

# GIRLFRIENDS

TV FICTION

## HIS GIRL'S NIGHT OUT



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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**I'd much rather be a woman than a man. Women can cry, they can wear cute clothes, and they're the first to be rescued off sinking ships.**

**Gilda Radner**

# HIS GIRL'S NIGHT OUT!

**(Just a little nudge)**

**By Kelly Anne and Sandy Thomas**

**Illustrations by Gabi**

## **JUST A LITTLE NUDGE**

Rick was a great guy, he wasn't exactly hunk material like my many ex-boyfriends. He was short and thin rather than tall and lean, but he stole my heart nonetheless.

We met at a charity function. He and I were Trust Fund babies and big contributors to different charities. One evening, we were seated at the same table at a fund raising dinner. Rick was sweet, charming, a great dancer, and very intelligent, so different than other men I'd met who were interested in my bank account, not the real me. He and I dated 6 months before we married.

At first, everything was great. Rick was everything I ever hoped for in a husband. For the first few years, it seemed as though we were destined to spend the rest of our lives together.

I guess I was too in love to notice or I chose to ignore things that later bothered me about him. Rick was a bit of an over-the-top sports nut. He played softball in the summer, bowled in the winter, and when he wasn't playing sports, he was glued to the TV watching sports.

He was always too busy with sports to help with housework, saying it was woman's work. He wouldn't

consider spending an afternoon shopping with me. That wasn't something men didn't do. Heaven forbid I try to get a little amorous while he was watching a game. That wasn't done when a game was on.

What bugged me most was that Rick was a wannabe jock. He was too short, thin, or slow to be a decent player. I loved Rick, but frankly, he was more Jimmy Olsen than Superman. If he was more athletic, I would have understood his addiction to sports, but I wouldn't have been interested in him since I didn't date knuckle draggers. I wanted a sweet, lovable guy. It was okay if he liked sports, but I didn't want the swaggering macho moron that Rick was trying to be.

It took a couple of years before I reached my breaking point. The sweet guy I met was in there somewhere, but how could I bring him out again?

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I was having a girl's night out with Sue, a good friend of mine, and I mentioned my problem to her. "Why can't Rick be more like Bob, your husband? He helps around the house, doesn't spend his free time watching stupid sports shows, and he doesn't mind going to chick flicks."

Sue smiled and wiggled her eyebrows, suggesting that she had a little secret. "Bob is home cleaning the house but he wasn't always the perfect husband," she giggled. "He had a macho fixation too like Rick. It took a little nudge, but it was worth it."

"Nudge?" I asked. "I'd need a bulldozer to nudge Rick, and I'm all out of patience."

She winked at me, "Don't you just love game night and we can get out and let our hair down?"

Just then a hunky guy came up and asked Sue to dance. She stood up and said, "Trust me, if you're serious, he can be changed." Sue smiled suggestively. "Let's get together for lunch tomorrow and I'll show you how it's done."

When I came home late, Rick was sitting in front of the TV watching the sport's recap. Had it not been for an occasional outburst at the screen, I wouldn't have known that he was still alive.

At lunch, Sue was waiting at a table when I got there. She was in an especially good mood from our night out. She couldn't wait to tell me her secret. As we sipped our drinks, Sue handed me a brochure from her purse.

'How to Calm a Cave Man' was emblazoned in pink script across the brochure. 'Is your guy too macho?' asked the brochure. 'Does he need a calming influence?' The brochure guaranteed satisfaction. Sue promised that it worked on Bob, so I began to read.

I didn't believe it at first, but there were testimonials from women with the same problems that I had and now were as happy as Sue. The brochure promised that using the company's product would lead to a calmer, gentler husband, boyfriend, or son. All I had to do was order one of their special CD's, get Rick to use it, and he would calm down and be more attentive.

The best part of it all was that the guy would never know. The product had hypnotic suggestions concealed by songs or video. It could be a collection of the guy's favorite songs or a video of a sporting event. It didn't matter. The guy would be lulled into a suggestive state and bombarded with suggestions that would result in his gradually enjoying the same things his wife enjoyed. He'd be happy to take her shopping and would sit like a well-trained dog as she tried on outfits. He'd happily offer his opinion if she asked him!

"That and I get bigger breasts?" I joked.

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“Bob happily accompanies me to the theatre, we even snuggle while watching a movie. We even share a box of tissue if it is a really sensitive movie.”

“You know the saying, ‘It’s too good to be true...’” I didn’t want to offend Sue, but this brochure fit that saying.

“I know, I know, but it worked on Bob. Remember last Halloween?” Sue grinned. “Bob and I went to that party in Lolita outfits?”

“Gawd, that was something!” I laughed. Sue and Bob wore ultra frilly dresses with petticoats. Sue’s dress was blue and Bob’s was pink. They won first prize for best couples costumes. “I couldn’t believe that was Bob in that costume. How did you get him to dress like that? This?”

“It was his idea!” Sue giggled. “He found a Cosplay site and became fascinated with the Lolita costumes. Frilly dresses that any little girl would love, petticoats that held the skirt out, makeup that gave an innocent and vulnerable look. Underneath it all, sexy lingerie that contrasts sharply with the sweet, little girl exterior. Garter belts, pretty nylons, and patent leather shoes that would make a normal guy retch.”

Sue went on, “When Bob wasn’t pretending to be a little girl, he tried to convince me that he was Lord of the Manor and that whatever he said was law. That changed after I gave him a CD for his birthday. He’s easier to get along with now.”

“You’re kidding me, aren’t you? This is just an attempt to make me feel better,” I challenged. “You put Bob up to it. I can’t imagine what you could offer him to get him to dress like that?”

I’d seen a few sites with Lolita and cosplay costumes, so I knew what Sue was talking about. The look combined the sweetness of a little girl with the sex appeal of a woman. Her husband had suggested dressing

that way for a costume party? I had to drag Rick to the party and Sue's husband willingly went in drag!

"He still has the costume," Sue smiled. "I bought him a few little girl style costumes too, all with the frills of the Lolita style with none of the sexiness. He wears them to spice up our love life. He'd model one of his outfits for you. He's very proud of how he looks."

A weird idea popped into my head. "Since Rick's such a sports nut, would he wear a cheerleader outfit?"

Sue glanced at the brochure. "I don't know if he'd go that far, but he'd move to the softer, gentler side of life. He'd be a new man." Sue glanced around before finishing her sentence, "or a new woman if that's what you want."

"I'll settle for a new man," I smiled back, "One without a daily sports fix. If you're joking, say so now before I waste money."

"All you have to do is ask him," Sue grinned, "and promise not to laugh."

I pulled out my Smart Phone and placed an order then and there. I couldn't wait to spring my trap and turn him into the sweetie that I was sure was lurking beneath.

The DVD arrived a week later and I couldn't wait to give it to Rick. "Hey sweetie, I got you a present," I called as I walked into the living room.

Rick took his attention off his Sports Illustrated to see what I had. He looked at the title and his face brightened. "This is great, a classic game."

"I knew you'd enjoy it," I said as I gave him a kiss. "Let me get it going for you." My hands trembled as I slipped the DVD into the DVR. I gave him another kiss and quietly left the room.

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I was considering sending the DVD back for a refund. Three weeks had passed and Rick hadn't changed. I explained my disappointment to Sue, who said that she understood. "Can I make a suggestion

before you give up? I was in the same spot when I was watching a movie and Bob walked in. He stood and watched for a few minutes and then sat next to me. It was wonderful! We sat together for the entire movie. He never once asked me to put in a different movie. He asked me to pause the movie so he wouldn't miss anything when he had to use the bathroom."

"You think that he'll be interested if I got Rick in front of the TV while a chick flick is on?"

"It doesn't have to be a movie." Sue answered. "That worked on Bob. The reprogramming has been done. All that's needed is a spark to set it off. Why not ask his opinion of a new, rather sexy outfit?"

"That would be a great test!" I laughed, thinking of the times I'd asked Rick's opinion and got only a grunt.

After lunch, I changed into a cute summer outfit I'd recently bought, a pink and white sundress with a full skirt and spaghetti straps. I looked hot with low-heel white sandals and a pink ribbon in my hair!

I walked into the living room and asked Rick how I looked. To my shock, instead of the usual grunt, Rick paused the game and looked me over very carefully. His eyes lit up and he began to smile. I hoped that he'd taken the suggestion of a little afternoon delight. I was completely taken by surprise when instead of suggesting a little fun, he told me how great I looked in the dress.

"That style is perfect for your figure," he said, looking again. "That dress shows off your figure and it's cut low enough to display your `charms!' You look sexy and you've got great legs...you should show them off more!"

Gawd, it was possible! The DVD had turned Rick into a smooth talker who knew how to compliment a woman. He was a bit too much of a fashion critic, but who cared; it was great to have him interested.

“That’s so sweet of you to notice, honey. I have a couple of more outfits. Would you like to see them?” I tested how far I could push him even if it meant he’d snap back to his old self.

To my shock, he smiled and turned off the TV. “Sure, you have great taste. Let’s see what you’ve got!”

I rushed to change, then hurried back to where Rick was patiently waiting. He showered me with compliments on every outfit, making me feel so good. There was that slight bit of fashion critic in his compliments, but I felt too good to worry about it.

After my modeling session, Rick and I made slow, sweet love. There was not the usual rush to finish and watch some game. He seemed intent on pleasing me and he did it.

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After a month like that, I wrote to the company that made the DVD and gave a glowing testimonial. “My hubby was no longer a Cave Man, the DVD had done a fabulous job.” I couldn’t thank them enough. All it took was a little nudge and I was incredibly happy.

Life was great. Rick was paying attention to me. He complimented me on my outfits, the way I did my hair, and even on how I took care of the house. How many women can say that their husbands pay them that many compliments?

We spent evenings snuggled up on the sofa watching movies. Sometimes it was an action-adventure type show that he enjoyed and sometimes it was a real tearjerker of a chick flick that I enjoyed. It didn’t seem to matter to Rick. He enjoyed them both.

“Have I ever told you that you have great taste in movies?” Rick asked after we watched a real tearjerker one evening as we dabbed tears from our cheeks.

One afternoon I was getting ready to go to the mall when Rick asked if he could tag along. He’d never

expressed interest in shopping with me. On many occasions he even remarked that it was silly to shop when you had no plans to buy. Of course, I was happy to invite him along, hoping he'd compliment me as I tried on different outfits. What girl wouldn't appreciate her guy telling her how nice she looked?

The next thing I knew, Rick was my constant companion whenever I went shopping. Just like the brochure promised, he waited like a faithful puppy as I tried on different outfits. He didn't wander off to the food court or the sporting goods store; instead he waited patiently in the ladies wear section.

Not long after that, Rick stunned me again by cleaning the house. One day I was to meet Sue for lunch and an afternoon of shopping. Rick wanted to come along, but I told him that it would be boring, and to enjoy an afternoon watching TV. He was disappointed, but I gave him a kiss and promised that we'd watch Titanic when I got home, which cheered him up.

"All right," he pouted. "Tell Sue that I said hello. I'll find something to keep me busy until you get back. Don't stay out too long. You know how much I enjoy Titanic!"

It was so strange. Titanic had become one of his favorite movies! We must've watched it a dozen times, but each time, Rick sat glued to the set as if he'd never seen such a fascinating movie in his life. Once or twice I even noticed him tearing up a little, but I never said anything to him. I wasn't going to complain if getting sad over a movie was part of the new Rick.

"I'm so glad you showed me that brochure, Sue," I confessed over a sandwich. "Rick's been a different man since watching that DVD. He shops with me, offers great advice on outfits, and we spend hours watching romantic movies. That would have never happened before."

I nearly fell over when I walked in the door later that day. The dishes were done, laundry done and put

away, the rugs were swept, and to top it all off, there was a vase with pretty flowers on the dining room table!

“Wow, what’s the occasion?” I asked as I took in the well-cleaned house.

“Nothing special,” Rick shrugged. “Television was boring, and I saw a few things that needed doing...I took care of them.”

I threw my arms around my wonderfully thoughtful hubby and smothered him with kisses. “Where did the flowers come from?” I asked when I finished thanking him. I never considered flowers as part of decorating and was surprised that Rick had.

“After I finished cleaning, things seemed drab,” he smiled and shrugged. “I wanted something to brighten the place, so I bought a vase and pretty flowers. Do you like the way they look?”

I loved the flowers, the laundry, everything, and I told him so again and again, which gave him a satisfied feeling. It was crazy. My husband was a perfect housewife and I loved it.

“I made a roast. Are you hungry?” he asked as he took my coat and hung it up.

“Since when do you cook?” I asked. Rick never showed culinary abilities outside of microwave popcorn.

“I don’t know,” he shyly replied. “I scanned one of your magazines and they had a recipe that I felt like trying. I hope it came out okay.”

Rick had me sit at the table while he went into the kitchen and prepared me a plate with a slice of roast, potatoes, and vegetables. He even brought me a glass of wine that the magazine recommended to compliment the dinner.

“This is absolutely delicious, honey!” I raved as I ate. “You’re a better cook than I am. I always have trouble getting the food ready at the same time, but you did it like a pro.”

Rick beamed with joy. I'd never seen his so happy over an accomplishment as he was over his new found cooking skills. "You're going to make a great wife someday," I teased. Was he actually smiling? It was just a slip of the tongue, but he seemed happy to hear it.

As time passed Rick came up with more and more surprises. He chose romantic chick flicks for us to watch, kept the house spotless, made tasty dinners, and suggested different outfits for me when we attended charity events.

His fashion sense was perfect. When I wore an outfit he suggested, I got tons of compliments from other women. I'd look over and see Rick smiling. It was our little secret that my husband was my newfound wardrobe consultant.

I walked in on him one afternoon to find him curled up on the couch, his legs tucked under him, a glass of white wine on the end table (with a coaster under it of course), and studying the latest issue of *Mademoiselle*. "There are some really gorgeous outfits for fall," he smiled as he sipped his wine. "Why don't we spend an afternoon shopping?"

"You're serious? You really want to go shopping?" I was shocked. "Since when do you drink white wine instead of beer?"

Rick didn't find my question at all strange. "Sure, there are tons of cute outfits for fall. There are some that you'd look fabulous wearing. We could order from the catalogue, but it is better to try them on at the store. I was at the store to stock up on beer, but beer gives me heartburn. I thought I'd give wine a try. I love the taste."

Seeing my former wannabe jock husband curled up with his feet under him in a feminine way, sipping a glass of white wine, while studying a fashion magazine was a shock, but I decided that it was worth it to have

such a considerate husband. I wasn't going to argue if he wanted to go shopping.

From then on, Rick spent more time reading my fashion magazines than I did. He seemed to have much better fashion sense than I did, which was strange. Another strange thing popped up when a subscription to 'Better Homes and Gardens' magazine addressed to Ms. R. Loren appeared in our mailbox. That magazine is a great source if Rick wants ideas to make the house look nice, and it could be embarrassing to use Mr. Richard Loren to subscribe.

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"You need to dress a little nicer," Rick announced. "Let's take a trip to Talbot's. I saw really cute and sexy outfits in their latest ad."

With that, my wardrobe was completely redone at Rick's insistence. Not many men want their wives to wear sexy clothes out but I now had some very chic clothes from upscale stores. And I looked so good in them.

Everything seemed perfect until the day when I came home from a meeting to find Rick wearing a light pink tracksuit that I wore when I wanted to relax. He was curled up reading his latest Better Homes and Garden's. He was wearing a pair of my white slouch socks with a pink band and my favorite slippers.

"Why are you dressed like that?" I asked.

"Hi Sharon, how was your meeting?" He didn't seem embarrassed to be seen wearing my clothes. He smiled at me and sipped his wine. "I felt like relaxing after doing the laundry. You look comfortable when you wear this," he answered as though it was perfectly normal for him to wear my clothes.

"But you have your own tracksuits. Why would you wear mine?"

"Yours are so much nicer than mine," he explained. "Mine are heavy and not nearly as soft and comfortable.

I hope you don't mind my wearing it. It really is so comfy. Maybe we pick up a couple for me the next time we go shopping?"

I know I should have thrown a fit, but he was so sweet and lovable that I couldn't break his heart. So I agreed to get him a few women's tracksuits...like mine.

A week later, Rick and I were at the mall picking out tracksuits for him.

"Isn't this one adorable?" he gushed as he held up a pastel yellow one. "It feels so soft. I bet it's like heaven to wear!"

"You'd better control your enthusiasm," I grinned as I took the suit from him. "It's best that people believe these are for me."

"Oops, sorry," he giggled. He actually giggled and blushed! "I can't help it, it's so cute and feels so nice. I can't wait to put it on."

I should have put the tracksuit back on the rack, taken Rick by the arm and left as fast as I could, but I didn't. I loved the way he was pampering me, the way he changed from a jerk to being so thoughtful. If buying one tracksuit made him happy, he was ecstatic when I picked out four more for him. "Don't you think these are cute?" I asked as I showed him the suits. "You need a couple more so that when one's in the wash you can wear another, or you might decide that you're in a pink or cream or yellow mood rather than a blue one."

"I never thought of that," Rick said quite seriously. "I just thought that if you liked wearing them so much, I might enjoy them too."

"I'm sure you will, babe," I smiled and patted his hand. "Now, what else would you like?"

"Oh, I really don't know," Rick shook his head. "I just wanted something comfy to wear around the house."

He scanned the department several times before coming to rest on the hosiery section. "Could I get some socks like you have?" he softly asked.

"Good thinking," I complimented him. "Let's get you some cute socks and slippers for your new outfits. If we want to match...how about some colorful panties?"

"Would it be okay if I got some panties too?" he asked. "My boxers make the tracksuit all lumpy and your panties are just a little small on me."

Barely able to control my amazement, I asked, "Did I hear you right? Did you just ask me to buy you panties?"

"My boxers don't look right under your tighter tracksuits," he answered, unconcerned that he was asking for women's underwear.

Buying women's tracksuits, socks and slippers for my husband was one thing, but I drew the line at actually buying him panties.

"No," I told him firmly. "I wear the panties in this family. I'm not going to buy you women's underwear!"

He hung his head like a little boy whose mother just chewed him out. "The pants will look much better if I wore panties instead of boxers, and besides, I know they will feel so nice."

It was so bizarre. My husband, the guy who hated chick flicks, who was addicted to ESPN, had not only started wearing women's tracksuits, he was practically begging me to buy him women's underwear too!

I nodded towards the lingerie department. "Okay, we'll get some. Only if you really think you want to wear panties...like a woman!" I agreed, figuring that would snap him back to his senses.

Instead, he calmly walked over, selected a couple of dozen pairs of panties and added them to our pile. "I think I got some really pretty ones," he announced, grinning ear to ear. "They feel nice so I can't wait to wear them."

“Why didn’t you get some matching bras, panties, and garter sets?” I teased. “They have pretty, sexy sets!”

“That’s silly. I don’t need all of that just to wear my tracksuits.”

We headed home with everything a woman needed to kick back and relax, several tracksuits, comfy socks, fluffy slippers, and of course, a few dozen pair of panties. Rick had chosen some darling panties, nothing risqué, some with lace, some plain, but all in the type that promised no visible panty line.

Whenever Rick wanted to kick back and relax at home, he changed into one of his cute tracksuits, a pair of comfy socks, and fluffy slippers that matched his suit. I felt funny seeing him on the couch, his legs tucked under him, enjoying one of the many fashion and home design magazines that we subscribed to and knowing that he was dressed as a woman from the skin out.

It was weird at first, but they made Rick nicer to have around. He was becoming a great cook, kept the house spotless, took care of all of the laundry, and made improvements to the décor that I hadn’t considered.

It as if he was like a young wife...excited by doing wifely things that I just couldn’t imagine that a guy would ever like to do.

There were always fresh flowers on the table, our old vertical blinds were replaced with colorful curtains, our bedroom walls became a pretty shade of violet, and a soft, plush white carpet covered our floors. The house décor was a girlie housewife’s dream and I owed it all to Rick.

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Months passed and Rick slowly kept changing. He became addicted to the makeover shows on daytime TV. It made me laugh inside to hear him offer other suggestions on makeup and wardrobe for the women being made over. Rick’s advice was right on, every time.

I kept Sue updated on what was happening and she thought it was a laugh. "Rick, the same Rick that spent hours watching ESPN, is now hooked on 'Makeover Maven' and 'What to Wear'?"

"He comes up with makeovers right after seeing the woman," I said with a note of pride. "He gets it right every time!"

"Unbelievable," she grinned, picturing Rick in a cute tracksuit, reading Mademoiselle or Cosmopolitan."

"He has actually has subscriptions to some I don't read?" I giggled. "He reads them cover to cover. He chooses my outfits whenever I have an important meeting and I always get compliments."

"How about your sex life?" Sue bluntly asked. "Does he still please you?"

"More than ever!" I explained how he'd gone from Slam, Bam, thank you Ma'am to a considerate lover who works hard to please me. I added, "It must be from reading the Cosmo magazine. He's very interested in what my old boyfriends did to please me and how I kept them interested."

"You dated some real man hunks. Isn't he threatened?"

"It's odd. He hated me going out on girl's nights and was threatened by any brawny guy who looked at me twice. Now he wants all the intimate details of my past relationships."

"Sue giggled, "I could never tell Bob the truth about my men."

"At first, I was worried Rick might freak out hearing about other guys between my legs, but it was fun for both of us and seemed to excite him. I guess I have confessed to having a lot of men. Sometimes I miss his 'quickie' caveman days, but multiple orgasms make me forget."

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I invited Sue to stop by and meet the new Rick, an invitation she happily accepted. I mentioned Sue's visit to Rick and he was thrilled to have a chance to show off his decorating changes and cooking skills. "Wear your pink tracksuit," I suggested, wondering if he'd balk at wearing women's clothes in front of Sue.

"I don't know," he said.

"I told her you are an expert in makeovers. Maybe we can makeover you?"

"Great idea!" he said. "Could you do me an favor?"

"How can I help? Set your hair, do your makeup and let you wear those big gold earrings?" I teased.

"My hair's too short to set!" he laughed, "But could we pick up a little makeup? Some pink lipstick, blush, and eye shadow that would set off my pink tracksuit nicely...you don't have the right shade of pink."

"Of course not," I momentarily forgot that I was talking to my husband. "You said that wasn't a good color on me."

It suddenly dawned on me that my husband was asking me to buy him makeup! "You'd wear makeup around Sue?" He had to be joking, yet he looked serious.

"I want to look nice for her," he insisted. "You don't want her to think you're married to a slob, do you?"

"But guys don't wear makeup."

"They should! Makeup goes a long ways to improving your looks," he shrugged off my objections.

Determined to call his bluff, I bought him a complete makeup kit so he'd have everything he would need, lipstick, eye shadow, foundation, blush, mascara, and all the brushes and applicators to apply it. I ended up helping him glue on French Tips and I even peeled the potatoes while his nail polish dried.

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Sue gasped as she entered our house. She saw the new carpeting, the curtains, our bedroom paint scheme,

the flowers on the table, and watched as a prettied Rick flitted about the kitchen preparing dinner and drinks.

“Look at you!” Sue teased as they air kissed. “You’re cute, you’re a great cook, have a terrific sense of fashion, and it’s obvious that you take great pride in your home. One day some good-looking guy is going to sweep you off your feet.”

“He’d have to be awfully good looking to take me away from Sharon,” he giggled at the idea of guy carrying him off. “Mmmm, I don’t know. Maybe if he has played pro ball and is nice...”

Sue laughed, “Oh, he’ll be a big guy for sure.”

Doubt and remorse invaded my mind as my shy husband patted his hair in embarrassment. Oh Gawd, I suddenly had to confront how girlish he’d become. His smooth crotch and panty lines in his pink tracksuit made my mind swirl.

Rick softly asked Sue, “Did you know that Sharon used to date a professional basketball player?”

Sue turned to me, “Was he as big as the girls say?”

I had told Rick about the ‘big guy’, so I admitted, “Too big. Even with lube, he was breaking me.”

Rick added with a giggle, “She told me he was twice as big as any guy she’d ever been with. I can’t imagine.”

“...bigger than your husband?” Sue teased.

“Like having three husbands at once,” I muttered. We were conversing like three catty women. Talking about “size” in front of my husband was a bad dream.

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Sue visited several times and each time she left more amazed than the previous time. Sometimes we three girls (it was hard to think of Rick as a guy when he was wearing pastel colored shorts and sparkled flip flops) would sit and talk fashion.

I guess I should explain the shorts sets I mentioned. It was a warm spring, and Rick still wore his tracksuits, but we had to turn the air conditioning up to be

comfortable. While he was comfortable, I, wearing a denim skirt or shorts, was freezing. One morning as he was about to put on his tracksuit, I handed him a pair of my tennis shorts and a matching top. "Try these," I said, "They will be cooler than the tracksuit and we can both be comfortable.

He thought it over for a few seconds and then put on the shorts and top. "Isn't that better?" I asked.

"Much better," he smiled, admiring himself in a mirror. Since I didn't have enough shorts for both of us, we bought several pairs of shorts and matching tops for Rick to wear.

One day, when Sue was going to stop by, as a joke, Rick and I wore matching tennis skirt sets. Sue thought it was the funniest thing she'd ever seen, but Rick didn't care. He seemed perfectly comfortable wearing a skirt around Sue.

"You two look so cute," Sue said, "But seriously, Rick, if you're going to wear short shorts or skirts, you really must start shave your legs."

We laughed, but that night, he took the suggestion. Rick suddenly had smooth, hairless legs. "Very smooth and sexy, babe," I teased as I ran my hands along his clean-shaven legs.

"Thanks, honey," he blushed. "I watched how you do it. I had to be careful not to cut myself."

"It would be a shame to nick these sexy legs," I purred as I ran my hands up his legs to his thighs.

He began giggling as I rubbed along his thighs. "Wow, my legs are much more sensitive...."

I don't know how it happened, but Rick ended up on his back with me on top telling him how soft, smooth, sexy his legs were now. I rode him like a wild Mustang. When it was over, I had three orgasms and poor, exhausted Rick had two. I was lying next to him with his head on my arm. We were both so happy.

I'd never taken the on top, dominate role in lovemaking before, but we agreed that me having my way with my sweet little thing was fun and we used it in our foreplay several times a week. Whenever we played that way I kept telling him how pretty he was and how he was the sweetest wife in the world.

It was just fun for me, but I didn't see the effect it had on Rick until I walked in one day and saw him wearing one of my denim skirts, a cute top, and flip flops. His legs of course were cleanly shaven and he was wearing one of my bras since the top bulged outward.

"I made your favorite lunch," he said in a soft voice. "I thought you might be hungry."

"I sure am," I launched into the role of a horny husband without thinking about it. I pulled him close and sat him on my lap. "You look good enough to eat."

Rick giggled and gently pushed himself off my lap, but not before giving me a kiss. "I hope you don't mind," he gestured to the skirt and top he was wearing. "I wanted to see how it felt to wear these things."

Alarm bells rang in my head. My husband shouldn't be wearing a skirt and top and acting like a sweet housewife, but he was and it seemed a perfect fit for him. For some reason, it made me incredibly horny!

"I don't mind," I leered at my blushing little hubby. "You have such pretty legs, it's a shame to hide them."

After lunch, I grabbed him by the arm and led him into the bedroom. I didn't bother removing his skirt. I lifted it up, pulled down his panties and had my way with him.

It was scary to watch my former snakes and snails husband turn into sugar and spice and everything nice. I even tried to steer him back to ESPN, but it didn't work. Rick preferred watching a woman get a color makeover to guys trying to maim each other. Worse, I started liking him as a submissive little sissy.

He readily adopted the role of housewife at home. Sometimes he had to attend a business meeting and he was completely male again...that is if you didn't know that under his suit, he was wearing lace panties, sheer pantyhose or trouser socks.

Once he got home, he quickly changed into a pretty sundress or denim skirt or jumper with a cute top. He'd leave Rick's male clothes in the laundry chute and scurry around making certain that everything was dusted, fresh flowers out, and dinner prepared.

"You are the best spouse I could ever hope for, Rick," I said coming home to a spotless house and delicious dinner. I guess I know how a husband feels to come home to the perfect wife."

"Thanks, it means so much to me to know that you appreciate my doing this for you," he blushed. "You know, you could call me Renee? I like that name and it sounds so much more fitting when I'm wearing a skirt and doing housework?"

I fought to get the utter the words as I hugged him. "Um, okay, I guess if you're going to be doing woman's work around here, Renee is a better name than Rick."

I told Sue about Rick's complete turnaround, giving up sports and embracing the role of a housewife...even asking to be called Renee. "I thought that DVD would just give him a little nudge," I complained. "My husband is becoming more of a sissy, no, more of a lady every day. He loves pretty outfits, uses more moisturizer than I, and the other day he came home with a bottle of perfume for him, not me! He started out wearing my tracksuits, then my shorts sets, and then my denim skirts. Now, he spends more time in dresses than I do!"

Sue suggested that I overwhelm Rick using aversion therapy. "Just push him more into being a woman until he can't take it anymore. Once he's pushed to the breaking point, he'd rebound to his old ways."

I hoped but some conditioning might remain so I'd have the husband I wanted. With nowhere else to turn, I took Sue's advice and set out to push Rick so hard that he'd break. Buried under his pretty outfits was the guy I married. I couldn't accept that he wanted to be a sweet housewife.

I started occasionally calling him Renee at home and suggested that he could look prettier if I plucked and shaped his eyebrows. "They look like a couple of caterpillars, honey," I teased. "Let me fix them like mine. You'll look so cute once I thin and shape them."

Rick rushed off and returned with my tweezers and a magazine article about the latest eyebrow shapes. "I'll make them arch like mine," I said matter-of-factly.

I knew that women pluck their eyebrows high because it makes them look more helpless and causes a hormone release in a man connected with protecting and defending a female.

When plucked into highly arched, effeminate curves, Rick was ecstatic. He gave me a hug and thanked me over and over for my help.

I was determined to make Rick cave, so I upped the stakes from shaved legs and plucked eyebrows to pierced ears. That was another bad idea. Instead of being repulsed with having his ears pierced, Rick sat quietly while I pierce his ears, and then bought a dozen pairs of dazzling pierced earrings!

I wasn't ready to throw in the towel. I was determined to get my husband back even if I had to turn him into a beauty queen to do it! "You look so nice, Renee," I said a few weeks after the ear piercing. "Would you mind wearing a little makeup everyday?" That was a really dumb idea. Rick began wearing foundation, blush, eye-shadow, and mascara daily. He was prettier than me.

“Thank you, honey,” he sighed as we both put on our morning makeup in the bathroom mirror. “I love sharing these little moments.” Tears came to his eyes but he worked to keep tears from ruining his makeup.

“It seems like such a waste for you to look so pretty at home. How about you go to one of the girl’s nights out with Sue? We’ll shop, have dinner, catch a movie. Just us girls, no guys.”

Rick checked his reflection, as the gears turned in his pretty head. “Oh my, that would be wonderful! A great movie is opening on Saturday. We can do dinner after shopping, stash our bags in the car, and catch the movie.”

I was so proud of myself when I thought up the idea of a girl’s night out. Surely Rick would back off before taking the risk of appearing in public wearing woman’s clothes. Who knew that he’d take to the idea so wholeheartedly? He said, “I love talking with you two.”

“Darn!” I pretended to be upset. “You can’t go on a girl’s night out with your short hair. Everyone will know you’re a guy.”

“We could go to that wig shop on Main Street,” Rick excitedly stated. “I checked and they said that they’ve worked with lots of guys who want to look pretty. I’ll call and see if they can fit me in this evening.”

You could’ve blown me over! I was doing all I could to make Rick revolt at wearing women’s clothes, and every time he seemed to relish the idea.

We arrived the wig shop and the owner greeted Rick as though he were a woman who wanted a wig. They chatted like old friends as Rick tried on one wig after another. I tried to stay neutral, but decided that wasn’t going to work with my aversion therapy to convert Renee back to Rick.

“You look great,” I said as he modeled a shoulder length brunette wig. “But blondes have more fun.”

He smiled and picked out a short blonde wig. I was shaken at seeing him look so cute and natural. "You have to get that one," I ordered. "If you wear that with a little black dress, you'll have every guy creaming in his pants!"

"You think?" he said staring into the mirror.

As soon as I said it, I regretted it. There was no denying that wearing that wig, my husband looked like a hot looking woman.

"You're right," Rick giggled, turning his head from side to side. "I love the way I look in this. I want it, but I'd like to see something in red too, please."

The next wig was as nice as the blond one, shoulder length, wavy reddish blonde. It went perfect with Rick's freckles and gave him an innocent look, a total contrast to the look he'd have wearing the blond wig. I could picture him in this wig, wearing a pink sundress, maybe a pink chiffon scarf in his hair, a straw purse on his arm, strolling through some shops on a summer afternoon.

He turned to me with a questioning look. "Get that one too," I insisted.

"I have one that you'll love," the shop owner said with a wink. "You've got perfect facial features for it."

She returned carrying a long, dark red wig with a mass of curls. Rick turned and looked when I gave a very loud gasp. "It's hot, isn't it?" he grinned.

The shop owner must have known Rick was a guy but assumed that I wanted "Guys to cream themselves" over my husband!

I should've dragged him out of there the instant anyone mentioned making men cream themselves. He was my husband, not some hot vixen on the prowl, but truthfully, I was too caught up in the moment to consider leaving.

When we finally left, Rick had his choice of an everyday girl, the pretty blonde girl next door and, a

very sweet Irish lass, and a hot vixen ready to tear up the town.

I insisted that Rick try them on as soon as we got home. He already had his shirt unbuttoned and was loosening his belt as we walked in the door. "Could you help me with my makeup?" he asked ever so sweetly. "I want to see the full effect."

"Of course," I said as I selected a few outfits, including my LBD. "I'm a woman too."

Crap, another lousy choice of words! I couldn't help myself. Whenever Rick became Renee, he was a perfect lady, pretty, feminine, and demure. I hoped my therapy idea would start to work soon, because the more I saw Renee, the easier it was to forget Rick.

He started with the brunette wig and one of my better dresses. I showed him how to fasten his bra in the front and turn it around. "It's so much easier than twisting behind to fasten it." He stood patiently while I padded out the cups with pantyhose.

"I always wished that I had a little sister I could teach things like this," I said. "There is so much a young girl needs to learn; like makeup, clothes, and guys."

"I'd love to be that little sister if it's okay with you," he offered. "I want to learn all those things. You were such a big help with my wigs. You could teach me the other stuff too." I was so touched that I hugged him.

"That would be such fun," the words poured from my mouth. "You're going to be such a heartbreaker when we girls go out."

"It's just dinner and a movie, right?"

"Sometimes we stop for a drink." I really need to think before I open my big mouth.

"Where?"

"Those places on Highway 40."

"Those are pick up spots?" he said. "Do the guys know you girls are married?"

It seemed like a reasonable question. "Of course, we are wearing our wedding rings."

"Maybe I should wear a wedding ring too?"

"Sure." After fixing his bra, I gave him a pink camisole trimmed in lace to match the bra and panties he wore.

"I always loved wearing this set," I whispered as I adjusted the straps. "Don't you feel so pretty and sexy, Renee? Isn't it great to be a woman?"

Rick furiously bobbed his head up and down. He shivered as he ran his hands over the panties, cami and bra. "Are you okay?" I asked, concerned that something was wrong.

"Nothing's wrong," he softly said, "I do feel so pretty!"

"Of course you do," I sweetly cooed. "You're wearing sexy lingerie, your hair is beautiful, soon you'll be wearing a pretty dress and heels, and your face will be made up so that no trace of Rick can be found. Doesn't that excite you?"

He started shaking. "Oh Gawd yes, I can't wait. I want to be so pretty that no one will remember Rick. Are you okay with that?"

I put my arms around him and drew him close. "Calm down, everything's going to be okay. I don't mind if you want to look pretty and feel feminine. I think you should forget about Rick and enjoy being Renee. You can wear pretty outfits and get your nails done. We'll do all the things I wanted to do if I had a sister."

He looked at me and broke into a smile. "Thank you, Sharon. I promise to be the best sister possible!"

"Enough blubbering, Sis, let's get you dressed!"

I admit that I did a great job on Rick (Renee). When I was finished, no one would mistake my lovely husband for a guy. We started with a nice secretary look, blue skirt suit, subdued makeup, matching pumps, and

simple jewelry. A little dash of Musk cologne and Renee would've made a pleasant addition to any office party.

Next we went with the sexy club look with the blond wig, little black dress, black stockings and a pair of my favorite black 'F\*\*\* Me Now' heels. I added foundation and blush, smoky eye-shadow, and dark red lipstick.

"Oh my Gawd, you were right," he giggled staring at the babe in the mirror. "I look so sexy and I love it!"

He went from sexy to girl next door in his reddish blonde wig, full-skirted pink sundress, light makeup, pink scarf holding back her hair, and low-heel sandals.

"I can't believe the change! I can be a well-dressed receptionist, a babe on the prowl, or even the girl next door, and all I have to do is change outfits and makeup!"

"We've got one more to go yet, remember?" I teased. "Are you sure you're ready to be the kind of woman I'm going to turn you into?"

He looked at the dark red wig, the short, tight, black gown with the lace bodice and spaghetti straps, the 'F\*\*\* Me' heels, and stopped breathing for several seconds. "I'm going to be wearing all that?" he asked.

"I thought you liked looking like a vixen?" I asked feigning concern. It didn't matter what Rick said or thought, he was going to be decked out like a sex kitten. I'd give him aversion therapy he'd never forget!

"I'm not so sure I'm ready for that," he stammered.

"I don't remember asking," I sternly said. "You're the one who started acting like the little housewife. That was your choice. I didn't force you to do it. I didn't force you into my tracksuits, shorts, or denim skirts."

Rick was shaken at my stern and direct manner. I thought he was going to burst into tears, but he blinked them back. He took a deep breath and promised to behave. I was sure he was about to give up. I had him where I wanted him!

"Remove that dress!" I ordered. "Remove everything else too. I'm going to remake you from the skin out!"

After he showered and shaved everything but his head, I handed him a pair of black lace panties. "What are you waiting for?" I asked. "You want to wear them."

He gingerly pulled the panties up his legs and adjusted the waistband. He was confused; part of him was scared while part was thrilled beyond belief. "What about a bra? Am I going to wear a matching bra and camisole?" he asked, sounding like a little girl.

"No camisole with this gown, and you're going to wear a strapless bra." I handed him a black underwire bra dripping with lace, which he fastened as I'd taught him.

"Good girl, now let's get you padded out." I stuffed the cups with black pantyhose.

"You know, you should get implants," I said, as I adjusted his bra. "You'd look great with a nice pair of 38B or maybe C boobs."

"Implants? Isn't that permanent?"

"That depends on you," I smiled. "If you decide to return to watching ESPN, you can have them removed. If you'd rather wear pretty outfits, spend time with the girls shopping, then keep them. Your outfits would fit better, besides Renee's a much better housekeeper than me."

"Wow, that's a big decision. I'm sick of watching sports. I'm sure that I will enjoy our Girl's Night Out wearing a pretty outfit. But I'm not sure that I'd be a better housekeeper with breasts. Maybe balance for vacuuming?" he smiled. "I guess breasts are not essential for doing dishes."

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I acted like I was disappointed that he didn't jump at getting breast implants. I pushed, "I think you'd enjoy them. Wearing dresses would be so much easier if you had breasts. This padding might shift and I'd hate for anyone to see pantyhose sticking out of your dress."

“Eww, that would be gross,” he shuddered, “but I found a place where I can get fake boobs that would work just as well.”

It seemed like a good compromise. I handed him a garter belt that matched his panties and bra. “Thread the garter straps under your panties, Sis. It will be easier to use the bathroom.”

“The ladies room?” he gasped.

“You won’t want to use the men’s room looking like that! You’d end up on the receiving end of some bruiser.”

He cringed but wrapped the belt around his waist and fastened the clasps. His hands shook as he threaded the garters under his panties. I was sure that with a little nudge, he’d break.

“Good job,” I smiled as I held out a pair of stockings for him. “Roll these up your legs like you do your pantyhose, and then carefully clip the tops into each garter.”

His hands shook even more as he gently rolled one nylon up his leg and fastened the four garter tabs to the top. “That a girl!” I said. “One down, one to go!”

The next stocking went on much slower than the first. Clearly Rick wanted to enjoy the feeling of the sheer nylon against his legs, especially after fastening the garters. He slowly ran his hands up his legs to smooth out the stockings.

“Arms up, Honey,” I commanded. “Time for your gown.”

Rick’s arms shot up and his breathing was labored as I slowly lowered the gown over him. I took my time smoothing it out and zipping it up knowing that it was driving him crazy. Before he could relax, I led him to the vanity and worked on his makeup. “You are gorgeous,” I told him as I brushed on more blush to accent his cheekbones. “You like being all dolled up, don’t you?”

"I guess I do!" Rick answered as he reached for the bottle of expensive perfume. "I don't know why, but I was watching that Super bowl DVD and realized I was nothing like the players. I love sexy lingerie, beautiful dresses, wearing makeup, and the smell of perfume. I look better in a dress than in a football uniform, right?"

"It's a lot of work, shaving, plucking and getting everything in place?"

"I don't mind. I feel pretty like you," he sprayed perfume in the right places.

Worried that my plan was unraveling, I upped the ante. "If you had real breasts, you could be pretty like me AND sexy! You could wear low cut outfits with push up bras that lift your breasts so that men will want to look at them."

He said, "I do like it when you wear bras and thin tops that show off your nipples. Fake ones might look that way too, wouldn't they?"

"Sure, but you wouldn't feel them being cradled in a silky bra or feel your nipples respond against the smooth cups of your bra when some guy gawks."

My nipples had always drawn their fair share of attention, and Rick had noticed.

With breast augmentation, your nipples would get a lot larger," I said. "They might even get a bit firmer and thicker. They might even be visible, when erect through a padded bra?"

He asked, "So your nipples get hard when men look at them?"

"Nipple stimulation is always been nice and they feel wonderful!"

Rick's gaze focused on something unseen. "I loved hearing you talk about your old boyfriends playing with your breasts when you were making out."

I had to keep pushing. I had to overwhelm him if I was going to get my husband back. "That felt so good," I clucked while fluffing his wig. "You can't beat the feeling

of a guy slowly unbuttoning and removing your blouse. The excitement as he reaches behind and unfastens your bra, but it's indescribably luscious when he slowly takes your nipple in his mouth!"

Something was wrong! Instead of being scared or rejecting the vision of becoming intimate with a man, Rick smiled and enjoyed the fantasy.

I had him slide 3" heels onto his feet and rise from the chair, expecting to see him stagger, but instead, he began walking around the room, taking small steps and swinging his butt.

The gown tightly hugged his body. The long curly wig and makeup made him look incredibly beautiful. I had to remind myself that I was looking at my husband and not a woman at a charity ball. He walked and talked like a female sex object! I asked, "When did you learn to walk in heels?"

"I've been practicing," he proudly answered as he slithered to a full-length mirror. "I love the way you move when you wear heels. I had to learn how to wear them too. I can't believe it! It's like I'm your little sister."

I stared at the vision of loveliness and wondered where I'd gone wrong. Maybe I hadn't pushed him quite enough yet? "Okay SIS, I'll teach you about being a woman. You'll learn how to fix your makeup in the ladies room, how to act cute and desirable so that men will do anything to have you smile back at them."

"WOW! Sounds fun, but scary."

"It can be. Once you've learned the little things, you'll have to learn the really important stuff. Being beautiful WILL attract men, you might have to please them."

Rick gasped, "I couldn't...."

"There are lots of things you can do to make a guy feel good without taking your panties off. I'll teach you what I know!"

"I guess, you would know? You did a lot of dating."

"It's part of growing up female. Being around men as a woman can be stressful, intimidating, and awkward. You have to know how to cope with their needs!"

"Needs? Are you talking about how to give them hand jobs, stuff like that?" he asked anxiously. "I don't know if I could ever get that intimate with another guy?"

"Do you see a guy when you look in the mirror? You must stop thinking of yourself as a man and start thinking of yourself as a woman. A woman who can turn men's heads, a woman that men want to please and who loves pleasing them. You decide who will please you and how you'll please them."

Rick was lost in serious thought. I was sure that I'd driven the idea of playing at being a woman from his head. If he wanted to present himself as a woman, he was going to have to deal with all that went along with being a woman, pretty clothes, sexy lingerie, makeup, hair, perfume, and men!

"We should do your nails in a deep red to finish off your look. No woman would wear an outfit like that without doing her nails."

"Could I try doing them myself?" he eagerly asked. "You can make sure I don't make any mistakes."

A really horrid idea popped into my head, one that might drive the silly ideas right out of his pretty little head. "Give it a try," I smiled as I prepared my surprise. "I'm going to ask Sue over to meet my pretty new sister."

I thought for sure he'd stop me as I reached for the phone. Instead he continued humming as he did his nails.

I told Sue what was happening and asked her over. She couldn't control her excitement. "Are you kidding me? He's wearing what? He looks that good? No way on earth could you keep me away!"

Rick finished his nails and was practicing walking in a very short tennis skirt when the doorbell rang. "That must be Sue," I called from the kitchen. "Are you sure you want her to see you like this?"

I hoped to scare him into hurrying to the bedroom and changing or at least hiding, but the next thing I heard was him greeting Sue – and her husband Bob!

"Hi Sue, it's so nice to see you again!" he chirped as he air kissed her.

"Hi Bob, I don't think we've met," he said as he demurely held out his hand for Bob to shake. "I'm Renee, Sharon's sister. Won't you two come in please?"

Bob stared at the lovely woman in front of him as he shook Rick's hand. He seemed confused for a bit, but then I saw recognition on his face.

"Gawd, Rick? Is that really you?" he asked, obviously confused. "What are you doing dressed like that? Playing tennis in a skirt? You look fantastic, but why? Charity?"

"It's complicated?" Rick smiled, his voice dripping with sweetness. "Rick's taking a vacation. Sharon and I aren't sure when he's coming back."

I added, "Until Rick's hair grows out, we bought wigs. He's tired of staying at home in skirts, so we got him a few wigs so he can start being a woman in public!"

He led Sue and Bob to the couch, then lowered himself onto the chair across from them and crossed his legs. Bob was speechless, but couldn't take his eyes off of Rick's pretty legs that almost showed the crotch under the short tennis skirt. Rick had such long shapely legs.

"Like I was saying," Rick continued in a soft voice that perfectly matched his newly chosen gender. "I want to experience being a woman, but my hair just isn't long enough to do anything pretty. I have some wigs and I've been trying on a few outfits with different hair styles."



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He stood up and did a slow pirouette. "This is Sharon's tennis outfit. Isn't it pretty?"

Sue looked at me and raised her eyebrows. I raised my hands to indicate that I didn't have any suggestions or explanations. "Yes, Rick. Perfect for your morning tennis lesson," Sue smiled. "You might have better legs than Sharon. Can we see you in other outfits?"

"Excuse me!" I nearly bounced off the ceiling. "In case you've forgotten, that's my husband wearing MY tennis dress!"

Rick sat next to me, put an arm around my shoulder, pulled me close, and gave me a kiss. "I really appreciate the compliment, Sue, but I could never look as nice in this outfit as Sharon. She has the advantage of a gorgeous figure, a beautiful face, and tons of grace that I could only hope for. The reason I look good is because of Sharon. She helped me choose the wigs, and the outfits for me to model tonight. Without her help, I'd look like a guy in a dress. She's my role model. I just want to be like her and half as pretty."

I looked at my pretty husband and broke into tears. I didn't want to quit trying to change him back to a man, but if he wanted to dress as a woman, I'd help. I'm not sure I missed him as my macho husband, but enjoyed him as a girlfriend.

Sue came over to comfort me allowing Rick to change and get drinks for everyone. I couldn't help but smile seeing Bob watch Rick's bottom swaying as he walked away.

When Rick returned, Bob made room for him to sit next to him, which coincidentally placed the slit in Rick's long skirt on Bob's side, earning a glaring look from Sue.

Rick gracefully sat down and carefully arranged the skirt of his gown to allow it to part from mid thigh. He talked for a few minutes before noticing the looks that Sue was giving Bob.

Bob was staring at his smooth, shapely, nylon-covered legs. Smiling, Rick gently patted Bob's hand. "Calm down, Bob. You're upsetting Sue."

The second that Bob realized he'd been caught; he looked at Sue and tried to join our conversation as if nothing had happened. He had been too busy staring at Rick's legs, and he ended up sounding stupid.

"You and Rick are about the same size, Bob," Sue cattily said. "Maybe you could bring over your Lolita outfits so you and Rick could play dress-up."

"Lolita?" Rick asked.

"Outfits?" I asked.

"Rick isn't the only guy in this room who likes being pretty. Bob never mentioned how cute he looks in his Lolita outfits? I call her Hayley and HE's just so adorable as a little girl!" Sue cooed.

"Sue, please!" Bob begged. "Don't do this, please?"

"Relax Hayley, Sue already told me about your cosplaying." I nodded my head towards Rick. "It's cute. Besides, no one here has a problem with you wearing frilly dresses, right Rick?"

"No problem here," Rick patted Bob's hand again. "What's cosplay? I never heard of it."

Bob seemed to be a little tongue tied, so Sue happily took over for him. "That's short for Costume Play. People who are into certain Japanese comics strip go to cosplay conventions and dress up as characters from the strips. One of the favorites for guys is the Lolita look; a short, frilly dress, petticoats, patent leather shoes, wig, makeup, the whole works. It's an ultra girly outfit, but a lot of guys, Bob included, enjoy getting all prettied up. You should see him dolled up in a frilly pink dress and carrying a parasol. Hayley comes out to play once the outfit goes on."

Bob's face was so red I could feel the heat from his embarrassment. Rick smiled at him, "It's okay. Look at me?"

Bob's embarrassment died down. Rick moved next to him and gave him a little kiss. "Bob, that dressing up sounds like fun. Would you rather I call you Hayley?"

"Hayley would be okay. I like that name when I'm in a frilly dress and when I cosplay. Sue calls me that when I do something macho."

"Hayley is a really cute name. Now tell me all about your cosplaying."

It was as if Rick had cast a relaxing spell on Bob. He began explaining cosplay. From his smiles and gestures, it was obvious that the subject meant a lot to him. Rick had Bob completely relaxed and enjoying the conversation. "So you go to these conventions every year?"

"It's a lot of fun," Bob said. "You should try it."

Rick giggled. "I think I'm going to be trying a version of cosplay, every day, all day for a while."

"Wow, it will be like you're not playing dress up?" Bob suddenly got serious. "You'll be woman, just like Sue and Sharon. From what I see, you're every bit as sweet as them and if you ask me, Rick could stay gone!"

It was Rick's turn to blush. "Do you really think so?" he asked, begging for the answer he already knew.

"Yes!" came a chorus from Sue, Bob, and me. Sue added, "I think you can do it with Sharon's help."

We talked for a while, but Bob was getting bored listening to us talk about outfits and hairstyles. "Isn't there a game on?" he asked.

"I don't know," Rick answered. "I haven't been interested, but if you want to watch, go right ahead."

Bob went off to watch TV and cool off a little. "Would you like a beer?"

Rick was holding a beer out to him, but Bob couldn't take his eyes off Rick's smooth legs. "You're a married man, Bob, and so is Rick!" Sue stated, immediately breaking the trance with a laugh.

While Bob watched the game, we girls planned our 'Girl's Night Out' evening. We'd dress casually for the afternoon, no sense fooling with zippers and heels. After shopping, we'd return to my house to change for dinner and the movie. Rick was so excited that I thought he was going to squirm off the couch.

"I can't believe I'm going to do this! You two are so sweet to invite me along. I just hope that everything goes okay, and I don't embarrass you."

Sue broke up laughing. "Of course we know what you mean, but get serious. You had to notice the way Bob stared at you and the way he acted around you. No one is going to think you're a guy. I have trouble and we've known each other for years."

Rick smiled sheepishly. "I hope you don't get upset, but it was fun flirting with Bob. I felt nice to see that a guy found me attractive as a female."

Sue laughed. "I'm used to Bob's roving eye. He will always check anything in a tight skirt, but I know that he'll never stray...."

"Not if you keep telling other women about my cosplaying and little girl outfits," Bob said from the other room.

"Good ears too! Maybe Bob would let you try on his little girl outfits?" Sue suggested. "He looks so cute, I can't resist giving him a great big hug!" Sue pulled out a picture of Bob. The outfit was most childishly girlish and a bit of a caricature.

Bob came back in and said, "After a really tough day at work, it's great to kick off my shoes, put on something frilly and relax. But I only wear that stuff OUT at conventions."

Rick looked at me and grinned. "Trust me," he smiled. "I know exactly what it's like to wear something frilly. You should see the womanly lingerie Sharon selected for me tonight! I'm sure that being a little girl is a lot of fun, Bob, but I think I prefer being a woman."

I wasn't sure how to take that remark. Was he just saying that if given a choice of looking like a little girl or a woman, he wanted to look like a woman? Or more? My mind went into a spin.

Bob went back to the game and Sue encouraged Rick as we made plans for our "girl's night out." She lowered her voice and honestly stated, "Sometimes we have to talk to guys. Pretty girls together attract them like flies to..."

I sat watching Rick's reaction as Sue discussed our last night out. "Sharon, remember that executive who bought all our drinks? Do you think Renee would like to meet him? Do you still have his business card?"

"I'm sure it's in my beaded evening bag," I glared at her. "Honey, do you mind if we talk to some men? That happens, but nothing ever happens...maybe free drinks."

Rick blushed, but laughed, "I'm in for inch or a mile. I just want to try being one of the girls."

"Rick, one more thing," she whispered, "I expect you not to tell Bob anything that happens...no matter what. It's a woman thing...a code. You are one of now us; trusted with the `secrets of the purse.'"

Rick looked confused and asked, "You mean when guys hit on you girls at the clubs?"

I cringed. I remembered the immaculately dressed, clean-cut guy with whom I had danced. He was the quintessential young executive, tall, well mannered and self-assured. He was not the pushy type and that made him even more attractive. Nothing serious happened but a gentle hand squeeze and an intrigue that slinked deep into my belly when we danced close.

Sue teased that "executive" was the perfect match for my pretty husband's first night out as one of the girls. I wondered what getting a nudge from a seductive young man would do to Rick's budding femininity? That management guy was the type of man that women found

irresistible. Maybe THAT would scare Rick back into pants and out of panties?



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As the evening ended, Rick continued in his role as hostess and walked Sue and Bob to the front door. He gave Sue an air kiss and told her again that he couldn't wait for our night out.

When he turned to Bob, Bob held out his hand, expecting him to shake it. Instead, Rick smiled, brushed aside Bob's arm and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Tell Hayley that she can drop by any time. I'd love to see how cute she is."

"Do you mean that?" Bob grinned. "I'd love to have a place to dress up. I've never dressed in front of anyone outside of the conventions. It's sort of lonely."

"Of course! Dressing up is fun." Rick kissed him again, making Bob's grin even larger. "You can be like my little sister...if that's okay."

"I'd love that!" Bob sighed and practically floated as he followed Sue to their car.

After that exciting evening, I showed Rick how to remove his makeup and ran a perfumed bubble bath for him. The look on his face as he sank under the bubbles was thanks enough for me.

-----

I had some running around to do the next day. I asked Rick if he'd like to come, but he said he had things to do. He wasn't home when I returned, but a few hours later the door opened and he breezed in carrying bags from upscale women's stores, including one with the Vickie's logo emblazoned on it.

And he was fully dressed as a woman. He walked so naturally on his 3" heels with his tight fitting skirt restricting his movement making him sway his hips with each step. He looked cute and natural in his long flowing brunette wig, modest makeup, and frilly blouse. Absolutely nobody would ever mistake him for my husband.

"I don't want to borrow your outfits all the time," he cooed in a natural sounding female voice, "So I bought a few things for myself."

He set the bags down and began showing off all the cute outfits he'd bought, slacks, skirts, jeans, tops, blouses, and shoes...everything a woman could need.

After he finished with the clothes and shoes, he brought out the bag from Vickie's. "You can wear anything of mine you like." He was like a kid in a candy store as he spilled the contents from the bag.

"Looks like a bride's lingerie. You realize that they make women's underwear in cotton, don't you, and that not all panties are covered with frilly lace?"

Rick blushed, "I went to this Cosplay shop I read about. After I was fitted, I went to Vickie's and was surrounded by oodles of..."

"Fitted?" I interrupted.

"I was worried about our girl's night and if some guy's hand brushed me." Rick opened a little bag, and pulled out a nude colored, thong looking garment. "It's a Smoothie," he blushed, handing me the weightless garment. It was more spandex than actual fabric and I knew where it went. There was a little white satin bow in front and it was sized "virgin."

"It's made for boys like me," he blushed. And lifted his skirt.

I wasn't sure I could ever breathe again. Was it the constricting manner of the garment or my nerves that made me lightheaded? Rick wiggled his hips as he showed off a new set of panties that fit like they were made for a woman...and they were. "Nothing showing!" he announced.

My hand shot out and ran over the slight mound. It was like I'd lost my best friend. For a moment, I almost yelled for him to remove it.

I could tell by his face that he was experiencing a stronger than usual Ooooh moment. NO, not what you

are thinking! It was that lovely feminine feeling of everything being held in place, organs securely supported away and posture erect.

He stared at his crotch and then me. "Seeing nothing there makes me feel so weird, actually feminine and ok about wearing skirts."

I asked, "Does it hurt?"

"Of course I am uncomfortable and the tightness takes my breath away but I shouldn't complain."

I smiled at him and said matter-of-factly, "You'll get used to that. The 'boys' have to get used to their new hiding spot. There is a period of adjustment to breaking in any new garment."

I knew that most any husband would be shocked, embarrassed and mortified showing 'nothing' in front of their wife. I thought, "If this doesn't do it, nothing will."

But it did not seem to bother Rick at all, he was proud of his new sleek figure but did blush deeply when I said, "I wouldn't want all that hanging between my legs either."

I held up a satin bra. "It will be criminal to fill these cups with pantyhose though."

"You're right. That's why before I went shopping. I made an appointment to see about getting breast implants."

"You're kidding! You're really going through with it?"

I was stunned. I was teasing when I suggested the implants. I assumed the night out would get to him. I could have been satisfied with a caveman and still had a husband, but no, I had to give him a little nudge to smooth out the rough spots. I still didn't think he'd like being pawed but he was now prepared.

-----

Our 'Girl's Night Out' arrived, and by then, Rick was completely at ease in public as a woman. He spent

several hours a day shopping several times a week, always looking his feminine best.

When Sue arrived, he asked her as he twirled in the tiered skirt, "What do you think? Too short?"

"I swear I'm going to strangle him," Sue hissed. "He's got legs to kill for and he's asking if a skirt's too short!"

"Go easy on him," I said. "This is still new to him. He's only been living as a woman for a few weeks."

"I was only joking," Sue smiled at Rick. "He's really a doll. I like Renee so much more than I did Rick."

"I hate to admit it," I agreed, "but he's grown on me too. I would never have thought that inside of my macho husband was a sweet young woman waiting to be set free. I miss the sex, but that's about all. Renee's so much nicer to have around."

"You can always get laid," Sue teased, "But a chance to turn your husband into a sweet, sexy, and lovable sister-girlfriend isn't something you want to pass up!"

I watched as Rick modeled another hot looking outfit. His enthusiasm for being a woman was amazing and it made me feel so happy. Was losing Rick worth it?

Rick decided that a 'girl's trip' to the mall wouldn't be complete without stopping at Vickie's Secret, so off we went, shopping bags in one hand, purses over our shoulders, to look for sexy lingerie.

"I don't have much use for things like these at home anymore," I sadly confided to Rick as I held up a pair of sexy black panties.

"Nonsense!" he shot back. "You told me that sometimes a woman needs to feel hot and sexy? You said something about validating her femininity? You need that every bit as much as I do!"

I was standing in Vickie's secret, the holiest of holies for a woman and I was getting lectured on lingerie by a man who wore stuff so sexy it made me blush! I used to wear that stuff in hopes of seducing him, now he looks like a hot young woman out to strut her stuff telling me

that I need sexy things to make me feel like a woman. If anyone knows about being a woman, it was Rick. A month ago, he was a guy coping with feelings of wanting to be a woman. He mastered them and became a beautiful and charming young lady.

I smiled, took the panties and thanked him. "Cheer up," he grinned. "Maybe we'll get lucky."

His smile was contagious and I couldn't help but smile too until I realized what he'd said. "You're kidding, right?" I asked. "Tell me that you're kidding!"

"Why would I kid you about that?" he innocently asked. "You need it and I sort of need it. We're a couple of young, good-looking women. Several guys have asked me out. Don't tell me that you haven't had offers and been intrigued!"

"There have been a couple of guys," I confessed. "But I wouldn't feel right going out with another guy."

"You won't be going out with another guy," he said. "Your husband's gone. He's not coming back."

"Let's take this to the food court," Sue insisted. "This sounds juicy and I don't want to miss any of it."

"Now what's up?" Sue prodded. "I heard something about getting laid. Spill your guts."

"Sharon needs to get laid," Rick explained in his typical simple fashion. He said it like a girlfriend might say it to a friend. "I'm not the man to do it anymore."

I felt shivers running down my back. "Oh," I softly sighed. Rick squeezed my hand.

"Sweetheart, really? I couldn't..." I whispered.

"You need a man," he said. I noticed his curvy buttocks squirming against the seat and there was a peachy pink flush on his cheeks. His skirt slipped up, and he primly tugged it down.

"Oh, Honey," I breathed, "maybe sometime, if you keep..."

He interrupted, "I read all about girl's nights out in Cosmo. I know that 'get some air' with a guy mean the back seat of a car."

Both Sue and I blushed. Men shouldn't be allowed to read Cosmo. I could hear the excitement in my quivering voice at the very thought of discussing 'getting some air' in front of my husband. "I will if you will!" I challenged, feeling stunned by his proposal.

"You're on, dear sister!" he laughed.

"You're dreaming, gorgeous sister of mine," I laughed back. "You're not woman enough for that."

"I'll do what I can," he giggled. "Remember what you told me about the times you pleased a man without taking off your panties?"

"You wouldn't dare! You have no idea what it is like..."

Rick licked his lips. "Ex-husbands, going down!" His voice was soft and sweetly feminine. "Sharon, I love you, but I love what we talked about in bed. The thrill of being two women admired, wanted, and taken by men."

"That was just pillow talk, fantasies to excite us while we make love." Sue was staring at me and my stammering admission flushed my face.

Sue gasped, "You two are so HOT. I believe you've been challenged, Sharon," Sue evilly grinned. "Are you going to let your husband satisfy a guy before you do?"

"Not on your life!" I growled. "I'll show you which of us has what it takes to be a woman."

The bet was on! Once again, I'd opened my mouth and created a huge problem. I'd die of embarrassment if my ex-husband could satisfy a guy before I did. He may be pretty, but I wasn't the ugly stepsister. Now I had to find a guy.

-----

That evening at dinner, a good-looking young guy walked over to our table and asked Rick to dance. He

flashed me a satisfied smile, took the guy's hand, and off they went. Rick caught another man's attention, and soon Sue and I were dancing. It felt nice to have a manly man hold me again. I couldn't help but fantasize about him taking me to bed and making love to me.

Gawd, I missed making love with Rick. He hadn't been all that concerned about my feelings, but it still felt good to have him inside of me, bringing me to one climax after another. Rick and I had tried to keep up some sort of sex life, but it wasn't working. He couldn't get an erection unless I talked to him about us being women. Plus, I didn't like seeing a woman going "down there." Rick was right, of course, I needed to get some release!

I had a wonderful time dancing with several men as did Rick. Sue felt guilty about dancing with other men while Bob was home alone, so she sat out some dances. She was afraid Bob would find out what 'girl's night out' was all about.

If I had any doubts that Rick's challenge was real, I learned quickly how determined he was to make me give up. Rick was invited to a low table and ended up cuddling on a sofa with a man that could have been a football player. Their hands touched and they were whispering closely. From the dance floor, I could see excitement flush Rick's pink cheeks. When he saw me looking, Rick, pressed his breasts against the man's chest and looked up, poised his pouty pink lips for a kiss.

Even in the dim lighting, I could see their lips lightly brush and then full contact and tongue! Rick's eyes went wide as the man's fingertips began feeling about his skirt. Rick pulled away, looking confused and flushed. He nervously shifted his hips on the seat cushion and grabbed his purse to return to our table. Having been kissed, my blushing husband squirmed and got away, the little side-to-side wiggles of his bottom not missed by the men.

I assumed that the experience was terrifying. I went back to our table and joined the 'girls'. With a shamefaced blush on his cheeks, Rick crossed his long legs, making his nylons whisper, while glancing shyly around the room and smoothing the wrinkles out of his skirt. He leaned in and said, "He wanted me to get some air with him..."

"So go," I teased.

"I'm not ready for that...yet...." Then quickly, there were other men ready to escort us out onto the crowded dance floor.

After that night, Sue, being basically an evil person, took every opportunity to remind Rick and me about our bet. It wasn't as if we'd forgotten, we'd just been busy with the many changes in the way we related to each other. We had many deep conversations nuzzled against each other. We still loved each other.

Rick admitted, "We were married young. I had no idea I would have these feelings."

"I shouldn't have told you about my old boyfriends."

"Maybe not. It made me realize I was never very manly. Most men are bigger than me, right?"

"You are not tall. Oh my Gawd, darling, how can I answer such an embarrassing question? You mean being longer and maybe thicker?" My voice was quivering. I felt my face flush. There was nowhere to go but just admit it. "Oh darling, don't be jealous.... Men get hurt if we women compare men and size. Not a monster, you are very average."



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With that, Rick lifted his skirt and showed me the smooth flush gusset of his panties—the pastel lavender ones with lace around the leg openings. He wore them high around his waist as I'd shown him.

He asked, "Could any of your old boyfriends wear panties like this?"

I could see only "nothingness" between his legs and inside the gusset of proper fitting panties. I said, "You like looking female, right?"

He nodded, "I still have to tuck everything up, but I'm totally limp and I'm used to the lack of sensation there. To be quite honest, going through training and wearing panties every day is one of the best things I have ever done. I feel much more energy."

I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen "it." Sometimes when he came out of the shower, I'd catch him seemingly subconsciously tuck his little peenie back between his legs and put on his "sex cache" that would hold everything almost entirely up inside of his body.

At the beginning, it appeared somewhat painful, but it was now like he was entirely devoid of any feeling down there.

"Would you show me?" I asked.

"It's embarrassing," he sighed.

"I'm your wife."

He blushed, "Only if you tell me truthfully how I compare now to other men." He took me into our bathroom and pulled up his skirt and lowered his panties. I must have gasped. I could even barely see the very tip of pee-pee peaking out and his little "thingy" had to be pulled down. I could help but notice how totally useless the little thing looked. Shrunken...much shorter and thinner than before, and totally limp.

"Well?" he asked as he held up his skirt.

"It is not about size," I stated the womanly line but Rick seemed to have lost all masculine capabilities.

Rick sat to pee, and it hung down worthlessly before dabbling with paper then easily tucking and pantying himself up again. Any male sensation he may have had in his tucked-away, hidden and deflated little maleness seemed to vaporize into nothingness.

In the weeks that followed, we talked honestly about feelings, gradually becoming more erotic and reveling. We talked men and being feminine. Rick's excitement for all things feminine fed mine. I knew that he was never going to be my manly husband again. I asked, "What if you don't like men?"

Rick said, "Right now it's not about men, it's about doing what women do. Do you like...you know, going down on a guy?"

"No, but I like the feminine feelings of turning on a male. It's not that difficult. Just handle it softly and slowly. Do you seriously want to find out?"

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There were a few more girls' nights. We would have been out every night if Rick had his way. Sue and I finally took him to our favorite place where groups of married women had their night's out and the men were more mature and sophisticated.

After dinner and dancing, we girls sat out a few songs while watching some pairing off. There were a lot of sparkling wedding rings on the 'dressed to thrill' women. Even the men didn't bother to remove their rings. No one there was looking for a spouse.

Rick spotted women shrewdly checking in with their girlfriends after dancing with a guy more than once. There was whispering, and one by one, a confident man quietly led a slightly tipsy, blushing woman toward the door to the parking lot.

Rick pointed out one giggly brunette who was teasing as she went towards the door, then suddenly turned back like she changed her mind. The brawny

man whispered something in her ear, laughingly scooped her close, and his hand fell to the back of her short dress.

She looked up at him and her eyes seemed to say, 'Okay, just a couple minutes.' In the shadowy light, we saw her wiggle out the door. Rick asked, "Do you girls have your 'nights out' here a lot?"

Sue said, "The food is really good here."

Rick kept looking at the door, spellbound by the knowledge that the cute little brunette wife was probably in the parking lot "doing something" with that guy.

"We mostly go to chick flicks. We'll leave if you are uncomfortable," I said.

"No way," he smiled. "This is way too much fun."

About 30 minutes later, the pretty brunette housewife returned hand in hand with the big guy. Her expression was solemn and sober. They exchanged a quick goodbye and she sat down with her girlfriends.

She seemed disoriented and tense. The big guy was back with his friends and laughing at the bar. She was hot-faced and we noticed that the backside of her dress was rumpled and wrinkled. Her hair was tangled like she had been thrashed around, and she was no longer wore nylons.

The old Rick would have never noticed such a detail, but the new Renee saw everything. He noticed her face was flushed, no lipstick left, but her eyes were bright and shining with a deep light. After quickly checking in with her girlfriends, she rushed to the ladies room.

Rick whispered in a sweet high voice, "She must have really been jockeyed good. Look how she's walking." She was so young, innocent and pretty. There is something erotic about a freshly ravishing wife who just did a stranger.

I tried to change the subject, but Sue wouldn't help. She asked Rick, "How can you tell that she just did it?"

“By looking at each of them. It must have been exciting for both of them.” He emphasized ‘both.’

Mae West was right, ‘There are no good girls gone bad, just bad girls found out.’ There is a woman’s instinct to breed babies, but the impulse as to ‘who’ changes with the time of month. Some women have an uncontrollable urge to mate when an alpha male offers.

About then the man who had escorted the brunette to his car, asked Rick to dance. Rick looked thrilled to be asked. Rick leaned over to me and joked, “I wish I knew my cycle. I don’t want to get pregnant...”

“Trust me,” I stated, “you won’t.”

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Rick started seeing counselors who specialize in Gender Identity Disorders, the treatment of men and boys who want to live as females. There are more guys like that than you’d imagine.

After seeing Rick, they were impressed with his efforts and encouraged him. Because I was the wife, I had to sign waivers and he had his name legally changed from Richard Lawrence to Renee Lynn Loren. That snowball I nudged was now a full-fledged avalanche.

Rick’s appointment for his implants arrived and he asked me to accompany him. There was no way that I was going to let my little sister go through it alone. I grabbed an overnight case and drove us to the hospital.

The woman handling check-in was pleasant, she checked Rick’s ID, glanced at him, and then smiled and pushed the papers across the desk. Rick signed them, I witnessed his signature, and he was off to be prepped for womanly implants.

I tried to think of it this way. The bust line is an important part of feeling like a woman. I was sure that Rick felt uncomfortable stuffing his bra and wanted full, natural breasts look to go with his female clothes.

Rick woke up in recovery and he was a bit groggy. When he realized where he was, he saw the bulges under his gown and instantly got excited. "Oh my, I did it!" he gasped in a squeaky, high voice. "They look huge."

"Big titties! That is what you wanted, right?" I handed him ice cube chips to ease his tummy from the anesthesia. A nurse put him into a front fastening, lightweight recovery bra.

Seeing the swollen, bruised lumps on his chest, Rick tried to smile, but gave me a feeble thumbs up. "There is no hiding THOSE under male clothes," I stated the obvious.

"Once I'm healed, I'm borrowing your sexy, low-cut dress. I think I'm going to win our bet!" He moaned as he lifted his arms up.

"Lot of pain, lot of gain," I teased. "You can always have them removed."

"Please stop thinking of me as a husband."

"It's a deal, Renee," I told him as I kissed his forehead and then I glanced at his boobs. "Even I can't think of you as a guy with a rack like that!"

"The first thing I'm doing once I can lift a box is to give away all my male clothes. Men's clothes won't fit me any longer, and I no longer like sports, other than playing tennis while hunky guys watch me in a flirty skirt," Rick announced.

"You are going to be bouncing pretty good out there. You are going to need a couple of really good bras," I suggested.

"Maybe they have an opening? Are you up for a chest makeover too?" he asked sweetly as the nurse came in.

She helped him out of his pink medical gown and asked, "Do you need a bag for your old blouse and bra?"

"I'll need to wear them out?" he said, confused.

"Oh honey," the nurse said, "that bra is not going to fit you anymore. We will provide you with several recovery brassieres and a blouse."

When the nurse left, Rick said, "I'm done with boy clothes? I am only going to be wearing only pretty soft girl things."

I knew Rick was still in some shock from the anesthesia and operation. The nurse came back and slipped the straps of a perfectly fitting bra over his shoulders and he felt the weight and everything settle into the cups.

Rick gasped from his muddle, "They look real and so big?"

"They are. They move and jiggle and everything like real breasts do. And they will draw a lot of attention. Sometimes that is annoying, but you'll get used to it," the nurse said.

"He'll learn men can be a pain in the butt," I joked.

"Expect a significant increase in attention from men," the nurse winked. "You should always wear a bra during the day. The more you wear support, the better your breasts should age over time. That doesn't mean that from time to time and with certain outfits, you can't go braless. Remember, when you do anything that makes your breasts bounce, it is important to support them."

Rick's hands went to the full cups and the new industrial support bra.

"Let's try another bra," the nurse said holding up another bra.

Out of the first bra, Rick stuck out his arms and his new flesh stood proudly out too. In the shoulder straps, the nurse fastened it in back and adjusted the straps and felt the front. "How does that one feel?" she asked.

"I don't know," Rick said, looking down in shock.

"Is it too tight?"

"I don't know. I can't see my feet?"

"Feet are over rated," the nurse laughed. "No one ever wants bigger feet. Do you like this bra better?"

That next bra was softer and the nurse explained, "Most of the girls like this style the best during recovery. It's lace and pretty and great for showing off your new figure. Bet as a little boy, you never thought you'd be `stacked?'"

As if he wasn't on the verge of fainting, Rick cupped his hands over his breasts—steering clear of the incisions. Even through the bra, he found a stiffened nipple, feeling the lace and teasing his fingertips over the upper swell—and then, with only the barest hesitation, he cuddled the heavy softness in his hands.

"How many cc's did the doctor put in?"

"He was able to get the big ones in," she smiled.

"Gawd, I'm stacked," Rick gasped like he didn't know what they were going to do. "Don't get me wrong, it's a nice surprise."

The nurse said, "You must squish those poor babies down until they heal. Don't take the bumpy way home." The utilitarian white bra was doing a heck of a job restraining to soft fleshy mounds.

Rick blushed as the nurse continued, "You are a full C cup. When you first put on a bra, I bet you never imagined you'd have your own lingerie drawer?"

The very thought made him squirm in a combination of guilt, confusion and embarrassment.

Rick looked at the mirror, assessing his figure as the nurse talked about bras, avoiding under wires and how bras that fastened in front was probably best the first few weeks. How I might have to help in the back for a few days.

The bra talk was obviously a big thrill for him, but it also sort of innocently sweet, a kind of sisterhood.

Maybe being bra bound and tied, and the sight of his massive and swollen aching chest would be the things to make Rick run back to pants?

"I think I like them a lot!" he said.

The icing on the cake was while the nurse talked of the other "boys." She said, pulling her shoulders back, "Having big breasts can either be a big deal or no deal. Personally, who wouldn't want big breasts?"

The nurse continued to show Rick how to care for his breasts, wounds and soreness. If Rick felt uncomfortable, self-conscious and embarrassed, he did not show it. Everyone seemed so excited for him. All the nurses wanted to share their pride of breasts and bras with him like some kind of feminine ceremonial ritual.

When the doctor came in to release him, he saw the excitement in Rick's eyes. He said, "Are we taking good care of you or what? You are certainly not the first boy to do this and none have come back for removal. If you are happy so far, I'm going to give you some pills and an injection. It will make you feel more like a part of the 'club'."

He patted Rick on the back before swabbing his backside with antiseptic and then jammed a big needle into his backside. It was the longest, biggest needle I'd ever seen.

"Is that for pain?" Rick asked.

"These are little pellets that dissolve over six months to keep your new breasts soft and healthy," said, adding, "Curb your physical activities for a week or two and restrict your arm of movements but you can get all the boys' looks and stares you want."

"Can he still do housework?" I asked.

"Our princess should not do vacuuming for a couple weeks. We don't want his new breasts thumping around all over the place. He'll get the 'hang' of having breasts

in a couple weeks....” The doctor laughed at his own joke.

Rick stared at his reflection in the mirror as the doctor tweaked at the bra straps and showed him how the back of the bra should be straight, not pulled up. He said, “Don’t operate any heavy machinery for a few weeks.”

“Because of the pills?” Rick asked.

“I don’t want you getting your breasts in any machinery....” The doctor again joked. “Seriously, it will take you a couple weeks to get used to the ‘big girls’ up front.”

Rick just sat there. He had always been fascinated with bras and female breasts. Of course this fascination was there, strangely, I had never told him how uncomfortable having those bags of soft flesh stuck to one’s chest could be?

Suddenly, Rick was realizing that while he was addicted to lingerie, his bra wearing was taking on a new dimension. When he stood or sat up, they stood out the typical shape, jutting forward proudly, but when he laid back, his breasts would flatten and flow to the side.

The doctor had him stand and walk across the room in his bra. As he walked, he felt a slight jiggle and bounce even in the recovery bra. The doctor ordered the nurse to tighten the shoulder straps a bit more to prevent only the slightest movement.

The doctor asked, “You like??”

“They are awfully big?” Rick sighed.

“They are swollen but will settle in. Since these are your first breasts, they will feel like they are getting in the way when you do anything in front of you.”

“I hope he likes them?” I said.

The doctor said, “Many of the boys experience regret upon seeing such a major change in their body and that can take some time to get used to. Most girls grow

breasts gradually as they mature; instead it's like his beautiful boobs just sprouted up on his chest!"

"When can I play tennis?" Rick asked.

"You'll know," The doctor smiled, "You were able to run around before, but after augmentation, your chest will move up and down and impair your movement. Not so much because large breasts decrease mobility, but you'll learn to fear exposure to appraising males and their sexualizing stares and even other women."

"He'll learn to confine them with good bras," I laughed.

The doctor smiled, "Full recover takes a month and involves progressing through many changes, both emotionally and physically. Many guys like Rick have spent a lifetime trying to be manly and now must learn how to deal with accepting that they are not."

"I've given up trying," Rick said.

"That will be obvious to everyone now. Some boys become hyper self-conscious about their breasts and can't even look at themselves in the mirror. Putting on lingerie used to be exciting for the boy part of their brain. Now, seeing their own flesh filling a bra, they feel totally impotent...the best word to describe it is 'cowed.'"

This could be good. I thought. Rick might want to go back to his "old sporting ways".

The doctor said. "We want to encourage his chest as a pleasure center. The shot I gave him should calm everything down, down and everything up, up." The doctor laughed at his witty remark. "I believe that massage helps or at least it gives both his hands something to do."

We chatted for a while before the doctor decided that he it would be okay to be release Rick. I helped him into a loose top with a cute skirt and sandals and we headed home.

It took about six weeks to fully recover from the surgery. The first couple weeks I did everything I could to make him comfortable, ice packs, buying a comfortable chair that he could sleep upright in, and helping him with his surgical bra.

It took Rick some time getting adjusted to the change. Implants changed his balance a little. "Gawd," he sighed, "They are so big and always in the way!"

"You want to know something? You have big breasts and it just takes some time to get comfortable with a new body shape. I'm having a problem with your new body too. Your boobs are bigger than mine!"

"They are still a little swollen," he moaned. "I can't raise my arms without being made aware of them. I used to be able to throw on a t-shirt and run around without THEM in the way."

I smiled to myself. Was this what Rick needed? A good pain in the tatas? I said, "Once they heal, you'll get used to them. Or you can have them removed..."

"Gawd no!" he squealed. "They feel incredible! Especially when they're jiggling and or moving. They are a physical reminder and symbolize my sexuality and represent female fertility. And they're soft, jiggle and becoming fun to massage."

I found out that taking care of Rick's nipples during recovery was equally important to wearing the right bra. The doctor had given him that injection to develop his nipples. When the stitches were removed, he said, "There is no need to worry if the nipples stick out. In fact we want to encourage them to stand out. In the beginning the nipple shape may be abnormally big but it improves naturally because of the effect of those pregnancy hormones in the injection. I suggest massage is a natural and helpful exercise for the nipples and will not harm them."

Being new, several times a day Rick's new mounds required massage. He would rotate the flats of his

fingertips with gentle but firm pressure in concentric circles starting from the largest portion of his breast and working all around the breast towards the nipple. Then light tickles as he very gently raked his fingernails from the top of his breast towards the nipple. Then he had to lean over and give his breasts a light jiggle.

Rick said to me, "After the initial discomfort, my boobs and I are getting used to each other. They are a lot of work but I'm beginning to think of them as part of me. I can see how having breasts can be quite pleasurable. I just need to toughen them up."

I agreed, "Being a bit rough on the 'girls' can actually feel kind of good...as strange as that sounds."

**CONTINUED IN BOOK TWO**

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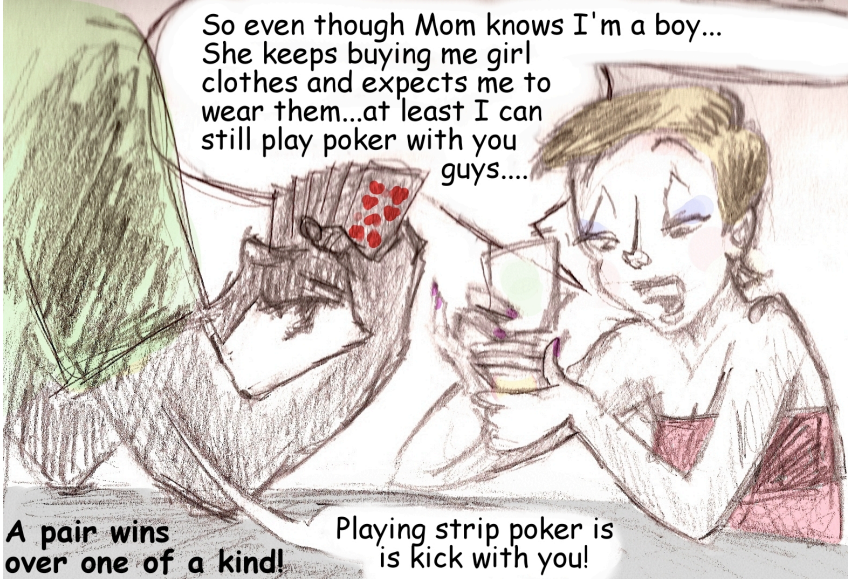
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