

LIKE A WOMAN

TV FICTION

"SELF-MADE LADY II"



AFTER A QUARREL, CHARLIE'S WIFE HIDES HIS CLOTHES. HE GETS EVEN BY WEARING HER CLOTHES...INCLUDING HER DRESSES, HIGH HEELS, LINGERIE AND MAKEUP! IN PUBLIC!

LIKE A WOMAN # 4 Sandy Thomas Books

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TV FICTION

Volume 4

SELF-MADE LADY II

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“SELF-MADE LADY”

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QUOTE BOARD

“IF lingerie is the first thing you put on in the morning, your self-confidence had started long before that.”

SELF-MADE LADY II

Written by Sandy Thomas

On Thursday morning, Victor called Regina and to Charlie's surprise, she set up a double-date dinner date without asking him. When she hung up, she smiled and said, "It's all set for tomorrow unless you call them back and cancel."

"Really? I hope I'm not coming down with something. I feel a little nauseous."

"You'll be fine. I want us to have fun tomorrow night," Regina whispered to Charlie, her voice low so he could hardly hear. "We're single girls tomorrow."

Charlie tilted his head and gave her a curious grin. "Single girls?" He totally trusted Regina with everything but his boy clothes. "I guess you should take off your wedding ring." Charlie said with a laugh.

"Wedding rings are a challenge to men, not a deterrent."

Charlie discovered the thrill of getting ready for a date with his wife. After a luxurious soak in a heavenly scented bath, they both stood at the bedroom mirror watching each other slip into a pair of royal blue silk panties and matching bra.

“How fun...we match!” Regina said as she opened a new packet of matching nylon stockings.

Watching his wife, Charlie matched her moves as both sensuously slid nylons up their long shapely legs.

Before putting on their dresses, they slipped on black high heels.

Standing up, Charlie turned to Regina and with all innocence asked, “Do you think my date will like me in this?”

“Definitely” she laughed, “but wearing your new dress might be more respectable while in public.”

Laughing they carefully slipped their new knee length cocktail dresses over their hair. A quick light kiss and they were gone into the night.

Little did they realize how the outcome would affect their lives? Most noticeable was that Regina was not wearing her wedding ring.

Holding up the second finger of her left hand she said, "You don't mind do you, honey. It does not seem right to be wearing it when we are out with other men."

"No, I guess not," he muttered. "I hope they don't get too fresh?"

Her reply was to give Charlie a package containing a small supply of tampons and some literature about menstruation. Since this was his only source of information, he read the instructions.

"Just make sure Grant sees those in your purse. It is nice to know where a couple are if I need one...."

It was nearly midnight before they returned, giggling as they enthusiastically opened their front door.

The men were very much the gentlemen, paying both girls lots of complements. After a few drinks in the bar, they moved to the restaurant then to the dance club.



Charlie felt his cheeks flame as Grant's fingertips tracing along the elastic edge of his panties.

Both couples danced and stayed on the dance floor for song after song until an intimate slow dance. Charlie felt Grant's fingers drift a bit into the narrow space above his panty line. He looked at Regina and saw the sweet blush on her pretty face deepen, and her long dark eyelashes flutter as both couples danced even more intimately cheek to cheek.

Charlie felt his cheeks flame as Grant's fingertips tracing along the elastic edge of his panties.

He saw Regina's face up close to Victor's. She flirted a bit with her eyes and Victor took the bait and they went lightly lip to lip! They actually kissed!

Charlie gasped and felt a prickling feeling run up his spine. He felt the sensation of Regina's win! Was it over? His pulse quickened as Regina looked over waiting for some response, some indication of his giving up.

In his utter helplessness, Charlie looked up at Grant and back to Regina. His eyes were glaring over Grant's shoulder when suddenly, Grant's lips were on his lips and words failed, drawing both deeper into the sordid conspiracy.

Charlie looked into his wife's eyes, the war had escalated. The sordid image was taunting both with so many emotions.

After that dance, there was a quick trip to the ladies room. Once inside, Charlie's throat was tight, and he was barely able squeak, "Can I borrow your lipstick? I like your color more than mine."

Regina's eyes flared and could barely respond, "Of course!"

Charlie softened his voice even more and said, "That dress looks wonderful on you. I'd like to borrow it sometime?"

"Uh-huh...of course, dear. It will look wonderful on you!" Regina was not going to get flustered. So what, a few kisses, a little close dancing. It meant nothing to a woman, but it was quite a thrill to watch her husband 'giving in' to another guy. Surely Charlie would give up that night.

After every slow song, both couples kissed briefly. Yes, it was a strange, but exciting night for both of them!

The last dance of the night was a slow one as was customary and at the end of the song, Charlie was kissed tenderly, but passionately. He threw all caution to the wind, in full view of everyone including of Regina.

Safely at home, Regina told Charlie, "What a night. Grant's handsome, but Victor's gorgeous."

Charlie was breathing hard. It was hard hearing his wife talking about other men with such interest and enthusiasm. Since getting

married, she rarely talked about other men, much less describe them as cute, gorgeous and hot.

Regina seemed to read his thoughts. "I hope this isn't bothering you?" she asked, a look of concern on her face.

"I'm good," Charlie assured her with a grin. "Grant told me he thinks I have nice legs and liked my dress."

"You were showing a lot of leg?" Regina teased. "But it is impossible not to in that dress."

"So much fun," Charlie said, an exhausted smile on his blushing face. Both were tired and a little tipsy as they unzipped each other's dresses.

As they prepared for bed, they both realized how carried away the feud had become and still no sign of surrender. The idea of what had happened sent a skin-crawling sensation up Charlie's spine.

After only token resistance, Charlie had been kissed by another man and had watched his wife being kissed with no response other than to borrow her lipstick.

As is human nature, after that first kiss, the next must have come more easily, and the next with a mix of anticipation.

Regina whispered, “Remember darling, how much I love you.”

“And I love you!” One could hear the affection in their strained voices, their whispered words of love in the middle of a feud. As they climbed into bed wearing cute nightgowns, a wash of sheer excitement rushed over their bodies.

The next morning, Charlie was very quiet and a little moody over breakfast. Regina put this down to confusion from the previous evening.

There are no words to describe the feeling of watching for the first time as another man kisses your wife right before your eyes. Nausea rippled like a wriggling eel in the pit of his stomach.

Worse yet, his reaction to Regina seeing Grant’s kisses were like live wires touching in his belly. A feeling of raw humiliation mixed with quivering excitement.

Charlie felt a strange urge to discuss with Regina every nuance of his first kisses with another man, but he was silent.

The female hormones he was taking were making him respond in mystifying ways. He knew something very strange was happening to

his emotions, but didn't know truckloads of female hormones were arriving.

Charlie had been a rather sloppy, controlling, focused, and logical guy who was now sweet, helpful, and good fun to be around, but the estrogen was also causing some eye rolls, tears and mood swings. Regina knew Charlie would have a little girl puberty only without the cramps and menstrual cycles, but unless he called this feud off, the estrogen would cause small bumps behind his nipples. Eventually his nipples would get bigger, darker, and in enough time, even big.

Regina giggled to herself. If he mentioned the change, she would just tell Charlie that was totally normal because of 'bra wearing' and wouldn't last forever.

She knew the pills were working, but had no idea how fast. She already noticed a layer of soft flesh under his skin, as it almost glowed. All Regina knew was that Charlie better surrender soon. She knew some teen girls seemingly go to sleep an A-cup and wake up the next day a totally filled out C-cup.

Charlie looked ravishing. His long hair was tied up in a ponytail and he wore a short A-line summer dress that Regina had not seen before. It

did little to mask his matching bra and panties underneath. His skirt fell to mid thigh as he went about the kitchen wearing an frilly white apron.

As Charlie started to clear the plates before getting ready to set off for work, Regina hesitantly asked, “Last night was so fun. Didn’t the men look handsome? I loved Victor’s striped tie.”

A shiver of excitement rippled up Charlie’s backbone at the reminder of men’s neckties. He couldn’t help think of the comparison to his own bra enhanced bosom.

As he went about playing housewife, Regina stated, “They come to town a few days a month. Would you mind if we double-dated Victor and Grant again? It would be nice to see them when we can?”

Regina asking him about double-dating shocked him. He blushed, but when he looked up at Regina, he saw the flicker of ‘winning’ in her eyes.

“Sounds good to me,” he whispered a little embarrassed and flustered. He sat down, letting his slip show just a bit before a tug at the hem. “I found them to be likeable guys, but....” There was

a wonderful pink flush on his cheeks as his skirt hugged his smooth knees.

He was like an immature, inexperienced young girl who is just beginning to learn how to use her feminine powers. His feminine clothes had molded his body into a female shape that could please the male eye.

Charlie saw that Regina's eyes never left the tops of his smooth bent knees and he wondered why exposing himself to her suddenly became such a thrill.

Regina's suggestion threw Charlie, as he thought she would give up after the one date. After thinking for a few moments, he replied with a little pouty lip his resistance broken, "I guess so. They were gentlemen and paid for everything."

Regina said, "Of course the men pay. We had to buy new dresses and that darling lingerie."

Charlie blushed, "I don't like owing them."

"If they treat us to too many expensive dinners," Regina giggled, "we can invite them over for a home cooked meal. You can show off your skills in an apron!"

Charlie shyly tried to not think about the date and how he acted so much like a timid Catholic girl getting gently kissed on the lips. Having a man kiss you in public is such a possessive gesture. He also knew it made a woman feel attractive, sexy, and beautiful.

Regina came over wrapping her arms round his neck saying, “Wasn’t it fun picking out new dresses and getting ready together for our dates? Next time I want some pictures. You don’t mind, do you?”

He gasped, “But....” Charlie stopped. He knew any further discussion would be surrender to Regina’s resolve.

Regina laughed to herself. She had Charlie thinking with his emotions instead of his logic. Like a young girl, the female hormones were making him start to feel really comfortable as a woman and creating new interests. Who would have ever imagined that Charlie would enjoy dancing with a man?

Emotionally he was a fifteen-year-old girl. Regina could see the anxiety in Charlie’s eyes, as he nervously played with the hem of his skirt. How strangely exciting, to take control of her husband, preparing him for surrender.

Next he'd probably break into tears over a run stocking or...an idea hit her. She said, "I think you are a little small on top. I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but we need to shop for some padded bras that will give you a full B cup and show off our low cut dresses better."

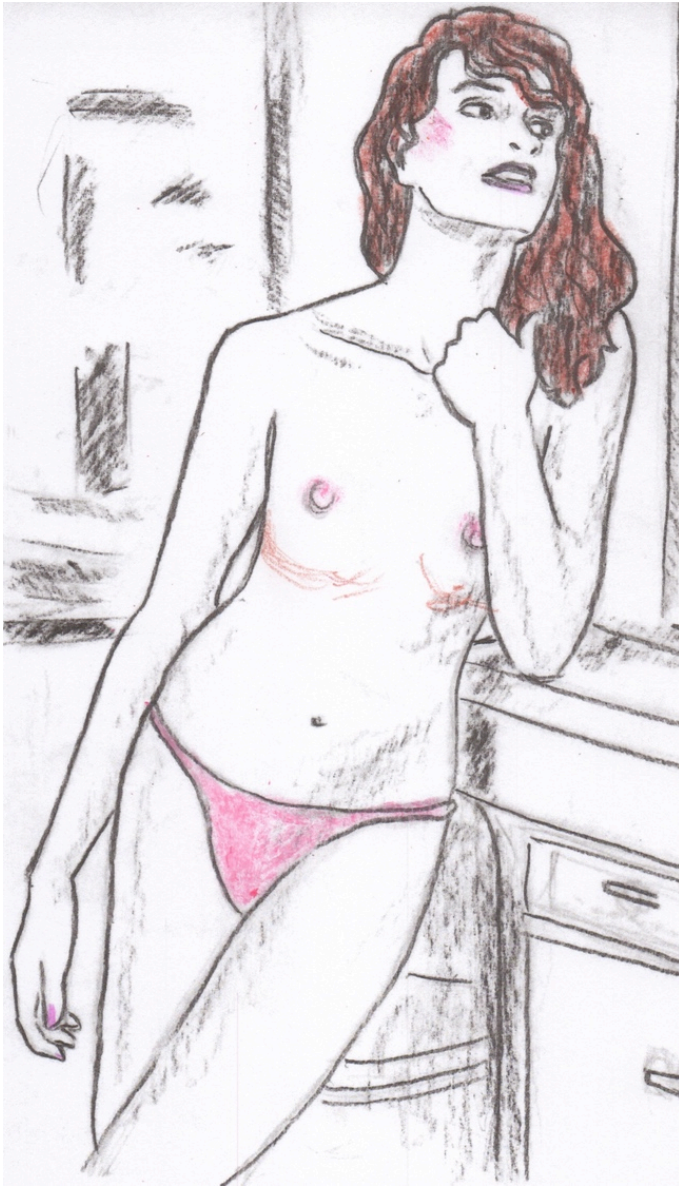
Tears began welling up in Charlie's eyes, as he suddenly felt hopeless that he couldn't pull off the deception any longer.

Regina added, "A push-up padded bra with realistic silicone padding will give you more confidence when we are out on the town. We'll both get bras that push up what we have into a nice package. You'll feel better...."

Charlie moaned, his lashes lowered, and his pretty face a flaming blush. "Mmmm, but not too big, men are already staring at US...."

"Don't be frightened, we'll stay together and make sure nothing happens unless WE want it to....."

"I guess so..." he murmured. "Shopping for a better bra sounded like a good idea."



He was having a tough time remembering that he was a husband and a man.

He was having a tough time remembering that he was a husband and a man. Being a young woman was way more interesting! All the clouds that darkened Charlie's world suddenly vanished and the sun was shining.

Regina seemed more relaxed with Charlie over the next several weeks knowing that soon enough he would come to her for forgiveness, especially when he noticed that he did not have to shave as often, that his hips were becoming more rounded, that his complexion improved, and that he soon would be having problems in attaching his suction type breasts to his chest because of real mounds that would be developing. She could afford to be pleasant and wait.

Because of the more relaxed mood, Regina was more helpful than ever to Charlie. They would go everywhere together and spend more and more time away from the apartment. They would swim in the ocean and both enjoyed showing off better than average figures. They would go horseback riding, to fashion shows, plays, movies, bowling, restaurants and Charlie enjoyed dressing differently for each occasion.

One evening after they had taken their vitamin pills and were watching television,

Regina asked Charlie, “Why don’t you let me see what I can do with your hair. It is almost long enough so that you don’t have to wear a wig. You do have pretty hair of your own.”

“But darling, you don’t even set your own hair, so how in the world can you do mine? Why don’t you make a beauty parlor appointment for me instead?” Charlie teased.

“That is a wonderful idea. I’ll make appointments for tomorrow,” was Regina’s reply.

Charlie dressed in a colorful wraparound A-line with a short skirt for this new experience. How wonderfully relaxing and how feminine he felt having his hair washed by someone else. Having it set with the curlers giving him an unusual appearance.

He was pleased that he could discuss styling based on reading the fashion and hairstyle magazines he was accustomed to reading. He enjoyed having his now very long nails manicured while waiting under the dryer and talking woman talk with the manicurist and the other women nearby. Everything seemed most natural and in order.



Why don't you make a beauty parlor appointment for me instead?" Charlie teased.

Regina who was a very interested observer in this first for Charlie thought, “Let him enjoy himself for a little while longer. I already see changes from the hormones that he has not become aware of yet.”

Over the next few months, Charlie discovered that he did not need a waist cinch as often as he had before and how much snugger his panties and pantyhose fitted him around his hips and thighs. He would occasionally wonder how he developed that sultry contralto voice, but did not want to get too inquisitive.

The fact that he did not shave his beard but every few days was wonderful and why ask questions about it. He also did not have to shave his legs quite as often and their silky smoothness delighted him. He did seem bothered that he had difficulty in attaching his artificial breasts and wondered if they had stretched out and if he should ask Regina to buy him another pair.

Since Regina and Charlie (Charlotte) were doing things together, they were nearly the same in their tastes for clothes and other interests. Although Charlie’s weight had not changed, his proportions had and this he attributed to the

clothes he wore. Although the changes were not obvious to Charlie, they certainly were to Regina. She was getting desperate and almost decided that if Charlie did not say something soon, she would.

Regina's softly sarcastic remarks ended and conversations and discussions revolved around Charlotte rather than Charlie. Such as, "Shall we buy some shorty nightgowns for the summer?"

"Charlotte, shall we go out by ourselves or try to double date tonight."

"Charlotte, wear the short dress. It makes your legs look sexy."

They continued to have girls nights out and didn't double date other than Grant and Victor. They didn't want men living in their town getting serious.

Both enjoyed their evenings out together. There was one nightclub in particular that they both liked. It had nice people, good drinks, a pleasant layout and good bands.

The detailed preparation for an evening out made for a sexy evening and fulfilled Regina's needs. She would say as they left together, "The

men always make me feel pretty and sexy. You too?!”

Charlie was completely comfortable and adapted to his new role as Regina’s girlfriend. His walk was as graceful and eye-catching as Regina’s such that not even the most perceptive eye could detect that these two young women were really husband and wife. There was little difference between the two, with only one small area of concern, and Charlie had learned to control that along with short skirts and high heels.

When out dancing, Regina enjoyed watching Charlie’s manner with the tall, muscular men with their trim hips and wide shoulders. She would point out to him good looking guys, how they were dressed, even swooning over the most fun dance candidates.

Regina playfully teased, “Don’t you just love men in suits and ties?”

Charlie would tease back, “Maybe he will let you borrow his suit?”



When out dancing, Regina enjoyed watching Charlie's manner with the tall, muscular men.

Everywhere they went, their bubbly personalities and feminine stylish charms drew a diverse crowd of men who wanted to woo the two sisters.

Regina also began taking souvenir pictures. When they returned home and looked at the photos, they would end up getting excited together. Reminiscing about the evening really got their minds racing and juices flowing. Compared to such specimens of masculinity, Charlie felt feminine and delicate in their arms.

Regina was right, the right push up bra was one of life's pleasures. Even when Regina was dancing with some hunk, Charlie in the right bra felt excited, empowered, feminine and confident and sexy in his clingy cocktail dress. Yes, sexy! Regina would literally attack Charlie as they walked into their apartment, especially after double dates with Grant and Victor. Breathlessly, after some 'girl on girl' play, they chit chatted in their nightgowns.

Regina said, "We are so naughty. I feel a little guilty. We should invite the Victor and Grant over and repay them with a home cooked dinner."

Charlie agreed, "They have been so nice and sweet, but I bet they are putting the fancy

entertainment on their expense account? We've been lucky that they haven't pushed to get 'lucky'."

In mocked surprise, Regina laughs, "What a thing to say? You have been so flirty using your feminine wiles to get Grant to like you."

"I admit I like him," Charlie sighed, "And you like Victor. They have treated us like princesses, but when it comes to a boyfriend/girlfriend thing, maybe we should cool it."

"Why?"

"They are a little old for us," Charlie said looking for an excuse, "And we don't know anything about where they live. They could be married?"

"Like us?"

"Yes."

Regina starts laughing. "Yeah, Mr Smith and Mr. Jones.

"I'm glad you find this so humorous," Charlie spat, but he knew that each night out as Grant's 'young lady' was transforming him into a much more feminine version of himself. He could relate to Grant with a sultry confidence while wearing a

tight black evening dress, high heels and carrying a purse.

Charlie saw Regina acting differently after being with Victor. He was so gallant in his basic dark business suits. Familiar and comfortable, Regina treated Victor like his wife, wearing a demure dress, flipping her hair and asking him about his work day.

As the foursome spent more time together, it was difficult to deny the bonds. On most levels, they were carrying on a kind of high school romance. They double dated whenever possible and always had a great time together. Grant made Charlie laugh and was intrigued with this innocent young woman who would only double date with Regina.

Even strangers would comment that they were the ‘perfect couples’. Since the men were over six feet tall, it reinforced Charlie’s confidence, feeling protected. Even in the tallest heels, Grant was a taller, powerful, broad shouldered male with a healthy masculine energy.

Grant’s compliments caused Charlie to blush. Was it because he was being a ‘girl’ so convincingly? With Grant, he was totally a girl with no possibility of any escape. He had no male

clothes, and his hair was long and perfectly feminized, as were his eyebrows.

Charlie didn't want to escape. He liked wearing dresses. Really frilly, girly, positively adorable dresses. When Grant twirled him, he sometimes tried twirling fast enough to show his panties.

The afternoon was spent with Regina making sure they would be giving stimulation to their dates. Trying on different dresses, both usually chose a dress that was a little too short or too tight. That was usually when Charlie's nerves began to kick in. Regina was dressing for another man and so was he.

When he looked at Regina's curves in a fitted dress, he realized that she was showing off her femaleness, and so was he! Seeing that he was curvaceous was a confidence booster. With the right dress and hours getting makeup, hair and high heels just right, Charlie felt pretty and feminine, able to face anyone.

Charlie embraced the true icon of femininity, the little black dress! Feminine wiles were all about dresses with ruffles and flounces that lend

girlish charm to the look, making sure they stood out from the males in their dull, inescapable black, business suits.

Women and girls are told that acting too feminine will lead to being objectified, oppressed, overlooked, and disempowered. Instead women are encouraged to be strong, independent, self-sufficient, aggressive, tough, and more. Charlie had learned a little secret, femininity and feminine traits ARE more powerful!

Charlie wasn't sure why he felt so comfortable carrying a purse and wearing women's clothes around a man like Grant. It reminded him of the reasons females love to carry purses. Girls first play with them to dress up like mommy and later need to hide the makeup essentials a young lady needs.

There were the things he didn't need monthly, but other women might need in the ladies rooms. Carrying a purse was a symbol of his transition from being a 'guy' to the day-to-day needs associated with presenting himself as female. He could be prepared for any makeup disaster or emotional needs. A 'cute' bag was a symbol of femininity and a security blanket for his 'secret', like wearing a padded bra.



The way men reacted to Charlie's curves took getting used to. At first, he felt really self-conscious in a dress knowing that men were watching his every move.

Regina wore a bra not because of social acceptability, but because of the protection and comfort it gave to support her breasts. Charlie liked the way bras smoothed out his silhouettes into an unmistakable female signature.

“We need new bras,” Regina told Charlie, “I love seeing you in those miracle bras, and now you understand why we women feel the need to wear padded shaping garments.”

“They are confining and restrictive, but I feel safe that everything is where it is supposed to be. Without a bra, I would feel naked because I wouldn’t show the proper curves,” Charlie said.

The way men reacted to Charlie’s curves took getting used to. At first, he felt really self-conscious in a dress knowing that men were watching his every move. He remembered how much he used to enjoy watching women, so he knew it was just a man’s way of telling him that he was nicely dressed. There is certainly nothing wrong with that, right? Charlie had his favorite ‘daily work bras’, casual bras, and special ‘show off’ bras for dancing.

Even though Regina had borrowed his raggedy boy clothes (now gone from the apartment), her lingerie was always perfect. Her lingerie was

always silky, satiny, lacy, and ornate. She was now Charlie's inspiration. Picking outfits and getting dressed to go out became an enjoyable game, almost a competition.

At the beginning, he never imagined he'd be wearing beautiful, well-fitted lingerie and it was changing how he felt about his body. When Charlie walked into a room, everyone appreciated his feminine glow. Most men noticed his sweet vulnerability. He was portraying himself as a woman. It was an exhilarating sensation being seen as a desirable and sexy female.

END OF THE BEGINNING....

Charlie had been less demanding of Regina since taking his 'vitamin' pills, but this evening was an exception. The flesh colored strap had been removed and he joined Regina in bed. The night was most silent as Charlie put his arms around Regina's slim waist and drew her closer while Regina reciprocated.

The familiar feel of nylon gowns against each other as their legs entwined was pleasant to both people. As they clung with their breasts touching, they became aware at the same instant that he had not replaced his falsies, yet they felt soft curved mounds pressing against each other. They

pulled back and lay silently alongside one another.

After what appeared to be an eternity, Charlie reached out his hand and caressed his wife's breasts and then touched his own. They were REAL! He was stunned. Regina, sensing what she had been expecting, duplicated his gestures and knew that her fears were realized. She was shocked. She didn't want it to go this far, yet it had.

Reaching over and turning on the lamp, she said, "Charlie, we MUST talk! I'm sorry about the way I've been acting and about borrowing your things. I promise never, but never, to do it again. This feud has gone too far."

"Yes it has," Charlie sighed.

"I will get your male clothes the very first thing in the morning. I've hidden them in the trunk of my car," she continued. "I'm glad it's over, but I enjoyed our life since your transformation into a woman. We were able to share a life that a husband and wife seldom experience."



Charlie should have been pleased that that Regina had conceded.

Charlie should have been pleased that that Regina had conceded, but he felt sad. “You’re right, Regina, but I’ve enjoyed almost every minute of these past several months, even though I knew that it would have to end. I’m glad it’s Saturday so that we have plenty of time to return to normal.”

The war had ended and the now happy and yet sad couple fell asleep cuddled in each others arms mutually caressing charms that only one should have possessed. All was well with the world.

Regina smelled bacon and heard Charlie hustling about the kitchen when she awoke. He looked very nice in gown and robe with his hair piled on his head preparing breakfast. “No breakfast for you this morning,” Regina took charge, “not until you have something else to wear. I’ll bring you some of your male clothes.”

When she returned, she looked at Charlie’s smooth face and upswept hairdo and said, “It’s been a long since I had breakfast with Charlie. I can’t wait to see you dressed properly again. Change as quickly as you can. I’ll iron your clothes later.”

While Regina was waiting for Charlie to transform into his male self, she couldn’t stop

thinking of how she would miss 'Charlotte'. Surely disappointment was in store for Regina and in fairness to Charlie!

The person that entered the room was certainly not Charlie. His walk was mincing and graceful, actually feline, despite the heavy shoes and trousers. The pants fit too loosely around the waistline and too tight around his femininely shaped hips.

His upswept light brown hair, creamy complexion, and traces of makeup looked odd. The slight bounce of small, firm, healthy breasts straining against his masculine shirtfront was disconcerting. He had no time to remove his nail enamel that added to his bizarre appearance.

"Have you looked at yourself, Charlotte?" Regina cried unaware that she had used his feminine name.

Charlie sucked a big gulp of air, and his chest expanded. With each breath, his breasts rose and pointed skyward.

Regina squeezed Charlie's breasts, lifting and kneading them with her fingers. She pinched his nipples firmly and he emitted a little yelp and wriggled in discomfort.



“Oh my! You look weird in men’s clothes!”

“Oh my! You look weird in men’s clothes! You are sure to be laughed at or arrested. What can we do? This will take much longer than I imagined. We have a problem that I didn’t anticipate! Why did you let this go so far!”

“Me? So far! It was you that wouldn’t give in!”

Charlie was aware of his appearance. He had made his entrance nevertheless make his wife happy. He was not pleased by his image in the mirror! Regina looked him in the eyes and then down at his chest. “You have titties!”

Charlie realized she was deadly serious. “Titties?” her words made him feel sick. “But I’m your husband?”

His pert breasts were pointing towards Regina, his nipples jutting outward and pushing against his shirt desperate to be freed from the flimsy material. He cupped both mounds and pressed them inward at the fullness like he could push them back in. That made his nipples spring to life, harden, and jut out.

Regina was in shock. They needed to talk, but not until he got dressed in a nice housedress. Regina asked, “Please put on a bra since your bouncing breasts will only distract us.”

Although suspicious, Charlie was shocked when Regina told him about the hormones he was taking. “You seemed to like the changes.”

Both laughed when he told her that he had been taking more than the suggested amount, since he felt his masculine desires lessening.

Regina said, “I think the hormones unleashed unfilled fantasies. You could express femininity without remorse, shame, or regret, while you met my needs in ways I never imagined.”

He admitted that he preferred to work as Miss Charlotte Wilson instead of Mr. Charlie Wilson. “It was fun. I enjoy feminine comportment in walking, standing, sitting, and gesturing. I even like the obsessive emphasis on showing off a perfect female appearance.”

Regina laughed, “You have a more feminine walk than me. Your wiggle is going to be tough to eliminate. Do you think you’d ever be able to lead me in dance?”

Charlie sighed, “I learned to follow a man’s lead pretty well, didn’t I?”

Regina said, “Dancing with men is the utmost in femininity. It’s how a woman learns to express feminine behavior: simple and delicate footsteps,

gentle controlled swing of your hips, and calm, composed demeanor when your breasts are pressed against a male's chest."

He sighed, "I liked showing off breasts. They are a source of pride and my gender identification. As a man, they are a source of confusion, insecurity and shame. I'm a little sad you gave in...."

Regina sighed, "I thought you would give in much sooner! You have a lot of show-through and those 'show-and-tell' nipples!" We can try a lightly-lined contour bra or double-lined fabric in a seamless, tank top."

Charlie expressed fear about the drastic moves necessary to bring Charlie back with possible amputation of his breasts and the dread of wearing shorter hair once again. Regina was emphatic that she would allow neither action and told Charlie that continuing to take the pills was NOT a problem.

Charlie moaned, "I'm worried about...you know...down there. What if IT stops working?" At the thought, he was breathing deeply and quivering with embarrassment.

“My darling Charlotte, I love you with all my heart and nothing will change that... nothing...” Regina said, adding, “I checked. We need to cycle your estrogen dosage to my periods. It will be super cute to sync-up our hormone levels, so sore boobs and chocolate cravings can be a bonding time of the month.”

“Oh, I don't know... this is such a big step to take...” Charlie had been spending a lot less time between his sweet Regina's spread knees. And she did not seem to care.

A little wobbly on his feet, Charlie went to change out of his male clothes. He stopped to pee, and when he was squatting there, tissue in his hand, he stared across at the wall-to-wall mirror. He had not even considered standing.

A little chilled, his arms crossed over his braless breasts... the mirror reflecting puckered pink nipples pressing out his shirt. He was suddenly feeling a strange feeling, listening to the little tinkle of his pee while gazing down at his smooth bare belly and nothing visible between his clenched thighs. “Oh my gawd,” he almost gasped aloud. “I'm a husband but only worried about fixing my hair and what dress I'm going to

wear.” His face was blushing in a deep embarrassment.

While changing out of his male clothes into a nice dress, he stood looking in a mirror at a pair of unmistakable breasts: the small, promising tautly mounded signs of a young girl.

Charlie touched them, filling him with confusion. How big would/could they get? Were these titties to be a life-long experience? Would a bra always be necessary as well as dresses?

He felt marvelously hooked, deliciously and wickedly so. “What have I gotten myself into?!”

Regina giggled, “Charlotte, since you don’t mind and I don’t mind, you had better forget about Charlie. Let’s face it, darling, you must earn a living. You would appear most unusual with your contralto voice and with a ‘double-breasted’, and I do mean double-breasted, shirt. There is nothing worse in a guy’s ‘resume’ than ‘he has nice breasts’ or ‘he looks good in a tight skirt’.”

“Really?” Charlie said running his hands over his conspicuous chest.

“Really, besides, where would you get trousers to fit those shapely hips? You certainly couldn’t take me to the ocean or join me at the beauty parlor or go shopping without tongues wagging.”

“Wow.” Charlie said. It was all happening so fast. “You don’t mind putting up with me as Charlotte until we solve these new problems.”

“I like the new you and I love your help around the house!”

He smiled and said, “I enjoy helping you with the housework and cooking. We’d have to move. Too many people know me as a woman.”

“You certainly aren’t putting up much of a fight?” his wife giggled.

“I guess I discovered the ease and function of skirts. It is just as easy to throw on a dress as it is to wear a suit and tie.”

Regina asked softly, “I guess I have a few rules?”

Charlie cringed, he knew there was going to be catch.



“I guess I discovered the ease and function of skirts. It is just as easy to throw on a dress as it is to wear a suit and tie.”

“First. I don’t want to get us too confused,” Regina teased, “The men we have met at the nightclubs would be so disillusioned to see my husband is back in town, especially your boyfriend, Grant.”

“He’s not my boyfriend!” Charlie moaned.

“He’s a boy and your friend,” Regina stated. “Grant really likes you?”

“And Victor? What would we do when they call?” Charlie blushed, “I guess I got carried away with dressing in your clothes.”

Suddenly, the memory of being around other men made him feel like a failure. With the ‘vitamins,’ and sleep bras and nightgowns, each time they had sex, he felt less like a real man. Instead of giving up, he became a woman in the only way he knew how, dressing, looking and behaving like Regina. Even around men.

“Admit it,” Regina giggled, “teasing boys is fun?”

Charlie moaned, “I’m worried that you might run off with a ‘real man’.”

“Maybe I should worry about the same thing with you,” she said. “Seriously, I enjoyed taking you out in public where I can put you on display. You turning men’s heads added to the naughtiness of it all.”

“Yes, to know that both of us possess ‘traffic stopping’ prettiness is exciting, but I’m not sure I like you being kissed by Victor and the other guys on the dance floor....”

“We will always go home with each other,” she smiled and snuggled next to Charlie. “It’s not fair that I have all the ‘girl fun’. You have learned it is easy to say ‘not tonight’ to a guy.”

“It’s funny how men just assume we have boyfriends or husbands or both.”

Regina laughed, “Flirting, being sexy, and even a kiss are a girl game, but I don’t want you getting too jealous?”

“Jealousy is half the fun,” he joked, but maybe it was true.

“Should I try to make you more jealous?” Regina giggled.

“Gawd, with both of us under estrogen, I’m worried.”

“You understand women better now. Being kissed in public is a special treat because it proves that a man wants others to know that ‘he owns you’. Hasn’t that made you feel special, attractive, sexy, and wanted?”

Charlie blushed, “It made me feel feminine and confident enough to wear revealing dresses and enjoy the thrills you too must feel. Maybe it was the female hormones you were slipping me?”

She sighed, “Sorry about that. Estrogen is very powerful and it brings passion and femininity into life. You have learned to enjoy estrogen, even embracing it and allowing it to take you to a whole new world. Do you want to continue?”

“Is there an option?”

“Continuing to grow breasts is NOT a problem with me,” Regina said. Charlie felt his breasts. They were soft, malleable and jiggly. His nipples and rose-colored areolas stood out femininely prominent. “At least we don’t fight about who wears each others clothes now!” Regina stated.

“What would we do with all the lovely clothes you bought me and I bought for myself. They will be out of style before you could wear them out. In a sense, we would both be cutting our wardrobes in half! That would be foolish,” Charlie grinned.

As a result of their discussion, Charlie’s clothes were taken to the car to be donated to a worthy charity.

Before bedtime, Regina handed Charlie his hormone pills. “I guess I no longer have to put these in the vitamin bottles.”

“So I should continue taking them?”

“It’s like getting your hair done or finding the perfect shade of lipstick. It’s something that will make you feel like more of a woman.”

Charlie’s mental outlook had really changed. What man wants to be softer, weaker, rounder and completely limp wristed around his wife?

Almost all signs of any inborn male mannerisms were gone. Whenever he walked or minced, his bottom jiggled and wiggled thru the thin material of his silky skirts in a most female manner. Regina noticed that Charlie’s bottom, which had always been fleshy and plump, seemed to be even more so now.

He asked, “Should I continue taking the double dose?”

“Honey, there is absolutely no *way* you can go back to male clothes. You *belong* in panties and skirts like me, but your boobs had better not get bigger than *mine!*”

“How big will they get?” Charlie asked shyly.

“Well, lah-dee-dah! They already jiggle and need a bra,” Regina laughed. “Are you looking to nurse a baby with those puppies?”

“They feel heavy. I have to be more mindful, like making sure not to bump into things with them,” Charlie said.

“Like bumping into men?” Regina giggled.

Charlie was still feeling confused. As a man and a husband, why did he want to continue taking female hormones and wear dresses? Why did he even imagine wanting a well-endowed womanly figure like his wife? He had spent months wearing her clothes and jewelry, using makeup, and carrying himself as a woman. He easily and without thought fastened bras over his two sensitive, puffy breasts, letting them fill out low cut tops!

Regina looked at Charlie and said, “You are hooked, so take your girl pills! I’ll make an appointment at the clinic. They might put you on a cycle of stronger estrogen.”



Charlie tried Regina's jeans. They fit perfectly but did nothing to make him look male.

The trip to the clinic and examination confirmed that Regina had not given Charlie a high dose of estrogen. “He has a lovely body,” Regina stated.

“Yes, he has the start of a very lovely figure. I would like to see his breasts,” the doctor said.

Charlie reached behind his back and unhooked his bra, freeing a pair of breasts that boldly protruded from his chest.

“What do you think of them?” Charlie asked. No man had ever seen his breasts.

“Small, but very feminine,” was the doctor’s response as a chill ran up Charlie’s back causing the prominent tips to wrinkle.

The doctor lifted the left conical tit. He hefted the delicate weight, balancing it for a moment on his fingertips. “Yes,” the doctor agreed, looking down at the small pink tip. His thumb rubbed tentatively over the pliant nipple. “Your body has responded very well to the low doses. Your breasts have budded with bumps under the nipples. They must itch and ache.”

“They are very tender and sore,” Charlie responded. “Wearing a bra helps....”

“You have the development of a teenage girl.

“It must have been worrisome, and even annoying when you didn’t know why!”

“At times I liked the way they felt. I thought it was bruising from the padded bras.”

“When your breasts began to grow, you didn’t SEE the growth as much as you FELT it. They can take years to completely grow, but yours are round and full enough to be unquestionably breasts. You are at the ‘pointy’ stage,” the doctor explained.

Regina said, “Can he be as big as me?”

“The size of his boobs is partially a result of genetics taking after his mother. Dressed as a woman, he should be proud of his new shape.”

Charlie nodded, “Having puffy nipples and sore breasts took getting used to. It was exciting because real curves meant that I belonged in a dress.”

“Do you see yourself going back to being male?” the doctor asked

Regina answered for him, “I hope not! We are having too much fun. It would be great if we could wear the same size of everything.”

“Regina, if we want Charlie to catch up to you,” the doctor said, “I’d like to put Charlotte on a elevated cycle of pregnancy hormones. You’d be surprised by what pregnancy does to a woman’s body.”

“Pregnant?” Charlie gasped.

“You’ll be like Regina,” the doctor explained.

Charlie wiggled nervously, “I’ll be like a pregnant woman?” he asked in a coy tiny voice, a little smile playing across his pink lips.

“Medical science calls it ‘phantom pregnancy’. In the months to come, your breasts would enlarge and start retaining water. You will start feeling pregnant. The pregnancy hormones can make a guy a little crazy, but we’ll be careful,” he warned, “But in nine months, no more male confusion.” His full lips widened into an impish grin.

Charlie sighed, “I don’t think I’ll ever want to switch back, but my thinking is so muddled lately. I never thought I’d like double dating with Regina.”

“We’ll get you on stronger estrogen and lower your testosterone. Higher estrogen levels will take care of any psychological conflicts you might

have. After a few months, you will feel as womanly as your wife with all the bumps, humps and lovely lady lumps?"

"Do the guys on this program like it?"

"Within a month, they feel like women. Women like feeling like women and after 'pregnancy', you will be left with milk-filled breasts, wider hips, a soft belly and womanly shape," he continued, "That would be your new reality, no 'bouncing back' to being a male!"

Regina nodded, then smiled, "Pregnant women can get grumpy!"

"What about their wives? Will Regina be happy?" Charlie asked.

"I make sure Regina understands that you will think like a woman. The most confusing part is when a wife realizes that her husband's body is also attracting men. Regina said that you both have boyfriends?"

Charlie started to explain and deny the term 'boyfriend', but admitted to double dating.

The doctor said, "The 'vitamins' your wife gave you made you feminine and attractive on the surface. My nine-month program of natal hormones removes the layers of male

conditioning and you will be left with the authentic female YOU. Not many boy thoughts can remain when you feel pregnant.”

“I got a little morning sickness after taking the vitamins,” Charlie said.

“It will get worse around the sixth week as your body reacts to the increased levels of female hormones, but goes away in a few months. It’s a good sign your hormones are at normal female levels.”

Charlie asked questions to understand what was going to happen. “This is all new to me.”

“Of course,” the doctor smiled “Not many men have stepped into the ‘women mode’ as easily or as thoroughly as you. Some men accept a female identity only partially or temporarily. Many are in an ambiguous state in they may feel feminine, but don’t feel that they are a ‘woman-to-be’.”

Regina took his hand and teased, “You are my little ‘woman-to-be’. You like that, right?”

Charlie said, “At first, I thought my bra was pushing up fat, but the lumps were a sign that something was happening. I felt feminine in a public way.”

The doctor nodded, "It is possible for a guy to be 'a little bit female', to move in and out of a female identity in conflict for years. This may persist for a few months until one day you look in the mirror and realize all maleness is gone."

"If I can't be a man occasionally, I worry I might lose Regina?" Charlie moaned, squeezing Regina's hand.

"I'll give you some one night 'POP' pills, but the key is to have your wife 'emotionally' attracted to you as a female."

Regina giggled, "I already love you as a beautiful woman. I'm mesmerized by your ability to tap into a feminine energy."

"Sounds like all I'll have is feminine energy."

"Complete emasculation will help you relax with being a woman. You won't feel like a sissy, even when you and your wife are around the most masculine men," the doctor said.

Regina giggled, "You'd be surprised how much male attention we get when we go out."

The doctor nodded, "Every straight man is drawn to females like bees to honey. So far you have acted from the conditioning of wearing dresses. The idea is for you to feel authentic, and

femininely respond to whatever situation comes up. This will draw men to you and you will actually appreciate them.”

“Motivation is an important factor in any endeavor, especially when considering complete feminization. If Regina is resistant to you being completely feminine, it is better to deal with it up front.”

“Look at him,” Regina said, “He can’t be a man again.” Charlie’s pixie-like face looked back at her. His teardrop-shaped breasts with just the slightest sag and puffy well-defined nipples pointed boldly.

The doctor said, “Go home and have an open conversation about your goals as young women. Come back tomorrow and we will get him fixed up....”

Charlie became more womanly as the weeks passed by. He spent more time in the kitchen doing ‘wifely’ things, such as baking cakes and cookies. He always wore a pretty, flouncy Betty Crocker type bib apron over his dress.



With his plucked brows and almost permanently stained lips from the constant wearing of lipstick, there was no way that Charlie looked like anything like a male.

Regina asked Charlie, “Aren’t you the pretty little wife type? Are you practicing, honey? You look like the perfect little Holly Homemaker in your print dress and bib apron. You would certainly make a husband proud.”

Charlie wore a full skirted lavender print, silky polyester shirtwaist and an off-white flouncy bib apron with nylons and high heels that made a staccato ‘click, click’ as he moved about on the kitchen tile with the swish of his pretty skirts. Regina glimpsed the lace hem of Charlie’s pretty snow-white slip as he bent down to check on the roast. Regina smiled as she pictured Charlie preparing this roast in his most wifely way for a demanding and loving spouse.

Charlie knew his image had changed completely. Regina overheard women in the hair salon comment about how Charlie would make such a perfect little wife for some lucky guy. Regina saw it and could even envision it.

With his plucked brows and almost permanently stained lips from the constant wearing of lipstick, there was no way that Charlie looked like anything male. His appearance now screamed ‘woman’ to any onlooker.

They moved into a new, larger two-bedroom apartment since they needed more closet space for their growing wardrobes. Charlotte became a permanent member of their family.

They took classes in makeup, dress, dancing, etc. to allow Charlotte to quickly catch up on his wasted years. They double dated when a man's company was desired.

It wasn't long before Charlie was a completely attractive woman. His long hair flowed about his shoulders, its natural light brown bleached to a golden blonde. His hands are smooth, his nails long, gleaming painted ovals.

Charlie's long legs became accustomed to high heels and nylons. He had the art of makeup down to perfection and feminine walk and mannerisms are completely natural to him.

Charlie had become completely comfortable with his body. He had curves like any woman and wouldn't mind being a few pounds slimmer, but he embraced his body the way it developed during his second puberty.

He gained weight in his bottom, thighs and boobs, but these 'assets' looked great in a tight dress even though he had to buy bigger bras

three times. It was an excuse to toss out his old lingerie and buy a sexy new wardrobe that flattered his new curves.



Charlie really loved flashing the girly, pretty, feminine ring, since he loved being a woman and doing womanly things, so shouldn't he want to marry a woman as well?

When working, he got compliments from other women in the ladies room on his figure or hair.

These unsolicited compliments made Charlie's day. Along with his increased bust size came horn honks and being stared at by strange men. He noticed men going out of their way to compliment him, some followed him, and some even asked him out on a date.

Both Regina and Charlie enjoyed the power exchange thing. Charlie surrendered his male privilege along with outward signs of masculinity. Some men were aggressive, actually saying, "Gawd, you're so pretty."

Regina solved that by buying Charlie a very feminine wedding ring, a pretty brilliant princess diamond ring. She said, "You are my princess."

Charlie really loved flashing the girly, pretty, feminine ring, since he loved being a woman and doing womanly things, so shouldn't he want to marry a woman as well?

When men still asked him out, his usual response is 'no thanks' and a smile. No man is too aggressive to flat-out harass him, and sometimes the compliments make his day.

Some men were aggressive, stating, "Gawd, you're so hot! Are you sure you are married?"

Regina informed him that the sight of a wedding ring on a woman's finger stimulates some guys to want to move in and see if he can have her. Nothing makes a woman more attractive and desirable than knowing she 'belongs' to another man.

You might see Charlie on the streets of the city, making his way in his high heels with a brisk, purposeful stride of a self-assured, confident woman, dressed in a sharply-tailored business suit with a briefcase purse slung rakishly over one shoulder heading to a luncheon meeting with another well-dressed, attractive woman. With hips swaying, the two would turn male heads as they caught a whiff of perfume.

Charlie knew eyes were on them when he removed his figure hugging jacket. With a confident tilt of his head, he showed off his eye-catching figure in the silky suit with a short, tight skirt.

All eyes noticed their creamy blouses, high cheekbones, pink frosted lips, and dark delicate lashes.

Charlie's shoes were show-stoppers as well, strappy and sexy, with high, high heels. He didn't

go through nine months to become a dowdy woman wearing tracksuits and T-shirts.

Charlie did not need a dress to look like a woman. At one point, Regina bought him a silky T-shirt that declared “Its a Baby GIRL” (with an arrow). His breasts had popped and were an overt symbol of female sexuality. They were a walking advertisement for the fact that his body was sexually female.

The bra Charlie wore daily was for more than decoration. His apple firm breasts with their well-defined nipples pressed boldly against his thin lace bras, inviting the boys to drool, which they did, to the point of jaw dropping!

His matching “control” panties were sexy, high riding and created just the right VPL (visible panty line) as the curving fabric of the reinforced gusset pulled taut between his smooth thighs.



The estrogen had done its feminization job well. Each morning as they stood standing before their full-length bedroom mirror both husband and wife admired their figures as girls do, making female poses in panties.

The estrogen had done its feminization job well. His slim, muscle-less, softly curved shoulders and arms were slender, although there was the slightest curve to his once perfectly-flat belly, a mere contour that flowed out to the more pronounced curve of his fleshy hips. Regina and he knew what the tight confinement of a skirt could do to men watching, so Regina encouraged just the right amount of hip sway.

Each morning as they stood standing before their full-length bedroom mirror both husband and wife admired their figures as girls do, making female poses in panties.

“Look at your panties!” Regina whispered to him, “You are such a GIRL!”

Her teasing always made Charlie feel a little lightheaded. After these months of constantly being pantied, Charlie’s panties fit as smooth and cleanly over his bottom as did his wife’s.

There wasn’t the slightest hint that these two young women were actually a happily married husband and wife. Both happy to be sharing an extensive wardrobe!

Yes, it was now all about ‘girl things’. While boys played with cars, watched sports, and ogled

women. Girls danced, dressed up pretty for dates, thought about having babies, and played house.

They continued to date Grant and Victor. Regina laughed, “When I was young, I was such a tease with the boys. Mother gave me one rule...bra and girdle must stay on.”

“What does that mean?” Charlie asked.

“I’m just saying that if we want to keep being taken out, our dates could probably evolve into some wonderful petting sessions.”

“Petting?”

“As a girl, I let my boyfriends touch me anywhere, but never under my bra or girdle.”

“Charlie knew Grant worshipped his bras and control panties. When dancing, Grant fingers caressed his bra’s back hooks, the satin side panels and over his pantied hips.

“How fun!” Charlie said. His new breasts were a source of female pride and sexual identification but they were also a source of competition, confusion, insecurity and shame.

Charlie understood that having breasts was landmark event. He compared with Regina, men zeroed in; and that his breasts were a gift that belonged to everybody, but especially to men.

The two had collected an absolutely complete feminine wardrobe. New worlds had opened up for Charlotte and would continue to expand. 'How lucky I was,' he thought, 'to marry a woman who is my size and who likes to borrow my clothes!'

Charlie is a woman in all respects but one! He has a man's love for a woman, Regina.

If the walls had eyes, at bedtime, one would see a gorgeous, shapely blonde girl, her nightgown around her, embracing an equally attractive chestnut haired girl. Their nightgowns in awry and coiffures mussed from passion.

The deconstruction of Charlie's male self-image was complete. He had the mentality of a young woman, living in femininity, rejecting all male habits of dress, bearing, physical and verbal manners. His femininity was real and permanent.



There wasn't the slightest hint that these two young women were actually a happily married husband and wife.

THE END

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