

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"SELF-MADE LADY"



AFTER A QUARREL, CHARLIE'S WIFE HIDES HIS CLOTHES. HE GETS EVEN BY WEARING HERS!

LIKE A WOMAN # 3 Sandy Thomas Books

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2 – LIKE A WOMAN

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TV FICTION

Volume 3

SELF-MADE LADY

(Charlie to Charlotte)

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“SELF-MADE LADY”

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QUOTE BOARD

“You know what you believe...

Make others go find their own beliefs.”

SELF-MADE LADY

Written by Sandy Thomas

“I love the way my wife dresses,” were Charlie’s thoughts right after their wedding.

Now a few years later, Charlie Wilson was boiling mad! Not a clean shirt in the house, and he was already late for his appointment! His marriage to Regina was almost a perfect one only marred by her constant forgetfulness in sending out and picking up their cleaning and laundry, and most of all by her constant borrowing of his clothes and personal belongings without consulting with him first!

Regina and Charlie were the same height and weight, 5’8” and 130 lbs. Unfortunately for him, she wore the same size in just about everything including shoes. At first, it was cute when Regina began to wear his shirts with the shirttails tied up in midriff fashion. It became a problem when she extended her borrowing to his slacks, sport

4 – LIKE A WOMAN

shirts, sweaters, shoes, robe and almost everything else in his limited wardrobe.

When he first complained to Regina about her continuous confiscations of his things, she had pouted a little and then promised that she would not borrow in the future without his permission. This promise held for less than 24 hours. “After all,” she told him, “you can borrow my things and I wouldn’t object, so why should you make an issue over some silly clothes. I wouldn’t!”

After two years of wedded bliss, Charlie’s firm sent him to Los Angeles since they wanted inspection reports on the properties they were acquiring in that area. They wanted him to gather accurate information about their present clients and possible new ones. For Charlie, it was a wonderful opportunity to work from his home, be his own boss, and set his own hours.

Regina, who had been an efficient secretary, decided that she wanted to work part time, and took a position with the Apples Girl Service, who provided temporary help for medical and business firms. She enjoyed the variety, meeting new people, and the opportunity to stay home several days during the month.



**“I love the way my wife dresses,”
were Charlie’s thoughts right after
their wedding.**

“What a perfect marriage this would be if only she would leave my clothes alone,” Charles thought. “I have to do something drastic to put an end to this nonsense!”

Charles, minus his shirt and tie, grabbed a tie, and rushed out of the house. His wife had left earlier. Luckily he found a men’s furnishing store open and bought a shirt, but at a much higher price than he would normally have paid. He put it on and went to work.

All during the day, he thought of ways to get Regina to stop wearing his clothes. He was still thinking about this when he returned home after work. He had to do something, and soon, or he would become a nervous wreck. He certainly didn’t want to fight with Regina about it. He had tried before and it had proven useless.

He removed his shirt and tie and hung them in the closet thinking that he would probably have to wear them again the next day. Regina would probably forget to pick up the dry cleaning that he would have been happy to do if he only knew which laundry.

He was about to put on a sport shirt when he noticed one of Regina’s colorful blouses alongside it. He became even more upset when he noticed several freshly laundered and ironed blouses

nearby in contrast to the solitary shirt that he had bought that morning.

“Bet she wouldn’t like it if I borrowed her blouse, especially if she wanted to wear it that day,” he thought. “That’s it! I’ll just slip into her blouse this evening. When she gets in, she will explode and agree not to borrow from me IF I will leave HER things alone.” The more he thought about it, the better he liked this idea. There would be no arguments and Regina would be the one to bring up the subject of borrowing clothes.

He removed his undershirt and quickly slipped into the long-sleeved pink nylon blouse and buttoned it down the front. He tucked the blouse into his trousers and then occupied himself until Regina returned.

Regina noticed that Charlie was wearing her blouse when she came home that evening. Being above average in intelligence, she easily guessed what he was doing. “Well, I’ll fool him,” she thought. “I won’t say a word about it and he will forget it when he realizes that he can’t get response from his shenanigans!”

“How was your day, honey?” she asked apparently oblivious to his attire. “I had an easy day myself. I only had to answer the phones.”

Disappointed by her silence on the blouse he was wearing and sensing what she was doing, he decided to go along with her. He determined that he would not comment unless she noticed first.

Conversation was forced as they sat down to eat their dinner. Each was determined that the other would be the first to say something about him wearing her blouse. That evening, Regina borrowed one of Charlie's pajama tops before crawling into bed. If she expected him to say something, she was in error, but he was awake most of the night fuming over her silence.

He was still angry when he came home from work the next day and vowed that he would make Regina take notice. When Regina came home, she found Charlie not only wearing one of her nicer blouses, but also wearing a pair of her capris and thongs. It took an effort to pretend not to notice. The evening proceeded as if he was conventionally dressed. Two can play at this game.

After dinner, Regina did the grocery shopping, and 'borrowed' one of Charlie's knit sport shirts to wear with her capris. She continued to wear it after returning home. She saw that she made a dent in Charlie's armor when she took it off, both

aware that the knit had been stretched out by her ample breasts. Charlie would not be able to wear it again until it was dry cleaned to its former shape.

Regina was the first in bed that night, and although it was warmer than the day before, she wore another of Charlie's pajama tops. When Charlie joined her, the lights were already out. It was a good thing for Regina that he could not see her face. As his knees brushed up against her, she became aware that he was wearing one of her nightgowns! Still, neither said a word about this change of nightly costume, and more surprisingly, they had a most perfect night of marital bliss.

The next morning, Charlie had already finished breakfast and was preparing to leave, when Regina joined him, wearing his bathrobe, which she had done often before, to avoid soiling her nicer things. But this morning, it was to force her husband to make some remark that would open the subject of clothes borrowing. This he would not do, and he left for work angrier than the preceding day!

That evening, Charlie decided to make a stronger effort to get Regina to say something

about wearing her clothes. Thinking that capris and blouses were not sufficiently different from his clothes, he decided to go a step further.

Being the same size as Regina, he had no problem wearing one of her new bras padded with paper to fill it out. He slipped on a chartreuse blouse with short sleeves and a wide oval neckline, very much aware of the projections from his chest. He enjoyed the way it felt and looked.

His wife would surely notice his new contours, even if she did not notice his, or rather her, clothes. A short, deep green, flared skirt and a pair of Regina's mid-heeled shoes completed his outfit. He sat in welcome anticipation of the blowup that surely would come when she came home.

He was disappointed! For when Regina walked in, she made no comment whatsoever about his dress, and acted as if it was just another normal evening. It was not the same for Charlie, who was feeling somewhat different walking at a different elevation than normal and of misjudging clearances because of his newly acquired bosom. Unaccustomed movements were called for because of this, and the short, tight skirt he was wearing. He found these different sensations very

pleasing and might have enjoyed them even more, if he wasn't anticipating a barrage from Regina that she was determined would not come.

"Would you like to go with me to pay the rent at the Manager's office?" she asked, knowing full well that Charlie would not leave the apartment dressed as he was. When she returned a short while later, she gave no sign of her rising anger.

When they were ready to retire for the evening, she handed Charlie one of her nightgowns and robe, and mid-heeled mules. She anticipated an outburst from him, but received no satisfaction. Charlie accepted the items and wore them as if it was the normal thing to do.

Regina had departed when Charlie awoke, as her job that day was in an outlying area. Charlie enjoyed his breakfast wearing the nightclothes he had worn the night before, relishing the weightlessness of the garments. He thought about how pleasant the nylon against his body. He thought of how wonderful the past night was, so much better than before. He wondered if the freedom of movement that his wife's clothes allowed contributed to making their evening such a blissful one.



Charlie still wore the gown as he shaved and planned his day's work.

Charlie still wore the gown as he shaved and planned his day's work. His peaceful mood was shattered when he discovered that there was not one clean undershirt or shorts for him to wear.

He was suspicious that this was part of his wife's campaign to force him to break first. He was committed to the conflict and he was not going to give in easily. "I'll just liberate her panties for today," he thought and went to her drawer.

It was full of pastel and bright colors of lace and nylon. He started to change his mind, but reached out for the most ornate pair, knowing that they were Regina's favorite. He liked the way they felt as he slipped them up his legs and over his hips. The elastic band was softly soothing as it hugged his waistline. He liked vivid colors and the bright red nylon panties pleased this part of his personality, a part that he normally did not indulge.

While inspecting the properties scheduled for the day, he thought of ways to force Regina to acknowledge his unusual dress, and above all to promise to leave his things alone in return for the same by him. He decided to carry things a step further that evening and really surprise his wife!

Once home, he undressed and slipped into her skirt and shoes. He unwrapped inflatable inserts for his bra that he bought that afternoon. He felt they might make Regina notice, since their appearance was more natural. He inflated them to the proper size and placed them in the cups of her bra and then hooked it in the back.

He put on a multi-color blouse with 3/4 sleeves and added a three inch wide belt that cinched his waistline, making it look smaller than it really was. He was pleased with what he saw in the mirror and decided that he would add a pair of Regina's sheerest hose to complete the outfit. He was surprised at the delightful feelings when he rolled the hose up his legs and the feel of the elastic tops as they hugged his thighs, holding the hose in place.

Dressed in his wife's blouse, skirt, hose, bra, and shoes, he proceeded to set the table for dinner. He enjoyed the swish of the short skirt that barely hid the top of his hose, and relished at his appearance in the mirror.

When Regina came home that evening, Charlie, who was sitting on the couch enjoying television, arose to greet her. He enjoyed the feel of nylon hose on his crossed legs and the control

he had to exercise to keep his skirt long enough to hide his red panties beneath, which peaked out when he bent over.

Regina took in his appearance, missing nothing, but gave no indication that she noticed anything unusual. As before, she acted as if nothing unusual were taking place. She teased him with occasional remarks that she felt might force him to acknowledge the way he was dressed.

“I saw a lovely mini-dress today. It had cute short sleeves and a low neckline that shows quite a bit of cleavage. It was in a beautiful print,” she teased, “but perhaps I shouldn’t talk about MY clothes since you wouldn’t be interested in woman talk, would you?”

Charlie did not show that he was aware of what she was attempting. He made small talk as if nothing were different than it had been some days ago. He was not surprised when he found a fresh nightgown and robe on their bed as he prepared for sleep. He would not say anything until Regina complained about him was wearing her clothes.

Neither said anything at breakfast the next morning, each dressed in identical garments. They talked about their work, but not the clothes that Charlie was wearing. Charlie only had phone calls to make this Friday morning and Regina left after finishing breakfast.

It was a lazy day for Charlie and his mind kept wandering back to how to resolve their ‘problem’ once and for all. Today was a good day to give it a try and he soon conceived a plan of action and proceeded to put it into effect.

Perhaps the skirt and blouse were not obvious enough. He selected a new beige mini dress that Regina had not yet worn. It was a very short ‘A’ line dress that belted under the bustline and had just the suggestion of a sleeve and the cutest jeweled pin above the right breast. Knowing that hose would be ludicrous because the dress was so short, he selected a new pair of pantyhose with abbreviated sides so that no hint of panty portion showed no matter how he sat or moved. A beige bra with his recently purchased inserts was placed on the bed alongside these items.

“This would be an impossible game plan,” he thought, “if Regina and I weren’t the same size in everything! Then again, we wouldn’t have this

problem in the first place!" He decided to go for the 'kill'. He would borrow 'everything'. That would break down her pride.

He selected an orange and gold choker to fill the void of the square neck mini-dress, and then matching earrings that would dangle most nicely. He took Regina's favorite shoulder length blonde wig from the closet. He placed it on the bed near three thin gold bracelets.

He shaved every vestige of hair from his body from his neck to his ankles. It was spooky to lather in the shower under hairless arms, chest, and up and down his smoothly shaven legs. After drying, he donned a hot pink, hip length terry coat and proceeded to rummage through his wife's cosmetic drawer. "Yes," he said to himself, "I'll wear everything of hers."

He selected pancake makeup, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, lash extender, comb, and a variety of brushes, and placed them on the sink near his razor. It was nearly 2 p.m. and Regina was not expected before five. He decided to wait until the very last minute before he shaved and put on this unfamiliar assortment of cosmetics, so that his appearance would be so realistic that she would virtually be forced to say something.

He removed the terry coat and slipped his legs into pantyhose. It felt strange slipping his feet into the hose and rolling the pantyhose up each clean-shaven leg and over his hips. He finished by making sure there were no wrinkles. As he stood up to put on his bra and inserts, he felt the stretch of nylon across his lower body. He felt a tingling as he tightened and hooked his bra firmly to his smoothly shaven chest. He slipped on a pair of Regina's dressy shoes, put on one of her housecoats, and watched TV for two hours.

At 4 p.m. he shaved much closer than usual, his unusual appearance in the mirror. He clumsily applied the assortment of makeup he had selected. How smooth the sponge felt as it glided across his face!

He used an eyebrow pencil with more zeal than skill. He was not satisfied until he plucked out a few scraggly hairs to give his brows a uniform appearance. He outlined the upper lid of his eyes, extending the line beyond the corner.

He brushed color on the upper lids before applying lash extender to the lower lids. His eyes appeared huge! He outlined his lips with a sable-tipped brush as he had seen Regina do many times before filling in with lipstick. After lightly

applying rouge to his cheeks, he finished with pressed powder the same shade as the pancake makeup.

He was surprised at how fast time had flown. It was after 5 PM and Regina would soon be home. He stepped into the minidress and raised it over his body enjoying the feel as he gently urged it over his bust. He finally zipped up the dress and hooked it. He clumsily attached the long earrings to each ear and fastened the choker around his neck. He slipped on three gold bracelets.

He walked to the mirror to examine his image and to arrange his wig. Although he had seen his face while applying his makeup, he was stunned by the total picture he saw in the full-length mirror. The shoes and pantyhose made his feet appear smaller and his legs shapelier and feminine.

He examined his legs to his hips where his minidress began, then to his bustline above his belt. His face was that of a stranger, a feminine person. A slight toss of his earrings as he turned was delightful. The change was astounding and he was this new feminine person.



He walked to the mirror to examine his image and to arrange his wig.

It was not until he had adjusted the wig and arranged the hair over his shoulders that he began to have doubts about his plan. What he saw in the mirror was a very attractive counterpart of his wife. Nothing of Charlie was visible.

The trim figure was MOST pleasing to him. He felt his pantyhose hug his legs and hips more closely, and felt his artificial breasts rising with his emotions as if they were actually a part of his body. He was elated as he examined his beautifully made up face. He tossed his head to one side allowing his hair to flow about his face more properly. He sat down in a daze.

He thought, "What if I get to like THIS and Regina doesn't give in and doesn't say anything?" He calmed down, thinking, "She MUST give in when she sees me tonight. I certainly would if I were in her place." He vowed that she would be the loser in their 'contest of wills'!

He went into the kitchen to get a much-needed drink and it was then that Regina came home. "Charlie, I'm home. Are you there?" she asked, not seeing him.

"Be with you in a minute. I'm just getting a drink," he replied.

When Charlie walked into the living room, there was a silence and for the first time Regina looked startled. She quickly regained her composure and asked about his day as if nothing was unusual, all the while taking in the appearance of this stranger.

‘He looks so authentic,’ she thought, ‘Yes, he looks very good as a woman. I’m surprised that he could make himself look so natural; however, he is in for a rude shock if he expects me to comment on his appearance. I’ll wait for him to say something first!’

Regina asked, trying not to show any bewilderment in her voice, “Oh CHARLOTTE, please help me set the table while I get our dinner ready.”

“Certainly dear,” Charlie replied, while thinking, ‘if she thinks that she will get a rise out of me by calling me a feminine name, she has another think coming!’

Regina handing him a white apron and said matter-of-factly, “Don’t want to ruin your skirt, right?”

Regina constantly wore an apron when doing housework, and she made sure that her aprons always had frills and flounces. Charlie started to

make the mistake of complaining that a flouncy apron looked ridiculous over blue jeans, but held his tongue.

During the meal, they talked about their work, about the vacation they were planning, about their families, about everything EXCEPT what they were thinking.

Charlie noted that Regina was examining him closely for flaws. She didn't easily find any. Regina thought that despite the excellent appearance that Charlotte made, she could help him improve his feminine appearance.

She did not show her amusement as Charlie smoothed the very brief dress when he sat down and the strange expression on his face as he viewed the long expanse of leg when they sat on the couch with their legs curled under them.

She was also amused when Charlie excused himself to freshen his makeup and how little awkwardness there was when he moved about the room. Later during the evening when Charlie excused himself to answer nature's call, Regina thought how awkward this first time 'in a dress' would be for him.

Despite the humor of the situation, Regina was starting to get angry. “He is carrying this too far!” she thought, “I’ll think of something to stop this silliness.”

When they were ready to retire for the evening, Regina remarked, “Charlotte, you should remove your makeup before you go to bed or you will ruin your lovely complexion.” Charlie did as she suggested and although Regina did not lie out a gown and robe as she had done the night before, Charlie obtained them for himself.

Despite the anger and unhappiness present that evening, a most romantic evening passed too quickly and Charlie was definitely present.

Charlie had committed to an unalterable course of action, and the next morning, being Saturday, he not only borrowed her panties, capris, bra, sweater, and shoes, but also put on makeup as he had the night before and the wig.

“You’ll need a DIFFERENT bra for your sweater, Charlotte honey,” was the only remark that Regina made about his appearance. At the same time, she touched up the wig to make it appear neater.

Regina anticipated that they would spend their usual weekend at home. They made it a

practice to dress for dinner since they were married on a Saturday, and to serve it by candlelight. Regina expected Charlie to honor this custom and to make his appearance instead of Charlotte, at least for this evening. In anticipation of the temporary halt in their conflict, Regina anticipated dressing in her most feminine fashion. Thus she was tolerant of Charlotte's dress and actions during the day.

This did not help the situation. Charlie was disappointed that Regina said nothing. He felt jealous in addition to his disappointment when he saw that Regina was planning to appear especially feminine that evening. He resolved that he would take the same pains and when Regina saw that he meant business, she would bring up the subject that both had been avoiding and they could get back to normal again.

When Regina sat down and applied nail polish to her fingers, Charlotte did the same. When she did the same to her toenails, Charlotte did likewise. When Regina applied her makeup, Charlotte did also. The duplication of efforts continued without comment until both were ready to dress.

There was a bit of hostility when Regina picked out a dress to wear. Charlie said, “AHHH, I had hoped to wear that tonight.”

Regina forced a smile and said, “Why dear, I think it will look very nice on you. I’ll wear the chiffon.”

It was not a pleasant sensation for Regina, who had dressed in her best chiffon gown, with sheer hose and her highest heeled shoes, wearing her best pearl necklace and earrings to sit down by candlelight and observe Charlie, who obviously was wearing his waist cinch under his new black sheath basic dress. He was also wearing her only pair of sheer black pantyhose underneath, since she didn’t see an outline of panty through the fitted sheath.

Charlie added insult to injury by adding glitter to his hair and walking correctly on his high heels. Regina’s favorite dangling rhinestone earrings and necklace enhanced his appearance. Regina would have been happier if his makeup had not been so artfully applied and if his figure was less attractive. She couldn’t avoid looking at his bustline. It hard to believe that there was really nothing to it.

Regina seethed and said little during their meal. "At least he could forget our disagreement for this one evening," she thought. "He is going too far! I need to do something to bring this to a head." Finally she thought she had it.

They sometimes went out for a while on Saturday evenings and knowing that Charlie would not go out dressed as he was, she asked after dinner, "Charlotte, would you come to the drugstore with me to buy some things? I'll meet you in the garage when you are ready," and without waiting for his reply, she left the apartment to give him time to change clothes.

This was the moment of truth. If Charlie returned to his normal dress, Regina would win, since he would be acknowledging that something unusual was going on, and it would give Regina a method of putting a stop on this silliness.

It was some minutes later that Regina was surprised to see Charlotte, not Charlie, approach the car, wearing her beaded black sweater, white gloves just over the wrist, and clutching an evening bag in his gloved hand. Not to be outdone she commanded, "Get in," and they were on their way to the store.

Charlie waited in the car, despite Regina's entreaties to come in the store with her and felt certain that Regina would explode when she returned to the car, but he was to be disappointed. "I could use a drink, Charlotte, couldn't you?" Regina asked.

"Yes, I sure could," Charlie replied in anticipation of returning home and relaxing over a scotch and soda after this trying day.

Regina was not in a good mood and surprised Charlie by pulling into the driveway of the City Grill and Bar before he was aware what was happening. The attendant opened the passenger door and Charlie found himself swiveling around in the seat to exit from the car in as graceful a manner as possible. He was joined by Regina who grabbed him firmly by the elbow and led him into the dimly lit bar.

The hostess thought they were two attractive women out for the evening. They declined to check their wraps indicating they only wanted an after dinner drink, so they were seated at one of the little tables next to the bar.

Somewhat nervous, Charles duplicated Regina's movements as she placed her purse on the small round table and removed her gloves.

After giving their drink order to the cocktail waitress, Charlie fumbled in his small evening bag for a lipstick, hoping to hide his uneasiness.

Charlie was a scotch and soda drinker, but didn't feel it was appropriate to order that when dressed as Charlotte, so he ordered a King Alphonse. He thought that he would sip his drink until they were ready to leave, but he was to find out otherwise.

"Charlotte, just look at the lovely dress that woman is wearing! Isn't it stunning?" Regina asked, knowing that any response would be difficult.

Charlie kept his eyes on his drink eyeing the red lipstick on the rim. He nodded his agreement.

Regina sensing his uneasiness, continued, "Isn't that blonde's hairstyle most outlandish? It does nothing for her. It would make a very nice style for you though, dear."

"I must find a new hairdresser, my stylist doesn't do anything for me. Who does your hair, darling?" she continued.

The forced one-sided conversation continued, but ended when two nicely dressed businessmen left the bar and approached their table.

“My name is Grant Smith and this is Victor Jones. We are from out of town and noticed that you two ladies are alone. We wondered if you would like to join us for a few drinks and maybe some dancing at Casey’s. It’s not too far from here and the band is very good.”

Charlie felt his face redden when Regina replied, “Let me talk it over with my GIRLfriend. We will let you know. Come CHARLOTTE, let’s go to the lady’s powder room and freshen up. We can talk over these boys delightful invitation. Shall we?”

Charlie was happy to pick up his purse, arise from the table, and follow Regina to the forbidden territory of the powder room. He was slowed down by his tight dress, which forced him to take delightfully short steps and by his high heels.

Regina enjoyed his embarrassment. There was something titillating about being so in control of her husband. Where was his rough and tough, controlling maleness now? He always made the big decisions. Regina now realized how submissive she had been to his wishes, but not now. There was no longer a male zone for Charlie to cling to. The one who wore the pants no longer ruled! Regina liked that.

Charlie had a look of horror as they entered the powder room, which was filled with women fixing their hair, rearranging makeup, straightening hose and freshening their perfumes. The outer vestibule was thick with the sweet scent of perfume. Regina sat down at the vanity and began redoing her makeup, which did not really need it, while Charlie stood awkwardly behind her not knowing what to do, but only for a moment. Regina looked at him and said, "Would you like to borrow my lipstick color, dear?"

Charlie wanted to give up on the spot. The shock of what was happening was suddenly extremely humiliating. He was frozen at how easily Regina had abruptly won their little war...or could he surprise her?

He took a deep breath and the bewilderment dissipated. Charlie decided to turn this to his advantage. "Okay," he thought, "this is what she wants...me to grovel." He sat down alongside Regina and duplicated her cosmetic maneuvers and then excused himself. He went behind the closed doors of the business section of the powder room for a minute to think. He knew she could see his high heels, nylons, and lacy panties under the stall door as he sat to do his business.

It was a successful maneuver. Regina stewed as she waited for him to return. Eventually he did and they returned to their table having not discussed the `offer`.

“Charlotte, dear, shall we accept the invitation and have a little MALE companionship tonight?” she asked as they neared their table.

“They seem nice enough and from out of town. That would be entirely up to you, darling,” was Charlie’s cool reply.

Regina winced and knew what she had to do. She did not accept the offer of an evening’s entertainment, using the excuse of a busy day ahead. Charlie realized he had made her back down. It was a shallow but pleasing victory.

“Sorry about that. Perhaps we can do it another time,” was Grant’s obviously disappointed reply. A short while later, they saw him talking to two other women at the bar.

Charlie smiled as Regina paid the bar bill leaving a much smaller tip than he would have left. He would have paid, but he had forgotten to put his wallet in his purse.

Neither said much while they were driving back to their apartment. Regina was bitter at not

having obtained the response she had wanted, and Charlie was equally angry because of what she had attempted to do to force him to concede.

As a jab to Charlie, Regina said, “Now I wish we had gone dancing with those men. Older men know how to treat women.”

“Me too,” Charlie announced defiantly, in order not to be victimized by her power.

“Next time we are definitely GOING!” Regina announced.

After removing their makeup and donning their nightgowns, Regina, noticing Charlie’s flat chest suggested, “Why don’t you wear a sleep bra tonight? These nightgowns look so much better with something in the cups.”

If she had expected an argument, she did not get it. Charlie removed the sleep bra from the bureau drawer, slipped the inserts into the cups, and climbed into bed alongside Regina. “That’s very nice,” she said, snuggling up next to Charlie.

Despite the feud, they were still in love. The night progressed as if they were still on their honeymoon except that Regina said, “I love you, Charlotte! Leave the bra on, okay?” For a brief while, all was forgiven.

There was no day off in this silent feud. Charlie did not put on his favorite blue denims and old T-shirt Sunday morning. The saying, “STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT,” was on his mind. Instead of his clothes, he slipped into panties, bra, and one of Regina’s freshly laundered housedresses.



Regina said, “I love you, Charlotte! Leave the bra on, okay?”

After applying Regina's makeup with as much skill as he could muster, he located of his wife's shorter styled wigs. This is how Regina found him when she awoke a short while later.

"If he thinks that I'm going to complain about his borrowing my things, he will have to think again!" she thought angrily. "When I get through with him, he won't know who he really is!"

Regina dressed in similar fashion and so dressed, they had breakfast. Unlike other times, Charlie helped clear the table and did the dishes, as it seemed the natural thing to do.

Afterwards, he excused himself and went to his desk to clear up paperwork that had accumulated during the week. It was fascinating doing his work while wearing a dress. It was less confining than his male clothes. Regina used his working period to catch up on the household chores.

She did not let up in her attempts to make him uncomfortable. She constantly said things that she hoped would get him angry enough to give up this stupid feud, such as, "Honey, I have to buy new panties tomorrow. Should I get a brief style like this one or flared legs like this other pair?" She held each pair against his waist.

She asked, “Should we buy some textured pantyhose or the panty briefs which show less when WE sit while wearing our short skirts?”

“Would you mind slipping into this skirt, honey? I want to shorten the hem and as we are the same size, I can measure it better on you.”

Charlie wasn’t about to be put off so easily. When he complied with each request, she added some backhanded compliment such as, “That skirt is lovely on you, but it is still my favorite. Please turn completely around so that I can see if the hem is even.”

She’d tease, “Charlotte, your makeup is applied beautifully, but we must go shopping soon and get cosmetics that is more suitable to your complexion.”

This type of banter continued through most of the day with Charlie never ignoring the questions or statements and making some suitable reply, not wanting to give Regina any satisfaction.

After dinner, Regina asked, “Would you mind if we went to the drugstore again tonight? There are some things we need and I will not have a chance to shop tomorrow.” Later, Charlie found himself at the scented cosmetic counter of the pharmacy.

A half hour later, Charlie had a complete set of makeup suited for him with the expert assistance of Regina. In the process, he had had acquired samples of various colognes and perfumes on his arms, neck and ears. He had not been able to protest these applications for fear that his voice would give him away.

Riding home, Regina teased, "That last perfume you sampled has a heavenly scent. It will bring out the tiger in the men. I'm glad we bought it for you. Your new cosmetics look elegant on you! I'm sure you won't mind when I borrow them occasionally."

He didn't answer. He was delighted with the scent of his perfume and it made him feel more feminine than he thought he was capable of feeling. He did not reveal these feelings to Regina.

What was intended only as a means of getting a reaction from Regina was developing into a routine. Once home, Charlie undressed, removed his makeup, applied skin lotion, put on his sleep bra and nightgown, and slipped into house slippers with the cute pink puff across the instep. Regina, similarly attired, joined Charlie on the couch to watch television.

When it was time to retire, Charlie informed Regina that he was going to take a shower and would join her in bed, but to not wait up for her. Sensing an opportunity not to be overlooked, Regina commanded, “Oh, Honey, take your shower in the morning. I like the way you smell. You would have to put on fresh cologne when you got out of the shower anyway. Unless, of course, you object to that lovely feminine scent you now have on?”

“You’re right, I can take my shower in the morning,” he replied. “Regina, isn’t it wonderful how a sleep bra and inserts make an improvement in an unendowed young lady like myself?”

Regina was furious, but forced herself not to show it. She would put an end to this tomorrow, one way or another. Instead of continuing with the subject, she suggested that she get them a drink before retiring. It relaxed both of them.

Sleep was difficult for Regina and her mind kept trying to find a solution that would force Charlie to be the first to give in. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she decided to take the drastic action she had been contemplating for the last two days.

Knowing that the sleeping pill she had slipped into Charlie's drink would allow her to move about undisturbed, she woke up earlier than usual and emptied all the clothes from Charlie's drawers into large laundry bags. She even included his personal jewelry and watch. With some difficulty, she carried them to the garage and put them in the trunk of her car.

Next, she cleaned the closets of every vestige of Charlie's wardrobe including both his robe and shoes and placed them in the trunk of her car, grateful as she carried them to the garage that he had such a limited wardrobe.

She cleaned out his personal items from the washroom, but did leave him his razor and other shaving gear. Finally, she removed the keys to her car from his keychain and substituted one of her colorful wallets and coin purse for his wallet, replacing the contents. Through all this activity, Charlie slept soundly and Regina was able to leave for work before he awoke.

"This should do it," she thought. "He has three inspections to make and he will be furious when he finds he can't leave the house. Then we can get back to normal. He wouldn't DARE go out in daylight in my things! Even if he does, when he

sees what I bring him tonight, he should be willing to give in. The money might be wasted, but I am not going to give him any breathing space!”

Sometime later, Charlie awoke and groggily stumbled into the bathroom where he removed his gown and sleep bra and took a shower, aware that he had to get rid of the scent of cologne. Still sleepy, he slipped into the hostess robe, thrilling to the image it created, and slipped on his mules. He shaved as he always did, although wearing different attire.

He was angry when he found his empty underwear drawer. Groggy, he thought, “Damn it, she forgot to take out the laundry again. I’ll borrow a pair of her panties. Would I dare borrow these if we hadn’t gotten into our feud?”

He slipped the panties over his hips, enjoying the slight tautness and went to his closet to get his trousers where it became obvious what his wife did. The closet was bare! He searched the house for his clothes, becoming angrier as he discovered not a single stitch of his own clothing.

He thought, “I WON’T let her get away with this! She thinks that I will stew here till she gets

home, then demand to know what happened to my things! She's dead wrong!"

Would he have the guts to go to work wearing her clothes? He thought, "It would be interesting to see if I can get away with it. I don't have to see anyone, but I will be amongst people. I did get away with it at the drugstore and bar. I really don't have a choice. Either I do or she wins."

He decided to attempt this womanly excursion, so he carefully proceeded to get ready for the soiree. He slipped on his bra and inserts and dabbed cologne on his neck, behind his ears, between the cups of his bra, and on his knees, the scent adding to his zest for the adventure ahead. He had to make himself as femininely attractive as possible, truly female, so there would be no fear of discovery and embarrassment.

Taking a waist cinch from her drawer, he slipped the garters through the legs of the panty brief he wore and rolled on a pair of Regina's sheerest hose and attached them firmly to the garters. He felt them pull as he stood up and felt these garments on his smooth body. What an ordeal it would be to spend a whole day wearing these unaccustomed clothes! He stepped into a

half-slip. He ran his hands down enjoying the feel of nylon against nylon.

He felt a shiver run down his spine as he ran his hands up each leg smoothing out his hose as he had seen Regina often do. He reviewed the image in full-length mirror and couldn't believe he was actually doing this.

He was amazed as he slid his nylon covered feet into his mules and proceeded to apply his new makeup. With painstaking care, he applied foundation, eye makeup, lipstick and rouge and the completed product pleased him. He saw "Charlotte" emerging in the mirror. He felt such a sense of accomplishment.

"Why am I enjoying this so much?" he thought. "I shouldn't be so ecstatic over silly clothes and cosmetics. Maybe it's that I'm not being bullied by Regina's stunts."

He slipped on a white tailored blouse, which he felt would be least conspicuous followed by a slim blue skirt which he let slither to rest at his hips. He tucked his blouse into his skirt and zipped the skirt up the back, opposite to the direction he normally used. He then lifted the skirt to his thighs and pulled the blouse hem taut as he had

observed his wife do. He lowered the skirt till it came to rest above his nylon clad knees.

Adding a blue and white ceramic necklace and earrings to complete his outfit, he borrowed his wife's extra watch when he discovered that his was missing. He decided to wear the blonde shoulder length wig he had worn previously. It was all that he needed to be 100% authentic. He used the mirror to properly arrange it.

His reflection was not exactly what he hoped for. A lovely, attractive, slender blonde woman with an impeccable complexion and with shapely and eye catching legs and trim ankles looked back at him. He looked younger than his 25 years as he gazed in sheer delight at his reflection.

It was the non-visual revelation that was most disturbing to Charlie. He ENJOYED his new look. He relished the feel of his feminine undergarments and the nylon hose attractively encased in mid-heeled shoes. His makeup felt heavenly as did the light brush of his hair resting on his shoulders.

The two attractive mounds of femininity protruding from his chest were a joy and the silken smoothness of his bare arms were a delight. The flow the slim skirt created for his

hips was pleasurable, giving them the appearance of more curves than were really there. The slim watch on his wrist and the movement of his earrings as he turned this way and that added zest to his feelings.

“Hold on boy,” he thought, “Better not get to like this too much. This will end once Regina gives in and admits defeat!”

On the other hand, he liked looking at the girl in the mirror. The pull of his skirt as he walked with short steps felt great. The necessity of getting to work forced him to stop his introspection.

Grabbing a large shoulder strap purse from the closet, he filled it with makeup, keys, and money, even putting the change in the coin purse. He slipped on a box jacket for the tailored suit and he was on his way to his first inspection.

Surprisingly, the day was uneventful. No one looked at him any differently than they would have at any other attractive female. He had lunch at a small restaurant where he gave his own order and did so unnoticed. He felt truly secure and safe from detection when he went to the Powder Room to freshen his makeup and other necessary activities, and was unchallenged.



He even took a few extra minutes to window shop in a close by shopping center.

He even took a few extra minutes to window shop in a close by shopping center, looking at the huge array of feminine apparel in the store windows. He called a halt when he found himself thinking, “I wonder how that blue dress would look on me? What a gorgeous color on that slip and bra! I would love to wear that on special occasions. What a divine pair of shoes to go with this suit!” He couldn’t prevent these thoughts from recurring no matter how hard he tried!

He luxuriated smoothing his skirt beneath his hips as he sat in the car with his pad on his skirted lap and wrote up his reports of the day’s activities. It was here, in the close confines of his car that he was most aware of the scent of his perfume. It was here, that he enjoyed the reflection of his face complete and blonde hair in the rear view mirror. It was like there was someone else in the car, but he knew it was his reflection.

It was later than usual when he returned home to find Regina worried and impatient. At first, she couldn’t figure out how he had been able to get out to do his work. When she discovered the washroom a mess with remnants of makeup in the washbasin, and the disarray of her clothes

and the missing items, it was all too apparent as to what had happened.

She never dreamed that he would have the nerve to spend an ENTIRE day in HER clothes. At least he had used his own makeup and perfume. Looking at the open perfume bottle, she thought that she must tell 'Charlotte' to close it when through so that it doesn't lose its strength. "What am I thinking?" she thought, "I'm supposed to be angry and not amused!"

Regina set the dinner table and prepared dinner while she waited. It would be interesting to see what Charlie looked like after a full day in the outer world. She hoped that he would be ready to compromise, but he would have to make the first move.

She was pleased for preparing for the possibility that Charlie would leave the house dressed in her clothes. The two items that she had purchased at her place of employment would cure him, even if forcing him to leave the house dressed as a girl had not. She was determined that when Charlie returned she would be oblivious to his dress, unless he made a remark.

When Charlie entered their apartment, Regina was amazed how well he looked and how much

more of 'Charlotte' had entered the room than Charlie. Apparently walking all day in high heels and a tight skirt had improved his posture and gracefulness. She was not prepared for the almost total picture of femininity that joined her. He asked, "How was your day, dear?"

"Just fine, CHARLOTTE, darling," she replied. "I worked for a new company today. Dear, I bought you two items they handle. I hope you don't mind my spending the money on you. They are things I know you will just adore. You can try them on after dinner. Meanwhile, why don't you change into something more comfortable?"

Charlie slipped into a shift, after carefully hanging up his borrowed clothes, and put on a pair of one-inch heel casual shoes. Dinner conversation was not unusual as Charlie told of the inspections he made and the fine lunch he enjoyed. Although his conversation was normal, he wondered what she had bought for him, and what part it played in her plot to get him to give in.

While helping Regina with the dishes, he admired her shapely legs as she leaned over the counter, and could not help thinking that his legs were equally attractive. Before they settled down

for the evening, Regina insisted that he try on the things that she had bought, as she wanted to see how they looked on him.

“What are they?” he asked.

“Open the packages. You don’t have to keep them if you don’t like them and YOU can return them and exchange them for something else,” she answered.

Two packages bearing the name of the ‘Artists Theatrical Agency’ on the labels was resting on the dresser. “Might as well open them and find out what she has for me,” he thought, “otherwise she might get a rise out of me!”

He blushed as he opened the first package. It contained two flesh colored false breasts of flesh colored material, which looked like the real thing. The instruction sheet said that they adhered to the chest by suction and when makeup was applied around the edges, could not be detected as false. Even the red nipples on each were most realistic.

The second package contained what first appeared to be a flesh colored strap. On closer inspection it was something entirely different. He should be angry about these gifts, but instead

started breathing fast with a growing impatience to try on these interesting gifts.

Closing the bedroom door, he stripped down completely. He struggled into the strap that was very, very tight and drew it over his hips. He noted how thin the flesh colored material was and how the edges blended perfectly with his skin. He had difficulty positioning his genitals in the only way the garment allowed. Once in place, the constrictive strap created the illusion of female genitals.

He pressed each falsie against his chest so that the suction held each one in place. They were almost a perfect match of his wife's breasts! Standing a short distance from the mirror, he looked every INCH a nude woman. The blond wig resting on his smooth bare shoulders added to the illusion.

"Regina doesn't think I'll show myself to her this way," he thought. "I must do so or the ballgame is lost! Still I better put something over my NUDE body!"

He slipped into a sheer blouse deliberately avoiding putting on a bra, he relished the sexy image in the mirror. A sheer panty brief slid up each leg, meeting no obstruction till it rested

gently on his waist. A very short flared skirt and shoes completed his dressing and he opened the door to rejoin his impatient wife.

He glided as gracefully as he could, feeling very female in every way. Regina looked at him and without apparent notice of the shapely breasts revealed by the transparent blouse, asked, "Do you like your new presents, Charlotte?"

"They obviously make everything fit better," he answered.

"The top is delightful and gives you the appearance that every well rounded young lady loves. Lift your skirt so that I can see what my other gift does for you."

Charlie blushed but lifted his short skirt, and then twirled around several times, the short skirt billowing out revealing to the startled Regina no vestige of masculinity. The impression was that this was all female. Charlie sat on the floor with his legs close together and tucked under his hips waiting for Regina to say something.



“The top is delightful and gives you the appearance that every well rounded young lady loves.

“Why don’t you put on a bra and change your blouse and help me with the grocery shopping? You don’t mind going with me, do you?” she asked, while thinking, “Darn, this isn’t turning out as I expected. What an attractive girl Charlie could be if I gave him some expert help although I certainly don’t intend to do so.”

Charlie accepted her invitation and perhaps because of his newly acquired endowments, removed his blouse, and in apparent bareness slipped a bra over his shoulders and leaning forward as he had seen Regina do, inserted his breasts in the cups. Sweetly he asked Regina to hook the bra in the back. Regina became more furious when Charlie selected a blouse that buttoned down the back and Regina again had to help.

It was a new experience for Charlie to grocery shop, pushing the shopping cart, loading it with food and sundries, going up to the check stand and paying for his purchases, and observing women, less neatly dressed and makeup less perfect than his as they performed similar functions. It was a sheer delight moving about the store with his revealing short skirt and

watching both men and women take a second look at his obvious attractiveness.

As Regina was driving back to their apartment, she said, “I like having company doing the shopping.”

Charlie nodded but kept thinking, “I do enjoy dressing and acting like a girl. I might as well enjoy it while I can since it must come to an end. It is such a thrill that I don’t care how long it takes for Regina to give in and ask that we change things back to what they were and to stop her borrowing. She should forget it if she thinks that I will ask where my clothes are when we get home. I think I will wear a minidress tomorrow and I know just the one that I want. The pink one with the belt halfway down the hips. I should look adorable in the fitted top now that Regina’s presents are mine.”

Noting how pleased Charlie seemed with his new found personality, Regina became even more determined to win out. “I have other plans and when I put them in force, we will see how long it is before he comes crying to me asking forgiveness and to get back to his own clothes,” she thought. “From here on out, I will REALLY treat him as a woman. After a few days of my

program, he should be ready to call it quits and ends this ridiculous affair.”

Charlie selected a transparent gown that evening relishing the sheer delight caused by his new breasts. It was with great nuisance that Regina looked at the utter femininity of her spouse through the transparent garment. She knew that in the tight garment, he would have to sit to pee like her. She chuckled to herself, “A little proper feminine hygiene and cleanliness is a good lesson.” She hated finding the toilet seat up at night.

Just to make a point, Regina laid out matching panties. A pair of pink, lace trimmed, full cut brief style nylon panties. She held them up before Charlie. “Aren’t these pretty? They go with that nightgown.”

Charlie stepped into the pink silken emasculators and easily pulled them up high on his waist where they belong, like a proper lady should always wear them.

Charlie blushed a bit, but knew what he had to proudly show Regina the front where the pink panties went into a feminine panty vee between his legs. “These fit very nicely,” he said. Instead of being embarrassed, he would show Regina that

for all intents, she had just neutered him. He began to feel the silken panties and how they rustled and rippled about his hips and loin when he moved and how they felt silky and shiny under the nightgown. It was also obvious, no normal husband/wife relations could happen while he wore that strap.

“Sweet dreams, honey. I’ll pick you up a few more tomorrow,” Regina giggled and turned her back to go to sleep.

As Charlie lay there, looking at the back of his wife, he heard her giggle. It was one thing to wear panties, another to move from fantasy and edge into the scary world of being treated like a female. Charlie realized he had just taken a very big step towards learning to ‘belong’ in panties.

All kinds of crazy thoughts were in his head. He ran his hands over his hips knowing there was little to feel between his legs. He thought he might sneak into the bathroom and remove the tightness, but he decided to leave it alone.

He has seen Regina dress everyday since their marriage either in panties or control pantyhose or a girdle. He asked himself if it possible for a male to become as panty dependent as women. Could

he ever really love being well sheathed in control panties?

“I must make it through the night,” he thought. How could anything feel so silky? Getting used to it was not a good feeling, but he was persistent and his desire to not surrender far outweighed the uncomfortable feeling.

For a couple of days after starting to wear the strap, he would wake up slightly queasy, but it quickly subsided. In the morning, peeling back the blanket and seeing the wonderful sight of a pretty nightgown was a wonderful way to start the day.

After fixing Regina her morning coffee, he bathed and changed into one of my daily housedresses to make breakfast. Not being bothered by the normal male ‘distraction’, he developed to the point of enjoying being so ‘streamlined’.

Charlie should have been totally humiliated from that first night tightly gaffed in his latex cache. It was also tight and confining, but over the next few nights he got used to it, especially when it came time to pee. He was forced to sit to pee like a girl, but he was all but totally

accustomed to it by his second week in skirts. Regina now treated Charlie as a female.

Charlie dressed for work feeling his slip lace swirl about the backs of his stocking covered knees and his pretty skirts rub against his panties. He felt totally dickless in having nothing between his legs. This brought Charlie to shivers, for he knew that it was true. He WAS wearing Regina's clothes and he LIKED being seen as a woman, but he had not yet come to admit it to himself.

For the next several weeks, Regina continued to treat Charlie as a woman. Charlie continued to make his inspections wearing Regina's clothes until finally in desperation over her dwindling wardrobe, Regina bought new lingerie, hose, dresses, capris, almost doubled her wardrobe, and placed them in Charlie's drawers and closet, but never saying a word to him. Charlie, in turn, never acknowledged that anything unusual was taking place.

Charlie's delight continued unabated during this period. This was not lost on Regina. There were times when Regina's remarks, softly sarcastic, were made to Charlotte rather than Charlie.

“Watch me as I seat myself.”

“This is the way I remove my nylons.”

“Walk with your feet firmly together taking smaller steps, dear.”

“This is the correct way to apply your false eyelashes.”

“Let me explain again, the difference between the makeup WE wear in the evening and during the daylight hours.”

“You are wearing the wrong bra for your low-cut blouse. Your straps show!”

“You are becoming quite a good cook, but you need help in planning meals.”

“YOU can read this fashion magazine when I am finished and NOT before!”

“Do you need help selecting your accessories?”

“What dress are you wearing tonight?”

“When you rinse your bras, turn the cups together like I am doing.”

“Let me pluck your eyebrows a little. You need more curvature.” Ad infinitum.

The multitude of remarks did not seem to disturb Charlie. He was learning and was eager

to experience more of this newly expanded life. He tried to hide the great pleasure and delight he was getting from being treated as a woman in public.

This was not lost on Regina who became more dismayed as Charlie seemed to become lost in his alter ego, Charlotte. With Regina's emasculating prodding, every passing day found Charlie more feminine in actions, dress, interests, conversation, posture and habits.

Now, when he interviewed clients in addition to his inspections, he did so with no fear whatsoever of disclosure. He was able to get more information faster and more accurately since the clients often felt that they were dealing with an uninformed woman.

Regina found herself in the awkward position of enjoying emasculating Charlotte to be her counterpart in every possible way. As Charlie became accustomed to wearing a dress everyday and mincing around in high heels, his new feminine mannerisms become second nature.

"Doesn't it feel great to take off your high heels after work?" Regina would ask.

"It does, but I love walking the park on a bright sunny warm day." Charlie loved the

feminine *click, click* of his heels as he walked and the *swish, swish* of his perfumed hair and flirty skirt hems that floated about in the warm afternoon breezes. There was also the *zinging* sound of sleek nylons rubbing together. The sounds and sensations were a reminder that those *clicks* on the sidewalk were coming from his *own* high heels. He came to relish the nothingness he felt between his thighs.

On his daily strolls he had to go through a gauntlet of on-looking and gawking men. His goal at first was to not be seen as a sissy, but simply as another young woman carrying a pretty purse and having her skirts flutter and billow in the gentle warm breeze.

Charlie would think, “You’re not a sissy. You’re a young woman in public where everyone can see you. So just be like a woman.”

Charlie was learning a secret. Women dress to be looked at like art. There is no right or wrong as long as the image was confidence, poise, and grace while embracing womanhood. That was especially awkward for Charlie out in public where he knew female sexuality had to be displayed.



Wearing panties, slips, and dresses was dramatically changing him.

At first Charlie was uncomfortable attracting men, but he knew he had to accept the idea of being sexually attractive sexually to men. He had the right clothes and the right curves, but he the wrong attitude about sensuality.

Wearing panties, slips, and dresses was dramatically changing him. He had literally forgotten what male pants felt on his legs. It had gotten to where he didn't even care anymore about construction worker catcalls and whistles during his afternoon walks. He ignored them and simply tried to be as girlish and as feminine as possible. It was part of being female.

Charlie and Regina were having interesting times. Regina couldn't get enough of Charlotte doing the domestic chores. There was a special bond growing between the two. They went to dinner and movies, Charlie taking Regina's suggestions for entertainment as her wingman.

Charlie was excited to get out. Since being married, they had rarely gone out dining or dancing. Regina went to work every day and Charlie's life was confined to working at home and some outside work.

Now the two got ready for their night out together. Charlie enjoyed seeing his wife ready

and looking great with her long, brown hair brushed out, black dress and high heels. “You look great, Regina,” he told her. It was the truth. He’d known her since college. She was beautiful.

“Wait till the boys see you,” Regina said, grinning at Charlie. Charlie was stunning! Usually Charlie wore his hair wavy because he took time to brush it out and use hot rollers. That night he had straightened it. His straight hair gave him a chic, sophisticated look and it made his hair look longer. Normally his hair barely touched his shoulders in a bob, but straightened, it went past his shoulders.

Charlie’s makeup was heavier than normal. He had naturally full, pouty lips, but with the glossy red lipstick, it was hard not to stare. He looked so dazzling!

But it was what he was wearing that was mind blowing. Like Regina, he was wearing a ‘little black dress’, but Charlie’s dress was practically scandalous. It hugged his curves, and ended high up his knees. Regina couldn’t remember the last time she showed so much leg.

When they first got married, they had an argument about her wearing such short skirts.

Now this was the kind of skirt Charlie wore most of the time.

Charlie gave her a quizzical look as she stared at his dress. "Too short?" he asked her. "Should I change?"

"You look fantastic," she told him. "I doubt we'll have to buy any drinks tonight."

Along with the tiny black dresses, both wore four-inch stiletto high heels. "Think you can handle a night in those heels?" she joked.

Later that night, they went to a favorite club and ran into the two men that had asked them to dancing on an earlier excursion. Grant said, "Remember me? Grant? This is Victor. You did say next time?"

Regina smiled at Charlie, then asked the two men to join them and even allowed them to buy dinner. Regina became more upset than usual when Charlie indulged in mild flirtation with Grant and seemed to enjoy it! He too could play that game.



To Regina's shock, Charlie seemed to go limp in Grant's arms....

They danced as couples. In anger, Regina allowed Victor to hold her close and danced inappropriately intimate during a slow dance. She knew that Charlie would be jealous seeing her breasts pressed against another man's chest.

To Regina's shock, Charlie seemed to go limp in Grant's arms, allowing Grant to hold him tightly in a dance embrace. Seeing Charlie in girlishly entanglement with a male was too much, all obviously done to 'get to' Regina and make her give up.

What had started as a game, was creating some intense feelings, anger, anguish, and trepidation. It all seemed like 'fun', so why was she feeling so alone and resentful, almost competitive? Yes, competitive with her husband.

The evening ended innocently with the men getting good night kisses and Regina's promise of future 'encounters'.

When the two finally got home, exhausted, carrying their high heels in hand, Regina went on about the men and how handsome they were in their suits.

Charlie wasn't about to let Regina get to him. He commented, "It was a nice evening. I loved the

music. Next time I want to wear your yellow chiffon evening dress.”

“That’s okay with me!” said Regina then added, “Victor is a wonderful dancer.”

“That is great. I gave Grant our phone number.”

Charlie had put a plan in place. He had given Grant their phone number and instructed him to have Victor call at dinnertime on Thursday. He knew that men calling would scare Regina when men tried to date them.

But to Charlie’s surprise, Regina said, “Oh good. I gave Victor our number too! I told them we were free next Friday night when they are back in town. Keep your voice high when you answer the phone.”

Charlie suddenly felt real pangs of jealousy when the love of his life made a date with a handsome, alpha stud. This was another step he had to counter or surrender.

“Friday?!” he blushed, his eyes looked down like he’d been caught doing something wrong. Then he said in his sweetest voice, “I’d like to buy a new dress, nothing too sexy or short.”

Regina said, "Hey? Why not? Maybe WE both need some sexy lingerie, too. I'll help pick yours out."

Regina made up her mind, knowing that she had to do something drastic to end the feud. A little jealousy is just what she needed to make Charlie surrender.

As tired as the two were, they still had the energy to begin kissing. At one point, Regina whispered, "What do you think of Victor?"

"A typical aggressive guy. Just your type," he said as a joke, but he wasn't joking. Victor was targeting his wife and working hard to get into her panties. That was Charlie's place!

Charlie said, "The kissing was a mistake."

"It was just a 'thank you' kiss. It was no big deal."

Charlie stared at her. That night, his wife had kissed another man, but he had too. "How was it?" he asked. It was hard to talk because his throat was dry. "I mean when he kissed you."

"It was nice," Regina said with a giggle. "Victor can really kiss."

“I figured as much,” Charlie said. He wondered if Regina was fantasizing about Victor.

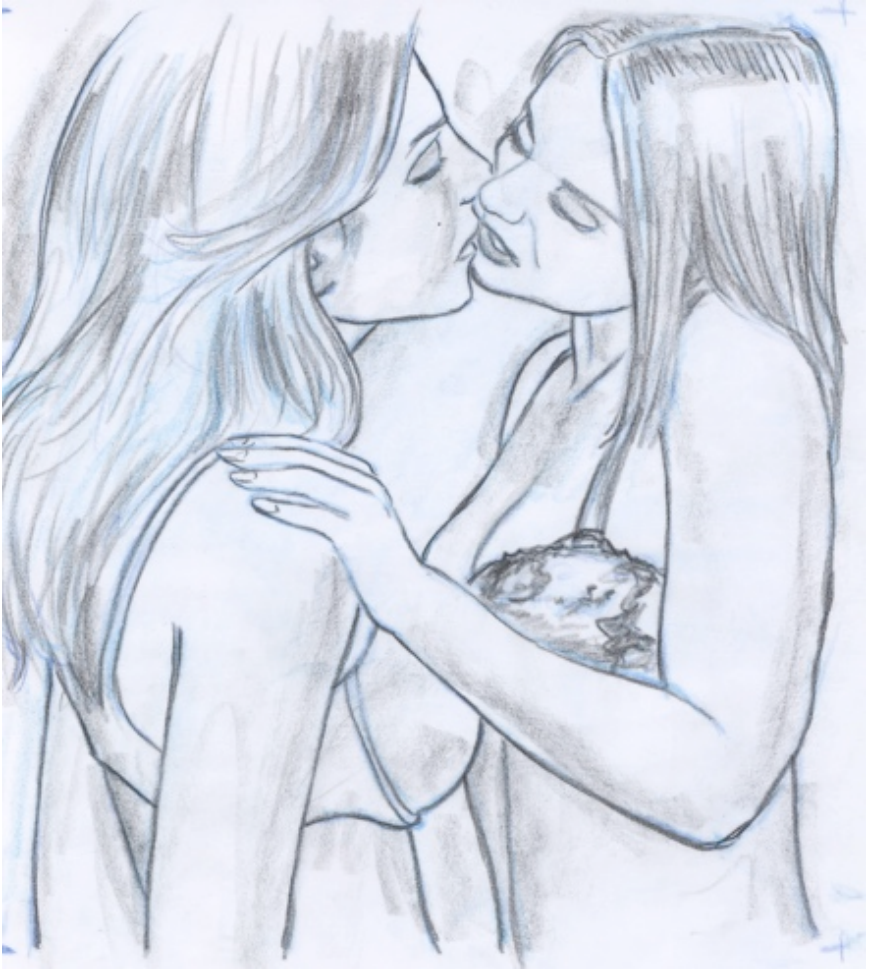
“I only LOVE kissing you,” she softly said. She leaned in and kissed Charlie, wrapping her arms around his neck and kissed him deeply. Charlie could feel tension drain from his body as they began to caress each other, Regina whispered hotly, “Grant is a nice guy. Is he a good kisser?”

Charlie looking at big blue doe-like eyes and knew she was trying to embarrass him. “I want you to know something,” he said after talking a big breath. “I really love you.”

“I love you too, baby,” Regina said, and she gave him a soft kiss on the lips, then she laughed like she needed the levity to ease the tension.

“Now make love to me,” she said, wrapping her arms around his neck. This time as they made love, Charlie kept his nightgown on, wondering if Regina was thinking about him or Victor.

“I can’t remember when we’ve had so much fun,” Regina said, a big smile on her blushing face. She would keep the pressure on. If he objected to the fun, she would simply remind him that they were now out as ‘single women’ and have to act accordingly.



“I can’t remember when we’ve had so much fun,” Regina said.

The next morning, she watched her husband get ready for work. He was dressed sexy and feminine, but classy as always in a tailored slim

skirt and nice blouse. He looked more radiant and happier than he had in a long time.

As it happened, she had been doing some work for Dr. Phillips while his receptionist was on a vacation or when his nurse was out ill. One day, Dr. Phillips had given a hormone prescription to a young woman who was developing mannish characteristics including abnormal growth of facial hair. Regina thought that she had found the means of bringing the feud to a close in her favor.

Regina obtained large quantities of the hormone prescribed from the doctor's samples furnished by pharmaceutical houses and from the pharmacy in the medical building, who assumed she was purchasing the hormone supply for the doctor. Some inquisitive questions to the doctors and other nurses in the building gave her a pretty fair idea of the dosage she would have to give Charlie to obtain the desired results without seriously injuring him.

She imagined the consternation that Charlie would have as he became aware of the changes that the hormones would bring and not knowing why. He would assume that the clothes he was wearing and cosmetics were the cause and would

halt his attempts at femininity. Wouldn't 'Charlotte' be surprised when she told him what she had done to get him to give in and give up the battle!

Charlie was so enamored of his newly found feminine activity and dress that he did not give it a second thought when Regina told him about the new vitamin pills that Dr. Phillips suggested they take several times a day.

He was delighted with the very feminine pillbox that Regina gave him to carry the vitamins in his purse so that he would not forget to take them when he was out working. Charlie never asked why the pink vitamins were to be taken for 21 days and the white ones for seven. A 28-day cycle of 'vitamins.'

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