Illustrations by Gabi

PART TWO OF TWO

RECOVERING FROM BREAST AUGMENTATION.

I knew Rick felt better the day he announced that it was time to shop for new dresses and tops! And the focus of our shopping? Tops and dresses that would show off his jiggling, womanly flesh.

I could never imagine the old Rick being like this. His desire to fill up a bra with so much softness that he makes men ooze just to dive in, lick, and release.

Nobody in the DVD brochure talked about this level of emasculation. He wanted what women desire: mating, female signs of fertility, the beauty of abundant fullness to the chest. What was next? Did he want to get pregnant too?

He certainly would get offers with the tops he picked out. His overflowing boobs swaying left and right, barely contained by the little tops that were nearly on the verge of collapse.

"Honey," I said, "I know you want to be attractive and show THEM off but no woman wants offers of cash."

He blushed. But we did buy outfits that would make any guy's eyes pop from his head. The dresses were cut low and wide to show plenty of cleavage. A bra was built

into one to lift his breasts. A slit ran halfway up the thigh of the skirt. I wore dresses like that when Rick and I were dating. I wore them to excite Rick, now he would wear similar outfits in hopes of exciting other men.

After we arrived home with our purchases, Sue and Bob came over for a little fashion show. Rick teased, "Bob, I'm glad you are here. I want a guy's opinion!" He did a little shoulder shimmy.

"WOW!" Bob gasped.

"They look great!" Sue marveled as Rick showed off his new bosom. "I want to see! How does it feel to have something in your bra?"

Rick began to laugh. "It's really weird. I like the feeling of support I get from a bra, but the only reason I need the support is because I want to wear bras."

Sue bluntly asked. "Are you playing and massaging them properly?"

"It's a nice feeling when I rub a nipple between my fingers. In the shower they feel wonderful. I wonder if I'll get the same enjoyment if a guy takes the 'girls' on."

"Let me help you answer that question!" Bob volunteered. "You look hot enough for me to turn off ESPN."

Sue threatened. "Gawd, Bob gets that silly grin seeing ANYONE with boobs. Men never grow up!" Then she turned to him and teased, "Maybe you need your own full boobs? You'd have to give up the little girl dresses."

"You can have my little girl dresses when you take them off my cold, dead body!" Bob joked. "I was only trying to compliment the new LADY."

"You just want to slobber all over her boobs," Sue fired back. "That is not very little girl like...."

"Bob, I'll make you a deal," Rick said. "Let me dress you up in one of my outfits, wig, makeup, and the works."

I'll even GIVE you my old breast forms! You'll be one of us girls...then I'll give you a real look at my breasts."

Sue and I stared at Rick, our mouths and eyes open to the maximum. "What's that all about?" we asked in one voice.

Sue told Rick, "There's enough confusion around here, let's not add to it."

"High heels too?" Bob asked, much to Sue's chagrin.

"CFM's if you want," Rick said invitingly.

"Sure. When do we start?" Bob asked, obviously excited.

"What do you think you're doing? Sue asked.

"Calm down, Sue," Rick grinned. "He already dresses up like a little girl. Haven't you wondered what he'd look like as a woman? I have."

"Only a few times," she stammered. "Since he likes getting all prettied up, maybe he would like to see how it feels without all the ruffles?"

"You can help dress him," Rick offered, "and even pick out his outfit."

"I want to pick everything, not just the dress?" Sue's resistance was crumbling.

"Everything," Rick promised. "I have some really mind-blowing lady stuff from Trashy Lingerie."

I said, "When he says Trashy, he means Trashy, Sue," I had to offer an opinion. "He's been sweet enough to share it with me. I feel like such a slut when I wear a pair of his panties. If I wore the matching bra and garter belt, I'd give the streetwalkers downtown a run for their money!"

"You're complaining?" Rick asked.

"Gawd no," I answered. "Maybe you'd still be all man if I had worn more sexy lingerie."

"Nothing could have changed my mind," he said with a disarming smile and shimmy of his chest. "I know now that I was meant to wear bras. I wish I'd started when I was twelve."

‘At least after I gave you that DVD’, I thought. “You don’t have to go all the way,” I quickly suggested, hoping to plant a seed of doubt. “I like you the way you are now.”

He put one hand on his breasts and the other on his crotch. “That wouldn’t work. I love everything that goes along with being a woman, the clothes, the way men look at me...especially the way men look at me,” Rick winked at Bob.

“I’m still waiting to look!” Bob said.

“I’m sorry, Bob, I almost forgot about you,” Rick said. “Lets get started.”

He opened the bedroom door and invited us all in and took off his top.

Bob’s eyes immediately went to Rick’s chest. Bob’s heart was racing as he stared at Rick’s pert breasts held up in a sexy, yellow bra. The bra left little to the imagination. Rick placed his hands under his breasts and lifted them.

“Did you ever think that your buddy would have such a nice rack?” Rick teased as he bounced his breasts, causing Bob’s breath to come in short gasps.

“Never,” Bob mumbled, entranced by Rick’s breasts. “They’re beautiful, so firm and inviting.” His hands were shaking as he reached to touch Rick’s breasts.

“Don’t do that unless you want a pair of your own!” Sue warned. “Renee said you could look, not touch.”

“We had a deal, Bob,” Rick softly cooed, his sexy voice driving Bob crazy. “Are you ready, young lady?”

“Uh huh, sure,” Bob shook his head, but couldn’t take his eyes from Rick’s breasts.

Rick gently took Bob’s hand and led him to where Sue was laying out the clothes and lingerie set he was to wear. Rick stood in front of him to keep him confused and prevent his backing out.

Sue stripped him down as Bob waited patiently until she handed him a pair of black satin panties with a lace

front and back panel. Without a word of protest, he slid them on as Sue fastened a matching bra with a sweet pink flower in the middle.

“Good girl, Hayley,” Sue complimented him as she stuffed his bra with Rick’s inserts.

“WOW, they are big?” Bob gasped. His hands went up for a feel.

Sue giggled, “My little girl has graduated from camisole to brassiere. “You might love looking all grown up. The clothes are not all frilly like the little girl Lolita costumes but with a little work, you could wear these kind of clothes more often.”

“Like where?” Bob asked.

“The grocery store? Church? Anywhere we go.”

“The panties do feel nice,” Bob rubbed his bottom through the panties. “I also like the way the full bra feels.”

“Then you’re going to love this!” Sue promised as she lowered the satin camisole, lavishly trimmed in lace over his head. Next came the matching half-slip that brought a shiver of delight as it brushed against his bare legs.

“This feels just like my petticoats!” he gleefully exclaimed. “It’s just as pretty! Look at all the lace. Isn’t it gorgeous?”

“Are you having fun?” I asked.

He rubbed his hands over the slip. “Thanks for doing this to me!”

“I forgot the garter belt!” Sue said. “Lift your slip, dear, you will feel more grown up with a garter belt and nylons.”

Sue fastened the lace belt and took her time threading the straps through Bob’s panties. She purposely rubbed against him several times nearly causing him to climax. She apologized by grabbing his head in her hands and forcefully kissing him.

“This gets better all the time!” Bob laughed. “You never kiss me like that when I’m a little girl.”

Sue admitted, "I don't understand why, but this is making me incredibly horny. When you're all done, I may have to take you home so I can screw your pretty little brains out."

Bob smiled and waved. "Bye, ladies!"

"When we are done..."

Bob was handed a pair of sheer black nylons with diamond pattern. He rolled them up his smoothly shaven legs and attached the garters.

"Nice legs, Hayley," Rick said, leaning closer so that his breasts were almost in Bob's face. "Mind if I feel them?" Bob extended a leg without waiting and Rick rubbed his hands up and down them several times.

"I keep them shaved. I don't want hair showing," he explained as though a guy shaving his legs was perfectly normal. "Sue likes to use hair removal cream, but it irritates my legs. It's such a sensual feeling to lather my legs, then slowly run a razor over them."

"He prefers silky white stockings with elastic tops. They're styled for little girls, but made for men like Hayley," Sue explained as she helped Bob step into a short black skirt with several layers of sheer material.

Rick smiled and said, "I mostly wear that skirt with a slip, but if I need to boost my feminine ego, I skip the slip. The layers are enough to prevent anyone from seeing my panties but everywhere I go, men try. That thrills me and gives a tremendous boost to my budding female ego."

Bob placed his arms through a sheer yellow top, which Sue then buttoned up the back. "I like tops that button this way and dresses with back zippers," Bob giddily explained as he tucked the top into his skirt. "It makes me feel like I am forced to dress up and can't get out of the clothes without someone helping me."

"Yeah, sure," Sue derisively laughed. "You trapped? You can get in and out of a dress faster than I can. You were a little slow the first time I saw you as Hayley."

"I got careless just after we started dating," Bob laughed. "I thought she was going to be busy, so I planned to spend the day as Hayley. I was online, chatting with some cosplayers when Sue walked past the window and saw me. I'd given her a key, so she let herself in trapping me between her and the bedroom where my male clothes were. I thought I was going to lose her. I begged her not to leave. I promised that I'd get rid of all of my outfits and never do that again."

"I meant to give him back his key and walk out, but I realized that I was turned on at seeing my boyfriend dressed like a little girl. Instead of leaving, I grabbed him and threw him on the couch. Up went his petticoat and frilly dress, down came his panties, and I made him my pretty little girl."

"I know when she's hot," Bob gave Sue a kiss. "She'll call me Hayley or bring me one of my dresses."

"It's not like that all the time," Sue explained as she started making up his face. "Most of the time it's Sue and Bob, but once in a while I get the urge to see my pretty little Hayley and I can't control myself."

"Decision time, Hayley," I pointed to the wig stands on the dresser. "Brunette, Blonde, Strawberry Blond?"

Bob examined all three wigs, picking them up, holding them to his head, and staring into the mirror. Finally, he set the Blond and Brunette ones back. "All of my little girl wigs are brunette. I like the blonde, but the strawberry blonde really grabs me. What do you think, Sue, will my makeup be okay with this one?"

"It'll be perfect since it's the one I want you to wear," she happily admitted as she fitted the wig to his head. "You're going to be gorgeous!"

Bob as a man was a pretty ordinary looking guy, but dressed in that sexy outfit with strawberry blonde hair and an excellent makeover, he looked like a hot looking woman. Sue helped him balance as he stepped into his heels.

"These are taller than you are used to...take short steps, honey, or you'll fall," she advised. "Hold my hand while we walk to the mirror. I can't wait to show you how pretty you look."

"Amazing, so different than playing little girl."

"You make such a sweet and adorable little girl, honey, but this is completely different. The little girl thing is only once in a while. As a grown up woman, you could dress up and go out more often."

Bob gasped as they reached the mirror. "Holy wow! I'd do her in a hot second!"

"You can't do her," Sue grinned while massaging his butt through his skirt. "First, you can't do yourself." She grabbed him swung him around to face her, then shoved her tongue down his throat. "Second, and most importantly, because you're mine! I won't share you with anyone, not even you!"

Sue helped Bob maneuver into the living room where we sipped wine and chatted. Bob was at ease, sitting with his legs crossed, his heels dangling from his toes, chatting about clothes as if he was one of the girls.

"Hayley," I asked, since it seemed that no one else would ask. "Would you rather be a pretty little girl or an attractive woman?"

"I'd rather be a guy if it's all the same," he grinned and reached for Sue's hand. "But I now want to add a couple grown up woman outfits to my wardrobe. Maybe Renee can take me shopping? I love her taste in dresses. Maybe I can get into this young woman thing?"

"I'd love to take you shopping," Rick agreed, "but why not try a 'Girl's Night Out' with Sharon and Sue. It's so exciting!"

"You'd have to let the 'husband' role go. If you could, I know you'd love it, Honey," Sue began selling him on the idea. "Shopping for pretty outfits, pretty dresses for dinner, a romantic movie to finish, maybe more, a little girl on girl...it could be fantastic."

"Must be fun since you do it so much." Bob was giving it some thought. The sides of his mouth curled into a smile and he started swinging the heel dangling from his nylon-covered foot. He sighed, "But like I said, I've never dressed up except for conventions where others are dressed crazy. I don't know if I could be a convincing woman in public."

"Sure you can," Rick joined in. "You look great and your mannerisms are a little girlish but near perfect for a woman. Guess your little girl experience helps. We'll plan on it for the second Saturday of next month. That will give Sue time to polish off any rough edges."

"But..." Bob began to argue, but Rick cut him short.

"No buts about it, Hayley. You'll have so much fun shopping, enjoying a tasty meal, dancing, watching a romantic movie, and imagining that you're a woman."

"Did you say dancing?" Bob seemed confused, shocked, and worried. He turned to Sue. "On girl's night, you dance with other men?"

Sue took his hand and gave him a kiss on his pretty cheek. "Not often. I've had offers, mostly I sit out the dancing. It wouldn't be right for a married woman to dance with other men. It would make me feel guilty that I was cheating on you."

Rick leaped back into the fray. "She wouldn't feel that way if you were dancing too."

I said, "Then Bob wouldn't be sitting at home alone while his wife was out enjoying herself. We'd all have a great time being led around the dance floor by handsome men."

"But I'm straight!" he forcefully countered. "I don't like men like that."

"You don't have to go to a hotel with one," Rick laughed. "All you do is smile, relax, laugh at his jokes, and maybe give him a quick peck of thanks. Wearing a pretty dress and having a strong, good looking guy hold

you tight and tell you how pretty you look is mind blowing!"

Bob really wanted to do it, but he was wavering. "Are you sure the only thing that gets blown is my mind?"

"Well, maybe my partner if he's good looking and lucky," Rick joked causing color to drain from Bob's face.

"You wouldn't!" he was shocked by Rick's comment.

Rick firmly answered. "Look. I'm not a guy anymore. I still have the equipment, but it hasn't responded in a long time. I notice men now. I notice their faces, their chests, and the bulge in their pants when they dance with me."

"Renee and I have been out as girlfriends and she attracts just as many men as I do." I hoped I wasn't freaking Bob. "She's not my husband anymore. We've filed papers to dissolve our marriage. She's become a woman with a woman's desires. One of these days she will act on them. I hope she likes the outcome."

"I can't help it, Bob," Rick continued. "It's not just the pretty outfits, it's everything. I like showing off my femininity and attracting men. I can't bed them for now, but I can satisfy them!"

"Relax, Bob," Sue said in a soothing voice. "Renee knows that she's a woman, so she has no problems wanting to be intimate with a man. You have no doubt that you're a guy. You enjoy dressing up and pretending, but you'd never consider going any further, right?"

Bob replied, "I love wearing pretty outfits, and pretending that I'm a little girl. I think I might like getting dolled up like a lady, but I don't want to become female physically."

"It's up to you, honey, you can still dress up like a little girl at home and your cosplay conventions but we'll get you some nice outfits and you can experience being a young woman. It might be fun to act female in the real world?"

"You mean dress like a woman and just go about life? How often?"

"Up to you. You can wear pretty frilly things and go to our girl's nights out. You have a chance for your little girl to grow up."

It was beginning to dawn on Bob that he actually liked being a woman. He liked being a little sissy girl too but Sue was saying that he could wear pretty dresses and slips and panties every day in front of everybody.

"Oh my," he said, "It is like playing the mommy of my little girl character. With practice, I bet I'd become even more feminine in appearance?"

"Of course," Sue said. "Just accept it and enjoy being one of us. It's easy, honey. Being a young lady is fun. You can go for the gold rings...and wear them in your ears. Don't get scared."

Sue really laid it out for him, but she wasn't trying to be nasty, she was a wife who cared for her husband.

"Look," she said, "You are certainly pretty enough and when we go out, I'm sure the guys will accept you."

"G...g...guys?" Bob stammered.

"Of course, guys, honey. All dolled up in a cute dress and showing off curves, what else would you expect? It is part of what we women go through. Men of all kinds will stare at you, want to take you out on dates and will want to kiss you."

"I'm not kissing men?"

"Ooooh, yes, honey. It's not bad, really. You might even learn to like the attention...flirting can be really fun."

"But I don't have to do anything more than dancing, right?" Bob asked.

Sue shot him a look that left no doubt about who was in charge. "Just do what we girls do. We girls dance with the boys and maybe sometimes thank them with a kiss."

"I'll never..."

Sue smiled, "We'll see."

Sue began to help move Bob from thinking like a little girl to that of an adult woman. Sue created a purse for him and even a monthly cycle. Having a purse with pads helps keep the boys in line," she instructed. She even showed him how to use pads. "It's just being a woman, honey."

The very thought of wearing a monthly pad made Bob cringe in both shame and mortification. Fear also made him more determined to not get caught.

Learning everything became a spinning whirlwind of female chores. Sue encouraged him to do the domestic work while in women's clothes. Every day there seemed to be endless ironing, laundry, bed changing, cleaning, cooking, and preparing for meals, dishes, dusting and vacuuming.

If Bob complained, Sue would say, "Look, you don't want to be a 'Miss Sissy Pants', do you?"

"No." It dawned on Bob finally that if he looked and acted like a woman, he would be treated like one and not like a sissy.

And of course there came Sue's coos of approval whenever he just accepted that he made a really nice looking woman.

When he shyly asked Sue to have his eyebrows professionally waxed, she agreed. "Its okay to be vain, honey. That will open your eyes and give your face a sweet expression."

After seeing the bewitchingly arched eyes, Bob gasped as he looked in the mirror, "I have to be careful...I still want to look like a man too."

With time prettied up in a dress and lipstick, Bob was feeling comfortable at how much he could look like a female.

GIRL'S NIGHT OUT

Saturday of the next month, Sue, Hayley, Renee and I had our Girl's Night Out. Sue had outdone herself getting Bob ready. He wore a sleeveless yellow sundress that came just above his knees, backless pumps that complimented his dress, a yellow shell necklace and a matching bracelet, yellow button earrings and short strawberry blond hair. A small yellow and white clutch bag under his arm made him look like a young woman out for an afternoon of shopping...which he was.

Although his hair was on the short side, it was styled in a 'bob' to accent his well made up face and gave him a feminine look. In keeping with the fashion trend, delicate yellow bra straps adorned his shoulders.

I gave him an air kiss and complimented him on his appearance. "You look great, Hayley. Is that a new dress?"

Bob smiled, pleased with my compliment. "Sue spotted it in the window at Talbot's. It looks much better on me than it did on the mannequin! They had this necklace and bracelet on display at the checkout counter. I had to have them as soon as I saw them."

He was bubbling over with joy as he told me about how he and Sue stopped at Nine West looking for shoes and found the cute pumps he was wearing. "The best part of it all," he said, "this dress is a size Sue can't squeeze into it! So it's totally MY dress!"

Sue laughed and teased, "My little girl is no longer a little girl. She has grown up right before my eyes. Seriously, he's been really preparing for tonight. This morning he admitted that he hopes a guy will ask him to dance."

"I think they like teenaged girls," I said as I watched Rick and Bob going through a rack of summer dresses, holding them up for the other to evaluate. They were

giggling. It amazed me that those two having such a great time because they would never have come near this store when dressed as men.

Both are technically male, but Rick passed the point of no return while Bob was just learning the little indulgences of adult femininity.

Since going to Gender counseling, Rick's brain state had been under the ebbing and surging cycle of female hormones. I had agreed to the estrogen because they told me that killing the male sex drive "sometimes" took the girlish desires out of a guy.

But the high-octane estrogen streaming through Rick's brain turned the volume up to eleven. At first he was constantly staring at himself in the mirror. Then there became a fantasy world about what a man could do for his femininity.

"I need to be attractive," he said, worried that his plucked eyebrows weren't perfect. They were...perfect for a woman.

He gained some weight at his bottom and his nipples got puffy hard and stuck out like little pink pencil erasers.

Then he mentioned wanted that boob job because being attractive to the mirror and showing them off to men was the most important thing.

"Men are not THAT great!" I tried to convince him. "Ten, fifteen minutes...pop, mess, and you are a female."

Then he started to be interested in having his testicles removed because it would allow the estrogen to work without competition from male hormones.

I vividly remember when Rick came home from his counselor's appointment and asked me to sit down. "My counselor thinks I've come a long way since I began seeing him," Rick said as he crossed his legs and adjusted the hem of his skirt. "He and I agree that I'll never go back to being Rick, I'm Renee now."

"What's that mean?" I asked. "Are you going to have the operation?"

"That's still a little way off," he smiled and took my hand in his. "I need these female hormones to make me feel more like a woman. It's maybe time to lose my testicles?"

"You are asking me," I laughed at him. "You've had electrolysis so you'll never grow any facial hair, you haven't worn men's clothes in ages, and you donated all of your men's clothes and paraphernalia to Goodwill. You love showing off your cute little butt in a pair of ruffled tennis panties twice a week, and you get offers for dates at least once a week. How can you feel any more like a woman? Do you need to be CUT?"

He smiled back at me, "I have to follow the steps if I want the counselor to sign off my becoming a woman."

"You really don't have to go all the way," I said. "I don't mind you being my sister or girlfriend, but I miss my husband."

"We both know it's too late for that," Rick insisted. "I was just playing a role that wasn't meant for me. All the men in my family were he-men so I wanted to be one too. I watched sports because I stunk when I played. I was a rotten husband because I was meant to be a wife."

"That's silly." I reached out to pull him back.

"It's not and we both know it," he came back at me. "One day I realized that everything was wrong. Now I'm going to make it right."

"Just one more shot at being a guy before you get snipped? For me?" I wiped away the tears.

"You're asking for something I can't do," he said. "I care about you, but I have to eliminate the anti-androgen therapy and then the estrogen will work faster, not to mention helping with the discomfort of tight panties.

Were tight, flat smooth panties more important than me...?

At first, this abrupt decision took me by surprise. But he was doing nothing like a man anymore. In a way, he even had a menstrual cycle. No blood flow but the 28-day cycle of hormones created the same brain consequences.

So without fanfare, Rick made an appointment to undergo a surprisingly quick and easy surgery to remove the source of his masculinity...his testicles. He called it, "The end of my testosterone poisoning."

Would he really do this? After weeks of additional male hormone suppression, the day arrived.

We were sitting in the doctor's waiting room, Rick had on a cute dress and his best panties. I looked at him glancing through one of the medical magazines, his long pink nails turning the pages gently.

When they called his name, he stood up and I gave a little tender pat on his curvy rump. "Go ahead sweetheart, I'll wait here...."

Rick turned and I heard his soft response. "I'll always love you." I stood and kissed him lightly on the cheek.

"I love you too...are you sure?"

In that split second I realized.... Rick was hormonally a female. Could he even understand what removing his manhood meant? A wash of sheer terror rushed up my spine. Had I done this?

A curvy nurse guided Rick through the door. He looked back; the tension on his face was evident.

I couldn't see anything but I pictured my pretty husband being positioned on a white gynecological table, naked on his back, knees up and breathlessly engaged "being brave."

About an hour later, I was escorted in to see Rick. His long dark eyelashes fluttering nervously, a pinkish

blush spreading over his pretty cheeks and I found myself staring into a moist pair of big blue eyes.

"It's done?" I mumbled.

"I... I think so," he whispered bashfully.

I was somewhat at a loss for words... no not just somewhat... I was totally at a loss for the right thing to say. Do I say, "Congratulations?" or "Sorry for your loss?"

We'd huddled and I gave him a supportive hug. The possibility of his sperm impregnating and conceiving as nature intended had left the building.

Of course I knew what was going to happen but... well maybe, just hoping for a last minute change of mind.

What a rush of feelings. Rick's hands were pressed flat over his belly in a telling expression of uncertainty. What would walking be like "without?"

He was about to step off the gurney and into uncharted waters. He swung his legs off the bed and reached out with one hand gesturing for my help. He took a nervous breath and took what were to be his first anxious steps without normal male options.

"Hurt...?" I stammered the question.

"Uh-huh, a little but there is nothing to hurt now. They said I'd be at 100% female hormone levels in five or six days." He was nervously shifting, his face had flushed with a crimson hue.

I whispered, "I would have loved to have your babies."

Whew! Those were moving words. I couldn't imagine what he would feel sexually. The adrenaline rushing through his brain, pushing the blood down into his groin and finding nothing.

For the rest of the day, I took care of Rick. He just rested as my blushing little darling got used to having so little between his legs.

They had given him extra estrogen and his temperature was up. He whispered so softly, so timidly, his long dark eye-lashes lowered in embarrassment, "I feel so...un-male."

Looking at the hot flush on his pretty cheeks, I realized the full significance of what I'd probably done. Was watching sports that bad? The thought sent my pulse leaping.

What was ahead for Rick? Without use, the girth of his flaccid maleness would shrink. I'd already noticed that from the compression and estrogen. Now there was nothing pushing towards masculinity. And there was a haunting beauty about Rick's vulnerability...like that of an inexperienced young girl.

He was up and about the second day, wearing open-toed high heels and stepping timidly about the house.

The third day, he went shopping for new lingerie and the fourth, wore tight fitting jeans.

"I feel great!" he said his hands on his jean-clad hips. The scent of shampoo in his hair, the fragrances of a young woman emanating from the warmth of his soft skin.

Later, Sue and Bob came over to visit. Rick was wearing white cut-off blouse, leaving his belly bare, the bottom of the blouse was tied in a knot just under the swell of his breasts. Through the coarse fabric of his blue-jeans, it was obvious that Rick had next to nothing between his legs, barely more than the mound of a pubic bone.

Bob was so excited. "I just have to see more," he said.

Sue teased, "Maybe Bob will be next...he's tired of standing up to pee."

"Ha-ha very funny," he said opening the bottle of very nice champagne they had brought.

After a glass of the expensive champagne, Rick teased, "You really want to see?"

"Yeah," Sue said. "Bob has a very low sperm count anyway so maybe he will be next."

Sue could be so nasty sometimes.

Rick had no problem showing us all. He lowered the jeans and in the pouch of his panties, the little mound with a muff of light hair visibly pressing against the flatness. The crotch of his tight, well-fitting panties showed no stress.

Bob said, "Let me have a good look. Wow, you have the curves of a young twenty year old girl."

Rick was blushing and bowed his head, saying quietly, "Thank you. I feel so calm now. You men are programmed to go nuts over breasts and soft curves."

The two chatted a bit about what Rick had been through and the new sensations. Of course, with the help of female hormones, body had practically already been chemically castrated.

"Wow," Bob gasped, "You must just love looking at yourself in the mirror."

As Bob asked questions, I knew it was impossible for masculine interests and abilities to survive estrogen cycles.

Bob's eyes glanced down at my husband and the soft flat mound at the junction of his legs. Rick crossed his legs, instinctively hiding his female looking crease between the smooth clasp of sleekly rounded thighs.

Rick noticed his eyes sneaking glimpses of the smooth crease between his legs. In a movement of pure reflex, he tried to cover the exposure with an ineffective pull down of his top.

"My goodness," Bob whispered. "You're beautiful...so unmale? Don't hide yourself." Rick could still see Bob's eyes looking down between his thighs.

"You knew me before... It is funny that you like to see me like this...?" he murmured.

"GIRL!" Bob stated. "What I see is that you can't ever be a guy again. That excites you, doesn't it?"

Rick felt a little surge of guilt. He glanced into Bob's shifting eyes where the obvious answer lurked. "Yes... yes it does," he admitted.

"It's okay, it excites me too," Bob said staring down at the blatantly exposed but totally smoothed genitalia of his old buddy.

Rick seemed to feel a strange ripple of excitement washing through his belly, squeezing his thighs, along with a subtle wiggle of his hips.

Rick suggested, "Why don't we all go to dinner?"

I asked, "Do you feel good enough?"

He giggled, "My breasts are sore but I feel great. Bob? Do you want to borrow a dress?"

Bob was dressed in a rather unisex way and he said, "I hate being the only boy on girl's night outs."

Rick said, I just watched as Rick led Bob by the hand into the bedroom, following behind like a puppy dog. Bob was going to be fixed up like Rick.

It didn't take long. Bob was now keeping his legs cleanly shaved and everything silky smooth. What takes time for the "boys" was the silly girlie stuff. Both had to wear black garter belts with very high quality, silky smooth, sheer black stockings.

It was a whirlwind of hair, makeup, including a dark red lipstick. Bob slipped on a short black skirt that was so short, that the tops of his stockings were actually barely below the hem of his skirt.

This wouldn't be the way anyone would go to church, but to girl's night out? It was quite appropriate.

Both boys wore a dark, high heeled pumps, that had straps around their ankles.

When the boys came out dressed, they both looked absolutely fantastic!

Sue grimaced but they both looked so sexy. I thought about the fact that my husband was dressing this sexy and was seriously interested in enticing some man to want to mate!

And there was Bob, going out with the girls, doing his best to be one of us...only nicer girl than his wife.

We headed across town to a nightclub.

Within a few weeks, Rick started putting on weight, but unlike me, his went to the right places; his face softened because of fat deposits under his skin, his hips got wider with the fleshy deposits and he really wowed the guys at the tennis court with his bubble shaped little bottom.

Having THEM gone made a difference. Watching the way the short white tennis dress clung to his curves, his long, lean legs moving in a smooth rhythm so that the boys could imagine the pleasure under his skirt.

"You are such a flirt. I have to laugh at the way guys look at you," I would say.

"I'm not just a flirt!" Rick said as he haughtily walked away.

I warned Sue but according to her, Bob was still all man, at least when he wasn't wearing a frilly little girl dress or swishing his bottom in a tight skirt and a pair of heels.

She confided, "I'm not surprised that Bob is enjoying going out in public as a woman. Once he realized how great it felt to dress as a woman his age, he realized what an amazing selection of clothes were available. He's determined to learn everything he needs to fit in as a woman instead of a little girl.

"I'm just warning you," I said. "I'm amazed at how well he looks and acts as a woman."

"Remember, Bob was a little girl first. I think that he just loves pretty outfits, jewelry, and everything else

that goes along with it, more than being a woman. I haven't seen him in a Lolita party dress since that night at your house."

"I haven't seen him in pants," I stated.

"He's getting into the 'girl's night out' thing. I was so worried he would get jealous of men talking to me. Do you think they are ready to go to one of our hotter spots?"

I winked at her, "When we went out, it wasn't the talking. It was the drinking and talking and 'my husband doesn't understand me' escaping. They understand now."

NIGHT OUT FOR BOB....

All girls' nights out begin with a hunt for outfits. I managed to snag a hot one before Rick could get it while Sue just grumbled at Bob who insisted on showing her his dresses that were too small for her.

Sue and I decided it was time to move out of the shallow water and into the deep end of the pool.

We'd chose great looking outfits since we planned to test a few men after dinner. We all wore nylons and garter belts. Sue and I wore silky and very sheer nude nylons, Rick chose a pair of light grey nylons as an accent to his white pumps and light blue dress.

Bob bought a pair of black nylons identical to the ones he'd worn that fateful night when he temporarily sacrificed his masculinity for a peek at his buddy's breasts.

Of course we all loved ultra sexy lingerie sets. Bob or Hayley wore them to make himself feel as much of a woman as possible. He knew that he'd need to dance and flirt with another man...if the occasion arose.

The rest of us enjoyed sexy lingerie because men sense our arousal and responded in kind.

In the club and after dinner, it didn't take long for Hayley to be recognized as innocent "fresh meat." He no

sooner put his fork down than a guy appeared at his side, asking for a dance. He glanced at Sue and got an almost imperceptible nod of encouragement.

He smiled, took the man's hand and let him lead to the dance floor where the man took him in his arms and they danced before escorting him back to a table of businessmen to be introduced.

Bob looked our way, but he didn't appear to seek approval, more like showing Sue that he'd learned his lessons well and was prepared to take on a woman's role.

He smiled, laughed, and touched his admirer's hand numerous times. I saw Bob reverting occasionally to "little girl" expressions. I'd seen it all before with Rick, but Rick meant to flirt with the guys. Bob didn't realize that his actions were making the guy stiff as a flag pole!

We didn't have time to sit and watch Bob drive a guy mad. There were good-looking men waiting to dance with us and we didn't let them down. I melted into the arms of my partner, Paul, a regular at the club that I'd gotten to know. Paul took good care of himself judging by the well-defined muscles in his upper arms and broad chest.

Instinctively, I looked for Rick. Of course, I only saw Renee. Sue was dancing with a friend and Bob was over at the bar being encouraged to do a shot of something.

I shook my head and laughed to myself. The guys at the bar had no idea they were trying to get "lucky" with a guy. Bob fit in nicely with the women. They were mostly young wives wearing short skirts and barely-there dresses. Some were plotting to check into a hotel, and let some big guy use them for a quickie.

Numbed with a few drinks, the wives were in it for "shock and awe." No harm done, right? A girl's night out, being teased to the brink of surrender. An adventurous night out to reminisce the excitement of being "innocent" young females; it was stimulating,

explorative and very addictive to be desired so ardently by so many good-looking males.

Other than Bob and Rick, the other people with skirted bottoms all had a first time...we knew the belly tightening feeling of a potent boyfriend or husband slipping into our tingling body. That "virgin" experience that left us faint and gasping and that we spend our lives trying to recreate. An experience that Rick was determined to create!

The evening ended far too soon. We girls had a pact to go home together and keep it "flirty." That was for Bob's protection. Sue joked, "Bob is not ready yet to see me go to some guy's car. Maybe once he does it first?"

I hated to say goodbye to Paul, but I didn't want to go off before I had a chance to okay it with Rick.

Apparently Paul knew that the evening was ending just a little too soon. Others were coupling up and getting ready to leave.

Paul asked, "I had a great time. I'd hoped we'd spend more time tonight but would it be okay if I called you? We can have dinner or catch a movie."

I saw Rick standing behind Paul nodding his head and smiling. Like a mother bird he was telling me that it was time to leave.

I gave Paul my best smile and kissed his cheek. I did my best not to appear too anxious, but it wasn't easy. I was incredibly happy as I fished for what I needed in my purse. I was going to go out with a man! Rick and I went out, but going out as two women didn't satisfy the longing I had inside.

"Do you think that your friend would let you borrow that pen when she's done with it?" Rick's dance partner asked. "I'd love to get to know you better."

I quickly jotted my phone number on the paper and handed it to Paul. "Is tomorrow too soon to call?" he asked as he carefully put it in his wallet.

"I'll be home in about thirty minutes," I teased while handing the pen and paper to Rick.

"You may have to wait a little longer to call," Rick told his partner. "Our phone may be tied up for a while."

The guy punched Rick's phone number into his cell phone.

'What a charmer,' I thought as he pulled Rick close. Rick smiled and raised his head. Their lips met as Rick's arms wrapped around his partner's neck.

I watched as Rick put his heart into kissing the guy and realized that he was having the same urges that I was having. Rick was never going to come back.

I felt Paul's arm encircle my waist. I looked into his beautiful brown eyes. The lights dimmed, the band played romantic music, and our lips met a few seconds before our tongues. I felt the dampness in my panties as we kissed. It had been so long since a man had wanted me that I felt like mounting him right there!

The four of us girls swished out of the club. Sue had fun but had discouraged anything but dancing for fear Bob would get jealous. But he dug into his purse and boasted, "Look at all these business cards! A bunch of guys asked me out on a date but I only gave this guy our number."

Sue glared at him. "So you are going on dates with men now?"

Bob blushed, "It's only the opera."

Sue pointed to the car next to ours. "But THAT is how you are probably going to end up...."

It was dark where we parked but we all stood, mouths open.

In the narrow back seat was one of the blonde wives from inside the club. She had been worked into a position on her back, legs up, hips up and protective panties hanging from an ankle. There was the flash of a diamond wedding ring on the woman's flailing left hand.

Bob gasped as none of us could move or even look away. The woman's skirt was up to her waist; a brawny businessman moved his hips purposely between her open legs. Bob whispered very softly, "Is she being raped?"

The frenzy of little cries of pleasure answered that question as a last few solid probing thrusts and a full stroke and hold...the man's entire weight pressed her against the leather seat.

It was obvious this was not a husband and wife...at least to each other. So unbeknown to this woman's husband, another man had been between the legs of his wife. Pinned on her back, the woman was gasping with a mix of excitement and the anxiety of unfaithfulness.

The man began to get his pants up and buckle his belt when he saw us. He smiled proudly almost like he was saying, "Any of you girls want to be NEXT?"

We dove in our car quickly and drove away in silence. I noticed several cars in the parking lot with people in the back seat.

"I think I danced with that guy," Bob muttered, pulling out his stack of business cards.

"Don't worry, honey...you won't get pregnant," Sue said.

Sue and I were altogether aware of the shameful scenes played out in the back seats of moon-lit cars. While a "neglectful" husband was miles away, the passive-aggressive wife was plotting revenge with her colorful panties hanging from one shapely ankle. The rustle of clothing, the squeak of the seat springs and a throaty groan signaled the ultimate female revenge.

Female revenge was being bought drinks, little compliments, some prudish token resistance and then being flooded with a strange man's seed. Subsequently that didn't seem worth the trouble. All that was left for the ride home was a skin-crawling sensation up the spine and a vow to never allow THAT to happen again.

As is human nature, with that kind of first naughty surrender, the next comes more easily, and the next with some excitement and even anticipation of collecting potent sperm into the depths of a deprived womb.

Rick laughed and teased, "I didn't know whether to turn a hose on those two or hop in the back seat to win our bet."

I'd forgotten about the bet as to which of us would get it on with a guy first. "You were doing pretty well with your guy if I remember correctly," I teased back. "I'm sure he had a car."

"Mike was awfully cute," Rick dreamily said.

"Did it feel different with Mike than it used to feel with me?" Something inside me had to know.

"Yeah," he replied after a bit of thought, "Everything used to be centered on my crotch, now the excitement and sensations spread throughout my body."

"Welcome to womanhood, Renee." I gave him a hug. Thus is the way of human sexuality, a turn in the road and in this case, no exits ahead.

My ex-husband was emotionally a woman now. He needed a few physical adjustments, but it didn't matter, mentally he was a woman. There was no going back.

"Could we forget our bet?" he asked in a small voice. "I don't care which of us gets it on with a guy first."

"I don't care either," I gave him a peck on the cheek. "I was only joking about it anyhow."

"That Paul guy was hot. Would you sleep with Paul if he asked?" he asked.

I considered lying, but his voice told me that he wouldn't be upset or jealous. Something else was driving him to ask. "Do you want to know what I feel when a strange guy holds me...turns me on...and is turned on by me?"



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Rick nodded, "Sometimes I get confused but I know I someday want a guy inside of me."

I laughed, "Trust me, being the woman and getting screwed senseless in the back seat of a car is over rated!"

"I'm sorry that I wasn't a better husband," he sniffled. "Obviously being a man wasn't right for me. I should've come right out and told you, but I tried to fight the urges. When you were out one night, I realized that the house needed cleaning, so I did the dishes, made the bed, and swept the rugs. When I was done with that, I thought something was missing. I went to the florist and picked out the prettiest arrangement I could find. I felt so confused. There was a good show on ESPN, but cleaning the house seemed important, and when I finished, I felt really good. I was going to watch TV, but it was time for you to return and dinner wasn't made."

"I loved the way the house looked, especially the flowers." The look of satisfaction on his face made me feel good. "I had no idea you are such a good cook."

"I'd been reading your magazines, besides drooling over the pretty outfits. I also jotted down a few recipes that looked good."

"The dinners were superb, Renee. The fact that you made it for me made it so much better!"

He was blushing! "I wanted you to like it," his lip quivered. "But it was for the wrong reason."

"What was so wrong about making a delicious dinner and saving me all that time?"

"Because I really did it to see if I could be a good wife!" He began crying so I pulled him close and stroked his face to calm him.

"Don't cry, sweetie, I understand. You must've been so confused back then."

"I was so rotten to you," he cried as I held him. "Once you took the bait of my cleaning the house and making dinner, I kept pushing things a little bit more."

"I don't understand, what were you pushing?" I asked, pretending not to know what he was about to say.

"I wanted to be a woman. I was supposed to be a woman. I had to be a woman, but I had to get you to accept me that way, so I started wearing your clothes and being more feminine."

"That's why you wore my tracksuits and stuff?"

"Uh huh, I was so happy once you were okay with that and even bought me some of my own! I started wearing your other clothes like that denim skirt to see if you'd accept that too."

"You looked so cute," I remember the shock at seeing him in a skirt, but how quickly I got over it. "You have great legs and it made you happy, so I thought I could handle it and I did!"

"It meant so much to me that you did and even helped me look like a woman. It was like a dream to me and I didn't want it to stop."

"It took me a while, but I understand that you need to be a woman. You meant so much to me as Rick, and now as Renee, I promise to be there for you."

As soon as I finished, we collapsed into each other's arms and cried our hearts out. "If you get a chance, I want you to sleep with Paul. Show him how a woman can please a man, then show him how you can do it better than any other woman!" Rick grinned. "Make him glad that he's a guy."

"What about Mike?" I wondered if his desires to be with a guy had changed and that's why he wanted to forget the bet. "Any plans for him?"

"Truthfully, no," he carefully dabbed his eyes with a tissue to keep from sticking himself with one of his long polished nails. "Mike's the first guy I've been with as a woman. He seems sweet, he's a great kisser, and yes, he does excite me, but I'm not going to get intimate with him, at least not yet. I understand that you miss the sex life we once had, that you long to have a man hold you

and tell you that you're a beautiful, sexy, woman. I know how much that means to a woman because I'm having the same feelings. The difference is that I must wait.

"To be complete?"

"Even after the final surgery, it's going to be a while before I can have a man inside of me. I'm positive that when the time comes, I'm going to love it. I don't mean to insult you. I want that man to be the one I marry."

I grinned and squeezed his cute little hand. Were these the same hands that seemed so large, so powerful when we were dating? Now the hormones have taken over and softened his body. Everything seems smaller, petite, fitting for a woman.

"You'll understand when you're married and getting laid on a regular basis. There's nothing like having a guy inside of you, pumping away, driving you insane with pleasure. I had it and I miss it; heck, I need it!"

"Go for it!" he laughed as he gave me a big squeeze. This sounds a little kinky, but I'd like to see him doing you. If you're lucky, Paul will be built like a stallion and I'll hear the screams that I used to enjoy!"

Before we could get into juicy details, the phone rang. "Hi Paul," I felt like a teenage girl, and the cutest guy in school was calling me! "It's nice to hear from you again. How've you been?" I teased.

Twenty minutes sailed by before I hung up. I had a date for dinner, miniature golf and a movie.

If anyone thought that the girl's night out or the scene in the parking lot would scare Bob out of panties and back into little girl dresses, they would have been so wrong.

Of course, Rick, Sue, Bob, and I went shopping for the perfect outfit for my upcoming date. Bob and Rick decided to pair off. They were supposedly looking for something for me and both knew what I liked, but they kept finding and trying on cute little tennis dresses.

"Isn't Bob cute?" Sue poked me as Bob modeled a pink tennis skirt with a ruffled panty. "I used to have to drag him to the tennis court, but now he just loves showing off his sexy legs in a cute dress. Even I have to admit he looks so hot in those ruffled panties."

"I haven't seen `Bob' in awhile," I teased Sue.

She smiled, "We have been real busy. Bob found that painting nails, shopping, doing hair, and keeping everything ready for our girl's nights has left him no boy time."

"I thought that having your hubby along for girl's night would `crimp' your fun? How's that working out?"

Sue giggled, "Does THAT look like a hubby?"

I looked over at Bob who was looking in the mirror. He appeared to be was worried if his bottom looked good in the ruffled tennis panties?

Sue said, "Our only problem GNO problem is when we both want to wear the same dress. Oh, and him giving out our phone number. He loves being asked out on dates...."

"You mean BOB, Mr. `I just like the feel of silky clothes?'"

"Yeah, I told him he shouldn't be teasing guys like that."

"So guys are calling your house?"

Sue said softly. "You should hear him. He always keeps his voice high and flirty when answering the phone. He wants all the pretty pampering and girlie admiration stuff...without the mess."

Just then a ruggedly handsome older guy with his trophy wife passed by the "boys." I noticed Bob's head turning his way with subtle glances as he tried to catch the man's eye. I couldn't help but think of Rick's progression and conflicting notions swirled through my mind. I saw the twisty rush of feminine excitement in Bob's eyes when the man checked out his ruffled bottom.

Sue whispered and giggled, "I'm challenging Bob to accept a date. I don't know but with a little more confidence, Bob might be willing to try 'uncrimping' a guy one of these days. Remember our first girl's nights out together? We were so frightened by all the male attention, we couldn't relax."

Some females are so amazing. On girl's nights out, how many bashful wives are willfully seduced and have sex with other men, blushing home laden with the sperm of a strong handsome stranger? No one ever knows, right? Not the husband, maybe a close girlfriend, but it would be a secret and the secret would be sealed forever as she tossed her seed soiled panties into the laundry? Then it was only a guilty memory, right?

On my date, Paul had to help me with my swing at the golf course, and the movie was incredible. The flick was a little scary, but I had a strong arm to squeeze during the scary parts and the same strong arm held me close during the romantic ending. As we left the theatre, Paul drew me close and kissed me.

Paul and I began dating, but I wasn't ready to settle down, not with so many sweet, gorgeous, sexy men who wanted to date me. By then, Rick practically needed a social secretary to track the men he attracted. At that point I had no reservations about enjoying being with a man again.

Apparently Rick had no problem at all when it came to men. Renee was so sexy and confident as a woman he made men feel strong and virile. Men like that.

One day Rick confessed that he recently felt unsure of himself and he needed reassurance that he actually wanted ALL that came with being female.

"Little late to be having second thoughts?" I said. There was no doubt that Rick enjoyed girl play such as teasing and flirting at various nightclubs. Over the months, he'd elevated his flirting to the point where

sometimes he looked “easy.” I knew that was not the case.

Rick had become a master of getting himself into a position to flirt with a “target male.” His bottom moved with precision swish to get a guy’s attention! I guess he could catch a fish; he just didn’t know what to do with it once he landed one.

His seduction skills worked so I teased, “Just do what any woman would do...sometimes. If you were a female, not on the pill or that time of month, what would she do?”

He had a date with Mike and decided to see if he could ‘please’ a man.

Rick told me, “It was my luck that Mike was feeling down in the dumps that day. To cheer him up, I cooked dinner at his place. Afterwards, we sat on the couch kissing and sipping wine as he poured out the story of losing a big client at work.”

Rick smiled, remembering the evening. “I asked Mike if he’d like me to cheer him up. Was he ever surprised when I undid his zipper, gently took IT out, and began to....”

I gasped, and the only thing I could say was, “Did he try to stop you?”

“Are you kidding? Mike made himself comfortable and his moans told me how great it felt!”

My ex-husband was a.... But I guess I had been THAT too. I asked, “Did YOU like it?”

He laughed. “It was my first time, so I wasn’t sure what I should feel, but I guess there isn’t a wrong way to please a guy!”

I said, “You said a mouthful.” That made us both giggle. Women can be every bit as vulgar as men. “So...now you are like us? Did you compare?”

Rick chuckled, “I don’t keep a tape measure in my purse, but he was more than I’d ever imagined! But I

haven't seen more than my own in that state. I guess I wasn't very manly."

"You weren't too bad," I raised my eyebrows. "How'd you do? Did you let him, you know?"

"You were never like this before," he giggled. "What happened to Miss Prim and Proper?"

"You weren't my girlfriend then, and you didn't find anything male interesting except sports." I didn't want to explain everything right then, I just wanted to hear if my ex-husband enjoyed all parts of womanhood, even the messy parts? "C'mon, let's hear it!"

"Yes, I've read enough Cosmo to know that once you start, there is no stopping until climax. I had no idea it could be so awfully messy. I was wearing one of my favorite dresses and didn't want anything on it. I also knew from Cosmo, I had to pretend I loved it. It's not more than a tablespoon, and it didn't really taste bad. Mike thought I really cared about him, so it just made sense to just accept it."

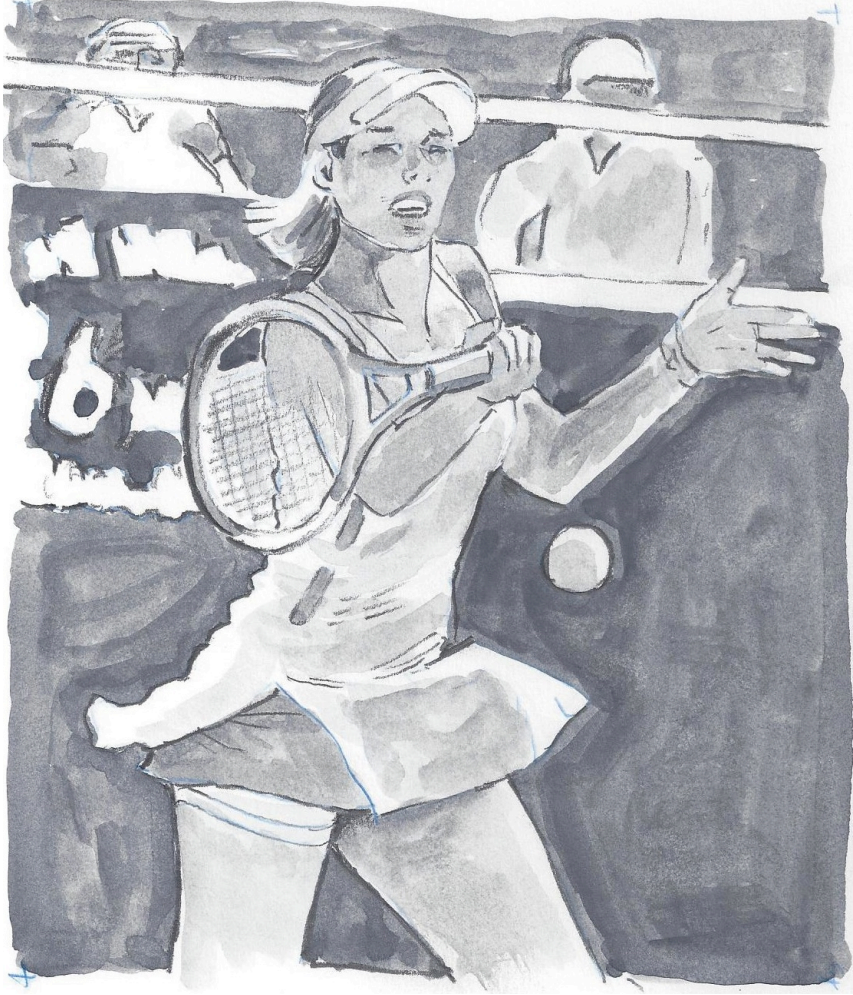
"I know," I said. It was so strange, hearing lessons on giving oral from my ex-husband!

"Mike forgot all about his troubles once I finished with him," Rick proudly said. "I can't believe I'm sharing and actually proud enough to share that with the girls at the tennis court!" He giggled girlishly.

I couldn't let Rick outdo me when it came to men. I'd been female all my life and he wasn't totally female yet. I was determined to be at least as much woman as he was.

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Once again, I had to face the fact that Rick was not much of a man and not my husband anymore. I invited Paul over for dinner a week after I took a cooking lesson from Rick and got some “pointers” on how to give, you know.

We were watching an after dinner movie when I whispered, “I feel like an after dinner treat, Can you guess what I want?” I whispered as I stroked him.

Paul didn’t need any encouragement. He was leading me by the hand to my bedroom. I undressed him and he

undressed me and we hit the bed in unison. He flipped me onto my back and was getting ready to enter me when I surprised him by turning around. I wanted to say, "My husband taught me this..."

"If Rick can do it, I can do it!" I thought as I submitted completely to his enjoyment. I couldn't wait until Rick came home to tell him how I'd done more for Paul than he did for Mike.

"No fair," he grinned. "You're outfitted differently, so you can count his making love to you!"

"Maybe not," I said with a smile, "But I remember how good it felt to have a man inside of me again!"

One night, just for kicks, we invited both Paul and Mike over for dinner and the weekly night game. After dinner, as the football game came on, we sat next to the men on the couch. Rick looked at me and winked.

I said, "Looks like a great game, switch sides at halftime? Which side is better?"

Paul giggled and knew what I meant, saying, "I couldn't make that decision since only one of you has only run my yardage?"

"What do you think, Renee?" I asked. "You do Paul, I'll do Mike, and then we'll switch."

"Would you guys be able to make a decision after that?" Rick teased.

"You can't be serious," Paul started to say, but Rick had his zipper down before he could finish.

"You're not going to complain, are you?" I joked with Mike.

"Go for it!" he made himself comfortable. "We have an important question to answer!"

Rick and I took our time on the guys to prolong their pleasure. When they were getting close, we backed off and let their excitement subside before we went at it again. I felt a need to watch, witness, and memorize every nuance of our acts of lust with the men. Rick's

straining eyes were watching my every move and the men's thrusts.

I saw the unnerving sight of Rick's pink lips around the Paul's thickness. Mouth full, hands shaking. We were being well-oiled machines. From time-to-time there was a short slow down while we let things cool and we caught our breath.

Rick moaned, tossing hair side-to-side, with eyes riveted on mine. There was a little nod, as we both went deep and held, realizing that in the next few seconds, male seed would be spurting inside our mouths.

My pretty ex-husband obviously was pleased by the sensation. He waited, finally allowing his man to draw his soft, glistening pink skin from rosy pink lips.

We both ran to the bathroom, removing traces of maleness before fixing our hair and smoothing the 'freshly blown' streaks out of our lip color. Both men had big smiles when we returned. "This is the best I've ever had!" Paul exclaimed. "Renee just might be better than you, Sharon."

"Same here," Mike agreed, "but Sharon's doing a great job. It could end as a dead heat."

Both guys had climaxed at the same time, but neither was willing to say which of us was better. While they rested, Rick and I fixed drinks and they finished watching the game.

It was great, but I felt bad for Rick who had to tell Mike that it was the wrong time of the month.

We dated the guys for several months before we went our separate ways. Rick couldn't thank me enough for that evening of fun. "No offense, but I've never experienced anything that wonderful before!"

"Wait until you have nothing to stop a man from pumping inside of you. It's even better than having nipples!" I promised.



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Everything seemed to be going well. Rick's moods leveled off once he got used to the hormones, we dated often, became very proficient at pleasing our dates, and the time for Rick to have the final surgery approached.

One day he told me that he still felt that he needed reassurance of her femininity. "You have men willing to bark, roll over, sit up and beg, just to see you smile, and you need reassurance? You're joking, right?"

"No, I'm serious," he insisted. "I can do it for short bursts, like on a date or shopping, but I keep wondering if I can be a woman all day, every day? Forget ever being a man."

"Your testicles are gone, and thanks to the estrogen that's flooding your system, your 'boy' is less than a quarter of its original size. You're an expert on dressing, and your makeup is always perfect. What else is there?"

"I was thinking of getting a woman job," he stammered.

I did my best to understand, but it didn't make sense. "Sweetie, we both have more money than we could ever spend so that can't be the problem, I can't see where a job would make any difference in your life."

"A place where I could learn to be a woman from other women."

"Grown men turn into silly little boys when you're around and you think you have something to learn? Sister dear, if you could teach other women to do that, they'd line up for blocks to learn."

"I have no idea how I do that," he shrugged. "It just seems to happen. I feel like I'm playing a part. You, Sue, and Bob all know about me, so it's not real. I want to be with people who don't know."

It seemed silly, but Rick was determined, so with references from Bob, Sue, and me, he got an entry-level clerical job. He woke up five days a week, put on cute outfits, slung his purse over his shoulder, and went to

work filing and typing for less money than he spent on clothes, hair, and makeup.

That wasn't important to Rick. All that mattered was that he was Renee Lynn Loren, a young woman who made friends with the other women he worked with. In between dating, he now had wedding and baby showers to shop for, Avon and lingerie parties to attend, and Girl's Night Outs with women who didn't know his history. He had mastered being a woman and couldn't have been happier.

Of course, working with women his age expanded the pool of men available for him to date since the other women were always fixing him up with brothers, friends, or cousins. Any guy that they liked, they rewarded by getting him a date with Renee, the sweet, foxy looking, new girl in their office.

One afternoon, Renee came home all excited. "I met a guy at lunch today and we're going out this weekend! He's cute, he likes the same music I like, the same books I like, and can even talk about romantic movies without trying to slip away."

"Sounds like a winner," I smiled, wondering what was wrong with the guy. I dated my fair share of men since my divorce, but none had all those qualities without being a mama's boy or having other serious character flaws.

"He is, believe me, he is!" she had to stop to catch her breath. "We're going to the orchid show this weekend."

"Hold on a second," I had to stop her. She'd obviously promised to go down on him in the middle of the show if he'd go along. "What did you do to him or what did you promise to do to him?"

"Nothing!" she said very, very indignantly. "We were talking and I mentioned the flower show. His mom loves plants and even tried growing orchids, so he knows a lot

about flowers. He was interested in an exotic orchid that's going to be featured and asked if I'd like to see it."

"Just like that, you happened on a guy who enjoys everything you do, and even likes flowers?" She obviously had more luck than any woman deserved.

"I told you we met at lunch. We were both in line at the chicken joint and started talking about how tough it must be to run a place like that. One thing led to another and we ended up sharing a table."

I shook my head in wonder. "I'd tell you to play the lottery, but you don't need the money. It's a real shame because luck like yours shouldn't be wasted"

Renee ignored my barbs and went on raving about the guy. "Carl is smart, funny, and so good looking that when he walked through the food court, other women stopped eating to look at him. He's tall, he's well built, and he's going to be mine!"

"So this is the one?" My little bird was ready to spread her pretty new wings and fly the nest.

"I really think so. I'm so glad I scheduled my final surgery for next month. I don't want anything to delay the wedding I planned for next spring. You will be my Matron of Honor, won't you?"

I smiled thinking that not all of Rick had been lost. He had always been a planner. Never wanting to leave anything to chance. He meticulously planned out everything he possibly could, so it wasn't too much of a surprise that Rick, now Renee, was busy planning her marriage to this guy.

"Does he know he's marrying you next spring?" I asked.

"Not yet, after all, we've just met. I plan on giving him time to get used to me before I involve him in my plans."

"I'm sorry," I apologized in between bouts of guffaws. "It's just that you're so considerate. You want your

future husband to get used to you before you marry him and you haven't even been on your first date!"

Renee just looked at me, shook her head and gave a sigh that seemed to come from her toes. "You don't seem to understand. He's the one and I can't risk losing him to another woman. I'll get around to mentioning it to him, but I have to have all of my plans firmed up first."

The compulsive planning was a trait that had annoyed me in Rick, but it seemed sweet and a little funny in Renee. "It all seems so very odd, but I know that you have never lost something you really wanted.

"I wonder if I can move the surgery up a few months?" she muttered. "I understand there is pain and work to do afterwards. I want to be ready for the honeymoon."

Renee introduced me to Carl when he came to pick her up. One look at that stud and I was set to toss her under the next bus. He was cute, charming, and built like a brick...well you get the idea.

We'd practiced our story, so bringing Carl up to speed on how we'd met, our families, etc., was pretty easy. We used all of the details of how we met and how my husband left me, but left out a few minor details like Renee having been my husband and the fact that we are filthy rich.

As Renee predicted, Carl turned out to be the one for her. The way he looked at her, talked to her, and took care of her, made it obvious that they were meant for each other. They were practically inseparable. They met for breakfast before work, ate lunch together, and if Carl wasn't taking her to dinner, Renee would bring him home and cook for him.

Like I mentioned before, Renee had more luck than anyone I'd ever known and her luck came in handy when she was due for her final surgery.

Carl worked for a private wealth management company and sometimes had to go out of town for a day

or so. When Renee's surgery date came up, Carl had to be out of town for a while to meet with a new client. They were both practically in tears when they parted at the airport, each promising to call and write the other.

Renee's surgery went as planned and by the time the worst of the recovery was over, Carl was back. When he asked why she seemed a little out of it, she told him that she had some surgery done for 'female problems', but that everything had gone well. It was amazing how everything seemed to fall into place for her.

I was incredibly jealous of Renee. She had landed what seemed to be the perfect guy. He was deeply in love with her and worshipped the ground she walked on. I had once thought I had landed the perfect guy, but a minor screw up on my part resulted in his becoming the perfect girl who had the perfect guy.

One day Renee told me that she had a problem and needed my help. "Unbelievable," I laughed. "You have a problem and I can help? Are we in the Twilight Zone? I'll do what I can though, so shoot."

She explained that Carl had a brother, Dave, who he was very close to. Dave had been dating a woman for some time and thought that they'd spend the rest of their lives together. Unfortunately, the woman didn't share Dave's vision and took up with another guy, leaving Dave with a broken heart. Since they were so close, Carl was taking it hard and wondered how he could help Dave forget the woman. Carl remembered that I wasn't with anyone and asked Renee to do what she could to get me to help.

I felt bad, but I brushed her off. "You know I don't like blind dates or being set up. I prefer to find my own dates."

"But this is important. Carl's all worked up and doesn't know where else to turn." She was practically in tears and it was breaking my heart, but dates like that never worked for me in the past.

“Can’t he find another woman? What is he, some sort of troll?”

“No, David’s a sweetie, but he keeps picking the wrong kind of women. He’s very nice and he’s good looking, and he’s very much a gentleman, but he keeps ending up with women who’d rather have knuckle draggers.”

“Good looking, a gentleman, not a knuckle dragger?”

“Yes, absolutely, and never in a billion years!” Renee answered as forcefully as her cute little body could muster.

“Here’s his picture,” she grinned and pushed a photo across to me. “Cute, huh?”

“Nice try, but this is Carl!”

I was about to walk away when she pushed another one at me. “Care to bet?” she sweetly asked.

I looked at the picture and blinked several times to make sure I wasn’t imagining things. Carl, in a dark blue polo shirt and white shorts was standing next to himself wearing a yellow tank top and cut off jeans.

“How did Carl do that?” I mumbled.

“He stood next to his brother, Dave.” Renee smiled, knowing that her lucky streak wasn’t ending. “I guess I should’ve mentioned that Carl and Dave are identical twins.”

“Twins?”

She had my undivided attention. Imagine, having my very own Carl. I might not have to throw her under a bus after all. “It’s almost impossible to tell them apart, at least physically.

She had that smile on her face that told me that she knew I’d taken the bait and she was reeling me in, but I didn’t care. Carl had a brother who was every bit as good looking as he was, his arms were muscled, his chest was nice and wide, his leg muscles looked like they’d be perfect for squeezing me tight as we made love, and did I mention he was adorable?

“He has a problem finding women? Yeah, yeah, I hear you. Now when do I get to meet Adonis?”

Gawd bless her sweet little heart, Renee worked things out so that Dave and I would double with her and Carl. It was weird staring at a mirror image, but he was so good looking that I couldn't look away!

Dave and I got to know each other on that date and realized that we were exactly what the other was looking for. He didn't ask if he could see me again, instead he asked if seven O'clock on Saturday was a good time to see a movie I'd been dying to see. It was a flat out, romantic as all heck, chick flick, but Dave loved it every bit as much as I did, and it was all we talked about for the rest of the evening.

When Renee finally got home, I grabbed her and squeezed her until she couldn't breathe. “Thank you, thank you, thank you,” I babbled over and over. “I can never pay you back for this!”

“I take it that you and Dave are an item?”

“Oh yes, now how do I get him to propose?”

As odd as it seems, Renee taught me everything she knew about how to land a guy. My ex-husband teaching me about getting a man seemed weird, but there's nothing like advice from an expert and soon Dave and I were talking about spending our lives together.

The four of us were sitting at home, playing monopoly one Saturday when the guys suddenly dropped to their knees and produced engagement rings. Renee and I accepted the proposals, of course, and were in the middle of sticking our tongues down their throats when a horrible feeling came over me.

“Renee, Carl has a right to know about you,” I said. “It might ruin everything, but he has to be told.”

Renee acted as if she was telling about how she was a Brownie and then a Girl Scout and how she loved puppy dogs and kitty cats. The weirdest thing of all was that they guys acted as if that's what they were hearing!

Carl nudged Dave and they started laughing as if Renee had told the funniest story they'd ever heard. Renee shrugged, but I was fuming! "Did you hear what she said? She used to be my husband!"

"Wait until the family hears about this!" Dave howled.

"Gawd yes," Carl added while trying to catch his breath. "Can you imagine the look on Mom G.'s face?"

"Uh huh, and Mom D. will love it!" Dave added.

"Stop it now!" I screamed. "If you two think this is a joke your family will enjoy, get out now!"

"Let them explain." Renee urged. "If we don't like it, then we'll throw them out."

"Okay, here goes," Dave tried to control his laughter. "You've heard us talk about how our parents are divorced and we have two mom's, Mom G. and Mom D?"

"Yeah, but it's no business of ours if Dave and Carl have two mommies," I chuckled at my joke, referring to a book about two lesbians raising a girl named Heather.

"Our mom's aren't lesbians." Carl said. "Both are happily married to great guys and Mom D. even has a daughter. She's really her stepdaughter, but you'd never know because of how much they love each other."

"I don't get it," Renee piped in. "You have two mothers, they're married to men, yet you're identical twins?"

"I was named for Mom Denise or Mom D. as we call her. She was Dad David when we were born. She always thought something was wrong in her life. She never felt like other guys, but she kept plodding on. She married mom Gloria hoping everything would straighten out, but after ten years and two kids, she faced up to the fact that she couldn't make it as a man."

"Mom G. was devastated," Carl continued for Dave. "She and Mom D. were best friends long before they married and she couldn't stand Mom D. stuck in the

middle. They had a few dollars saved up, took out another mortgage, and Dad David became Mom Denise.”

“Oh my Gawd, that is funny!” I blurted out. “Your dad is now your mom, and my husband is now my girlfriend and will soon be your wife. Once again, Renee, you are the luckiest girl alive. You’ll be married to a great guy, and if you ever need to talk to someone about your life, there are two women who will certainly understand.”

“One little technicality,” Dave coughed to get our attention. “You ladies haven’t said yes to our proposals.”

Renee and I squealed like little girls and smothered them with kisses while yelling, “Yes, Yes, Yes!!!”

“You ladies are getting a pretty good deal,” Dave bragged. “Good looking guys, an understanding family, and enough money to shop at some of the better stores.”

“Cool,” Renee smiled at me. “Does that mean I can buy that gorgeous dress I saw at Nordstrom’s? It will cost four grand, but it’s a Versace and I really look nice in it.”

“That much for a dress?” Carl gulped. “I guess so, but only buy one, okay?”

“Well all right for now,” she pouted. “But I have to get shoes to go with it, a purse to go with the shoes, and the necklace, bracelet, and ring to tie it all together.”

“How much is that?” Carl asked. You could see sweat forming on the palms of his hands.

“Under twenty thousand,” Renee giggled. “Aren’t I worth twenty grand to you?”

“Do you shop at Nordstrom’s too?” Dave asked me before Carl could answer.

“I like going to New York when the new designs come out. I get the same dress for thirty-five hundred that Renee pays four grand at Nordstrom’s. She could too, but she hates New York.”

“You may need to cut back a little,” Dave choked.

"Don't you want beautiful wives?" Renee asked as she rubbed her hand across his chest causing him to lose his train of thought.

"I used to shop at Penny's, but Renee showed me how nice it felt to wear a designer dress. Now I never go near there." I was proud of how nice I looked in designer dresses!

"Before you two run away screaming, wondering what you've gotten yourselves into, let me tell you," Renee grinned as she went to the desk and pulled out our last bank statements.

Dave scanned the statement a couple of times before he put it down. "You're rich?"

I nodded shyly, "Filthy, stinking, rich."

"Have you two heard of the Loren and Karsberg foundations?" Renee sounded so sweet and innocent that I knew she was setting the guys up. "My parents were the late Jack and Grace Loren. Sharon is the daughter of the late Joseph and Donna Karsberg. Our families were extremely wealthy and set trusts up for us. We get tons of money from the interest alone."

"You aren't kidding," Carl whistled as he looked over the statement. "Why live here, why not some mansion."

"We don't like to show off," I explained. "We really don't have designer gowns or expensive jewelry. We shop at places like Talbot's, but we try to keep our clothing expenses under five grand a month each."

Dave looked at Renee's statement again. "You give more to charity every month than you make at your job?"

"Our trusts make it unnecessary to work, so we manage the trusts and donate to charities."

"We've been trying to get those trusts as clients for years," Carl moaned. "We could never find the administrators."

"This is your lucky day, guys," I teased. "You're getting the two hottest women in the world and a foundation as a client!"

Dave laid a kiss on me that made me weak. "We're a strange family, but somehow, I'm sure you two will fit in perfectly."

OH! And about Bob. As Sue and he went out together as girls. His transition from innocent little girlhood to sexy womanhood was becoming all-embracing. It was a lot of work and practice. He didn't just go to sleep an unsophisticated, pigtailed girlie-boy, and wake up as a worldly, curvy-shaped, lingerie-wearing woman.

Unlike Rick, for Bob it wasn't about losing his virginity (women are supposed to be good at sex, right?) It was about being called "Miss." The metamorphosis from man to girl to woman had to be a confusing process, but there are some foolproof ways to tell if Bob had crossed the bridge to womanhood.

During their nights out, Bob was spending time with men and nothing brings out the feminine like men asking to dance and their adoring praise. I knew five minutes with the right man and I was ready to go to his car. All kidding aside, there was something magical about a masculine man and a feminine person (Bob) who had developed an instinctive desire to enjoy ladylikeness.

Bob had been around men his whole life but never had the men opened his door, bought his drinks, helped him up and told him how wonderful he was. He was learning to be treated as a lady especially if he responded to them as gentlemen. He enjoyed the respect given to him as a lady.

As would happen, on their nights out, Bob became smitten with a charming but insistent fellow. Sue encouraged Bob and he finally agreed to go out on a date...to get to know the gentleman better.

I had to laugh to myself. Girlie-boys like Bob and Rick often find it painfully difficult to say no to guys who flatter and ask them out. I guess it's not much different from bored housewives? Even a girlie boy, like Bob, found that when a dude brazenly hits on him, he found himself feeling flattered. Instead of being threatened by men, Bob realized it was nice that all the effort to be pretty was appreciated.

For one, Bob's lady-like behaviors had developed. He enjoyed crossing his legs, talking softly, and acting submissively around men. He rarely turned down a dance offer even when his high heels were killing his feet.

Sue told me, "Bob has learned to be a completely submissive dancer and to surrender to a man's lead."

I laughed, "So Bob is a strong follower? He was such a tough guy and now willingly submits to the will of another man."

"Yeah, I think Bob likes being 'cradled' in a man's arms and obey the man's momentum. When he is with a strong lead, there is always a smile on his face. He even has his "favorite" dance partners."

"Oh my," I said. "Be careful, you know that no amount of lipstick, blush, padding, hairspray, perfume, or silky lingerie can make a woman roll over on her back like dancing with a good partner."

Sue smiled, "And now he has accepted a date!"

The night of Bob's date, I dropped by to take Sue to dinner. Their first date was to be to dinner and dancing. Hardly more than what was going on when they met during a girl's night out.

Sue told Bob, "Just present yourself with class and grace." John, who was an older and distinguished looking businessman, appeared to be a safe prospect for a test date. Sue teased, "You'll be in safe hands and you can feel like a young, little girl, out with Daddy."

Sue was treating her husband like a daughter and I told her so.

"It is such fun, it is like I have daughter," she said. He has the experience of a sixteen-year-old girl but is going out with a MAN." She told Bob, "You need your sexiest lingerie to match your dress. I also suggest you go for a little bustier look. Older men like that."

Sue winked at me. Subtle humiliation was her middle name.

"Really?" Bob said, obviously excited about his older male date ogling his enhanced chest. "I'd better go try my full sized inserts."

We watched as he prepared and dressed for a night out as he engaged in extra primping besides all the normal girlie leg shaving, hair and makeup.

I could almost see the butterflies fluttering in his skirted belly. I could remember being so nervous getting dressed on first dates and asking myself, "Could this guy be the one?" Of course, I was getting dressed in hopes of getting undressed.

Bob slipped his feet into his stylish high-heeled sandals and went to the mirror again. The subtle but successful makeup, his hairstyle and earrings were the final details that transformed Bob from a frog into a fairy-tale princess.

With all the care of any woman, Bob loaded his handbag with the essential tools, makeup, lipstick, scented hand cream and breath mints for maximum freshness.

Sue told him, "I've never seen you look so absolutely female! Don't do anything I wouldn't do..."

Bob looked sensual but classy as always in his slim skirt and tailored blouse, high heels and hair done in a romantic style. Bob liked knee length slim skirts and the confinement that made him feel sexy and feminine.

Although he mostly wore “sheer to waist” compression pantyhose, that night it was garter and black stockings.

He moved nervously and self-consciously around the room, knowing what I was thinking. He even said, “I’m NOT going to turn out like Rick. I like John as a friend only.” He came to a stop in front of a full-length mirror. He looked like he was suddenly seeing himself differently; almost as though he was looking at a stranger.

Sue and I both knew what he was feeling. It was what women get...that little, pre-date tingle of anticipation that prickled in your belly. We both could tell that Bob wanted to look “all woman” for John.

“Gawd, I’m hot!” he stated as he touched up his lips, “I’m so turned on right now that I’m scared. What if he wants me to do something I don’t want to do?”

Sue laughed, “Honey, you have already submitted to a man, whether you’re aware of it or not. You agreed to be his date and put his interests before yours.”

Bob sighed.

Bob looked good. Even though he’d gained a few pounds, it appeared to be in the right places or he was wearing a waist-cinch or hip padding. There appeared to be extra flesh around his hips and his tummy wasn’t their former “washboard abs.” Bob had a small curved belly that is the norm for women—a sign of a healthy body with female organs in all the right places.

A little tummy looks good in a skirt. I knew how he got it. The gaff constricted important male energy centers in the groin and forced a male to “relax” then let the stomach go loose so that it becomes soft. Bob had obviously trained himself well.

“You look stunning,” I added to Sue’s compliments.

“I don’t know why I accepted,” Bob muttered, running his manicured hands down the feminized curves of his body. His breasts protruded out in a most eye-catching way.

I said, "There is one, and only one, good reason to accept a date. You like a guy, and you want to get to know him better."

Bob blushed and Sue nodded agreement. He nervously toyed with his bra strap, then pulled his shoulders back exposing the swelling curve of his bosom. "I'm so nervous."

"You should be," Sue said. "That man wants to make babies in your tummy...but that is part of the anticipation."

I knew that if Bob had a great time bonding with John, they'd probably go out again and maybe even make it a steady thing.

I teased Bob, "Hope you are strapped up good?"

He reddened. I knew he was wearing a black gaff-strap swatch over his thingy making it invisible and unresponsive. Rick had told me that being strapped up made the normal male erogenous area numb and zones of pleasure change to more back towards his rear.

As Bob's did his last minute primping, I noticed his bottom seemed to be fatter and more wiggly under the thin, frail silken fabric of his skirt, slip and panties.

I whispered to Sue, "Will you look at how chubby Bob's little fanny is becoming."

"We have been working on his figure. Bob always used to yell at me about getting chubby when I took birth control pills. HA! Look at his fleshy round behind."

Bob was not attracted to guys in any way but he was like a young teen girl...innocent, inexperienced and his expressive eyes showed he was learning to appreciate driving men crazy.

I laughed, "You two could have a bunch of boyfriends...."

I watched Bob slipped on a short gauze jacket, and adjusted his short black skirt that tightened over his hips. He shook his hair so it rippled freely down over his

shoulders before applying multi-coats of bright pink gloss to his lips.

After the doorbell....

I watched Bob leave on the arm of his “gray fox” date and disappear into the car of another man.

So what if Bob didn't have a womb? He was excited and prepared to be a man's date for the evening.

If he realized after the evening that it's not as much fun as it was supposed to be, he can change and do something different.

Emasculation at some point, however, can't be undone. Like Rick, if a man realizes he loves the women role, he is in an awful position.

With that, Sue and I went to dinner, met handsome men, danced and were seduced in the back seat of hot cars. It was a wonderful girl's night out.

Back at Sue's house, she laughed, “It's so nice to not worry about Bob screaming at me about being out late and getting the third degree on what I did.”

When we heard a car pull up, we peeked out the front window and at that moment, Bob raised his face toward John; their lips brushed lightly.

“Sue! Oh look,” I suddenly. “I think he's going to kiss Bob.”

John held Bob close, whispered something close to his ear and Bob raised warm lips to his. Their lips touched and sealed. It was dark, a brief kiss, but opened mouthed and sensual.

Bob was warmly kissing another man! I looked at Sue stare out the window. The soft warm lips she'd kissed a thousand times now touched those of another man.

I heard her whisper at my ear. "Bob is very excited now...like a little girl. Look how Bob clings to him as they kiss. So submissively."

"But Bob was so...oh gawd, I think it's going to happen to him too! He's so...so...."

"Girlie?" Sue smiled, "John is a nice guy, but if he gets Bob alone a few times, he'll break-down any last resistance."

"Don't you think Bob will resist?"

"Oh yes, he'll resist a little. Like we do in the back seat of a car on girl's night out. But men have a way to get a blouse open... or a least get a skirt up."

"I bet Bob is truly aware of those pretty panties under his skirt," I stupidly mumbled.

"Absolutely... And I know Bob would love to show them off."

After another longer kiss, we jumped up and ran back into the kitchen.

Bob came swishing into the house, obviously in a very good mood. Sue and I were having tea when he came in. Actually, we had also just come in from being out.

Sue asked Bob, "So...did my little girl have fun tonight?"

"The music was great, the food rather rich but John was very nice and interesting."

Sue laughed and turned to me, "I've been wanting to eat at that restaurant. Maybe I can find a nice guy to take me there?"

Bob rolled his eyes. It might have felt like we'd waited up, just to tease him with a bunch of silly questions about being escorted about town by handsome older man.

"Did he kiss you?" I asked.

"Just goodnight," Bob flushed.

Bob obviously felt embarrassment over “kissing a man” and what that meant on their first date. It meant he had a good time and wanted to thank John as a woman.

“Did he put a hand up your dress?”

“NO! I think I can manage a man’s hormone-charged advances.”

“Of course,” Sue laughed. “You just revealed to John that you were on your period?” Sue like embarrassing Bob, because she knew that part of him loved that. I also knew that in his small: made money, lipstick, mascara, and a couple “for show” tampons.

“Be careful teasing guys,” I said. “Even a period won’t scare some. I hope you don’t badly miscalculate the fire you are playing with.... Maybe its time you two have an understanding. About you dating men and what you might have to...or want to do?”

“That is not necessary,” countered Bob. I went out with John only as a friend.”

“So maybe I can go out with male ‘friends’ too?” Sue laughed.

“Obviously, nothing is ever going to happen,” Bob said, as he adjusted his skirt

“She’s just like a teenaged girl and won’t listen to MOM. I can’t teach HER anything that SHE doesn’t already know about men. Dear, your pink lips look a little puffy.”

Sue was referring to her husband Bob, as a HER. She rarely did that in private BUT he had been out on a date with a man, wearing panties and being gaffed. He’d been trying his best to be an attractive female so I guess he rated a “her.”

I couldn’t help, but rattle Bob by asking, “SO? Did John ask you out again?”

I saw the heat flush his face. “He’s a nice guy and I know what you are really asking.” He folded his arms like a little girl, pouting and frowned at me.

Bob admitted, "John is looking for a steady companion but nothing serious. He asked me to go to that sold out production of the *Tempest*. I have never had a place to wear my emerald green evening dress with the lace trim?"

"You poor boy," Sue scowled. "What a shame to hide that magnificent dress in your closet! You could be out, savoring the sweet-light feel of that dress fabric brushing against your skin and showing off that delightful figure to any man who appreciates it.... I have a few dresses like that too."

For a second, Bob thought she was serious then blushed and took a deep breath. "I guess I'm beginning to understand what you gals like. I like being able to wear pretty dresses, slips and sexy lingerie."

"So do I," Sue stated.

He nodded. I could see that he immediately became more relaxed and seemingly content with himself.

"Sounds like you might have a boyfriend?" I asked.

"I don't know," Bob responded with another little blush. "I'm going to try another date...if it's okay with you Sue?"

"As long as you are having safe fun, I see no reason WE shouldn't explore dating?"

On one hand, he knew that what he was doing was still considered taboo in society and certainly a no-no for a married man. On the other hand, he did enjoy acting like a woman, wearing a pretty dress and showing off out on the town...and on the arm of an admiring suitor. Such an experience must be totally feminizing.

Sue laughed, "Since you asked me...you can go to the play on one condition. Pull up your skirt and show us your panties."

Bob moaned but did as Sue asked. He obviously wanted to wear that dress to the play! He was wearing what was probably a tight spandex, pull-on, g-string under his panties. The full coverage, front lace panel

panties were stretched smooth over his fattening, girlish bottom. Between his thighs, at his panty gusset, I could see absolutely no evidence of anything male.

Sue giggled and said what I was thinking, "From what I see down there, dating John is quite appropriate. Being small is a gift. It's too bad, more effeminate men ignore the real power that they have at their fingertips."

"At some point, my Rick felt he couldn't compete with guys anymore," I said, "You are lucky to have a wife that is willing to let you explore the finer things in life. Have you thanked her today?"

Bob blushed, "Thank you honey."

Sue laughed. "I'm only worried that those panties look better on you than me? Let's plan a double date with John...I'll find a 'friend' too."

Bob moaned, "I'm sorry, I like showing off in feminine clothes. You girls don't appreciate what you have...or what you don't have...."

Bob was right on.... I could see it in his eyes. He was becoming used to IT being hidden away and physically controlling any male arousal.

And for Sue, making him show his panties was a way to deny him his ability to be the alpha male in their relationship.

Sue was in control of Bob's experiences as a woman dating and that rite of passage. Now that Bob had dated a man, he was intrigued by the mysterious terrain. His old "little girl experiences" had become of less important. No more skipping about, dolls, big ruffles or painting his nails in weird odd colors. Jewelry, cleavage and high heels replaced the fun of twirling one's full petticoats.

I watched Bob working on last minute clean up of the kitchen. I noticed he was unusually quiet, moving about more slowly. As Sue and I chatted, I looked in Bob's eyes and they had a dreamy gaze.

When finished, Bob fluffed his hair and said, "Honey, are you going to be long? I sort of hoped we'd talk about my evening in our bed?"

"Not tonight, honey," Sue said. "You go put on your nighty and go to sleep. Remember, you are on your period? No boy stuff for you today. Sweet girl dreams."

"Okay dear," he said, smoothing down his skirt. I could see he was becoming more emasculated from Sue's constant control. Any normal male with any semblance of male pride would find such a comment disgusting. But Bob did have tampons in his purse and he had made sure John got a peek of them.

I could not even envision the way Bob was before. His dress wearing had become so routine that he had all but forgotten how regular husbands respond to their wife and request sex. He belonged in the "Ladies" room.

Sue was probably sore from earlier in the evening but at least they were still having sex; I assumed as man and wife.

Sue sent Bob to the bedroom as we finished our tea. I watched shy Bob swish into their bedroom to undress like any woman after a night out. Since Sue was getting us another cup of tea, I could only assume, Bob would be alone in the bedroom with only thoughts of his night out with a man.

In panties and bra, he'd be removing makeup, doing hair and the getting used to the odd feelings of being dated. Maybe he'd touch himself.

I whispered to Sue, "I am amazed at his girlish wiggle. It's so sexy. Did you teach him that?"

Sue giggled, "I've encouraged it. It is becoming so ingrained into his personality that he can't change it even if he wanted to."

"Gawd, I bet he looks terrible in men's clothes now. It's like you are married to a woman?"

With lips curved into a smile, Sue said, "I've been with my share of women over the years. Bob is sort of the best of both worlds."

Everything about Bob said "FEMALE."

Sue laughed, "I think we make an attractive couple."

"Couple of sexy women," I laughed.

She giggled, "I like men and women. Bob fits the bill in almost every way."

I asked, "Tell me honestly.... Where is this going?"

Bob makes a very lovely young girl, so it wouldn't be hard to imagine some guy being too aggressive. You know guys are like that...."

The vividness of her words tightened the noose around my gut... the thought of Bob being the girl with a guy was.... I caught my breath. I knew that if that happened, Bob would never be the same.

Sue teased, "I remember losing virginity.... Yummy! It makes your belly squirm, doesn't it?"

"Maybe I should have gotten Renee laid when he first started wearing a dress. Might have scared him out of skirts."

Sue laughed, "Yeah, I thought about that. Maybe bringing home a macho guy from the club and showing Bob what to do."

"You are so naughty!"

"Hey, look at Bob. It's not much of a stretch to imagine him being tipped onto his back. He loved being a little girl. Maybe he'd like being used as a young lady too?"

"Do you think he'd really, you know?" I managed to whisper.

"Look at Rick. Yeah, I think it could happen." Sue's eyes flicked upward as she said, "As we know, it's easy to fall under the sweet urgency of femininity with a man who 'needs you.'" Her joking became whispery serious, "We were lucky that none of our 'girl's nights out' got us pregnant."

At the mention of pregnant, I drew a deep breath. I'd been in the back seat of a car many times with no protection. It didn't seem important as a stranger was vigorously taking me with urgency. My knees pressed back, riding a wild staff, unsure how I found myself in that position...until I heard my own whimpers and groans. All for what? A few pulsing spurts of male essence?

Sue teased, "Remember that guy I was 'meeting up' with at the club? The macho guy with all the muscles? I told him about Bob."

"You told a guy that your husband likes dressing up like a young girl?"

"Yeah, it was a turn on and the guy said he'd love to take us both on a date. I bet Bob would love every tingling moment."

"Oh Sue... that sounds strange and scary. Bob could get forced or hurt or...."

"No, I'd want Bob to enjoy the experience, but not be emotionally harmed.... You saw him tonight. No force there?"

"You are serious? What are you telling me?"

She smiled, "I'm hoping to get Bob laid someday. No more little girl for sure then."

I gasped.

"If Bob got seduced. He'll end up flush faced and maybe a little bruised with a few red hickeys on the neck... and well, maybe elsewhere."

"He could get hurt?"

"Be assured, no real harm will come to my sweet little girl. Bob will be enticed, oh yes, but no physical intimidation. If he gives it up being a little girl, it will be because he realizes that he wants to. If my sweet bashful Bob comes home rumped...and loosened up... It will be because he has to give up his little girl ways to feel like a young woman."

“Oh my,” I gasped again, “I so remember my first. I was little tender for a day or two, but unharmed...no not really.”

“I really do love my little Bob so much. I'd feel terrible if he didn't have a good first experience. I really believe he'll love it. I've been making him read romance novels about girl's first times. He knows that not every little minute is bliss but once it's over, he'll know that warm achy feeling in his belly.”

“Gawd, you really want to do that? What if....?”

Sue smiled, “He'll have a couple of days where he is a little dreamy-eyed. You know it's scary the first time but that is the idea of losing virginity,” she laughed. “Ohhh yes... the memory of being so unmale... And with all the feminine, sweet little discomforts haunting his mind for a long time. Bob would no longer feel like a little girl.”

THE END

Let me know if you'd like more of this story!

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