

# THE BASEMENT

*By Dana Brookes*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## THE BASEMENT

By Dana Brookes

“Well, well, well... It's nice to see you here on time for a change, Mr. Denton.”

George Denton was still trying to catch his breath as he clipped his nametag to his shirt. The overcast sky outside made the humid morning feel more like evening.

“Thank you, I think,” he chuckled. “Did you see the box of old coats that were left here yesterday? They're in great shape.”

Since he graduated from college two years ago George had been working at Portia's Vintage Clothing. The pay was barely enough to live on, but the owner of the store, Portia Rossetti, made it worthwhile. George's chronic tardiness was no longer an annoyance to the carefree older woman. It eventually became a running joke between them.

“Yes, George, and the coats look lovely. I put several of them out this morning, while you were hitting your alarm clock's snooze button. There are two of them that need to be dry-cleaned, however. I need you to take them to the cleaner's before we close. They should have a few things for you to bring back here as well.”

“No problem, Ms. Rossetti. I'll do it when I get lunch.”

“That would be great. But please try not to spill mustard on them this time. The blouse you ruined last week is serving as a wash rag for my car right now.”

“I'll do it before I eat this time. Promise.”

The spring semester had ended several weeks before, so there weren't many students in the area. During those summer months, business dropped off severely in the college town. It did not worry Ms. Rossetti, however. Nothing seemed to worry her, which is partly why George liked her so much.

The next few hours passed slowly. Just after one o'clock, George watched the first and only customer of the morning walk out of the store with an old pair of low-cut, straight-legged jeans.

“To make shorts,” she had told him. “This has been a brutal summer.”

Now that the store was empty, George decided it was time for his lunch break.

“You can take as long as you want, dear. I don't think we'll be too busy today.”

“Thanks, Ms. Rossetti. I'll tell everyone at the dry cleaner's you said hello.”

George dropped off the coats and picked up three skirts that were being cleaned for the store. On the way back, he stopped into a pizza place for lunch. He sat down at the table nearest the front window so he could watch people walk by. During the semester

George loved to watch the students and faculty traverse the town. Some have accused him of being nosy, but George preferred to think of himself as curious.

When no one had passed by for five minutes, he turned his attention toward the skirts he picked up. Peeking under the plastic sheathes they were held in, he wondered who had dropped them off at the store. They looked almost new. Two were long, silky affairs. He was more interested in the black leather miniskirt, however. He thought about how it would look on a suitably leggy blonde.

As if on cue, just such a girl strolled past the pizza parlor's front window. George was mesmerized by her flowing, golden hair. In the few seconds before she passed out of view, it was as if the gray sky had parted for a moment. Even from inside the restaurant he could hear the clicking of her long heels on the sidewalk.

"As if legs that long need heels like those," he said to himself.

And just as suddenly as she appeared, she was gone. George wanted to drop his slice of pizza and follow her, but he knew he'd better not press his luck. He'd barely got to work before opening time that morning. Taking off after the mystery girl seemed like a bad idea.

George consoled himself with the thought that she may live nearby. He made a mental note to keep an eye out for her. He was amazed he hadn't seen her before. George had always had a bit of the wandering eye. He wasn't even paying attention to his lunch anymore. When he realized it had gone cold, he merely shrugged his shoulders and pushed it aside. He picked up the dry cleaning and headed back to work. On the way back to the store he wondered if there had been a single customer while he was gone. He doubted it.

He entered Portia's Vintage Clothing and checked his watch. He'd only been gone half an hour. Feeling proud that he'd taken a reasonably short lunch, he looked up with a smile. He was ready for some goodhearted ribbing from his boss about being on time twice in one day, but that's not what he found on returning to the store.

It was the girl he'd seen just ten minutes ago!

She was at the counter, talking to Ms. Rossetti. George couldn't believe his luck. He quickly walked up to the two ladies and laid the skirts across the counter.

"Thank you for picking those up," Portia said.

"No problem," George said. Then he simply stood there for a moment, silently waiting for the precious introduction to the lovely stranger.

"George, I would like you to meet Patricia. She's starting work tomorrow."

"Really? Well, that's fantastic!" George tried not to sound too excited, but he feared he was failing.

"It's nice to meet you," Patricia said, extending a slender hand.

"The pleasure is mine," he replied, taken her hand in his. Her immediately noticed her fingernails. They were the deepest color of red he'd ever seen. As he released her hand he felt them scrape delicately across his palm. He was amazed at their finely filed tips. Their sharpness gave her hands an almost sinister look.

“Did you go to school at the university?” George asked when he finally collected his thoughts.

“No, actually. I moved here six months ago. A very good friend of mine went to school here, however.”

“You don't say! Maybe I know him or her.”

“It's a her,” Patricia said with a peculiar look in her eye. “She graduated this last semester. Women's Studies was her major.”

“No kidding,” George said, trying to remember anything he could of the feminist theory he'd read in school. He couldn't come up with anything. “That's interesting. What did you study?”

“Boys mostly,” she joked. “I didn't find much that piqued my interest at college. I was much more interested in extracurricular activities. Books and lectures just don't measure up to real life experience. I'm so much happier now that I'm done with all that studying.”

“I know what you mean,” George said. He was trying very hard to concentrate on the conversation, but he found Patricia to be very distracting.

While she spoke, Patricia would absent-mindedly fiddle with the last button on her shirt. George thought she was probably unaware she was unbuttoning and buttoning it, so he tried not to stare. Her short white blouse didn't even reach the top of her tight skirt. As Patricia spoke, George would watch her bellybutton peek out from behind the button she couldn't leave alone. He couldn't believe how deftly she troubled the button, considering her long fingernails. They were so shiny they glimmered in the store's modest light.

“Yeah... so, uh,” George stammered as he tried to continue the conversation. Fortunately, he was saved by the bell above the store's front door. In walked a customer.

“I guess I should go be helpful,” he told the lovely girl.

He approached the couple who had just entered. As he asked them if they needed help finding anything, he tried to keep an eye on the front counter. He could see that Patricia and Ms. Rossetti were laughing, but he could not hear what they were saying to each other. After a few more minutes, Patricia shook her new boss's hand and turned to leave.

George decided to show the couple a selection of scarves near the entrance, in order to make sure he could catch Patricia before she left. As she opened the door, George said, “I'm looking forward to working with you. See you tomorrow!”

She merely smiled. Then she was gone.

“Yes, these are nice. But I was actually looking for a nice T-shirt. I don't have enough summer clothing.”

What did that smile mean, George wondered.

“Excuse me, but I was wondering about T-shirts...”

Was she annoyed that he had been staring at her? Did she think he was trying too hard?

“Sir? I think we'll just look around the store for a bit...”

“Oh, I'm sorry. Of course. If you need anything at all just give me a holler.” George hoped Ms. Rossetti hadn't noticed how unhelpful he was. The last thing in the world he wanted now was to get fired.

George ate dinner alone that night. His roommates went to a movie, but George wasn't in the mood. All he could think about was getting to work the next day. He even considered for a moment that Patricia was hired to get him to work on time. But he quickly dismissed the foolish thought.

He just dropped his dish in the sink. His roommates never washed up after dinner, so why should he? He sat down to read a book, but it couldn't hold his attention. He tried watching television, but that too couldn't distract him. He decided to go to sleep. Before turning off the light, he set the alarm to wake him an extra hour earlier than usual.

George got to work earlier than he ever had before. Ms. Rossetti was pleasantly surprised.

“Well look at that! What are you doing here at this hour?”

George hadn't prepared an excuse. “Um... I guess I just went to sleep early last night. Who knows?”

“That's not like you, dear. Are you feeling okay?”

“Oh, I'm fine, Ms. Rossetti.”

“That's good. Since you're here so early today, maybe you'd like to learn what it is we do before opening each day.”

George figured this was a small price to pay. She showed George how she took an inventory of what was sold the day before and replaced items on the racks. Then she asked him to sweep up around the shop.

“This is a nice break from tidying up every morning. It's a lovely day outside, isn't it?” she said.

“Oh! The sun finally came back out.” George hadn't even noticed the weather. “It seems like we've had nothing but rain for the last week.”

“After you're done sweeping up, would you mind taking these boxes of blouses to the back room?”

“Of course not! I'll do that in a moment. I had no idea how much there was to do in the morning.”

“It's not so bad. And don't worry; I won't be expecting this extra help every morning.”

They both laughed. George was more than happy to do a little cleaning on this day.

Before he knew it, it was 10 o'clock, time to open the store. As he was turning the “Closed” sign in the window around so “Open” faced out, Patricia knocked on the door.

“Good morning! Come on in.”

“Thank you,” she replied. She flashed him a smile and walked right by.

George couldn't believe it. Patricia looked even lovelier today than she had yesterday. Her long blond hair was wavier today. She wore a light purple tank top that did nothing to hide her black bra straps. Her skirt was the thinnest material he'd ever seen. It was light brown with a flowery design around the hem, and George swore she wasn't wearing any underwear from the way it clung to her bottom. It was so thin it created the illusion of being transparent, but it was just the way the material caressed her legs that left little to the imagination. She glided towards Ms. Rossetti on modestly sized heels. She was too tall to need anything longer.

George simply arranged some displays in the store window while Patricia talked to Ms. Rossetti. He couldn't hear what they were saying, but he assumed she was receiving some instructions for the day. Suddenly George heard his name called out.

“Could you come over here for a moment, dear?”

George jumped to attention, but couldn't help feeling a little disappointed it was his boss, not Patricia, who was summoning him. He wondered if he'd be this jumpy all day.

“What's up?” he asked.

“I was just telling Patricia a little about the store. Why don't you show her around a bit? She'll need to know where everything goes.”

“It would be my pleasure.”

“There isn't much to learn here,” she said to Patricia, “but it wouldn't hurt to get your bearings this morning.”

“Of course,” Patricia said.

Then she turned to George. He felt his heart skip a beat when their eyes made contact. “So, what's first?”

George gave her a brief tour of the store. There wasn't much to see; the store was mostly racks of clothes separated by category. Soon Patricia had seen everything, and Ms. Rossetti asked them to put a few new items out on the floor. She brought a small stack of skirts out from the backroom.

“Here you go. I don't expect these to last very long,” she said as she handed them to George.

“Oh, they're very nice,” Patricia said. “I think I have one just like that black one.”

George wanted to continue the conversation. “I've been here a couple years, but I've never seen anything like the skirt you're wearing today.”

“Thanks, I made it myself.”

“No kidding! It looks great. Do you make a lot of your own clothes?”

“A good portion. I don't like a lot of what you see in the stores. I guess I just have... different tastes than most people.”

“I know how you feel. That must be great being able to sew like that.”

“And it's a lot cheaper. Since I can make a skirt when I need a new one, I can save my money to spend on more pleasurable things. You could do the same, if you wanted.”

“Oh, I don't think I could ever sew that well. Plus, I'm a guy! I don't need more than some pants and a few shirts.”

“Well that's boring,” she said playfully. “I've noticed that about the guys I've known. They just don't care about looking nice. Maybe they're afraid it will appear too feminine.”

“I don't think I worry about that,” George said without even thinking about what he was saying. “I'm sure there are some guys that aren't afraid to appear a little feminine.”

“That's refreshing to hear. I just don't know why guys wouldn't want to try out different things. I love being able to dress differently each day. One day I might feel serious and somber. Today I'm feeling... excited. It's my first day of work, after all!”

“It's kind of like role playing, or something like that,” George said, not really sure what she was talking about.

“That's right. I couldn't have said it better myself.”

George thought the conversation was going well, but he realized they had finished putting out the clothes. Before he could start up the conversation again, a customer walked in.

George walked right up to them and asked if they needed any help. Patricia stayed back and just watched. The girl looked young; she was almost certainly a student at the university. She was out shoe shopping, so George pointed her towards the back of the store, where the wall was lined with shelves of women's shoes.

He didn't want to be too pushy, so he left the girl alone with the shoes. He kept an eye on her as he stood next to Patricia.

“So... do you live nearby?” he asked.

“Yes, my roommate and I are just a few blocks from here. A little way off Main Street.”

“That's convenient. Do you room with a friend, or are you just renting a room with strangers?”

“Oh, no. I would never rent a room in a house full of strangers. I need plenty of privacy. My roommate is the Women's Studies graduate I told you about yesterday. She's the best.”

George was curious about this friend. He wondered what kind of person scored so highly Patricia's book.

“You're really lucky. I'm just renting a room in a house a decent way from here. They're all grad students. I think they met in a fraternity. We don't talk much. I'm not even sure they know my name.”

“That's no fun. I can totally be myself around Deborah.”

“Deborah's your roommate?”

“Right. She's just the best. I really love her to death.

George wanted to find out more. “So what kind of stuff do you guys do around here? This town can be kind of beat in the summer.”

“Oh, we don't go out much. It's too expensive. We just hang out at our place. We've got a really nice house. We're busy fixing it up just the way we want it. The most important rooms are already done.”

“Wow, that sounds like it could be a lot of work. Does the house need much work?”

“Fortunately, no. It just didn't have the ambiance we wanted for it. Plus, it was so boring before. We're trying to spice it up a little.”

“I can't stand my place, but it I just have a room there. So there isn't much I can do about it. They're all guys there, so it's pretty messy.”

“I can't even imagine what it would be like living with a bunch of guys.”

“And I can't imagine what it would be like living with girls. It must be nice.”

“Well, you know how girls can be. You'd have to be used to being bossed around, I'm sure!”

George laughed aloud. He was having a wonderful time talking to such a beautiful, charming girl. In fact, he was having so much fun he didn't notice that the girl looking for shoes had left. He hoped Ms. Rossetti hadn't noticed him slacking off on the job. He nearly yelped when she yelled for him.

“George! I'm in the back. Can you bring me yesterday's receipts? I left them under the counter.”

Patricia put her hand on his shoulder. “Don't worry, I'll do it. I saw her put them there when I got here this morning. You keep an eye out for customers. Maybe we didn't do such a great job with the last one. She didn't even buy anything!”

George wanted to thank her, but he couldn't speak. He practically felt faint when she touched his shoulder. As she turned to help Ms. Rossetti, her hand lingered just a moment on his shirt. Her pointed nails, painted purple today, dragged across the coarse fabric. It made a sound that made his heart race, but he couldn't explain why.

He watched her saunter into the back room. When she walked, her hips swayed just a little. It wasn't obvious, but if you were watching with George's intensity it was plainly obvious. He could have watched her walk all day.

Before she returned, George made himself busy straightening up. He didn't want her to notice him staring at her. She stopped to look at the shoes on display.

“Oh, there you are. I didn't notice you back there. Does Ms. Rossetti need anything else?”

“No, she said we should just keep an eye on the store.” Patricia moved on from the shoes to the T-shirts nearby. “So what do you do all day here?”

“Pretty much just what we're doing now.”

“You admire women's clothes all day?” she joked.

“No, no, that's not what I mean. I just make sure I'm out here when a customer comes in.”

“So why was I hired? It seems like you barely have enough work yourself?”

“When summer is over all the students come back. We do a lot more business then. In the meantime, I think Ms. Rossetti wants to take more days off. So I guess I'll do the managerial stuff while you help customers.”

Patricia had grown bored with the T-shirts and was now looking at the longer skirts hanging on a rack. “Hmm,” she said under her breath. George heard her and tried to think of something to say. She was unaware how closely she was being watched.

“So... are you enjoying your first day?”

“Of course I am. I love clothes, all kinds. My roommate teases me about it. She thinks it's too typically feminine. But what's wrong with a little femininity in your life?”

“I've never thought about it that way. No one should tell you how to live your life.”

“Well, plenty of people have tried. You can't imagine how much trouble I've had keeping a boyfriend longer than a week or two. That's part of the reason Deb and I get along so well. She knows all about me, and she accepts me. She's practically a boyfriend and a girlfriend all wrapped in one.”

George couldn't imagine how any guy could leave Patricia. He desperately wanted to ask her if she currently had a boyfriend, but he didn't know how to do it without seeming too forward.

“That's surprising,” he said. He figured a little flattery couldn't hurt. “What's not to like about you?”

“Oh, I guess I've got a few little... quirks. But who doesn't? Most guys are just so butch. They always want to be in charge. And I'm not a passive girl!”

“There must be guys out there who wouldn't want to be too pushy.”

“Well, perhaps Deb and I can be a little insular sometimes. Maybe guys feel ganged up on by us. We're practically inseparable.”

“That sounds really nice, if you ask me. All my friends are students at the university. They've all gone away for the summer.”

“You should hang out with us some time. Especially since you don't get along with your roommates very well.”

George couldn't believe it. This was exactly the opportunity he was looking for.

“I'd love to!”

That seemed simple enough. He couldn't wait to spend more time with her, especially outside of the shop. He wanted to invite her to lunch that very day, but he felt that would be too much too soon. If she had a history of boyfriend problems, he figured coming on too strong would rub her the wrong way. He wanted to be the opposite of all those other guys.

“Do you think you can handle being out here on the floor without me for a little bit?”

“Sure, why?”

“I think I'm gonna grab lunch in a second. I won't be gone long. There's a place just down the block that I'll go to. Do you want me to pick up anything for you?”

“No, I'll be fine. I'm meeting Deb for lunch. She's at the house now, right where I left her this morning. I'll call her when I'm about to get lunch. She's dying to hear how my first day is going.”

“That's cool. It's pretty laid back here. You can take your lunch anytime I'm here to watch the store.”

“Then maybe I'll call Deb while you're at lunch. I'll take my break when you get back.”

“Sounds good. Let me make sure Ms. Rossetti doesn't need anything while I'm out.”

George went to the back room to check on his boss. She was sitting at the desk, entering receipts into the computer. She was always poring over the finances of the store. Even though the space was cheap to lease and the store didn't sell a large volume of clothing, Ms. Rossetti was always checking and checking again her business affairs.

“I'm about to go to lunch. Is there anything you want me to do before I go?”

“No,” she said without looking up from her papers. “Everything's fine here. How is Patricia doing on her first day?”

“She's doing just fine,” George said. “I think she's gonna be great.”

George stepped into the doorway leading back into the store. He didn't see Patricia at first. Then he heard something from the corner of the store. He peeked through the doorway to find Patricia trying on a pair of shoes.

George quickly glanced back at Ms. Rossetti, who was lost in her calculations. She didn't even know he was still there. George was trying to think of something charming to say to Patricia as he watched her trying on shoes. She was in the process of putting a pair back on the shelf when she knocked a “25% Off” sign off the wall. The sign was simply a piece of paper that George had taped up earlier that month. It floated down from the wall and under a rack of pants.

Before he could offer to help, Patricia got to her knees to reach for the sign. She didn't realize George was standing in the doorway, watching her crawl under the rack. George's eyes widened when he realized he could see up her tiny skirt. She wore the tiniest blue G-string he'd ever seen.

When she found the sign, George quickly busied himself with straightening some displays nearby.

“Oh, there you are. So are you going to lunch now?” she asked innocently.

“Um, yes. Right now! I'll be back soon.” George was relieved that she didn't seem to have noticed his peeping.

Lunch would have tasted better if George hadn't been so distracted. He didn't go far from the store; he simply walked next door for a sandwich and soda. Instead of regret-

ting the dry turkey and bland cheese he had paid good money for, he was lost in thoughts of Patricia. Over and over he replayed the scene of her brown skirt riding up her thighs. He began to get a little too excited, and he figured he should get back to work. He dropped the last half of the sandwich in the trash and left.

The fifteen feet between the cafe and his store were filled with promise. George's anticipation of seeing her again increased each step closer he took. He imagined how she would smile to see him back from lunch, how he would tell her not to bother with the cafe next door, how he would ask her what she was doing after work even. As he opened the door, he froze in his tracks.

Patricia was laughing and talking to young man. George hoped he was just a customer, but he was troubled by it nonetheless. He was never that friendly with the customers. He tried to shake it off as he regained his composure and entered the store.

Walking up to Patricia and the man, he opened his mouth to say hello. But just at that moment, Patricia took the man's arm and led him to a rack of men's jackets. George felt deflated. He couldn't believe she was actually touching the tall, handsome guy.

George silently fumed for a few minutes. He heard the front door's bell ring, signaling a customer's entrance. He turned to see a pretty young lady, wearing worn jeans and a black T-shirt. George practically ran up to her. He decided to give Patricia a taste of her own medicine.

"Hello!" George said just loud enough for Patricia to overhear. "Can I help you find anything?"

"Actually, I'm just here..."

"Oh, you should really check out the new summer dresses we have in. A lovely girl like yourself should never be without something pretty for an evening out on the town."

George glanced back at Patricia. She was watching him! The look of surprise on her face made George think his plan was working. He decided to kick it up a notch.

Before the girl could reply, he put a hand on her elbow and tried to lead her over to the dresses. He leaned in close to her, but before he could crack a joke to make her smile, she removed his hand from her arm.

"Pats!" she shouted over his shoulder.

George was confused and turned just in time to see Patricia wave to the girl.

"Deb, what are you doing here?"

"I'm here to take you to lunch, my treat. So how's my working girl doing on her first day?"

As the two girls met in the middle of the store, George figured he should help out with the customer Patricia had been talking to. He tried to listen in on the girls' conversation, but it was difficult to do while ringing up the sale.

When George was finished and the customer had left, he joined in.

"So, you're this Debbie girl I've heard so much about."

“Oh, let me introduce you,” Patricia said. “George, this is my roommate Deb; Deb, this is George. He's worked here for a while. I hope I'm not giving him too much trouble while he shows me the ropes.”

“Oh, you're doing great,” George said. “So are you guys getting lunch now or something?”

“Yeah, I guess I'll go tell Ms. Rossetti now. Be right back.”

Patricia walked into the back room, leaving George and Debbie to deal with the awkward silence of two strangers.

“So... How long have you known Patricia?”

“A few years now. We met in school.”

“That's cool.”

George was at a loss. He wanted to know more about Patricia, but he felt very uncomfortable around her friend. There was something about her that made him feel that way, but he couldn't put a finger on just what it was.

“...Well, what do you two do for fun around here. It's pretty beat during the summer.”

“We don't have any trouble entertaining ourselves,” she said mysteriously.

“That's... great.”

To George's relief, Patricia returned.

“Okay, let's eat!”

It seemed like the girls were at lunch forever. George watched a couple customers browse the store, but no one bought anything. He didn't even bother to come out from behind the register. After working there for so long, he could tell which customers were looking for clothes and which were just killing time.

During one of the many lulls, Ms. Rossetti came out from the back room.

“How was your lunch, dear?”

“Oh, nothing special. Everything look okay back there?”

“Everything's just fine. There should be a young man dropping off a bag of clothes later today. If he gets here before you leave, maybe you could show Patricia how we tag the items before we put them out in the store.”

“Sure thing.”

George was having trouble keeping up his end of the conversation. Realizing her employee wasn't feeling very chatty, Ms. Rossetti went back to her office for lunch.

George simply stared out the front windows of the store, wondering when Patricia and her friend would arrive. Finally, they returned. He even thought he saw them holding hands before entering the store, but he could not tell for sure.

“Thanks for lunch. I've never eaten there before,” Patricia said.

“Congratulations on your first day,” Debbie replied.

“Before you go, I want to show you something,” Patricia told her. “Stay right there. I’ll be back in a second.”

Patricia skipped over to the rack of women's pants. She was busy looking for something there, so George decided to get involved.

“What are you looking for?”

“Oh, I saw a pair of pants here that I thought Deb might like. Now where were they?”

As she rummaged through the clothes, she knocked a couple items off their hangers. Too intent on finding the pants, she didn't even notice.

“Here they are! Deb, come here.”

Debbie took a look at the pants and smiled. Then Patricia took her by the arm and led her to the changing room right next to them. It had swinging doors that did not reach all the way to the floor. The two girls stepped inside. George heard the latch on the doors close.

George leaned over to pick up the clothes that Patricia had knocked to the floor. As he was reaching under the rack, he looked over to see the legs and feet of the two girls as they stood in the changing room. His curiosity piqued, he took his time finding the fallen pants.

He watched as Debbie pulled her pants down to her ankles and stepped out of them. He could only see the bottom half of the girls' calves and feet, but it was enough to make him excited. He imagined the two girls standing in the cramped room, Patricia in her little skirt and tank top, Debbie in her T-shirt and underwear. As Debbie pulled the new pants over her feet and up her legs, George wondered what type of panties she would wear, if she wore any at all.

“Oh, that's nice,” he heard her say. “I really like them. How much are they?”

“Ten bucks, can you believe it?” Patricia said.

“Can I just wear them out of here?”

“Of course. Turn around for a second,” Patricia said.

George could see Debbie's feet shuffle as she tried to turn in the tiny space.

“I have to warn you, I can see your underwear through these pants,” Patricia said.

George couldn't believe he was overhearing this conversation. It was like they forgot he was there. What was even more surprising was the sight of Debbie removing the pants and then pulling her white cotton panties down her legs.

“George, where are you?” Ms. Rossetti suddenly said.

George nearly had a heart attack. He quickly jumped up from where he was kneeling.

“What's up?” He hoped he hadn't been caught.

“Nothing. The store looked empty and I wanted to make sure everything was okay. I didn't see you crouched behind that rack there.”

“Oh, I was just picking up some things that fell of their hangers.” George was sweating from nervousness.

“Thank you, dear.”

Patricia and Debbie walked out of the changing room when they heard Ms. Rossetti.

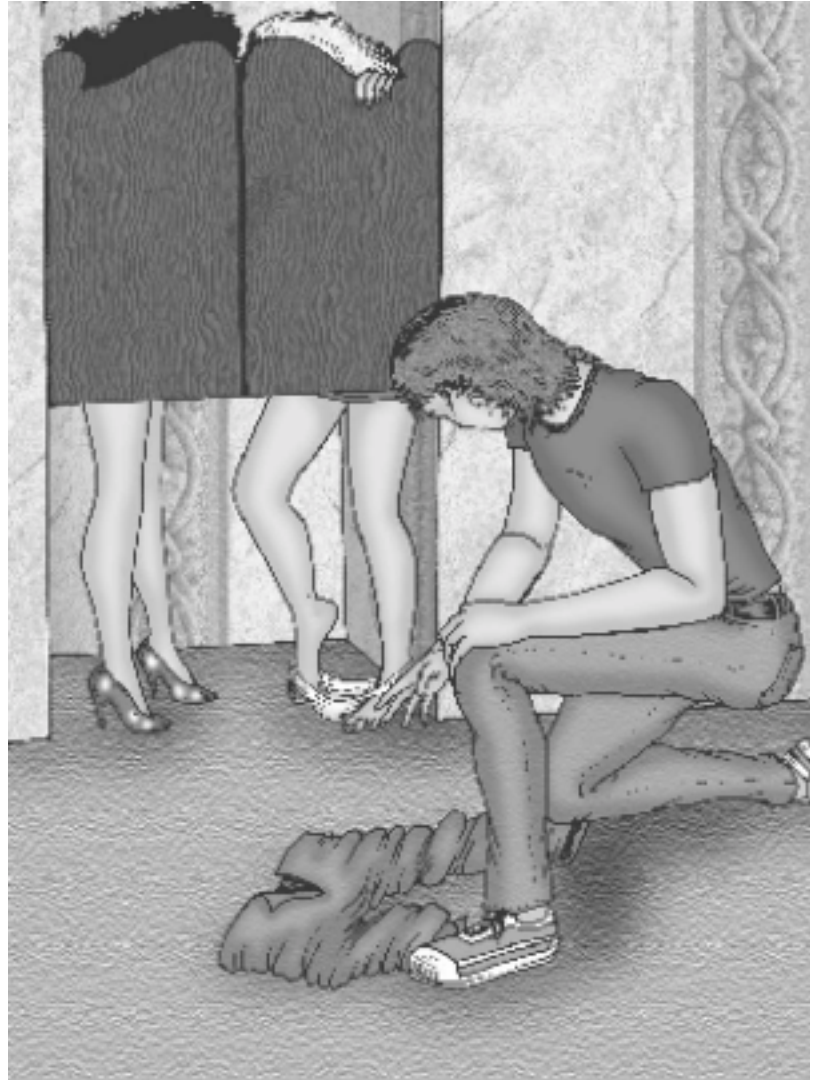
“I've made my first sale!” Patricia proclaimed.

“That's wonderful,” Ms. Rossetti said with a smile. “To your friend here?”

“That's right. Deb, let's go over to the register.”

The two girls finished the transaction as George and Ms. Rossetti watched.

“I hope she has a lot of friends like this one,” Ms. Rossetti said. “We could use the business.”



The end of Patricia's first day finally arrived. It was too soon for George, however. Ms. Rossetti called her two employees over to her.

“You two can go home now. I'll finish closing up, and maybe the gentleman will stop by with the clothes he wants to leave with us.”

“Thank you,” Patricia said. “I have some errands to run, so that's really helpful.”

George saw a chance so he took a shot. “I have to go shopping for some stuff too. I don't have anything for dinner tonight. We can get my car and carpool.”

“No, I just need to do some boring stuff. You wouldn't want to tag along for that.”

“Okay,” George said, trying not to sound disappointed. “Well I guess I'll see you tomorrow then.”

“See you then,” she said, flashing him a warm smile. Then she gave a wave and said, “Have a nice evening, Ms. Rossetti!”

“Goodnight, dear. I'm glad to have you working here.”

“Thanks!”

George watched Patricia leave the store. He couldn't wait to get to work tomorrow and see her again.

Just as he was about to leave, however, a customer stepped into the store. He had a large canvas bag with him.

“Hello, I talked to Portia earlier today. She said I could drop off these clothes today.”

“Oh, come on in. Let me have a look,” George said.

The man placed his bag on the counter, and George began pulling out some items. The man looked a little uncomfortable. George assumed he was worried the clothes were too worn out to be resold.

“These will be great. Thanks a lot for bringing them by.”

“I've had these clothes forever and... just want to start new.”

“They look like they're in good shape. This will be nice. We're always looking for men's clothes. It seems like guys tend to hold on to their clothes longer, but girls like to change their wardrobes all the time. So we've always got plenty of women's clothes coming into the store.”

As George was talking, he noticed at the bottom of the bag was an obviously feminine blouse.

“Did you know there was some other stuff in here?” he asked the man. As he pulled out the blouse, he noticed that an elaborate bra was tucked inside the shirt as well as a garter belt.

“Oh... yeah. Those things. They're, uh... They belonged to an ex-girlfriend of mine. I don't have any need for them, so I figured I'd add them to this bunch.”

“Of course.”

Before George could say another word, the man abruptly excused himself and left the store. He practically ran out the door.

“Ms. Rossetti, those clothes you were expected showed up,” George called out.

“That's good. If you could tag the ones in good enough shape to sell, that would be very helpful.”

“Sure thing,” George said.

By the time George had gone through all the new clothes, he was no longer in the mood to walk all the way to his house to get his car and go grocery shopping. He decided just to grab a quick meal on the way home.

There was a decent Chinese take-out place a little out of his way. He hadn't eaten there in a while, and he thought it would be worth walking the extra few blocks.

He was right. The sun was setting, and the early summer evening was beautiful. He wondered what Patricia was doing that night. Did she have a date? Or was she just hanging out at home with her close friend? He reflected on the time he spent with her

today. He felt good about it. She seemed very nice, and he thought there was a real chance they could become friends. He imagined, if he played his cards right, they might even become more than friends.

The walk to the restaurant took no time. As he stepped out of the take-out place, with a brown bag in his arms, he looked around. The town was so empty during the summer months it almost felt deserted. Everything was silent.

His reverie was interrupted by someone walking out of the hardware store across the street. It was Patricia!

George panicked. He didn't know if he should talk to her or not. He was worried about coming on too strong, or even worse, looking like a stalker. He managed a half-hearted wave, but she didn't notice.

She was carrying a plastic bag that looked stretched to the limit. As she stepped off the curb to cross the street, the bag gave way. Something tore through the bottom and landed on the street with a clatter.

Patricia quickly bent over to pick up her purchases. George was close enough to see what was happening. She picked up a length of chain and a coil of rope. He wondered what she needed those for.

It didn't take her long to wrap everything up in the bag. She tucked the bundle under her arm and set off again. George was going her way, so he followed her at a distance. He realized how bad it looked for him to be tailing her like this, so he decided to turn at the next block. That would take him back into the neighborhood, where he could get to his place by following the residential streets.

Before he could get there, however, Patricia turned at the very same block. George was going to go up another block or two, where she wouldn't notice him. When he got to the intersection where she turned, he quickly glanced down the street. She was standing at a front door, fishing for her keys.

George was faced with a decision. He knew he should just go home, but he had somehow walked into the opportunity to learn more about the enigmatic Patricia. He knew he couldn't walk up to her door and ring the doorbell. That would make it obvious he had been following her. He simply stood at the intersection, peeking around the corner of a convenience store, debating whether he should give into his curiosity or turn and walk away.

While Patricia was trying to find her keys in the bottom of her purse, Debbie opened the door. George could not hear what they were saying. He watched as Patricia held up the bundle under her arms. Debbie smiled mischievously and pinched her friend's ass as she entered the house.

George's decision was made.

He could see through the windows Patricia and her roommate walking through the house. He tried to walk as inconspicuously as possible. From his outside he couldn't see much inside. The house looked small from the outside, and nothing seemed out of the ordinary. The windows were large and gave the rooms plenty of natural light.

Perhaps that is why the basement window seemed out of place. It was only about a foot or so across. The basement itself was not fully underground. Its tiny window would have let in a little bit of sunlight, except for one thing: It was taped over from the inside.

George finally got close enough to check it out. There were no cracks in the pane, so the tape was not a cheap repair. The sill seemed sturdy. The tape apparently was to keep anyone from seeing into the basement. George had only one goal in mind, and that was to find out what's behind the darkened window.

There was no way for him to remove the tape from the outside, and the old window looked like it would make too much noise if he tried to open it. Not to mention that it was probably locked. Suddenly the basement light went on. George nearly yelped in surprise, but he kept his composure. It was too late to blow it now.

The tape was too thick to allow anything more than a slight glow from the inside light to reach the outside world. But now that it was illuminated, George noticed something for the first time. There was a tiny corner of the window where the tape had peeled back an inch. George took a deep breath and peered into the tiny opening.

It took him a few seconds for his eyes to adjust. Looking through the dirty window, he finally could make out movement. It was the two girls reaching the bottom of the stairs. They seemed to be holding hands.

Debbie led Patricia to a large wardrobe in the only corner of the room George could get a good view of. She opened its doors and looked inside. She seemed to be looking for clothes. Patricia sat on a stool in the middle of the room. As Debbie leafed through the various garments hanging there, Patricia looked around.

George swore she look right at him. He froze. He tried to convince himself there was no way she could see him through the taped window. The hole he was spying through wasn't even as big as his eye.

George felt relieved when Patricia looked away. Debbie pulled out a long dress. It looked forty years out of fashion. The neck had lace trim, and the rest was a loose blue material with a flower pattern on it.

Debbie laid the dress next to the stool and kneeled before Patricia. She slid her hand up Patricia's tiny skirt. George felt himself begin to sweat. Her hand lingered there for a moment, then she started to remove it. Patricia's thong underwear was being pulled off. George felt a rush of excitement when he recognized the panties from before. Debbie leaned back as Patricia straightened her long legs. The panties were pulled past her knees and over her shoes.

Patricia let her head fall back in anticipation. She slowly turned her face to the basement window, opened her eyes slowly, and gave a sly smile.

George couldn't take any more. He quickly stepped away from the window and picked up his dinner. He tried to walk away calmly, but his nerves got the best of him. Before he knew it he was running home.

His dinner was cold by the time he got there, but he didn't notice. He had other things on his mind.

Before George knew it he was at work again. As the day before, he arrived before Patricia. Ms. Rossetti was pleased to see him, and had him sweeping up behind the counter when the store's newest employee walked in. She was wearing a knee-length black skirt and a very tight white T-shirt.

“Good morning, George.”

George didn't know what to say. He wished he knew if she'd seen him at the window or not.

“Hey,” was all he could manage.

“Do anything fun last night?” she asked.

George couldn't tell if she was teasing him or just being friendly. He played it safe.

“I don't know... It wasn't a normal night, that's for sure.”

“Nor mine!” she agreed. “But I can't say I was disappointed. What did you do?”

George could feel his face turning red. He knew he had to play along, though he wasn't sure if it was even a game.

“Well, I ate at my favorite Chinese place. I hadn't been there for a while.”

“That's not so out of the ordinary. Are you telling me that was the highlight of your evening? How sad.”

“Well... why would you want to hear about some boring old guy like me? Did you do anything special last night?” George's only defense was to turn the spotlight on Patricia.

“The usual, for the most part. Hung out with my best friend. Don't think I'm crazy, but there was one strange thing,” she said in a mysterious voice.

“...What's that?” George said hesitantly.

“I think my house is haunted!”

George let out a relieved laugh. “Were pictures flying off the walls and strange noises coming from other rooms?” he joked.

“No, not really.”

“Well, I'm sure not all ghosts are bad. Maybe it's a friendly ghost,” George suggested. He was still thrilled not to be talking about last night's activities.

“Oh, I'm sure it's a friendly ghost. But I still feel a little strange about it. Like he's still with me.”

“...Uh, what do you mean?”

“Never mind,” she said abruptly. “I'm sure I'm just dreaming the whole thing.”

George took the opportunity to find something else to keep him busy. He excused himself and went to talk to Ms. Rossetti, who was in the back room.

“Patricia's here. Is there anything in particular you want us to do today?” he asked.

“No, dear. Just keep an eye on the store and help anyone who comes in,” she said without looking up from her newspaper. “That insane governor of ours wants to raise the sales tax again. Can you believe it?”

George didn't have any idea who the governor even was. “That sounds like a bad idea,” he ventured.

“Our business stays pretty constant, but who knows what kind of effect that will have on the other people around here.”

“We'll have to, uh, keep an eye out for that,” George said lamely. Even if he weren't distracted by Patricia's pointed questions, he would still be in the dark for this conversation.

“Why don't you go show Patricia the new clothes that came in last night.”

“Okay.”

Patricia was wandering around the store, randomly picking up items of clothing and feeling the various fabrics. George didn't want to face her again, so he kept himself busy in the back of the store.

He was distracted by some a skirt that a customer had put back among the dresses. He was going through the rack to find other misplaced items, trying to look busy. He suddenly realized Patricia was standing behind him.

“Oh, hi,” he said, turning around.

“Isn't it funny how you can tell when someone is watching you?” she asked innocently.

George nearly dropped the skirt he had pulled from the rack. “Wh-What do you mean?” he stuttered.

“You know, you can almost feel someone's eyes on you, even though you can't see them.”

“I guess so. I've never really thought about it,” he said.

Patricia just looked at him, a slight smile playing across her lips. The silence was driving George crazy.

“Um, that sounds kind of creepy. Being watched, I mean.”

“Not necessarily,” she said.

Then the bell rang, signaling that a customer had entered the store.

“Let me get this one,” Patricia asked.

“Sure.”

She gently squeezed George's arm. “Thanks,” she whispered before walking away.

All George could think about was what a disaster this was. He chastised himself for being so stupid as to spy on her. At least she didn't seem too mad. Still, George expected the cops to come through the door any second. How would he explain to his parents getting arrested for being a peeping tom?

George watched as Patricia approached the couple who had entered the store. They were just browsing, so Patricia left them alone. She went behind the counter in case they decided to buy anything.

As the customers lingered, Patricia's attention wandered. She looked over at George, who was trying to ignore her. He couldn't do it, though. He looked over to her and they made eye contact. George cursed himself for not minding his own business, but then she winked at him. He was so confused. He smiled weakly and gave her a nod.

George nearly jumped out of his shoes when he heard his name called.

"Can you come here a moment, dear?" Ms. Rossetti asked.

"What's up," he said when he entered the back room.

"We'll be getting a lot more customers and a lot more clothes when school is back in session. I'm thinking about putting some new racks up in the corners."

"That sounds like a good idea."

"I've ordered a few racks, but they have to be picked up. Do you think you could get them for me?"

"My car isn't here. And besides, there isn't much room in my trunk for that sort of thing."

"Oh, you should take my car. I drove my van in today because I thought the order might be ready."

"Okay. Are they just at the supply store up the road a ways?" George asked.

"Yes. Take your time, though. There's no hurry. Patricia can hold down the fort while you're gone. You can even stop to get a bite to eat if you want to go around lunch time."

"That'll be fine."

"Thank you, dear."

George was glad for the excuse to leave the store. He could barely handle the stress of this game he and Patricia were playing.

There were more customers than usual that day, so George had little time alone with her before lunch time rolled around. He was thankful for that.

"I've got some errands to run for Ms. Rossetti, and I'm going to get my lunch while I'm out. So do you want to take your break now, since I'll be gone for a little while?" George asked Patricia.

"Sure," she answered. "I'll go now."

"Take your time, I'm in no hurry," he said. "Are you meeting your, um, roommate for lunch again?"

"No, not today," she said with a twinkle in her eye. "It was a late night last night. She's probably still asleep, the lazy bum."

George tried to laugh, but it sounded more like a whimper.

Patricia returned from lunch, and George prepared to leave.

“Ms. Rossetti, I'm heading out now. I'll leave the van behind the store and bring the racks in that way.”

“Have a nice lunch, dear,” the sweet older lady said.

George walked by the counter on his way to the front door.

“Yes, dear, have a nice lunch,” Patricia teased.

“See you in a little bit,” George said, relieved to get out of there.

“Don't have too much fun without me!” she said as he walked out the door.

George wasn't sure how much more of this he could take. If Patricia knew about his spying on her, why wasn't she mad?

Despite not being great with a stick shift, George got back to the store in one piece. He grabbed a burger at a drive-through on the way back from the supplies store.

“Hello, dear. Did you have any trouble with the racks?” Ms. Rossetti asked when he came in through the back.

“Not at all. I'm just going to finish my lunch right here. Then I'll bring the racks in.”

“I'll show you where they should go when you do that.”

“Gotcha,” George said as he munched on a french fry.

It didn't take long to finish lunch. George was soon opening the back of the van. The people at the store had loaded the three racks into the van, and George was surprised at how heavy they were. He didn't want to face her just yet, but he knew he needed Patricia's help getting them into the store.

Through the back door he entered the store and found Patricia alone behind the counter.

“Um, could you give me a hand carrying some stuff in here? It's kind of heavy,” he said, trying to sound as normal as possible.

“Sure. Are they the racks Ms. Rossetti told me about while you were gone?”

“Yeah, that's it.”

“Let me get Ms. Rossetti to watch the store while we do that,” she said.

George was happy she wasn't being mysterious anymore. He began to think he'd get through the rest of the day without any more trouble.

Patricia spoke to their boss, who nodded and thanked her. Patricia came back to the counter and gave George a smile.

“Ready to go.”

George led the way out back to where the van was waiting. Patricia took climbed into the van so she could lift the racks and push them out, where George would wait for her to take the other end and carry them inside. As she stepped up into the van,

George watched her skirt ride up her thighs. It was just a few inches, but George was still unable to look away. When she pulled herself in, her skirt went taut against her behind.

Based on the lesson he learned about her panties the day before, he knew that just because there were no panty lines it didn't mean she wasn't wearing anything underneath her clothes. As he stared at her ass and tight skirt, he was sure this time there was nothing between her smooth skin and the dark material.

Patricia looked over her shoulder, her butt still right in front of George.

“Are you gonna stand there all day or are we working?” she said. She then gave him a wink to show she wasn't serious.

“Right... sorry, I was just... lost in thought,” George lied.

“What were you thinking about?”

“Um, oh it was nothing.”

“If you say so,” she said before turning getting back to the task at hand.

George was feeling warm, so he took off his long-sleeved shirt. He wore a black T-shirt underneath.

When the bundle of racks were out of the van, George took one end and Patricia took the other. George was surprised at how muscular her arms were. They were by no means bulky, but her biceps had the smooth curves of a girl in excellent physical condition. George's own arms were no larger than hers, yet they had no noticeable muscle tone.

They navigate the metal rods through the back room and into the store. When Ms. Rossetti saw them, she began to give instructions.

“Put them down right where you are. We want them in these three corners,” she said, pointing to the spaces where they would be set up.

Each person took one rack to a corner and set it up. George had done this before, as had Ms. Rossetti of course, so they were done quickly. When he saw that Patricia was having trouble, he joined her.

“The crossbar is on upside-down. It goes like this,” he said, showing her the proper way to set it up.

“Duh! That's why it wasn't going down all the way,” she said apologetically.

As George finished putting it together, he noticed Patricia leaning against the wall. Her long frame looked even taller and thinner as she stretched her arms above her head. She then wiped the faintest trace of perspiration from her forehead.

“There we go,” George said when he was finished. “They aren't complicated to put together once you know how.”

“Thank you, kind sir,” Patricia said jokingly. “How would a fair maiden like myself have ever done that without you?”

They both laughed.

The rest of the day went by quickly. George was getting ready to leave, when he was confronted by Patricia.

“You're going home now?”

“Yeah,” he answered, worried that he wouldn't get out of there without some further embarrassment.

“Me too. What's a guy like you do for fun around here?” she asked with a raised eyebrow.

“I dunno. There isn't much. I keep busy I guess.”

“I bet you do. Don't you have a girlfriend or something like that?” she asked. She took a step closer to him.

“Um... no, actually. I haven't seen anyone in a while.”

“Oh I'm sure you see people all the time.”

“...What do you mean by that?” George asked, feeling brave for a change.

“I just mean,” she started, pausing to take another step closer, “that you don't seem like such a hermit or anything.”

Patricia was practically standing on his toes now. George tried to think of an answer.

“I guess I'm just a little shy.”

“You don't seem so shy to me. I bet you're much more adventurous than you let on...”

George's courage failed him, and he looked away sheepishly.

“Hey,” she said, “why don't you show me where that Chinese restaurant is you told me about. It sounds good.”

Was she asking him out on a date? What about her “roommate”? George was so confused.

“Yeah... okay. It's just up the street a little ways.”

The two said good-bye to Ms. Rossetti and left together.

On the way to the take-out place, Patricia and George made small talk. He couldn't help but notice that she walked very close to him. Their hands brushed more than once. George did his best to play it cool.

“So... do you have a boyfriend,” George asked hesitantly, “or something like that?”

“Something like that? What's that mean? No, I broke up with someone recently. It just wasn't working out.”

“Was it a messy breakup?”

“No, and I'm much happier for it. He just wanted to be in charge, and I wouldn't let him. I like to be the one in control in my relationships... with boys.”

George wanted to ask about Debbie, but he couldn't do that without giving himself away. He decided to change the subject.

“Here's the Chinese place,” he said as they turned a corner.

“Oh, I've seen this place. I walked right by it yesterday on my way home. You got dinner here last night?” she asked.

“Uh, yeah. But I just got take-out.”

“I'm surprised I didn't see you here. I was just across the street. Did you see me?”

George began to sweat again. He was cornered.

“...No.”

“That's surprising. It's not a very busy street these days,” she said, and gave him a little nudge with her hip.

George nearly fell over he was so on edge.

“So... You wanna get something to eat?”

“No, I'm told Deb I'd be back around this time. I just wanted to know where the best Chinese place in town is. Maybe we'll eat here later, if Deb feels like eating out to-night.”

George audibly gulped.

“Thanks for showing me this place. Maybe I'll show you some of my favorite spots some time.”

“Yeah... I'd like to see that,” George said, unable to make eye contact.

“I know.”

Patricia brushed her hand against his cheek and leaned towards him. “See you soon,” she whispered.

Patricia turned and walked away. George watched her head down her street, turn up the stairs to her house, and disappear inside.

He didn't know what to do. She clearly was on to him, but that didn't mean it was okay for him to spy on her again. He felt guilty about it, even though she actually seemed to enjoy it.

George wanted to go home. He knew that was the safest thing to do. But then he began to replay the scene from her basement. Images of Patricia and her roommate were filling his head, and he began to feel excited at the thought of what they might do next. He wondered if she would put on a real show, knowing he was watching.

George told himself he would just pass by her house to see if anything was out of the ordinary. As he carefully walked across the street, trying to look casual, he saw that the neighborhood was deserted. “What's the harm in passing by the house a little closer?” he wondered.

Standing in front of her yard, still on the sidewalk, he looked around once more. There was nobody there. He quietly slipped down the darkened path next to her house and looked for the window.

He crouched next to the basement window. He could feel his heart rate accelerating. Then he noticed something peculiar. The corner of window where he peeked

through last time, where the tape had fallen away slightly, was larger. It looked as though someone had peeled back another inch or so of tape, giving George a better view inside the room.

Before he could dwell on this too long, a light appeared behind the window. They were coming downstairs!

He took a deep breath and leaned towards the window.

Patricia was first down the stairs, leading Debbie by the hand. Patricia seemed excited; her movements had an urgency to them, as if she were bubbling over with anticipation. This time she went to the wardrobe, throwing the doors open and turning to her roommate. She looked at Debbie with wide, expectant eyes.

Debbie stepped up to her and put her hands on Patricia's hips. She kissed her deeply, and George could see her pull Patricia's hips to hers. They rubbed against each other for a moment, before Patricia stepped away.

Debbie's eyes took on a fiery look, and she was not about to let her roommate get away. She stepped towards her as Patricia took another step back. Debbie took a more assertive step towards her; Patricia slowly shuffled back, knowing she Debbie would be upon her any second.

Debbie pursued her until Patricia had no more room to move. She was backed up to the bed, which was now visible to George through the window's larger hole. Debbie raised her arm and put two fingers to Patricia's chest. She leaned in, using only the slightest force to push Patricia down to the bed. It was as if they were in slow motion.

As soon as they were on the bed, however, Patricia ceased being passive. She rolled both of them over, so she was straddling her roommate. They kissed passionately.

George had never seen anything like this. He could feel the excitement grow in his pants and absent-mindedly reached down between his legs. He was so fixated on what was happening inside the house that he was unaware he was stroking himself.

Patricia pulled Debbie's shirt up a little, exposing her soft, white stomach. She bit her playfully around her navel and began unbuttoning Debbie's pants. She pulled them down slowly, leaving her lying on the bed with her shirt bunched around her breasts. She was wearing low-cut white panties.

Patricia stood up and walked over to the wardrobe, looking over her shoulder at the woman lying on the bed. Debbie did not move. It looked like she was pinned to the bed by Patricia's lustful stare. Patricia looked through the clothes hanging in the wardrobe briefly. She pulled out a plaid skirt and white blouse. They were on one hanger, as if intended to be worn together as an outfit.

Debbie began to writhe on the bed as Patricia turned away from her and removed her shirt in one motion. George could not see Patricia; she was hidden by the wardrobe doors. Debbie's eyes widened, and he wished the wardrobe door were closed. He watched as Patricia's skirt was tossed onto the floor. Then came her bra and skirt.

George was dying to see what Patricia looked like in the new outfit. His anticipation was heightened by seeing how much Debbie enjoyed it. He watched her hand slowly slide down into her panties. She arched her back as she touched herself.

Then Patricia stepped out from behind the door. Her white blouse was only partially buttoned and tied up, so that she showed her sexy stomach and more cleavage than George could have hoped for.

As Patricia walked slowly to the bed, Debbie began to touch her own breasts as well, rubbing them and pinching her nipples. Patricia stepped onto the low bed and stood above her roommate. Debbie removed her hand from her own panties, and slid it up Patricia's leg. Patricia turned her head slightly and smiled at the window. Debbie's hand disappeared under Patricia's tiny plaid skirt just as George exploded in orgasm.

Suddenly brought back to reality, George panicked. He sat back from the window and looked around. He knew he had to get out of there before someone walked by. He pulled off his long-sleeved shirt and wrapped it around his waist, hoping it would hide the wet spot on the front of his jeans.

Even though the previous night he had gone even farther with his spying, George didn't feel as nervous at work the next day. He felt included for once, instead of feeling like he was doing something wrong. This was his and Patricia's fun. It felt good not to be a pervert. It was their little game now.

Nonetheless, when Patricia arrived at work the next day, George didn't know what to say. He had never been very good at talking to pretty girls, and he had certainly never been in a situation like this. Fortunately, Patricia was always good at chatting.

“Good morning, George. Did you have a nice night?”

She looked lovely this morning. Her skirt was so thin George wondered how he couldn't see through it. It was light tan with blue flowers scattered about. She wore a light blue tank top that clung to her breasts. The top's tiny straps, along with her bra's white straps, threatened to slip right off her shoulders.

“Of course I did. How about yourself?” he asked, feeling proud of himself for playing along.

“Oh it was wonderful. One of the best I've had in a long time. I didn't get to the Chinese restaurant you showed me, though,” she said and flashed a cute frown.

“That's too bad. It's my favorite place in town.”

“I'm sure it's delicious, I just had my hands full last night.”

“I can only imagine,” George said, allowing himself to picture what he missed.

George looked her up and down. She looked so sexy that the image of her in the school girl outfit from last night receded in his thoughts.

“A penny for your thoughts?” Patricia asked.

“It's nothing. Just remembering an amazing dream I had last night,” George lied.

“Tell me all about it!” she said excitedly.

“I couldn't do that. They'd have me arrested for sexual harassment.”

“Well, we can't have that...”

“No, I guess we can't.”

George had been at work for half an hour, helping to straighten up before the store opened. He remembered an important message he was to give her.

“Ms. Rossetti has to run some errands later today. She'll be back, but we'll have to watch the store while she's gone.”

“You mean we'll be all alone here?”

“Um, she wanted me to tell you that we have to make sure we take our lunches at a decent time, so she doesn't leave with just one person here.”

“How will we manage without her?” Patricia asked jokingly.

“I guess... we'll just have to figure out something,” George said. He laughed uncomfortably.

Patricia left to wish Ms. Rossetti a good morning. George busied himself behind the register, but something was bothering him. He was beginning to enjoy talking to Patricia, but being alone with her made him nervous.

Being let into her private life was one thing, but being alone with her was entirely different. Watching her from a distance was safe. He was still wildly attracted to her, but he wasn't sure he had the courage to make a move. He wasn't even sure if she wanted him to!

Patricia flirted with him, but that didn't mean she wanted anything more. She obviously liked being with Debbie. George remembered she had mentioned having boyfriends, so he guessed she was bisexual. He hoped he was right.

The store was busy that day. Either he or Patricia was with a customer for most of the morning. They took their lunches separately. Patricia went first, but she wasn't gone long. George was next.

He had plenty to think about during his break. He didn't go far, just to a sandwich shop down the block. He sat at a table in the back to get some privacy.

He was having trouble keeping his thoughts straight. As soon as he started to wonder if this game he played with Patricia was healthy, he would remember the scenes from the basement. When he imagined Patricia climbing over Debbie in her little skirt, he couldn't wait for the next chance to spy on them again.

He was only human, after all. He began to wonder if maybe he could be involved in their private life. The thought of two beautiful girls and him made his mind reel. He was wildly attracted to Patricia, but he found Debbie to be easy on the eyes as well. He tried to banish such thoughts. He couldn't worry about things like that now.

George finished his lunch and headed back to work in a daze. By the time he walked out of the cafe door, he had already forgotten what he'd had for lunch.

The day passed by just like his lunch break. He helped customers as best he could, but at every moment he was distracted. Between thoughts of what he'd seen the last two evenings and his curiosity about what would happen next, he barely noticed the clock nearing the end of the day.

Just when he thought he couldn't be any more confused, Debbie entered the store. George was almost unhappy to see her, since he was having enough trouble figuring out what was going on. Patricia, on the other hand, was thrilled to see her roommate.

"Hey there!" she shouted as she ran up to her friend. They exchanged a quick kiss on the cheek.

"I was just stopping in to say hi," Debbie told Patricia. "Are you almost done for the day?"

"Almost. Just another half hour or so," Patricia answered. "Do you want to get dinner afterwards?"

Debbie seemed to like the sound of that. She gave Patricia a playful little shove.

"That sounds good. We forgot to have dinner last night," she said with a wink.

Patricia shot a quick glance back at George. He was trying not to stand too close to them, but the store wasn't large enough for him to get too far away. His baser instincts got the best of him, however, and he slowly strolled over near where they were standing. He busied himself behind the counter within earshot of the girls.

"Hey, I know what we should do," Debbie said. "We should check out that Chinese place you told me about last night."

"Fine with me," Patricia said. George could see a faint smile creep into her expression.

"You said the paper gave it a good review, and we haven't had Chinese in a while," Debbie continued.

George was struck by this. He'd been the one to tell Patricia about his favorite restaurant in town. He didn't remember her saying she'd heard of it before. Why would Patricia hide that from her roommate?

"I forget exactly where I heard about it, but I'm game," Patricia said. Then she gently squeezed Debbie's arm.

"I'm so glad I decided to stop by," Debbie said. "I've been so bored all day."

"Well then I'm glad you came by too," Patricia said.

Debbie put her arm around Patricia's waist and led her away from the front door.

"I've missed you today," she said under her breath.

George was straining to hear the rest of their conversation. Just then Ms. Rossetti burst in from the back room.

"I'm running a little late for my errands, so when I get back from the bank you two can leave for the day."

"Great," George said, excited about what this evening held but also uncertain.

"Oh, hello Debbie," Ms. Rossetti said when she saw her and Patricia standing together. "Nice to see you again. Your friend is doing a wonderful job here."

"I'm glad to hear that. She always does a wonderful job with whatever she tries her hand at," Debbie said, giving Patricia a discrete look.

"I'll be back in fifteen or twenty minutes," Ms. Rossetti said before leaving.

George was now alone in the store with Debbie and Patricia. He thought he should probably say hello to Debbie. He walked up to them as nonchalantly as he could.

"How are you doing, Debbie?"

"Oh, just fine thanks... I'm sorry, I know we were introduced the other day, but I can't remember your name," she said.

George was shocked. He knew then that she had no idea about his spying on her and Patricia. He didn't know what to do.

"It's George, silly," Patricia said. "I tell you, you are the worst with names."

"Don't worry about it," George said, surprised he could even get the words out of his mouth. "I, uh... Well, it's not a very memorable name, I guess."

"Oh stop it," Patricia said to him. "There's George Washington, George Clooney, George, um... Stephanopoulos?"

She and Debbie cracked up.

"I'm sorry," Patricia said, regaining composure. "We aren't making fun."

"I know," George said.

George suddenly felt like an outsider. Before either of them noticed him blushing, he left them there. He thought he could use a little time alone in the back room, where they wouldn't see him pulling himself back together.

This was a turn of events he was not prepared for. While he was trying to figure out how to act around the two girls he had spied on, he never considered that it was a secret. At first he was hurt, but then he realized that it was Patricia who was keeping it from Debbie. She was letting him spy on them. Patricia and George had a strange bond from this voyeuristic game. It was their little secret.

George liked having this intimacy with Patricia. It made him feel closer to her. It was almost like they were going out, but George still hoped to experience Patricia's affection first hand.

While he was pacing in the back room, he heard giggling coming from the store. The store's bell hadn't rung, so it wasn't a group of customers. It was Patricia and Debbie. George stopped pacing to hear them better, but he couldn't make out what was going on.

He crept up to the door and listened again. All he could hear was the murmur of quiet conversation and occasional giggling. He peered around the corner into the store.

No one was there. Then he saw motion through the corner of his eye. They were in the changing room again.

The conversation stopped, and George prepared to duck back in the back room if the changing room door opened. Then he heard a slight moan coming from behind the door.

George couldn't believe what they were doing. Ms. Rossetti wouldn't be back for another ten minutes. But what if a customer came in?

Before he knew what he was doing, George walked closer to the changing room door. Patricia was on her knees in front of Debbie. That much he could tell. The rest of the picture he could imagine for himself.

Anxious that he would be caught looking on, he returned to the back room. Soon after, he heard the latch of the changing room door click. The girls were talking at a normal volume again.

“Meet me at the restaurant when you get off work,” Debbie said breathlessly. “I can't wait to see you again.”

“I'll be there with bells on,” Patricia said.

The bell rang as Debbie exited the store.

George decided it was safe to go back in there. He noticed Patricia's face was flushed. He didn't know what to say.

“Come here,” she ordered.

George didn't move, so she strode up to him and grabbed his arm.

“Come in here, I have something for you.”

She led him into the changing room and closed the door behind them. George knew Ms. Rossetti would be back any minute, and he was shaking with nervousness. It would probably cost him his job if her were caught.

He wasn't going to do anything rash. He decided to let her make the first move. She did, but it wasn't what he was expecting.

“Take off your pants,” she said.

George responded this time. He slipped off his sneakers and lowered his jeans to the floor.

“Step out of them. And pull your boxers off too.”

As George did that, Patricia hiked up her skirt. She grabbed her panties at the waistband. She lowered her panties and her skirt at the same time, obscuring her intimate area.

“Put these on,” she said, handing him her panties.

George was stunned. He wouldn't have done it, but with Ms. Rossetti about to return, he knew they had to get out of there as soon as possible. He slid the silky underwear up his legs.

“Now put your pants on,” she said.

She picked up his plain white boxers and balled them up. When his pants were back on, she stuffed the boxers in his pocket. He was sure she could feel his erection as she pushed them out of sight.

“To remember me until tomorrow,” she whispered in his ear. She bit his earlobe gently and walked out of the changing room.

George stayed put. He couldn't go out there with panties on. Even though no one would be able to tell, he knew they were there. That was enough. Then the bell rang, and he heard Patricia say "Hello, Ms. Rossetti!"

He had no choice, so he left the changing room. Ms. Rossetti was talking to Patricia and didn't notice him.

"You kids can go now, I'll close up," she said to Patricia.

"Thank you," she replied. She grabbed her purse from behind the counter and left.

George wanted to leave immediately. Before he could escape, Ms. Rossetti noticed him.

"There you are, George. Everything went smoothly while I was gone I assume?"

"Uh, yeah."

"Good. See you tomorrow morning," she said with a smile.

George practically ran out the door.

He got a block away from the store and ducked down an alley. He was sweating and shaking. He still had his boxers in his pocket, but there was no way he could change outside. He'd have to get back to his place to get out of Patricia's panties.

He kept telling himself that no one could tell what he was wearing underneath his jeans. He began to pace nervously in the alley. Then he noticed something strange.

There was a wet spot in the panties. He could feel it rub against his penis. It didn't take him long to figure out that it was from Patricia. He realized she must have become very excited with Debbie in the changing room.

The tiny panties couldn't contain his growing erection. He was amazed at the sensation; the silky underwear felt so sensuous against his crotch.

He shook his head to clear his thoughts. He couldn't stand there in public enjoying the feeling of wearing panties. He had to get home.



The house was empty when he got there. His roommates were nowhere to be seen. George was relieved. He was about to go to his room to change, but he stopped himself. He didn't see the harm in wearing the panties a little bit longer. Besides, he decided, it felt pretty good!

He fixed himself a sandwich for dinner. Standing in the kitchen as he made it, he marveled at how the panties felt. And girls got to wear them everyday! George was almost jealous.

He didn't want to face his roommates, so he went to his room with his dinner. As he sat down to eat at his desk, he allowed himself to savor the sensation of Patricia's underwear tightening across his ass. Once in the chair, he wiggled a little to feel the silkiness slide between his skin and pants. He started to feel sexually aroused again.

This was too much. He finished his sandwich and decided he had to get out of the panties. He was a boy, after all! It just wasn't right for him to be wearing girls' underwear. He told himself this, but it wasn't convincing. At the same time he berated himself for still wearing the panties, he ran his hands down his buttocks to feel their slippery silkiness.

He heard the front door open, signaling the return of one of his roommates. He ran to his door and locked it. Not that anyone would come looking for him. Safely in his room, he removed his jeans. He put his thumbs inside the waistband of the panties to pull them down, but then he paused. He glanced over his shoulder at the mirror hanging on the door to his closet.

Feeling the sensuous underwear was strange enough, but actually seeing him in them was a real shock. He looked away from the mirror and pulled them down slowly, feeling them caress every inch of his legs.

Before hiding them in his sock drawer, he held them to his face for a short moment. They still smelled like Patricia.

George slept fitfully that night.

As he was getting dressed the next day, he suddenly realized he didn't know what to do with Patricia's panties. Should he return them? Surely she wasn't expecting him to wear them again that day. He decided to leave them in his drawer. If she asked for them back, he could bring them to work hidden in his pocket. Part of him hoped she didn't ask. He liked having one of her intimate items all to himself.

Yesterday had been a watershed moment for him and Patricia. She had seen him naked, after all. He wasn't as nervous as he thought he would be as he entered the store for the last day of work before the weekend. He was actually looking forward to seeing Patricia. The excitement of wondering what she would do next almost overwhelmed him.

Ms. Rossetti greeted him as soon as he walked in.

"How are you, dear?"

"I'm feeling great, to be honest," George said with a smile.

“That's wonderful. Hasn't the weather been lovely?” she asked absentmindedly.

“Lovely is exactly the word I would use.”

The two went about their morning routines, straightening up and preparing for the day. Patricia arrived at opening time.

“Good morning, honey. Looking forward to the weekend?” Ms. Rossetti asked.

“Absolutely. I have some big plans,” she said.

“Are you leaving town?”

“No, I'm expecting to have a nice weekend at home.”

George was in the back room when he heard them talking. He joined them.

“Hello there,” he said to Patricia.

“Hey you, did you miss me?”

“I didn't know how I'd make it through the night,” he said with a laugh. He was finally starting to enjoy this game. “How about you? Could you stand being away from the store and my scintillating conversation for so long?”

“I managed,” she said.

George didn't even notice that Ms. Rossetti had left them alone. He was completely absorbed in talking to Patricia.

Having heard her conversation with Ms. Rossetti, George fished for more details of her plans.

“So what are you going to do this weekend?”

“I'm not exactly sure, but there's one thing I do know,” she said. She patted him on the cheek.

“Um, what's that?” he asked. He was pretending not to be distracted by her touch.

“Deb is going out of town until Sunday night.”

Before George could respond, she turned and left him there.

George knew this was some sort of invitation. He told himself he had all day to figure out exactly what she wanted him to do with that information.

Before George could dwell on it too much, the store was open for business. There were enough customers that morning to keep him from having too much time to himself. By lunch time, he told Patricia she could take her break first.

While she was gone, Ms. Rossetti tracked down George.

“How are we doing today?” she asked.

“Fine. There have been a lot of browsers, but a few people have bought stuff. Business is picking up I think.”

“Are you all right, dear?” She had a slightly concerned look on her face.

“What do you mean?” George didn't understand what she meant.

“Well, you just seem a little distracted. Is everything okay at home?”

“Yeah, nothing's out of the ordinary there.”

“How is working with Patricia? You two are getting along I hope.”

George worried for a moment she knew about their game. He convinced himself she couldn't possibly have seen anything, however.

“Oh, no! She's great,” he said, keeping to himself many of the reasons he thought she was so great. “And I'm sure you enjoy not having to spend as much time helping customers.”

“Of course. One can never get started on organizing the books for tax season too soon,” she said. “I'm glad you're well. I was just a little worried that something was bothering you.”

“Not at all, Ms. Rossetti. But thank you for asking.”

“Good.”

With that, she went back to work, leaving George to face the group of girls who just walked into the store.

Patricia wasn't at lunch long, and George took his break after her. The second half of the day went by just as quickly as the first, with one of them always helping out a customer or at least keeping an eye on someone looking about the store.

As closing time approached, Patricia asked George the question he'd been waiting all week to hear.

“What are you doing for dinner tonight?”

“I don't have any plans, if that's what you're asking,” he said, barely able to contain himself.

“Why don't we get a bite to eat somewhere. The house will be lonely without Deb there, so the longer I can put off going there the better,” she said.

George hoped to help her with her loneliness, but he didn't want to come on too strong.

“What do you feel like having?” he asked.

“Whatever you want. It doesn't matter to me.”

“How about the Chinese place I showed you,” George asked. He had a plan.

“Sounds good to me.”

George was surprised by Patricia's aloofness. He was used to her coming on a little stronger at work, teasing him and playing with him. He was worried. Fortunately, she had accepted his dinner suggestion.

The Chinese place did not have any seats. It was for take-out and delivery only. With Patricia's house just down the street from there, George figured they would get dinner and go there to sit down and eat. It was the sneakiest thing he'd ever done in his life, and he felt pretty good about it.

Patricia wandered off, and George was left to imagine how he would make his move tonight. This was something he hadn't worried about until then. Patricia had been so forward he, was always reacting.

If she was no longer interested in George, why would she want to have dinner with him? That couldn't be the reason for her coldness today. Perhaps she missed her roommate. They were obviously very close. That could be it. Then George had a terrible thought: What if she felt guilty going out with George? Did she feel like she was cheating on Debbie?

George didn't know enough about their relationship to tell what was going on. He had one advantage in that he knew more about Debbie and Patricia than most people, and he smiled as he thought about those intimate details. But that wasn't helping him in this situation.

When the last customer of the day was seen to the door by Patricia, George took a deep breath and readied himself for their first traditional date. He waved good-bye to Ms. Rossetti and headed towards the door, where Patricia was waiting.

"Ready to go?" he asked, trying to gauge her mood.

"Sure," she said, not betraying any emotion.

They arrived at their destination without speaking more than a few words to each other. George was beginning to worry that the night would not play out as he hoped.

"What do you think you're going to order?" he asked.

"I don't know. I'm not all that hungry. I think maybe just an order of fried rice."

"Yum. Maybe I'll do the same." George hadn't been on many dates, and he thought it would be gentlemanly to order the same dish. Patricia barely seemed to notice.

George ordered for the two of them. He offered to pay, but Patricia refused.

"That's silly," she said with a smile. Maybe things were starting to work out, George thought. Then the moment arrived. George could see the realization dawn on her face.

"Hey... we can't eat here!" she said. "There aren't any tables."

"Well, we could... eat on the grass outside," George said. "Or in the parking lot next door." He assumed these would be unattractive options. He was right.

"Oh, that's no good. I live right by here," she said, suddenly stopping short.

The two looked at each other. The fact that George already knew where she lived hung went unspoken by both.

The tension was broken when Patricia let out a laugh.

"Well, anyway, we should just go to my house."

George couldn't have agreed more.

"You'll love it there," she said with a smirk. "There's lots of room and it's plenty comfortable."

George smiled broadly. "I don't doubt that."

They picked up the brown paper bag containing their dinner, and walked out. It was surreal for George to walk down the road to her house. He passed the intersection where he saw her leaving the hardware store. Then they passed the tiny space beside her house where he had spied on them twice.

Patricia led him up the stairs to the front door. It was the same place he'd seen her disappear into twice before. She held the door open for him.

"After you, kind sir."

"Why thank you, ma'am."

George walked into the house. It was a strange feeling being inside for the first time. He knew so much about the place and yet had never set foot indoors. He didn't have long to check out his surroundings.

"The kitchen's back here," Patricia said, motioning for him to follow her. "We can eat in there."

George followed her down the hall into the brightly-lit kitchen. There were windows all around, allowing in enough natural light so as not to need to flip the switch by the door.

"Do you want anything to drink?" Patricia asked as she opened the refrigerator. "There's water, soda, juice, beer..."

"I think I'd like a beer," George said. He thought it might soothe his nerves.

"I think I'll do the same," Patricia said. She opened two bottles and placed them on the table.

As she got silverware from a drawer, George looked around some more. Off the kitchen was a dining room. It didn't look like it got much use; boxes were piled in the corners.

"Here we go," Patricia said as she sat down. She handed George a fork and his box of fried rice.

The two nibbled at their food as they drank beer after beer and chatted. George told her about his college days, and she told him about hers. While Patricia was talking about first moving into town, Debbie's name came up. A noticeable awkwardness filled the room.

"So, are Debbie and you... going out?" George asked. He was uncomfortable about the topic, but he needed to know more before he and Patricia got closer.

"No," she laughed. "Not really, though I guess I can understand why you ask that. We've known each other a while. We're closest friends."

"I've had a lot of friends, but nobody that close," George joked.

"I suppose that's true. Debbie doesn't go out much. I suspect she considers me her girlfriend. She's a true blue lesbian."

"And you aren't?" George asked.

"No, not at all. I've had plenty of boyfriends. But they come and go. Debbie is a constant in my life."

“That's... sweet. I think,” George stammered.

“Yes it is. I've had a couple guys break up with me because they didn't like how close I am to her. They wanted all of my attention, but I'm not willing to do that.”

“Good for you. But I can understand that they were bothered by their girlfriend having a girlfriend as well,” George said.

“Oh, that wasn't the problem. I never tell guys about my relationship with Debbie. They just think we're good friends.”

“You don't tell your boyfriends about her?” George asked with genuine surprise.

“No. If a guy found out about that, the only thing they'd think about is how to get a three-way with me and Deb. I don't want a boyfriend who's trying to get with my best friend.”

“Really? I guess that makes sense. I hadn't thought of that,” George admitted.

“Yeah, guys are pretty much brutes when it comes down to it.”

“But...”

“Yes, George?” Patricia put her fork down and looked him in the eyes.

“Why are you letting me know about you and Debbie? Not that I'm your boyfriend or anything, but you said you don't like guys to know about you two.”

“I don't know how that happened, to be honest with you,” Patricia said.

“Is that a compliment or an insult that you don't mind me knowing about it/” George asked. He was beginning to worry that she just thought of him as a neutered “pal” or “chum.”

“Oh, it's definitely a compliment, silly,” she said with big smile. “I just get a different feeling about you. You seem... different from most guys. I'm not exactly sure how. But I can tell.”

“Thank you... I think.”

“There's something about you, George, that I can't quite put my finger on. But I'd like to try!” she joked.

George laughed to cover up his confusion.

“Come here, I want to show you something,” she said as she got up from the table. She took George's hand and led him out of the kitchen.

George's heart began racing when he saw that she was leading him to the door to the basement.

“I think you know a thing or two about me. Now I'd like to find out more about you,” she said, ruffling his hair gently.

They descended the stairs. George could barely recognize the basement from inside. There was the wardrobe, there was the bed. It was smaller than he imagined it. The view from the window didn't allow him to see the corners of the room, which were dark and mysterious. The single light cast ominous shadows over everything.

“So, what do you think?” Patricia asked him.

George looked around the room once more.

"It's nice. Very private," he said, unsure exactly what he thought of the basement.

"I like it down here. I feel safe, apart from the world," Patricia said, before adding in a sly voice, "with only one pair of prying eyes looking in."

George blushed. He didn't have time to reply, however. Patricia put both hands on his shoulders and pulled him to her. She kissed him deeply.

George had been waiting for this moment. He put his arms around her and returned the kiss passionately. Time seemed to stand still. George began to understand the allure of the basement. It was like a world of its own.

George's hands went down Patricia's back. He did not feel a bra underneath her shirt. His hands rested on her bottom, which he squeezed gently.

Patricia responded. He could feel her breathing harder. She rubbed against George's body slowly. He was certain she could feel his erection. She proved it by reaching down and stroking him gently.

She placed her hands on his face to make him pause. She stepped away gingerly.

"I want you to do something for me," she said in a husky voice.

"What's that?" George asked. He had no idea what was in store.

"You've seen this," she said as she opened the wardrobe.

"Yeah, there's some clothes in there. You change when you come down here with Debbie."

"She likes me to try on different outfits. I guess you could say she's the man in our relationship."

Patricia smiled at George.

"Now I want to be the man," she said, staring into George's eyes.

"I don't understand," George said with uncertainty.

"I want you to dress up for me."

George was caught off guard. He didn't really understand. Patricia motioned for him to join her in front of the wardrobe, where she was looking through outfits.

George had never played dress-up before. His mind raced. What did she want him to look like? He knew this wasn't going to be like Halloween.

"I think we'll start with this," she told him as she pulled out a long dress on a hanger.

For some reason, George was surprised that she wanted him to wear a dress. He hadn't thought it through completely, but his mind only considered that she would want him to wear men's clothing. He balked.

"I can't do that," he said. "It's... I don't know. Will it even fit me?"

George's excuse didn't succeed.

“Oh, I think so. You're barely any bigger than me,” Patricia said. “With a slight frame like yours... Are you telling me you've never considered what you would look like in a dress?”

“Well, no,” George said truthfully.

“It's time to find out,” Patricia said with an excited look in her eyes.

George wanted to argue the point, but Patricia was upon him before he could get the words out. She kissed him deeply and moved him towards the bed. When he could not go any farther backwards, he tumbled to the bed. Patricia went for his pants.

“I don't know about this,” George said halfheartedly.

“Trust me.” Patricia pulled his pants down. She then leaned against him, her body in between his legs. She began pulling his shirt over his head, rubbing herself against him in the process. George could no longer resist. “Stand up,” she commanded.

George followed the orders.

“Put your arms up and slip into this,” she said.

Patricia helped him into the dress and zipped it up the back.

“Come over here,” she said, leading him to a mirror against the wall. He had never noticed it when he was looking in from the outside.

The two stood in front of the mirror. George couldn't believe what he saw. As Patricia fondled him and nibbled on his ear, George could barely move. The dress was modestly cut. It reached well past his knees and didn't reveal much of his chest. George was not a hairy man, and the dress covered up most of him.

The dress was navy blue. It was boxy, hiding the fact that he had no real hips to speak of. There were no sleeves, and George's thin, pale arms looked even more feminine than usual.

What surprised him most was not how he looked; he did not have the sensuous curves of a real woman. What shook him to his very core was how exciting he found it all.

There he was, in a dress, being seduced by a beautiful woman. This was a far cry from his usual routine of going home after work and watching television.

Patricia was not as distracted by the dress. In fact, she was even more excited by it. She sidled up to his front and began kissing him on the mouth. He was no longer able to concentrate on how new the dress felt.

Patricia slowly got down on her knees. She ran her hands up his legs slowly, sliding them under the dress. George looked in the mirror and saw her writhing at his feet. He then watched as she worked her arms further up the dress, pushing it above his knees with her shoulders. He felt her take him in her mouth. He could no longer look into the mirror. He closed his eyes and enjoyed the moment.

Not long afterwards they were in the kitchen again. George had tried to take the dress off, but Patricia was having none of it. Over another beer and cold Chinese food,

the chatted like nothing had happened. George even felt normal, even though he was sitting at the table in a dress.

“So what does Debbie think about all this?” he asked finally.

“What do you mean?”

“About us. About you and me,” he said, embarrassed.

“Well, she doesn't know anything yet. I don't know what she'll think.”

Patricia looked down at her plate. “I'm not even sure I will tell her.”

George couldn't believe it. Was this just a one-time thing? Or would he and Patricia have to sneak around town to see each other from now on? “Well, I guess you should do whatever you think is best,” he said, not willing to bring up the subject of his seeing her again.

“I'll figure it out. It's confusing, really confusing. I haven't liked a boy in a long time. I don't know if I've ever really trusted one.”

“Well,” George said, unsure how he would even finish the sentence, “I guess... you can trust me. I know that for a fact.”

“That's very sweet,” she said with a little smile. “I believe you.”

It was getting late. Patricia told George he could spend the night, but that he had better sleep on the couch. George understood that sleeping together in the same bed was perhaps moving a little too fast, so he did not mind.

“Here are some sheets and pillows,” she said, handing him a bundle.

“Thanks.”

“There's something for you to sleep in as well. I don't suppose you'd want to sleep in that dress, after all.”

They both laughed. George realized he had forgot he was wearing it.

Patricia kissed him goodnight and went upstairs to her bedroom.

George laid out the sheets on the couch and placed the pillows down. He reached back to unzip the dress, but paused when he saw his reflection in the window.

Having seen himself in the mirror downstairs, he was a little more accustomed to the image. It was no longer startling. He even felt a strange naturalness when looking at his reflection. It was like a different person.

He felt the dress brush against his bare legs. He could tell he was getting excited again but tried to ignore it. He turned away from the reflection.

He looked forward to seeing Patricia in the morning. With that thought in his mind, he unzipped the dress and let it fall to the floor. He picked up the bundle of clothes she'd left him and unraveled them. To his surprise, it was just a long nightgown.

George paused, thinking that perhaps she has made a mistake. But then he thought about it, and knew she wouldn't have any men's pajamas in the house. He

wasn't sure he wanted to wear something so frilly. He was only barely getting used to the navy dress!

He decided to go down to the basement and get the clothes that he'd worn that day. He could wear his underwear and shirt to bed, he decided. He put the dress back on to cover himself up.

The basement was spooky at night. He turned the light on from the top of the stairs, but he noticed how little light it actually gave off. Walking down to the basement with Patricia was exciting, but doing it alone was another story altogether.

The stairs creaked slightly as he descended. He hoped Patricia did not hear him. He didn't want her to think he was being nosy.

However, once he was at the bottom of the stairs, he didn't see the harm in poking around a little.

The first thing he did was go back to the wardrobe. It was the centerpiece of the basement. He quietly opened the doors and looked inside.

There were many different outfits hanging there. He saw the schoolgirl outfit from the other day. There were simple skirts and blouses, and then tiny miniskirts and little tops. Something for each of Debbie's moods.

As he was closing the doors, something caught his attention. He reached behind the clothes to something shiny hanging there against the back of the wardrobe. It was a pair of handcuffs.

This threw a new light on things. Beside the handcuffs, also hanging behind the clothes, was a riding crop. George hoped that those were Debbie's. He didn't want any part of them.

He then snooped around the bed. It was a simple mattress and box spring, and the sheets were very clean. He looked beside the bed and found a nightstand. He opened the drawer to find a vibrator and lube.

He started to feel bad about sneaking around behind Patricia's back. Unfortunately, before he could grab his clothes and get back to the couch, he heard footsteps on the stairs.

George considered hiding, but there was nowhere to go. He decided to make the first move.

“Patricia? Is that you?”

“Yes. What are you doing down here?” she said as she reached the bottom of the stairs.

“There was only that nightgown to wear to bed, so I thought I'd come down here and get my clothes,” George said, trying not to sound guilty.

“Really,” she replied, clearly not believing him.

“Yeah...”

“Well, have you found your clothes?”

George quickly looked around the room. He hadn't even noticed where they left them earlier.

“Um, no. I guess not,” he said sheepishly.

“That's because I put them in the laundry. Tomorrow is laundry day, so you can have a nice fresh pair of pants to wear.”

George could see that Patricia was giving him a funny look.

“That's very nice of you. Sorry I woke you up,” he said.

“It's okay. I'm not sleepy anyway,” she said as she walked over to him. She joined him by the bed. “Sit down,” she said. “If you aren't sleepy either, we can still have some fun.”

George didn't say anything. He was worried what her idea of fun might be. He sat on the edge of the bed and watched her suspiciously.

“Don't have such a sour expression,” she chided him. “No one's forcing you stay here... yet.”

George's eyes widened, but Patricia let him off the hook.

“I'm just playing with you, George,” she whispered in his ear. “Don't be so serious.”

George exhaled loudly in relief. Patricia busied herself at the wardrobe.

“So... what do you two do down here?” he asked hesitantly.

“Like you don't know already?” Patricia said over her shoulder as she looked through the clothes.

“Well, I don't really. I've only known you a few days.”

“We pretty much do whatever Debbie feels like. Sometimes she's in the mood for me to be different characters. Sometimes she really wants to take charge.”

“So you guys, like, role play down here?” George asked.

“Not really. We don't pretend to be other people exactly. She just likes to see my dress up in different outfits. We don't have rehearsed lines or anything like that. Even though I might be wearing, I don't know, a business suit, I'm still myself. I don't become a businesswoman or anything like that. It's just fun, you know?”

Before George could respond, Patricia let out a whistle.

“That's what I was looking for,” she said as she pulled out a length of black material from the wardrobe. She tossed it on the bed and then opened up a drawer.

“Let's see now... Here we go.” She pulled something out of the drawer and walked to where George was sitting. She raised his arms for him and pulled the navy dress off. George felt very exposed as he sat naked on the bed.

“Give me your legs,” Patricia said.

“Pardon me?”

“Here,” she said as she straightened his legs out in front of him. She slipped a pair of black panties on him. She then stood him and nestled them into place around his crotch. They were very snug.

George knew he would not be able to talk her out of whatever she had in mind, so he just went along with it.

“Now turn around,” she said.

George complied. Patricia then reached around him, from behind, and placed a bra on his chest. She fastened it in the back. She then reached around to adjust the cups, taking George in a loose hug.

He enjoyed the feeling of Patricia's arms around him. She inserted a tiny bit of material in each cup to make his “breasts” look more feminine. As she wiggled the cups to make them even, George could tell she was beginning to enjoy herself.

Patricia's mouth was next to his ear, and he could hear her breathing pick up pace just a little. Then he felt her start to press herself against him, still from behind. George could no longer hide his excitement, and his erection poked out of the panties.

He was embarrassed to turn around, in case Patricia said something about it. When she was done, she put her hands on his shoulders and turned him without asking. He quickly covered his erect penis with his hands.

“What are you hiding there?” she asked playfully.

“Um... nothing.”

“Here,” she said as she reached down. She simply moved his penis so it pointed to the side, towards his hip. It did nothing to hide the fact that he was male, but at least his erection was no longer poking out.

“There, that's much better,” Patricia said.

“Thank you, I guess,” George said quietly.

Patricia ignored him and pushed him down to the bed again. As he was sitting there, she kneeled between his legs.

“Here comes the best part,” she said.

George couldn't wait. He closed his eyes in preparation.

He was surprised when he felt her putting something on his foot.

“What are you doing?” he asked.

“Putting on your stockings!”

She rolled the dark stocking up to his knee but then stopped.

“Hmm. This won't do at all,” she said.

George looked down and saw that his leg hair was either matted down in odd patterns or creeping through the stocking.

“Sorry about that,” he said sheepishly.

“Don't worry,” Patricia said. “We can take care of it in a jiffy.”

Before George could ask how, Patricia said, “Want to take a shower with me?”

How could he say no to that?

George stood in the bathroom alone. He was completely naked and feeling self-conscious. After he had been deposited there, Patricia ran off. He was wondering where she had gone.

Before too long, she returned, wearing a fluffy white bathrobe and carrying some bottles. She gave George a peck on the cheek and turned away to start the shower running.

It didn't take long for the water to heat up, and soon mist was swirling about the bathroom. Patricia dropped her robe. George looked her naked body up and down, amazed at how sexy she was.

“Bath time!” she said, grabbing his hand and pulling him into the shower with her.

She ran her hands through George's shaggy hair, getting it completely wet. She then shampooed him, rinsed, and added conditioner. As she worked on him, George couldn't believe it. He never would have thought he'd have a beautiful, wet girl washing his hair.

“While the conditioner is doing working it's magic, let's get to those legs,” Patricia said.

Watching the water run down her body, George had forgotten what had sparked the idea to take a shower in the first place. He began to stutter.

“W-what do you mean?”

“Relax, this will just take a second,” she said as she squirted a bit of the contents of one of the bottles she brought with her.

She spread the lotion on his legs, from his feet on up. The sensation of her applying the stuff to his upper thighs was arousing. He could feel the skin on his legs beginning to tingle.

As soon as he turned towards the water, everything washed away. George stared in disbelief, but his hair was gone! His legs were now smooth and completely hairless. Before he could say a word, Patricia was stroking his tender skin.

“They look beautiful! Who knew you had such nice legs,” she said.

They finished bathing and dried off. George knew he was in over his head and couldn't stop now. He let her take the lead.

“Don't get dressed,” she told him. “Let's go back downstairs.” She pulled up a pair of blue thong panties. She then put on a tiny pink T-shirt. George could see the outline of her nipples through the thin material. She didn't bother to put on a bra.

Back in the basement, Patricia went straight for the stockings they had left there. Soon, George was back in the black bra and panties he had worn earlier. Patricia resumed her position between his legs.

This time was completely different. George could barely stand how sensuous the stockings felt as they were rolled up his smooth legs. He didn't want the feeling to end. Patricia wrapped the garter belt around him and attached the stockings. She stood up and told him to do the same.

“My God, you look amazing!” she said breathlessly.

“Haven’t you seen all these clothes before?” George asked. “They’re yours, after all.”

“But I’m the one who always wears them. Debbie never dresses up for me. I’m starting to understand why she loves to dress me...”

Patricia pulled George close to her, grabbing his butt firmly. George felt his stocking-clad legs rubbing against Patricia’s own smooth legs, and the feeling was diving. Then she ran her hands over his chest, groping the false boobs through his bra. He felt like he was about to faint.

“Wait! We have to get you into some makeup.”

George didn’t want to stop, but he knew that she was in charge of this fantasy. She sat him down again and raced over to a drawer in the wardrobe. She produced lipstick and eyeliner, mascara and eyeshadow. George couldn’t wait to see the final result as he felt her work on his face. A little swipe of eyeshadow here, a slight smudge of eyeliner there. She kissed him to get his lips puckered for the application of lipstick. George’s head was spinning.

Finally she was done. She stepped back and looked at him with wide eyes. George could barely keep from racing to the mirror.

“Okay, honey, let’s see what you think,” Patricia said as she took him by the hand. She led him to the mirror and then stepped away to allow him a full view.

George didn’t see himself at all in the lovely creature reflected back. It was an entirely new person in front of him. As he looked over the luscious lips and dark, romantic eyes, Patricia pressed herself against him from behind. Her hands roamed over his body as he watched. It felt like he was watching a movie. He could barely believe he was the star.

Patricia’s hands worked their way into his panties, where his erection was waiting. She began to stroke it until he could barely hold back any longer. He turned to face her, and they kissed deeply. They were soon on the bed together. It was hours before they fell asleep in each other’s arms.



The next morning, Patricia was awoken by the sound of the front door opening. She jumped out of bed, which startled groggy George. "Oh, no!" he heard her say as she threw on her shirt and panties. She raced up the stairs.

Soon George got his wits about him and realized Debbie had returned. He was afraid how she would take his being there. He knew she wasn't to know about him and Patricia, but maybe she would understand. He was wrong.

"What are you doing down there?" he heard Debbie ask Patricia in a suspicious voice. "You weren't sleeping down there while I was gone, were you?"

"No! Well... I... I missed you. And I guess it got late and I fell asleep," Patricia lied. George couldn't believe it. Debbie would realize the truth as soon as she saw him. He looked around frantically for the laundry hamper Patricia had put his male clothes in last night. He quickly got dressed. It felt strange being in men's clothes again, but he didn't have time to think too much about it.

He heard the muffled voices upstairs become more agitated. George looked around for an exit, but there wasn't one. The only way out of the house was up the stairs and past where the girls were talking. He paced nervously, waiting for some indication what he should do.

First he heard someone stomping up the stairs to the second floor. Then the door to the basement opened. "George!" Patricia whispered. "Get up here now."

George climbed the stairs as quickly and as quietly as possible. Patricia took him to the front door, kissed him on the cheek, and pushed him out. "I'm sorry about this," she whispered as he ran down the street.

George didn't know where to go, but he knew he wanted to get away from there. He kept walking until he reached a small cafe. He decided to sit for a while and have some coffee.

As he sat there, he took stock of the situation. "Well," he told himself, "at least I was able to get into my own clothes." He wondered how he would have felt wandering around town in a dress. It filled him with nervous excitement. Maybe Patricia would want him to do that someday. He hoped she wasn't in too much trouble with her roommate.

Finally, George left the cafe for his house. Everyone was asleep when he got there, so he tried to be quiet. The answering machine was blinking, so he checked the message.

"George, it's me, Patricia. I'm so sorry about this morning. I can't talk long; Debbie's getting her bags from the car. I've talked to her and thought about it, though, and I think we've made a mistake. I don't think we should see each other anymore. I was foolish to think I could have both you and Debbie, but I know now that I can't. Last night was really special, though, and I'll never forget it. I hope you aren't mad. I'll call Ms. Rossetti and tell her I won't be coming into work anymore. I hope you don't hate me, but I have to go now. Good-bye, George."

George was shocked. He went to his room to change out of the old clothes. In his drawer was the pair of panties Patricia had given him. He put them on before pulling up a clean pair of jeans.

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George didn't hate Patricia. In fact, he always looked back on their night together with tenderness and appreciation. Some evenings, alone in his new apartment, he would wonder whatever happened to her. And as he applied his lipstick and eye-shadow, he would silently thank her for showing him things he never would have known about himself without her intervention in his life.