

# A DIFFERENT GENDER

*By Patricia Smith*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

---

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

---

**Copyright © 2000, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved**

### ***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

### ***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

---

## **A DIFFERENT GENDER**

---

**by Patricia Smith**

\*\*\*\*\*

Ben was two hours late for work and that was not like him at all. When he finally did show up, he looked like death warmed over. "Geez Ben, what the hell is the matter with you?" I complained to him. "In over four years of driving together, this is the first time you've been late and you couldn't even bother to call?"

"Sorry Terry, Judy dumped me! I was stayin' in a motel and they forgot to wake me. I can't believe that Judy would dump me like that! No notice or nuthin'! I showed up and my key wouldn't work in the lock no more and she threw my stuff out to me and told me to get lost, just like that! She got another man now too!"

"Hey buddy, it happens - get used to it," I told him.

"Oh, you're real sympathetic, aren't you?"

"You want sympathy, you know where to find it. Its in the dictionary, somewhere between shit and syphilis. That's what you told me when Liz left me. Now lets go." I felt sorry for him, but I wasn't about to let him know that. Not after the way he had treated me when Liz decided to leave me.

Judy was just his part-time girlfriend here at home base and he had lots of part-time girlfriends in a dozen states. Liz and I had been married for six years when she left me for another woman!

I tooled the big rig through the deserted streets of town, got us onto the interstate and put her into cruise control. Ben stowed his gear while I drove so I got to thinking about Liz again. There never was any sign that anything was wrong in our marriage. I would come home off the road and we would have a nice romantic dinner together on the first night, then make love for hours before falling asleep together. The first day home and we would go out and do some things together, then have dinner out and see a show or something. Liz and I had married right out of high school and she was the only woman for me.

Liz never wanted to work and with the money I made, she didn't have to. After one year together we bought a house and furniture and I am still paying that off. I bought her the car she wanted and she still has it. Then she wanted a summer place out at the lake so we shopped around for a place, I reworked the finances and got us a nice little cottage on Clear Lake. She had the time to enjoy it all but I had to work steady to pay for it.

I guess the first clue I had that something was wrong in our marriage was when I came up with a case of the clap. I had to see a doctor on the road to get a shot to clear

it up. I never fooled around on Liz, she was the only woman I had ever been with! I had gotten the STD from her! I had to confront her with it when I got home and she openly admitted it to me. She had slept around with about half a dozen guys because she was bored. But she was all through with that now. She had satisfied herself that all guys were basically the same.

We were supposed to see a marriage counselor to try and get our marriage back on track and I took a couple of trips off just to go to them. But then the bills were piling up and I had to go back to work or we would lose everything. She preferred me to work as she didn't want to lose her comfortable lifestyle and promised me that she wouldn't sleep with any man but me from then on. And she didn't sleep with any other guy either, as far as I know anyway. She started sleeping with other women!

I came home from a rough week on the road to find her with her bags packed and she was going out the door. She left me to be with her newest lover, an older, more experienced lesbian who could give her the attention I never could. The two of them showed up together in court for our divorce hearing.

I guess I was lucky to have Judge Thomas on the bench to hear our story. We both told the truth as we understood it to be and the Judge told Liz she could only have the things she had left with. I got everything else, which included a hefty mortgage to go with it. But with what I had invested in it already, it was better for me to keep it and pay it off than it would be to try and sell everything. The Judge actually scolded Liz in court for being a self-centered spoiled woman who took without giving in return. But the Judge could get away with that since she was a woman too. A male Judge would have gotten into trouble for saying the same things.

So I was back to work now, my divorce finalized a month ago and I had a lot of bills to get paid off as soon as possible. And Ben shows up late with his sob story. Sure, I knew what it was like to get dumped, but I wasn't going to feel sorry for him. Knowing Ben the way I did I knew he would have another girl on his next trip home.

"Hey!" he yelled at me from the back bunk. "Stop at Emma's. I need breakfast."

We were late already and I didn't need to stop at Emma's but Ben could turn into a real asshole if he didn't eat. I pulled off the interstate at exit two twelve and parked the rig next to a line of similar big trucks, their drivers in the bunks getting some sleep.

Emma's made the best chili on the road and it was almost a ritual for us to stop in on our way by to have some. I was more ready for lunch than breakfast so while Ben ordered his bacon and eggs with hashbrowns smothered with chili, I had a bowl of chili with toast and ordered my usual large glass of milk. "Milk went sour today, Hon," Clarrisa told me, "I'll bring you a coke instead."

Ben was gripping and complaining about Judy and he had to tell everyone who stopped to say hello all about his latest troubles. It was getting monotonous already. We ate quickly and I got a coffee to go and we were back on the road again. But Ben wasn't tired and couldn't sleep so he sat up in the jump-seat and continued to harass me with his tale of woe. Oh he was hard-done by! Judy was the only girl he ever truly loved! All those other girls meant nothing to him! She was his one true love!

A couple of hours down the road and the chili was working on both of us. Ben started it with his farting so I had to roll down a window to keep from choking on the stench. We had both drunk a coke since there was no milk and the combination was deadly. I got in a few good farts of my own, but the last one sure felt wet to me. Damn!

I pulled off the road into a rest area and went inside to use the john. My shorts were soaked through and I didn't want to drag them around with me like that for the next week or so, so I tossed them into the trash. I had more in my bag in the truck. I cleaned myself up after having a good dump and hoped it wouldn't happen again. No more coke with Emma's chili, that was sure!

Ben was in the next stall over for a dump of his own when I went back to the truck to get another pair of shorts. I searched my whole bag but I couldn't find my spare underwear at all. I still wasn't used to being single so I guess I had forgot to pack them. Liz used to do that chore for me. She made sure I had everything I needed to take on the road with me.

"Damn!" I swore as I put my bag away.

"What's the matter buddy?" Ben asked as he climbed into the truck. "Shit yourself again?"

"No. I forgot to pack extra shorts. Gotta go without till we hit a town and I can buy some. Not used to packing my own bag."

"I got a pair of underwear in my bag that should fit you." he offered. Ben was at least two sizes bigger than I was and I figured there was no way they would fit me.

"Forget it shithead!" I told him. "I don't wear other people's underwear."

"Oh no, these are brand new, never been worn by anyone."

"Take a good look at us Ben. Do you really think your shorts are going to fit me?"

"I bought them as a gift and never got to give them away. They will fit you. But I'll bet you ten bucks that even if they do fit perfectly, you'll never wear them."

"You're on! Brand new never worn gotch! If they fit, I'll wear them till they get holes in them! You must be nuts Ben. That chili is eating through to your brain."

"No it ain't." he said as he climbed into the back. He got out his bag, dug around in it and came out with a little plastic bag. "I bought them for Judy!" he said as he pulled out a lace pair of bright pink panties. "You and her are about the same size so they should fit you. Either put them on or give me my ten bucks!"

Damned but he snookered me good with that one. He had said underwear, not panties! But ten bucks was ten bucks and a dare was a dare. I took the bikini panties from him and looked them over. Yeah, the new label was still on them. I peeled it off and told him to leave so I could put them on and he laughed all the way out to the jump-seat. The panties did fit me perfectly so I left them on as I put on my jeans again, then returned to the driver's seat.

"Got 'em on, kid?" he asked teasingly. "Or you gonna give me ten bucks?"

"I got them on, shithead." He needed proof so I peeled down the waistband of my jeans at the side to show him the flash of pink satin that still girded my hip. He dug

out his wallet and a ten dollar bill which he threw at me. He wasn't at all happy at losing money, especially in any bet with me. I usually took his money when we bet on the football games, too.

"You gotta wear them like you said before Terry," he told me, "till they got holes in them. Man, the other guys are gonna love hearing about this! Terry wears pink lacy panties at work!"

"Hey! The other guys got nuthin' to do with this. This is a bet between you and me! You don't tell them squat or the bets off and I still win."

"Keepin' it a secret was not part of the bet, kiddo. But we can include it in another bet, if you got the guts to go for it."

I sure didn't want the other guys finding out about this so I asked him, "What you got in mind, asshole?"

"Them cute little panties is part of a set I got for Judy. I got her two sets in two colors. You wear both whole sets only for the rest of the month, I keep it a secret and the bet is our month end paychecks. Turn down the bet and I'm gonna tell the guys that you like to wear women's panties. Who's the shithead now asshole?"

Damned if I do and damned if I don't! He was enjoying his laugh. "What's in the set?" I had to ask him.

"Each set comes with a bra, a garter belt and two pairs of panties. One set in pink, the other in yellow. Lots of lace on both of them. Really pretty stuff, too."

"Garter belts hold up stockings Ben, so I can't wear them if I take your bet."

"You can get some in the next town we get to. Its all or nuthin', kid. Take my bet and I'll keep it a secret, win or lose. Refuse the bet and live with everyone knowing that you wear panties to work because you want to."

"You're an asshole Ben, you know that don't you?"

"Yeah, I know, but its so much fun too. What's it gonna be kid?"

I wore the panties for a ten buck bet and they didn't feel all that bad either. I could wear them like any other pair of underwear if only Ben could keep it a secret from the other guys. It would be really hard to stand it if the other guys ever found out about this. And it would be really nice to take Ben's paycheck away from him at the end of the month. How hard could it be to wear a bra and garter belt with stockings under my own clothes for three weeks? Yeah, Ben would want to check to make sure I was living up to the bet, but so what? He would know the truth anyway.

"Okay moron, you're on. I'll get myself some stockings at our first drop. But if you ever mention any of this to anyone, the bet is off and I win."

"Deal! Oh but you're going to look so cute in all the pretty lingerie I have for you."

"Knock it off, asshole. I'll wear them but you don't get to make fun of me for doing it."

"Okay, but I'm still going to enjoy watching you squirm for the next twenty two days."

\*\*\*\*\*

I knew from living with Liz for so long that one pair of stockings would not be enough to last me for slightly more than three weeks, the duration of the bet. Liz and I had been pretty close to the same size and since I had gone shopping with her on more than one occasion, I had a pretty good idea of what to get. I got myself six pairs of sheer, nude nylon stockings, the same brand and size that Liz used to get.

Ben had to check to make sure I was properly dressed when we left the truck stop. He could see the outline of the pink bra right through my tee shirt when I took off my jacket and I let him see that I wore the panties and garter belt too by rolling down the side of my jeans. I pulled up a pant leg to show him the stockings I had on as well.

“Happy now, asshole?” I asked him.

“Oh yeah! You ain’t gonna last three weeks like this, kid. You’re gonna be signing your paycheck over to me at the end of the month. I’m gonna love this.”

“Don’t go bettin’ the farm on that, jerk-off. I’m bettin’ you can’t keep a secret so I won’t have to wear this stuff the whole three weeks. I’ll win as soon as you tell someone, anyone. Then I can wear my own stuff again and still collect your check too.”

“I ain’t tellin’ a soul. You gotta go the whole three weeks as a pervert.”

“I ain’t no gawd-damned pervert and you know it. And I don’t like being called one either. Its one thing to swear and call each other names, but pervert ain’t part of that.”

“Yeah, you’re right, sorry. It slipped out. Perverts go around messin’ with kids and I know you don’t do that. So for the next three weeks I think I’m gonna call you Queer. Queers like to wear women’s things too, just like you are.”

“Geez, you really *are* an asshole aren’t you, Ben?”

“The biggest and the best kid. You should know that. Hell, I even use toilet paper to wipe my mouth with. And I’ll be smackin’ my lips pretty good when I collect your check.”

Ben was driving and I didn’t need his constant abuse so I climbed into the back, stripped naked and climbed into the bunk. At least I didn’t have to endure him and his smart-assed comments when I was sleeping. And I could sleep naked like I always did anyway.

I woke up as Ben pulled into Bud’s Place where we switched. It was always awkward to get dressed while the truck was moving so I was glad that I had slept all the way in. It was going to be hard enough to put on the women’s undies without rocking back and forth and trying to stay in the back when he hit the brakes.

The panties were a tighter fit than my shorts had been and held my pecker up closer into my crotch. But I found that the smooth satin was cool and comfortable and the lace was just a visual decoration that didn’t affect my wearing them. The bra was a different story since I wasn’t used to wearing a harness across my chest like that, but at least I could be thankful that Judy’d had really small titties. The sheer lace cups sat

flat on my chest and didn't produce any noticeable bulge on my chest. The garter belt was a snug fit too since Judy had a smaller waist than I did. I found it uncomfortable to wear and the stockings were no joy either since they made my legs itch like crazy. Girls had to be crazy to wear this stuff all the time.

I put on my socks and shirt, then my jeans and jacket. I came out of the back to find Ben doing his log book so I caught mine up too. "Hey, Queer!" he said to me. "Hope you're gonna have a shower. You smell like shit!"

"No worse than the asshole you are," I told him. Yeah, I was going to have a shower. I always took a shower at Bud's Place when we drove this route. It was one of the nicer truck stops we had found. I got my bag and shaving kit from the back, then put on my shoes to step out into the warm August sunshine. It was far too warm to be wearing a jacket but I couldn't leave it behind and still keep my secret a secret. Better to suffer a bit than to let everyone know what I had on under my male clothes.

Bud's Place had private shower rooms for each person. Lock the door and no one can get in without a key. I had complete privacy to strip down, shower and shave, then store my undies in a plastic bag in my bag to take out my yellow set and put them on with a new pair of stockings too. Damn! My legs were itching even before I got the damned things on. How did women wear these things in so much comfort? What did Liz do that was different from what I was doing? She shaved her legs! If Ben did keep the secret then I had three weeks to go like this and the itch would drive me crazy long before then. I had to shave my legs!

I took off the stockings again and found that I had put a hole into them at the toes. Brand new stockings and I had to toss them already without even wearing them! But I would have to toss them down the road. I didn't want to be leaving them behind in a shower room I had just used in a place where everyone knew me.

I used four new razor blades to get all the hair off of my legs from toe to hip, then a fifth one for a final scraping of my skin. I would have to get a lady's razor at some place where they didn't know me to do this again, and some more blades for my razor too. But at least I got the job done without any nicks or cuts to worry about. I had been real careful.

Looking down at my feet I saw that my toenails were jagged and rough and that was the reason why I had holes in my stockings. I got out my nail clippers and trimmed them down as far as I could, then used my file to take off the rough edges. I didn't want to be spending Ben's entire paycheck on stockings! With all of that done, I put on another pair of new stockings and found that not only was the itch gone completely but that the stockings actually felt good as they caressed my newly shaved legs. Wow! No wonder women liked to wear them! They were so cool and comfortable now that the hair was gone and I didn't get any holes in them this time! I could last three weeks like this.

Ben was showered and changed and had even eaten by the time I got back to the truck with a coffee to go. "There you are, Queer!" he called to me. "What the fuck took so long?"

"Fuck off, Asshole." I told him with other drivers standing around listening. I got into the truck on the driver's side and put my bag into the back. Ben got in when I re-

leased the air brakes since he knew damned good and well that I would leave him behind if he just stood outside the truck gossiping with the other drivers. They were used to us calling each other names so they didn't notice anything different between us now. They gave us a salute as I drove off.

"Are you wearing your pretty lacy undies, Queer?" he cooed in a soft voice.

"Fuck off, moron. You know I am." I said and took off my jacket once I had the cruise control on. He insisted on checking so I went through the routine of showing him the top edges of my panties and garter belt and the sheer nylon above the top of my socks. "Satisfied asshole?"

"For now, yeah. But I don't want you taking them off once I fall asleep so I'm gonna have to check again every time I come out of the bunk. My check is gonna be about two grand so if I gotta sign it over to you I wanna make damned sure you do what you're supposed to do to earn it."

"I ain't gonna get changed, Ben. Besides, I got nothing else to change into on this trip."

"Yeah well I still gotta check. Hey! Look what I found at the bottom of my bag!" He produced a neatly gift wrapped package and held out the card so I could see it. It said, "To Judy."

"Yeah, so? What do you want, a medal?"

"No. I was thinking of another bet. I can't remember what's in here, but I was only buying lingerie for Judy. Two hundred cash right now says you won't wear this too."

"Lets see what it is." I said. Hell, how bad could it be? More lacy lingerie to hide under my male clothes? I could use the money too.

"Uh uh. This one is pot luck. You only get to see what's in here if you take the bet."

"You sure are in a big hurry to give me your money aren't you?"

"There's a lot of stuff I wouldn't do for any amount of money. I'm just trying to see how far you'll go and if you have the guts to take on a blind bet. I know its lingerie but I don't know exactly what it is. Hell, it might just be another set like what you already have on."

Yeah, it might be at that. At least it was lingerie. It would be different if it was a dress that I would have to wear instead of my jeans and shirts. "I'll take the bet and your money on the condition that whatever it is that's in that package is lingerie. Anything else and I take your money without having to wear whatever is in there. Deal?"

"Yeah, its a deal." He got out his wallet and counted out two hundred dollars and placed it on top of the package on the dash. I pocketed the money first, then began to open the package as I steered the truck down the road.

Damn! It was lingerie too! Red silk and lace nightie set! Crotchless panties with a cutout peek-a-boo nightie. "Hot damn!" Ben exclaimed. "I get to see you in that every time you get into and out of the bunk from now on!"

Shit! At least I had his two hundred bucks in cash up front. It was going to be a bitch to let him see me wearing this, but it would be even worse to give him back his

money along with two hundred of my own hard earned dollars. Fuck him! He wants to see my pecker hanging out through those red lacy crotchless panties then fine, let him look. I needed the money and he could afford it so I may as well take all I could get.

I wrapped everything back into the paper and set it down beside the seat as I concentrated on driving the rig down the road. Ben was laughing as he went into the back to go to sleep. I heard him laughing for almost half an hour before he finally fell asleep.

Hell, I had a big mortgage to pay on both the house and the cottage out at the lake and I needed every cent I could get right now. Besides that, Liz got the car and I would have to buy one for myself now so that I wouldn't have to take a taxi to and from work all the time. I needed a car and all the money I could get. I would probably turn as red as that silk nightie when I had to let Ben see me in it, but it was worth it to me. I was in dire straits financially and it would take me at least a year to pay off my lawyer and get things straightened out again. Fuck him. He could laugh all he wanted to but I really needed the money and at least I didn't have to wear a dress to get it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Ben almost pissed himself laughing at me the first time he saw me wearing that little red silk peek-a-boo nightie set. But I wore it and turned almost as red as the nightie itself when I had to show him that I had it on. I wore it to bed every time I got into the bunk on that trip and he had a good laugh every time too. But he couldn't keep up laughing as he got used to seeing me in just my lingerie that he had supplied me with. By the end of that trip he was reduced to just a smile.

"I can't be checking on you when you're at home kid, so I'm gonna trust you to wear it all there too. And you gotta wear it for our next two trips as well."

"Yeah, I'll wear it. A deal's a deal. I'll wash it all at home and it'll be clean for our next trip out and I'll wear it for the duration so long as you keep up your end and don't tell anyone."

"Hey! Its worth every cent to me, kid. Its more fun to watch you squirm in this stuff than it was to see Judy wear stuff like that. I barely saw her wear any of the stuff I gave her since as soon as she had it on she had it off so I could screw her."

"You just be ready to sign your check over at the end of the month, Ben."

Damn, it was hot wearing a jacket all the time as I stepped out of the air conditioned truck - but it was better than the alternative. The cab driver thought I was nuts to wear a jacket on such a hot day as he drove me home but I gave him the same excuse I used with everyone else who said I was nuts. I told him I had a rash on my arms that was pretty ugly and wore the jacket to spare everyone having to look at it and to keep from scratching myself too much. Like everyone else, he accepted my story and shut up about it.

It felt good to get into my air conditioned house and take off that jacket. But in having worn the lingerie every day for about a week already, I found that it was fairly comfortable now, too.

The panties had been comfortable to wear from the very first time I had put them on. The bra and garter belt took some getting used to, but I was there already. The stockings were a real bitch until I shaved my legs. Now they were a pleasure to wear all the time. The nightie had been the worst since I had to let Ben see me in it and see my cock hanging out the front but after the first couple of times, he didn't need to see all of me in it. He accepted that I had it all on once he caught a glimpse of me in the nightie part. The truth is that I did wear it all every time I climbed into the bunk since I found that after he had seen me in it that it was comfortable to wear.

I went into my bedroom and stripped naked to put on my bathrobe. Then I gathered up all of my ladies undies and took them to the laundry room to hand wash them as I had seen Liz do on numerous occasions. I hung everything up to dry and realized that I had none of them to wear for now. I wasn't going out so I didn't need to wear underwear, but I didn't like to be without some underwear for lounging about the house either.

Back in my bedroom I gathered up my courage and looked into Liz's closet to see what she might have left behind. Actually, she had left a lot of stuff behind since she couldn't take it all with her on the one trip she had made to move out on me. She had used our credit cards quite regularly and had a full wardrobe all of the time. She left a lot of stuff behind!

The phone rang as I was looking through Liz's closet, so I picked up the bedroom extension. "Hello." I said into the phone.

"Hi, Queer! Whatcha wearin'?" It was Ben.

"Nothing, asshole. I was just heading for a shower."

"Okay. But you can't wear any male underwear at all. Only women's stuff."

"Only women's stuff or only the stuff you gave me?" I asked him.

"Oh you can wear any woman's stuff you want. Why, you got some?"

"Liz left a lot of stuff behind when she moved out. Since all the stuff you gave me has been washed and is drying now I have nothing to wear."

"Okay, you can wear any of Liz's old stuff at home, but you gotta wear the stuff I gave you when you come to work and on the road. That's the deal." I could hear him laughing again.

"Fuck you, jerk-off." I said and hung up on him.

Having lasted the week on the road already and having found a level of comfort in the female undies already, I didn't mind wearing them at home too. Maybe it was the sense of being naughty that attracted me to it, but I didn't feel like putting on any of my own male underwear just then. I had lots of it at my disposal, but no desire to wear it right now. No point getting used to my own things only to have to get used to the ladies stuff all over again.

I took my shower and used my newly acquired lady's razor on my legs for the first time. I don't know what got into me then but I didn't stop there. I used the razor on my chest and on my stomach and even shaved my underarms too. Now I was just as hair-

less as any other woman who had pubic hair. I did leave that on though. Then I used my own razor to shave my face.

I left the bathroom stark naked and walked to my bedroom and straight into Liz's closet where I dug out an old pair of her panties. They weren't as pretty as the ones Ben had supplied me with, but they weren't plain either. They were pink briefs and didn't have as much lace on them and were made of nylon instead of the satin, but they were still a perfect fit and they still felt very comfortable to me when I had them on. She didn't leave any garter belts behind or any of her stockings but I did find some used and washed pantyhose so I put on a pair of them. They weren't as good as my stockings since I couldn't get them to stay taut on my legs but they would have to do for now.

Liz had left a few bras behind so I found one of her sexier lace ones and put it on. It was nowhere near as nice as my other two bras were and Liz had larger titties than Judy had. The lace cups sagged empty on my chest and I found it weirdly disturbing to see them like that. It helped me a lot though when I rolled up some of her old pantyhose and used them to fill out the ample cups of her bra that I wore. I had to use two pair for each cup to fill them out properly.

With the shaving I had done and with what I had on already, complete with the padding, why put on pants and a shirt? I got out a white full slip and pulled it on over my head, then went through the clothes on the hangers to see what else I could wear. A dress? Why not? I was home alone and no one would see me to make fun of me like Ben would have. I could wear whatever I wanted to wear, it was my home.

I found the pink party dress I had bought for Liz and figured, why not? It was pretty and it was feminine and I had already paid for it too. Why not get some use out of it? I undid the back zipper and removed the hanger, then stepped into the dress and pulled it up to put my arms into the long puffy sleeves. I don't know how a woman did it but I had a hell of a time working my arms behind my back to get that damned zipper closed all the way to the top. Women had to be contortionists to do this all the time! But I did it, I had the dress on!

I came out of the closet to stand in front of the dressing mirror to see how I looked in such a pretty party dress as this one was. I looked just like what I was. A man wearing a dress! A man wearing nothing but women's clothes! How I felt was a lot different though. I felt really naughty, like a man wearing nothing but women's clothes! It felt really good to me then.

I went back into the closet and digging around in the bottom, I came up with the pair of light pink shoes that Liz bought to go with the dress. They were open-toed sandal styled with three inch stiletto heels. I wondered what it felt like to wear them and knew that I had to try them to find out. I took them back to the bedroom and sat on my bed to fit them to my feet. Yeah, they fit! And I was able to wear them with the buckles in the same holes that Liz had used too.

Getting them on was one thing, standing up in them was another. I fell back onto the bed the first time I tried to stand in the high heeled shoes, then went a lot slower the second time and had to find my balance to keep from falling over. Even then, walking in them was a job I hadn't thought of. I almost fell over four times just getting back

to the closet. But I was determined to keep them on and learn how to walk in them. I had paid for all of the stuff in here and she had left them behind on purpose so I may as well get some use out of them.

Wearing MY dress and MY high heeled shoes, I went through the rest of MY closet to see what else she had left behind. From what I had seen her wear in the past I deduced that she had left all of her prettier and more feminine things behind. Having discovered women and her new lesbianism, I assumed she no longer had a need for her most feminine clothing. All her dresses appeared to be here, all of her prettier blouses and all of her skirts too. All that was gone was her pants and slacks and the plainer blouses and sweaters, not to mention her plainer undies too. She had taken her flat heeled shoes and left the high heeled ones. I guess that as a lesbian that she no longer had any use for the stuff she left behind.



That was fine with me. I did have a use for it. It wasn't Liz's old stuff anymore. It was all mine now! I had an instant wardrobe of pretty feminine things that fit me and that I could wear anytime I chose to, as long as I was at home. I just had to learn to wear it all.

I spent the rest of the day learning how to walk in my new high-heeled shoes. Learning to move about my house in a fashion much like any woman would who was wearing a pretty dress with the matching heels. I did my housework like that, cleaning and vacuuming, and got my bag packed for my next trip out. Once I got used to the shoes, it felt pretty good to walk around my house in my dress and heels. I took every

opportunity I had to glance in a mirror and look at the way I was dressed and acting. *Very naughty, indeed!*

Studying myself in the mirror in the hallway I decided that it might be a lot of fun to pursue this even further. I had short dark hair that was a striking contrast to the pink of my dress and would probably look a lot more feminine if I let it grow out. Having shaved my face I had no trace of my beard showing and with the right makeup and accessories, I might make a fairly nice looking woman. I had good facial features and full lips which I pursed in front of the mirror. Yeah, they might look more feminine with the right shade of lipstick on them.

I searched the vanity table in my bedroom and found that Liz had taken all of her makeup with her though she had left some of her jewelry behind. It was mine now. I could go to the store tomorrow and purchase a makeup kit to practice with ...no one had to know it was for me.

There were a few other items of femininity I had to buy, too. It was a good thing for me that Ben had made that last wager. I could use the two hundred dollars he gave me to buy all the stuff I now needed. *He would freak if he could see me now.*

I made myself some dinner, then sat at the table with a pen and paper to make a list of all the things I now had to buy for myself as a woman. I generalized makeup into one big lump but I wrote down nailpolish separately. I would have to get the polish remover too, and cotton balls as well. I wrote down a reminder to check out wigs, styles, colors and prices; I could get one later when I got Ben's paycheck to pay for it. Then there were other things like bubble bath, perfume and deodorant too. I would also have to get a new supply of stockings and pantyhose and some more garter belts, panties and bras.

Judy's intended bras were fine for on the road with their smaller cups, but here at home I think I would prefer the fuller cups that Liz had worn. After all, all of the clothes she had left behind had been bought to fit her fuller figure. Then I would have to find something other than the rolled up pantyhose to fill out the cups with. They were fine for a time or two but there had to be something better out there. I just had to do some looking to find it was all.

When my list was complete and dinner was eaten, I cleaned up the kitchen to be just as spotless as Liz had kept it. Being dressed as a woman now allowed me to feel more like a woman, so I didn't object to doing the chores I never did before. Oh, I had helped Liz in the kitchen many times, but it was her domain and she never really liked me being in there. Now I didn't mind doing it all by myself.

Without a thought I finished the cleaning by sweeping the floor and taking out the garbage to the cans at the side of the house. It didn't hit me till I was out the door already and I felt the breeze on my nylon clad legs to remind me that I was not dressed as a man should be. Too late to stop now. I had the garbage in the can and was turning to retrace my steps to the back door when I heard Mrs. Benson exclaiming from her side of the fence, "My, don't you look nice, Terry! Are you having a party?"

I felt the flush hitting my face and just knew that I was as red as my silk nightie that Ben had given to me. "Uh, no Ma'am." I replied. "Just trying to win a bet is all."

“May I ask what the bet is?” Mrs. Benson was a nice older retired lady who lived next door to me with her retired husband. She was small and portly and very polite all the time.

I didn’t think I had anything to lose by telling her since she had caught me outside wearing my dress and high heels anyway. “The bet is for a whole paycheck and I have to wear nothing but women’s underwear for the rest of the month.” I said. It was true too.

“I see.” she answered calmly. “Is the dress part of the bet too?”

“Uh, no Ma’am.” I replied. “But since I was wearing the ladies undies already and since Liz left the dress and shoes behind I thought I may as well see if they fit and if I could wear them at home too. They are all too good to throw out.”

“Yes, Liz had some very nice dresses and other outfits. I’m surprised she didn’t take them with her when she left. Still, I suppose that women like that don’t have much use for the pretty things the rest of us women like.”

I had walked closer to the fence to talk to her so that I didn’t have to shout at her. “Yes, that’s what I thought too. She left all of her dresses and skirts and some of her prettier blouses too. All of her prettier lingerie and all of her high heeled shoes are here too. She and I were about the same size so I figured I could try on her things since she no longer had any use for them.”

“Well, you look very pretty in that dress, dear, but don’t you think you should wear some makeup and do something different with your hair too? I’m afraid that you still look like a man even wearing a party dress with heels.”

“Yes Ma’am, I know. But this is the first time I ever tried anything of hers and she took all of her makeup with her. There’s none in the house at all. The dress is comfortable and I am starting to get the hang of these shoes too so I figure I’ll see if I can’t get myself some makeup and see what I can do with it. I might as well look good if I am going to make use of all the things she left behind.”

“I take it then that this isn’t a one time thing with you, Terry?”

“Why should it be, Mrs. Benson? I have to wear nothing but women’s undies for the rest of the month to win the bet anyway so why not make some use of the clothes that I have already paid for? Women can wear pants anywhere so I think that men should be allowed to wear a dress when they’re at home.”

“I agree completely, dear. You won’t hear any argument from me on that.” Just then Mr. Benson came out and caught me standing there talking to his wife.

“Hi, Terry. ....Pretty dress.” he said calmly. I was turning red again.

“Terry is winning a bet with someone at work, dear,” his wife explained. “And since Liz’s things fit him so nicely, I think he should make full use of them all. What do you think, George?”

“I couldn’t care less what Terry wears. That’s his business. Its just a shameful waste of a woman to know what Liz has become. But if you’re going to wear dresses and high heels, Terry, you should really wear the makeup to go with it. You know, the whole package!”

“We were just discussing that very thing, dear.”

“Good. I think that if a man wants to wear a dress then he should at least try to make himself into a presentable looking woman. Maybe get a wig too, Terry.”

“Why didn’t I think of that?” I asked seriously.

“Terry is one of those names that works well for both men and women,” Mrs. Benson said. “Terence as a man and Teresa as a woman. T-E-R-R-Y is the male spelling and T-E-R-I is the feminine form. Of course you will have to go to work as a man, won’t you Teri?”

“Yes. Heck, I just dressed up this one time so far. Liz left a lot of her stuff behind so I have a lifetime to try it all, or not. Depends on how I feel, I guess.”

\*\*\*\*\*

I wore my lingerie on my trips with Ben for the rest of the month, but I also wore my long sleeved work shirts with a light weight vest over them. It was more comfortable than wearing the jacket over my tee shirts all the time. Of course Ben had to check every now and then that I was living up to my end of the agreement. I wore the nightie when I climbed into the bunk to sleep, too. And when I woke up and needed a leak, I wore the nightie into the cab and had Ben pull over on the shoulder where I stood on the top step to relieve my bladder. I didn’t trust him enough to step off the truck completely. He might drive down the road and make me run after him just for a laugh.

But even being as much of an asshole as he was, Ben was a man of his word. I collected his check at the end of the month and the extra two grand really helped me a lot. I got myself a cheap car to run to and from work in.

On the first of September I was back to wearing my normal tee shirts and jeans with socks and sneakers, but I was still wearing my panties too. They were soft and smooth and snug fitting and a lot more comfortable than my jockey shorts ever were. No one knew or needed to know what I wore for underwear. At home, I had a closet full of dresses that I was wearing every day when I was home to see how they fit and what looked good on me and what went with what. I had gotten a complete makeup kit and was practicing with it. Wigs were just too damned expensive and I couldn’t afford one just yet so I practiced trying to style my own short hair like a woman might wear hers.

I was looking at the girls on the road a lot more now — but more to see what they wore, how they wore it, their accessories, makeup and hair styles and trying to decide if they looked as good. Men and women come in all sizes and shapes and I looked at all of them.

\*\*\*\*\*

As I said, Ben was an asshole. And he was a loudmouthed one. It was two weeks after I had taken his paycheck from him and we were in the driver’s room at home base having just come off of a road trip. There were a lot of drivers in the room as I sat at a table and worked at finishing up my paperwork. Some finishing up their paperwork

too, others waiting for their trip information to go out, some just loitering about the place.

“Hey Terry!” he called to me in a loud voice from the other side of the table. “I think you should consider having a sex change and becoming a woman!”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I asked him with the other drivers listening in.

“Well, I just think that you would make a really pretty woman is all and it would be a shame not to explore your full potential is all.” The other guys laughed.

“Fuck off, Asshole.” I told him. “See what I have to put up with all the time?” I said to the other drivers.

“No no, I’m serious here Terry. I know I’d like to run down the road with a girl as pretty as you could be beside me. The right clothes, some makeup and jewelry, grow your hair out and you could be a good looking woman, once you changed your sex and became one. Isn’t that right, guys?” he asked them in general. They were enjoying Ben’s attack on me though they were too smart to get involved in it. “Well no, I guess it wouldn’t work after all.” he continued. “As good as you could look as a woman, you just don’t have the guts to dress up and live as one at all.”

I wasn’t about to let him know that I was doing just that every time I was at home alone. I was even getting pretty good at walking in high heeled shoes too. “Give it a rest, Ben,” I said.

“Ya wanna make a bet, Terry?” he asked me loudly so everyone could hear.

“No!” I said flatly.

“I’ll bet a whole month’s wages that you don’t have the guts to dress and live as a woman for one whole month on the job and at home too.” ...The guys were laughing and enjoying this.

“Like I said... fuck off.”

“What’s going on here?” we all heard and looked up to see Bob come into the room. Bob was the Driver Coordinator for the company.

“Ben’s trying to entice Terry into a bet,” one of the guys replied.

“A full month’s wages against Terry dressing and living as a woman for that length of time,” another driver added.

Bob stood across the table from me and beside Ben and said, “Yeah, Terry would make a pretty good looking woman if he did it.” That got the other drivers going enough that they began to egg me on to take Ben’s bet.

“It wouldn’t be worth it,” I finally said to all of them. “I would have to spend a full month’s wages just to get myself the clothes to wear to work. I would be lucky just to break even on a deal like that.”

“Like Hell!” Ben piped up. “You told me yourself that Liz left a lot of stuff behind when she moved out on you. She was about your size so you could wear her things. You wouldn’t have to buy much, if anything at all.”

“No good,” I said. “Liz left dresses and skirts and high heeled shoes. I got it all packed up to go now and there’s no clothes in there I could wear to work. I would have to buy all the clothes I would need to wear to work. I can’t afford it.”

That made Ben look really sad as he tried to think of a way to push me even further. “I may be able to help you there, Terry,” Bob spoke up. “The company has decided to train some drivers as relief dispatchers. You could wear your dresses and skirts and high heels into the office everyday and not have to go on the road for the duration of the bet.”

“Yeah!” Ben added with delight. “No need for pants at all then. But you have to be a girl for a whole month to collect my month’s wages. Miss a day and you lose. And for an added bonus, you can keep on collecting my pay checks for as long as you continue to live and work entirely as a female. What do you say now kiddo?”

He was looking at me expectantly and so was everyone else in the room. They really seemed to want me to do it and to take Ben’s money from him. Hell, he had enough squirreled away in the bank that he could afford it. He bragged about it all the time. He never really thought that I would go for it.

“One condition,” I said then.

“Name it.”

“You can’t be taking off any trips or quit your job to reduce the amount you’ll be paying me. If you do, you pay me from your savings to make up the difference.”

“Its a deal.”

“When do we start this charade?” I asked.

“How about the first of October?” Bob asked. “I have a couple of new drivers coming in then and I can put them with Ben on the road. Terry can come in to the office as a woman from then on for as long as he can stand it.” Everyone laughed.

“How about a name change, too?” Ben offered. “Maybe Alice or Sue?”

“Just leave it as Teri.” I said. “One r and an i at the end instead of the y. Short for Teresa instead of Terence. My pay checks are made out to T. Michaels anyway.”

“Okay, its settled then.” Bob said. “On October first Miss Teri Michaels will arrive for work in the office. To make sure that the terms are met, the company will hold back Ben’s pay for the month and give it to whom ever wins the bet. Alright?”

“And how will I know that Teri is doing her part?” Ben asked.

“You phone in everyday for your check call anyway. Someone can tell you what Teri is wearing that day.”

“If that’s all the assurance that I have, then I want to stipulate that Teri can’t wear any form of pants at all. Skirts and dresses only.”

“Sounds fair to me,” Bob said.

“Okay.”

“And if Teri doesn’t go the whole month, I get his pay checks for the month as well.”

“Nope,” Bob said then. “That was not part of the deal and you can’t add it in as an after thought. It was a one-sided bet that you made and we expect you to live up to the agreement.”

Ben mulled it over but he agreed to it. All he had to gain was to totally embarrass and humiliate me in public. And he intended to take full advantage of that.

\*\*\*\*\*

The last two weeks of that month on the road with Ben was a living hell at best. Ben made sure to tell everyone that they wouldn’t be seeing me on the road anymore. That I was going to be living and working as a woman in the office and at home too. He was milking it for everything it was worth. And since I was standing right there when he said it and didn’t deny it, it got quite a few laughs. When people asked me if it was true all I could do was say “Yes” and start to turn red.

That was when I realized that not everyone was like Ben in their outlook. A lot of people that we had to deal with wished me luck and told me that I should make a very good looking woman if I worked at it. Both men and women. Ben never saw that part, though. He was too busy laughing and enjoying watching me squirm.

I got home from my last road trip and had three days off before I had to report for work in the office as a female. The first thing I did was to strip naked in my bedroom, then take a long hot bubble bath to shave my legs, underarms and the rest of my unfeminine hair from my body. I was going to enjoy having to live as a woman now, but no one else had to know that.

After my bath I went into my bedroom and put on a clean pair of my pretty pink and lacy bikini panties, pulling them up tight to hold my male member down between my legs. Then I put on the matching C cup bra and filled the cups with my rolled up pantyhose. I slipped into my shortie pink silk robe and took my manicure set and nail-polish to the kitchen where I had better light and could have coffee while I worked on my finger and toenails. I hadn’t done my finger nails before though I had kept my toenails trimmed and filed so as to not put holes into any of my stockings or pantyhose. Doing my fingernails now was a pleasant and pleasing chore for me.

With my nails done and pink and two cups of coffee inside of me, I returned to my bedroom to put on a new pair of black colored pantyhose, then my pink half slip and matching camisole. I liked it that Liz left most of her prettiest and most feminine things behind and that they fit me too.

I chose to wear the semi sheer pink blouse she had hated even when she had bought it. It had long puffed sleeves that ended in tight three-button cuffs and frills down the front to hide the tiny pearl-drop buttons. I was getting used to doing up the backward set of buttons and had them done up in no time. I chose my black pleated skirt and stepped into it tucking in the half slip as I pulled it up into place and fastened the single button behind my back, then slid the zipper closed easily. Black three inch pumps went onto my feet easily before I settled at my vanity table to put on my makeup.

I had discovered that I didn't need a lot of makeup to look fairly well like a woman. I had to apply the foundation to cover my beard area and blend it in all over my face. From there I used a bit of eyeshadow and mascara, some blusher on my cheeks and lipstick to match my nailpolish. I made a fairly passable woman then.

My hair was the worst thing I had to deal with. I still had it in a man's cut and style though it had grown quite a bit in the last two months. I was never quite able to get it to look like a woman's short hair style, at least not to my eye. I did my best with it and felt it was just as passable as the rest of me.

Dressed entirely as a woman now I made myself some soup and a sandwich for lunch and since it was a warmer day, I took it out on the patio to eat. Mr. Benson was puttering about in his backyard and happened to look over the low fence to see me sitting there having my lunch.

"Afternoon, Teri." he called to me.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Benson," I called back. "Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Sure is. Warm enough that we don't need jackets yet. Nice outfit. You look pretty good in it."

"Thank you. I feel pretty good in it too."

"I take it you're going to be dressing as a woman a bit more now?" he asked.

I was finished my soup so I took my sandwich over to the fence so we didn't have to shout back and forth to each other. "You remember that first time you saw me in a dress?" I asked him. He nodded his head. "Well, I have been trying on something different everyday I've been home since then. I have tried all the dresses and skirts and blouses and the shoes too. I got a dare and a bet from my partner on the road and I will be going to work in the office on Monday dressing completely as a woman from now on. I guess you won't be seeing me as a man anymore."

"That's okay. How does your company feel about it?"

"They gave me the office job so that I could take the bet and dress as a woman. I lose the bet if I am ever caught wearing pants now."

"Well good luck to you. Hope you win. You going to get a wig now?"

"Can't afford one. I guess I just have to make do with what I have."

"Wait a minute. Betty might be able to help you." He went to call his wife out.

Mrs. Benson was very pleased to hear about the bet that I was now involved in. She returned to her house and came out about five minutes later saying that she'd had an idea. She came out with her sweater and purse and walked around into my yard.

"I think you need professional help, Teri," she told me. "Not from a shrink but from a professional beautician. It just so happens that my niece is just such a person and has the time to take you in right now. Get your purse, dear, and lets go."

Mrs. Benson followed me into my house and right into my bedroom where she helped me pick out a purse to go with the outfit I had on. She helped me choose the items I would need to carry in it including the matching wallet. We left my front door together and I locked up, then led the way to my car in my driveway. Mr. Benson was

there to wave good-bye to us as I backed out onto the street and drove where his wife directed me too.

It was the very first time I had ventured out beyond my own yard dressed entirely as a woman and I was feeling an exhilarating thrill of excitement about it. Oh, I know I didn't make a very good looking woman and a lot of people who saw me up close would realize in an instant that I was a man, but I still felt very excited to be driving my car while wearing my skirt and blouse and heels and makeup too.

Luckily for me, the street outside the beauty salon Mrs. Benson took me to was all but deserted when we got there. I was able to park right in front of the place and only spend a few short seconds on the street before we were inside the front door. Mrs. Benson's niece Shelley met us at the door and led us into the back of the shop. She was a taller older woman, probably about the same age as my mother.

"So, you want to be a woman, Teri?" she asked me when we were all alone.

"I don't know that I want to be a real woman," I replied, "I just have to live as one for a minimum of one full month."

"A bet, is it?"

"Yes. I have to live and work as a woman for the entire month of October so I am starting early to be as ready as I can be. Can you help me?"

"Well, lets see what we can do with your hair, first. Have a seat, Miss."

As I have said, I had very short and dark hair that I had let grow out for quite awhile. I was lucky in that I still had a full head of hair that wasn't thinning at all yet. Shelley combed it this way and that way with her Aunt sitting off to the side and watching quietly. "Nice hair you have Teri. You should let it grow longer."

"I've been letting it grow for a couple of months now."

"Well, as short as it is we have only one option that I can see." She got to work then with her scissors and trimmed the bangs in front for me just above my eyebrows. She combed and shaped the top and sides and brought as much hair down in front of my ears as she could, making it end in a point. She used her electric razor to trim a bit more of my sideburns away and to shave the back of my neck too. "Is your hair all that you wanted done, Teri?" she asked.

"Is there anything else you can do to make me appear more feminine?" I asked.

"Sure. I can pluck your eyebrows into fine feminine arcs. We can pierce your ears so you can wear nice earrings too. And we can do electrolysis on your beard so it will come back finer and lighter and be easier to cover up. I would suggest a few changes to your makeup as well."

"Can you do it now?"

"Most of it, sure. For the electrolysis I will need at least a full days growth to work on it. How about you don't shave for a day and we do it every Sunday afternoon?"

"Is this going to cost a lot? I really can't afford too much."

"I guarantee that if you win your bet, you'll be money ahead."

“Okay, lets do it then!”

The plucking of my eyebrows hurt a lot but I had to admit that it did make me look a lot more feminine when she was done. The piercing of my ears didn't hurt at all and I got two holes in each ear lobe. She put in what she called “keepers”, little hard clear plastic tubes with a flange on the front and back which allowed me to change my earrings as often as I chose to. Then she removed my makeup from my face, got out the cosmetics she wanted me to use now and showed them to me before she showed me how to apply them all. The foundation cream was a slightly different shade than I had bought and helped to hide my beard area more. She showed me how to apply three shades of eyeshadow and blend them together for a more natural look, the way real women did it. She showed me how to put on the eyeliner next, then how to use the eyelash curler before she applied the mascara. The mascara was the same as what I had at home already. The blusher was the same as what I was already using too but she was able to show me a different way of putting it on and blending it in so that it didn't look so caked on. My lips were another story altogether. She outlined them with a dark shade of red, then filled them in with a slightly lighter shade of red saying that this color worked better for me than the pink did. I had to agree.

Shelly removed my fingernail polish for me, then filed more off than I had before she glued on the longer false fingernails. She shaped them for me, then painted them the same red as she had applied to my lips. “Can you sell me that bottle of nailpolish?” I asked her. “Then I can do my toenails to match.”

“Toenails too? I can do them for you right now!”

My fingernails were still wet and I couldn't touch a thing as I kicked off my shoes and she saw that my toenails were painted the same pink that my fingernails had been. She had me stand up, then knelt down in front of me to reach up under my skirt and half slip. I felt her hands at the waistband to my pantyhose and she pulled them down bringing my panties with them. When she realized that she had pulled more than she had wanted to, she separated my panties and pulled them back up for me to pull down and remove my pantyhose. Then she removed my pink polish, checked the job I had done in filing them and reapplied the red polish to all ten toenails.

“Its very feminine of you to do your toenails too, Teri,” she told me.

“Your wife left you because you liked to wear her clothes? And she left the clothes for you to wear too?”

“No. She left me because she decided she wanted to be a lesbian and she left the clothes because she felt she didn't need them anymore. I never wore any of her stuff while we were still married. I wore lingerie on another bet and won that one, but I found that I liked the lingerie more than my own underwear. I don't mind admitting that to you and your Aunt.”

“Yeah, women's underwear is much prettier and nicer than men's. What are you doing to fill out your bra cups?”

“Rolled up pantyhose. I need two pair for each cup.”

“Why so big? What are they, C cups?”

“Yeah. That’s what Liz had. I tried smaller cups but found that the clothes didn’t look so good as when I wore the larger cups and filled them out properly.”

“Okay. Look, Aunt Betty, why don’t you take Teri over to Maslowski’s? A pair of post mastectomy forms would work a lot better than the rolled up pantyhose. You can get them in the proper size and they have the right shape and weight to them as well.”

“That is a splendid idea, Shelley!” Mrs. Benson exclaimed. “And you have done a wonderful job on Teri too. She looks so pretty now, not that she didn’t look good before.”

The two women watched as I put my pantyhose and shoes back on, then I followed them back to the front of the shop and paid the bill. Thanks to Mrs. Benson being there, Shelley gave me a healthy discount and the total bill was far less than I had expected to pay.

There was a lot more people out and about on the street when we emerged from the beauty salon and even though we were only on the street for a few short seconds, I got a lot of smiles from men and women who saw me up close. No one was pointing to me and laughing for having recognized me as a man dressed as a woman so I felt a lot better when I slid onto the seat under the steering wheel. I had Mrs. Benson there to assure me that I did look so much more like a real woman now.

She gave me the directions and I drove us over to Maslowski’s which turned out to be in a shopping mall. The closest parking spot I could find was a good fifty yards from their door so we had a bit of a walk to get there. I didn’t need any reminders of how I was dressed and supposed to act so I left my chivalrous actions behind allowing Mrs. Benson to open the door herself and walk inside the almost empty store.

“Yes ladies, how may I help you?” a nice older lady asked as she met us at the counter.

“I understand you have post mastectomy forms here?” Mrs. Benson asked her.

“That’s right. For you?”

“No, for this young lady beside me.” she replied.

“Oh, that’s too bad. I am sorry to hear it dear.” she said to me. Yes, we have several styles but I would think that just a basic teardrop form would be best to begin with. About a C cup?” she asked.

I merely nodded my head since I figured that my voice would give me away. The woman got out one and laid it on the counter for me to inspect. “A pair please.” Mrs. Benson said and the woman made a mournful face as she got out the mate for it. Each form was half a teardrop split vertically and back-to-back, they made a whole teardrop. She showed me back to a dressing room and Mrs. Benson followed me inside. I undid the buttons on my blouse enough to reach inside and remove the pantyhose I had stuffed in there. Then she handed me a form and I placed it within the left bra cup first, then did the right one. Yes, they were the right size to fill out the cups of my bra and moved with me when I moved giving me a bit of a jiggle if I moved quickly. I smiled as I redid up my blouse, then tucked my rolled up pantyhose into my purse before we went back out to the waiting woman at the counter.

“Perfect!” Mrs. Benson said and the bill was rung up. It cost me a bit more than I would have thought, but I figured it was worth the expense. I was able to leave that store without having said a word. And I was able to leave feeling much more confident in my ability to present a more feminine image to the world.

“Don’t you feel a lot better now, dear?” Mrs. Benson asked me as I drove us home.

“Yes, thank you for everything Mrs. Benson. I know I don’t sound much like a woman which is why I didn’t say anything inside that store.”

“That’s okay Teri. I understand. But perhaps you should work on trying to raise the pitch of your voice so you can sound more like a woman. It wouldn’t take much really. I used to be a music teacher so I think I may be able to help you with that, if you want to.”

“Oh yes, please. I need all the help I can get.”

\*\*\*\*\*

It was Friday night and I still had the weekend off before I had to report to work at our office and as a woman. *As a woman!* I liked that idea! All the women’s clothing I had at home were soft and smooth, a perfect fit for me and very comfortable. Thanks to Mrs. Benson and her niece Shelley, I now looked so very much like a real woman that I found the clothes to be even more comfortable than they had been before.

With all the bills I had piled up, I couldn’t afford to go out and have fun the way other people liked to do. I had to make my own fun, at home. So I turned on the television and curled myself onto the couch as I had seen Liz do many a time in the past. I don’t know what show I was watching, all I saw were the women in it. What they wore, how they wore it, what they did and how they moved to do it. I heard what they said and listened closely to the way they said things. Women use the same words that men do but they put a different emphasis on the different words. I discovered that women also used fewer compound and contractions of words than men did, at least the higher class of woman did anyway. “Will not” instead of “won’t” and “should not” in place of “shouldn’t”. And except for formal situations, most of the women I saw on the tube had the habit of curling their legs under them to sit just as I was on the couch. But I soon found that not being used to sitting this way caused my legs to fall asleep on me. I would have to practice it at home a lot to use it at work.

As the evening wore on I found that there were fewer and fewer shows to watch and even fewer women to emulate. I had just made myself a cup of coffee and had settled onto a kitchen chair, my left leg curled under my butt, when the phone rang. I answered it in my normal voice since I hadn’t begun to learn how to sound like a woman yet.

“Hi Terry!” I heard Liz’s voice say. “How’re you doin’?” I was surprised to hear from her and it took me a few seconds to realize that she had actually called me. I just had to wonder what it was that she wanted from me now.

“Hi Liz. I’m surviving. How about you?”

“Oh, I’m fine. You still mad at me, Terry?” she asked in a soft voice.

“I got over being mad a long time ago, Liz. Its more like a disappointment now. You still living with Cindy?”

“Oh yeah, Cindy and I are still together. You don’t like that, do you?”

“On the contrary Liz, I’m glad that you’re happy now. After I got over the blow to my male ego that my wife prefers other women to me, I came to realize that you were probably a lesbian all of your life and it just took longer to surface with you.”

“Well, nothing personal Terry but I prefer another woman to any man, not just you.”

“I’m happy that you’re happy Liz. What is it you want?”

“What makes you think I wanted anything other than to find out how you are doing?”

“Because you’ve never much cared for how I felt about anything in the past.”

“Well, now that you ask, there is one thing I was wondering about. Its starting to get cold outside in the evenings and winter will soon be here. I found that I left all of my coats, jackets and boots in the basement storage locker when I left. Any chance you would let me have them?”

“I am sorry Liz but none of your stuff is here anymore. The only things left in this house now are my own things.”

“Damn you Terry!” she swore at me. “I had three fuckin’ fur coats down there, leather boots and a lot of other stuff I could use about now. What the fuck were you thinkin’ of when you threw them out?”

“I was thinking that I finally was rid of you forever, Liz. You can’t imagine the relief I felt when I no longer had to pay off your credit card bills every month. The Judge said that the house and the cottage and everything in them were mine and that is exactly the way things are now.”

“You bastard! I hope you rot in hell!” and she slammed the phone down in my ear.

I smiled to myself as I took a sip of coffee. Everything in this house was mine now even though I hadn’t thrown away a single thing that had been hers. She should have thought things through a bit instead of rushing out the door as she had done. Yeah, I would make good use of my fur coats, leather boots and other items she had graciously left for me.

I couldn’t concentrate on my paper now, not after having just spoken to my ex-wife. I felt more like talking to someone else. So I took my coffee with me into the living room and curled onto the couch next to the phone and placed a long distance call to my parents on the west coast. It was two hours earlier there and it wasn’t late here.

Dad answered the phone and we kinda just kicked things around in general for a bit as we seldom had much to talk about, then he handed me over to Mom. “Terry! What a wonderful surprise it is to hear from you! How are you dear?”

“I’m fine Mom, how’re you doing?”

“Everything is normal around here dear. Running around like a chicken with its head cut off, as usual. But how are you really feeling dear? I know it must be terribly lonely for you in that house with Liz gone. I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have mentioned Liz should I?”

“Its okay Mom. As a matter of fact, I just spoke to Liz a few minutes ago. She is still the same person she was when I was married to her.”

“You called her?!”

“No. She called me. She wanted her furs and boots and other stuff in the basement storage locker. I told her I got rid of all of her stuff and everything that’s left here is mine.”

“That’s nice dear. Did you really throw out those expensive fur coats she had?”

“No Mom. I didn’t throw out a thing.” I could never lie to my parents. “The Judge had said that the properties and everything in them was mine and that’s what I told her.”

“Oh! That’s wonderful dear! You can sell those coats for a lot of money Terry.”

“I’m not going to sell anything just yet Mom. Who knows? I might meet a woman the same size and she may have a use for them.”

“If you meet another woman Terry, she won’t want second hand clothes left behind by your ex-wife, no matter how nice they are. Sell them.”

“I can’t, Mom. I have a new hobby now.”

“That’s nice. But what does your new hobby have to do with selling Liz’s furs?”

“Everything! Are you sitting down?”

“You aren’t drinking now are you Terry?” she asked somewhat worriedly.

“No, Mom. I don’t like alcohol.”

“Drugs?”

“Nope.”

“Good. Yes, I’m sitting. What is it dear?”

“I have discovered that I can now use everything that Liz left behind myself.”

“How is that, Terry? I don’t understand.”

“Its simple, Mom. My new hobby is crossdressing!”

“Cross what?” she asked curiously.

“Crossdressing! Its when a person of one sex wears the clothes of the opposite sex.”

“Oh dear!” I heard her say, then silence.

“Yeah,” I continued. “Most women are crossdressers already so why shouldn’t men be allowed to do it too? Liz used to wear a lot of my things and I know you used to wear a lot of Dad’s things at home. So Liz left me a lot of her stuff and I found that it all fits me and is quite comfortable too so I am making use of it by wearing it myself. Are you upset with me now, Mom?”

“Uh, no Terry. Just kind of surprised is all. Are you gay, too?”

“No, I don’t think so. I still like girls. But I find that its fun to dress up as a girl myself and I am learning a lot about what its like to be a girl, too.”

“You can’t learn what its like to be a girl merely by putting on the clothes, Terry. One has to go out and experience everything in order to know what its like. Do you think you can do that? Leave the safety of your home and let people see you wearing ladies slacks instead of men’s and a woman’s top instead of a shirt? I doubt that its all that easy dear.”

“Its not easy, Mom, but I have done it already. And Liz took all of her slacks with her. She left me her skirts and dresses.”

“Oh my! Well, I know for a fact that skirts and dresses can be much more comfortable than wearing pants so its no wonder that you find them to be comfortable, too. But it takes much more to be a girl than just the outerwear.”

“Liz took all of her plainer lingerie and left me the frillier and fancier stuff. Her girlfriend prefers to be the more feminine one in her new relationship. A lot of the stuff she left behind was still brand new. Everything fits me, Mom. From the lacy panties and bras to my skirts and dresses to my high heeled shoes and boots. I’m not trying to hurt or disappoint you Mom, but you and Dad have a tendency to just show up without any warning. By telling you this now you are more prepared to see me wearing a dress, looking and acting like a real girl.”

“What about work, dear? Do you go to work dressed as a girl too?”

“Monday will be my first day going to work as a female. Do you remember Ben? You met him the last few times you came out here.”

“That man is a moron, Terry. How can you stand to work with him?”

“You’re right, Mom. Anyway, Ben’s girlfriend Judy wised up and dumped him a couple of months ago.”

“Good for her! Smart woman!”

“Yeah well, that left Ben with some lingerie he had bought for her. We made a bet and I wore that stuff under my regular clothes for just over three weeks. I won and collected his whole pay check. Now we have a new bet going. I have to live entirely as a female for one whole month to collect his whole month’s pay, and I keep collecting his pay for as long after that I can continue to live exclusively as a female. I intend to make him pay dearly.”

“And what does the company say to all this, dear?”

“They are making it even easier on me. I don’t have to go on the road now. I can wear my dresses into the office and learn to work there, as a woman. Do you remember Mrs. Benson, my next-door neighbor?”

“Certainly! She is a wonderful lady!”

“Yes, she is. She has a niece named Shelley who is a beautician. Shelley gave me a makeover and I now look just like a real woman! Not even another woman up close could tell that I wasn’t a real woman when I bought a pair of post mastectomy breast

forms. Mrs. Benson helped me there too. And she thinks she can help me with my voice as well.”

“Sounds like you’re planning to live as a woman for a very long time, Terry.”

“Yes it does, doesn’t it? But as long as I do, I don’t have to work with Ben and I get to collect his pay as well as my own. I should have my head back above water by the end of the year if I can last that long.”

“Then will you go back to living as a man, dear?”

“I don’t know, Mom. I’m not a fortuneteller. I can’t predict the future. All I know is that I look like a woman right now and I like dressing as one, too. If I can learn to sound like a real woman and learn to act like one too and it continues to be fun for me, why not continue to live as a woman all the time?”

“It might make it hard to find a woman and a relationship if you’re living as a woman.”

“I’m not looking right now, Mom. If it happens, it happens. If it doesn’t, then too bad. But I am not going out of my way to meet another woman right now. I just want to get my bills paid off and enjoy as much of my life as I can. Can you do me a favor, Mom?”

“Sure, what?”

“Can you talk to Dad about this? I wouldn’t know what to say to him over the phone what with his bad heart and all. I wouldn’t want him to have an attack. If you see him when you tell him then you would know when to stop and when to go on.”

“Do you want me to tell him anything about this dear?”

“Yes! Its best that he knows in advance before he just drops in and sees me as a girl, isn’t it? I don’t want to kill him with shock and women seem better able to cope with this than men can which is why I told you first. Are you very disappointed with me, Mom?”

“No. Still surprised is all. I never suspected you liked to wear girl’s clothes at all.”

“I never did, Mom. Only after Liz was gone from my life and to win a bet did I try it for the first time. Having tried it and finding that I like it, why quit? Why not experience as much as I can about living as a woman before I give it up?”

“Are you going to date, too, Terry?”

“Sure! But not men. I’ll go out with women and as a woman myself. I guess I am going to find out what its like to be a lesbian, just like Liz is but without the sex. Oh, by the way, I am spelling my name with only one r now and an i on the end instead of the y. Teri is short for Teresa, okay?”

“Okay. I would have named you Teresa had you been born a girl anyway. You would have been Teresa Ann Marie Michaels as a girl.”

“Its a nice name, Mom. Mind if I use it now?”

“You may as well, no one else has it. I had four sons, no daughters. It might be nice to think that my youngest son was really a girl all along and is now becoming a daughter to me.”

“Whoa! Hold on, Mom. I’m just living as a girl, I’m not becoming one.”

“I know that Teri with one r and an i at the end. But to live successfully as a girl means that people will have to treat you as a girl, too. I am sure that you want us to treat you as a girl from now on or else you wouldn’t have taken the trouble of telling me so much. No, I can accept all this easier if I begin to think of you as a real girl, as the daughter I never had. Teresa Ann Marie Michaels.”

“Okay Mom. If that’s what you need. Look, this call is costing me a fortune so I had better go now. Love you.”

“I love you too, Teri. You take care and I’ll talk to you soon. Bye, bye.”

We hung up together. I felt a lot better now after having talked to Mom and telling her the whole truth about my life and the way I was going to be living it now. And she would tell Dad in a way that wouldn’t kill him so I was happy about that, too. And it was one more thing that Ben couldn’t ruin for me. I knew that he would have taken great joy out of calling my parents and telling them all about what I was doing now, if he knew their phone number. Anything to make my life more uncomfortable for me.

\*\*\*\*\*7

Saturday morning and I was up early. I didn’t feel like getting dressed so for about the first time since I had begun to wear Liz’s old things, I continued to wear the nightie I had worn to bed. It was the French lace baby doll nightie I had bought for her for our wedding night. She had worn it all of about twice and it was still like brand new. I liked the multiple layers of white lace and the way they draped down my body. The short puffed sleeves that made my arms seem to be less muscular than they were and the narrow shoulder straps that could hide the fact that I wore a white lace bra under it with my forms to give me a feminine build. I even liked the tiny light pink ribbons that interwove through the lace to cover the elastic at the short cuffs, trimmed the bodice between my ‘breasts’ and along the hem line. I liked the lace trimmed sheer silk panties and I liked the semi-sheer lace jacket that went with the set tying closed at the throat with a single light pink ribbon.

I thought Liz had been a fool to leave such gorgeous things behind. So what if she was a lesbian now? She was still a woman and she had enjoyed the luxury of her frivolous nature by spending a lot of my hard earned money on such things herself. But my Mom had helped me pick out and buy the nightie for her so maybe that was a big incentive for her to leave it behind. All of the things she left behind were gorgeous and feminine. Things I had bought for her and things she had bought for herself. What was it she said? Oh yeah, her coats were in the basement locker!

I took my coffee with me down the stairs to the basement and opened the storage locker. There they were alright! The full length brown fox coat she just had to have so I

got it for her. The knee length white chinchilla coat with the matching hat, the black dyed mink jacket and the matching stole too. Like she really needed fur and all of them!

I took the mink jacket out of its cover and felt the luxuriant softness of the fur against my hand. It was mine now so I put it on. It felt heavy on my shoulders, much heavier than any of my own male coats ever had been. But it fit me as perfectly as if it had been made for me! Even in the sleeve length too! I was going to be very warm this winter, thanks to Liz's absent-mindedness. I stuck my left hand into the pocket and came out with a pair of her gloves. My hands were the same size hers were so the gloves fit me when I tried them on.

But it was too warm to be wearing fur in the house just now so I took off the gloves and went to stuff them into the right pocket but felt a wad in there. I took out the wad to discover that it was all cash! Liz had been stashing money in her coat pocket so I would never find it! I took all the cash out of the mink and put it onto the laundry room table, then put the mink away. I did the same with the other two fur coats and her more practical winter wear too, then took all the cash up the stairs to my kitchen to count it out.

Just over twelve thousand dollars! In six years of marriage she had saved up that much money and kept complaining that I never made enough, not to mention all of the bills she ran up and I paid off too! She must have been planning to leave me for a long time to have saved up so much money! The bitch!

This money would get my head above water again, right now too! I could go to work as a man now since I didn't need Ben's money to get by on. But wait a minute! I liked to dress up as a woman, I liked to go out as a woman, I liked to be seen as a woman! No, I would still go to work as a woman on Monday and I would take Ben for every cent I could and it would be gravy to me now. I would use his money to get free and clear of my debts. This money was the gravy! No wonder Liz was in such a panic to get her coats back! But it had taken her several months to remember that she had stashed it all away like that.

What should I buy first? Well, I needed some lower heeled shoes of course, and boots and slippers too. Liz had left me only her high heels for shoes. High heels all the time would get to be a real pain for me. I could use some ladies slacks, jeans and leggings too and some more blouses and tops and sweaters as well. The kinds of things that Liz had taken with her. But I could also use a few more nighties and other lingerie too. The prettier and more luxurious things that I found that I liked to wear now. Maybe another pair of the breast forms for spares and then there was my electrolysis as well!

I had to shave every day. If Shelley was right and the hair would grow back lighter after it was removed, maybe it would stay away if it was removed enough times? Maybe I could get her to do the same with my chest hair too? Then I wouldn't have to worry about it when I wore one of my lower cut dresses or blouses. I was going to see her on Sunday for my first appointment so I could ask her about it then. Today I had other plans.

I took a shower, then shaved my face really close since it was the last time I would shave before I saw Shelley again. I put on my matching set of light pink bikini panties, bra with forms of course, and the garter belt too. I was feeling good now so I put on a pair of darker colored silk stockings and made sure the seams were straight up the back of my legs before I attached them to the six dangling garter tabs. Damned but that silk sure felt good on my legs. It felt even better when I put on my pink nylon full slip and the lace trim on the hem brushed against them when I moved. Why any woman would want to give up luxury like this was beyond my powers of comprehension. It felt so damned good that I got an erection!

It was my first real hardon since Liz told me that she preferred to be with a woman. And it was up all the way too. I knew I was going to cum fairly soon and I didn't want to stain any of my lingerie so I quickly ran to the bathroom, grabbed a handful of toilet tissues and used it to cover the end of my pecker. Just in time too. Another split second and my exploding orgasm would have left unsightly pecker tracks all over the place. Gawd! *I had never had an orgasm as strong!* I felt it all the way up my spine, through my shoulders and arms and in my legs too and I hadn't even tried to jerk off.

Once I had myself all cleaned off again and all the cum milked out of my pecker, I tucked the damned thing down into the crotch of my panties, back between my legs, and pulled my panties up as tightly as I could. Then I arranged my full slip over top of them. It had felt really good and I hoped to feel it again, but not when it wanted to do it. I would prefer it if it could wait until I was ready for it. A surprise like that in a public place could be disastrous!

Back in my bedroom, I sat at my vanity and combed my hair the way Shelley had told me to do it. Then I did my makeup the way she had shown me to and using the same products she had sold to me. I got fairly close to the look she had managed to do for me too and was quite pleased with it. No, it wasn't the same, but it was close.

I got out my dark gray pleated skirt and stepped into it. I particularly liked this one since it was the perfect weight for the season and was long enough that the hemline fell to just below my knees. I did up the single button behind my back, then closed the short zipper up to it. From my dresser I got my light pink short sleeved cashmere sweater with the high vee neckline. I put it on and arranged the bottom edge slightly over the waistband of my skirt. Then I put on my gray pumps with the three inch heels before I sat down and sorted through the jewelry that I had. I put on my gold ladies wristwatch, a gold bracelet on my other wrist and hung a pair of dangling gold earrings from the lower hole in my earlobes. I made a pretty good looking woman if I do say so myself.

Then I was back to my kitchen for another cup of coffee when I heard the doorbell ring. I had mixed feelings about answering it but knew that I couldn't avoid it either. Sooner or later everyone would get to know what I was doing so I might as well bite the bullet now and face who ever it was who was there. I opened the door with a lot more bravado than I felt and was pleased to find that it was Mrs. Benson who was calling on me.

"Ooh, that is so pretty an outfit Teri." she told me. "Going out? I would have expected slacks for on a Saturday morning."

“Come in, Mrs. Benson. I don’t own any slacks at all. Liz took them all with her. And the bet says that I can’t wear pants of any kind for the entire month of October. I think that would include culottes too since they are almost pants, aren’t they?”

“Some might say so, I don’t. I think they are closer to being a skirt than pants. But you look so lovely in skirts. Have you got a couple of hours you can spare this morning dear?”

“Sure, why?” I had to ask.

“I have to go out this afternoon with George so I was hoping we could work on your voice this morning over at my place. George really enjoys seeing you all dressed up as a woman since you look even better than most real women do and it was his idea that we work over at our house. I think he gets a real kick out of you now.”

“Sure. I was just going to phone you and see if you had the time to help me today. I spend enough time at home that I don’t mind going to your house to do this and if it gives your husband a bit of a thrill, fine! He’s a nice man and I don’t mind him seeing me like this.”

The voice lessons went fairly well and Mr. Benson hung around listening and watching and even correcting me when I made an unfeminine move or gesture. He made tea for us and served it to us in the living room where Mrs. Benson sat at her piano. She felt more comfortable and in charge when she sat there and was all business as she walked me through various vocal lessons she had designed especially for me. She had spent a lot of time through the last night to lay out her strategy and get me sounding more like a real woman.

When we were done, I offered to pay her for her time and effort but she refused. It was a bit of a thrill to her too to help me become more of a woman. She even offered to come with me the next day when I saw her niece again so I couldn’t very well turn her down. She wanted to be there when a man did anything purposely to make himself into more of a woman. I would have bet anything that she would have been willing to teach me to take a bubble bath too, even though that was fairly basic and the easiest thing in the world to do. Both Mr. and Mrs. Benson loved to see me out and about as my opposite sex.

\*\*\*\*\*

Mrs. Benson and I were a few minutes early for the appointment but Shelley was there already and getting set up. I wore a maroon pullover dress with black pumps and the beige fall weight coat that had been in the hall closet. No money in these pockets though. After setting aside my purse and hanging up my coat, I took the offered seat and let her remove my makeup for me. She had to take it off to find the short hair she was going to shock out of my face.

I had no idea what I had let myself in for here. Shocking, yes! Lots of pain and a burning feeling afterwards, but it was the only way to reduce the hair growth sufficiently. I suffered silently through four hours of it with short ten minute breaks every

half hour or so. But Shelley was good at her work and pretty well cleaned up my facial hair for me, then reapplied my makeup over a soothing foundation cream that effectively hid the redness that remained on my face.

Fifty dollars an hour, but Liz was paying for it so I didn't mind shelling out the cash. I would have less beard to show up very soon and that was good since I planned to live as a woman for a very long time now. "A few more treatments like this Teri and you won't have to come every week. We would have to make it once a month then."

"The sooner the better," I replied with as much mirth as I could muster. "Can you only do this on the face or does it work elsewhere too?"

"It works anywhere on the body Teri. What do you have in mind?"

"I have some lower cut dresses and tops and I can wear them if I don't have to worry about my chest hair showing."

"No problem. I can do your underarms too and then you can wear sleeveless styles also. For the upcoming summer months I can do your tummy and bikini line as well. Then there is your back and legs too. The only limitation is how much you want to spend and how feminine you want to appear to be."

"Money is less of a problem now than it was the day before yesterday," I told them both. I told them about finding Liz's stash. "As for how feminine I want to appear to be? Just as feminine as I can be for as long as I can get away with it. I doubt I can live the rest of my life as a woman but I also don't see any real use for body hair either."

"We can work at taking it all off then. As for the rest of your life, I don't see any reason why you can't live it as a woman. More women should look as good as you do, and more power to you if you can be a woman forever."

"I won't be a woman, Shelley. I'm still a man and I like women and I like to be a man with a woman, even though I do prefer to dress as a woman myself. I doubt there are many women out there who can like a man who looks like a woman."

"You'd be surprised, Teri. There are a lot of women who can like a man like you, especially since you like to dress as a woman. You'll find someone sooner or later."

Mrs. Benson and I went straight home as she had to make dinner for her husband. We found Mr. Benson to be quite excited when we got there and Mrs. Benson had to calm him down before he could tell us what was up.

"I saw a couple of people trying to get into your house, Teri, so I called the police. They came and I came out and saw that it was Liz and her girlfriend. Liz tried to tell them that she lived there but I told them the truth. They took both of them away and asked me to get you to call them when you got home. They just left here ten minutes ago."

I thanked Mr. Benson and told him he had done the right thing. He gave me the number to call and I let myself into my house, noticing that there were scratch marks around the locks and on the door jamb. Liz and Cindy had tried to break into my house! I called but the cop was out yet so I had to wait and call him back in another half hour. I waited an hour and a half to try again.

We had an interesting talk for about fifteen minutes on the phone and I told him the full decision of the Judge and which Judge and about the new scratches on my front door. He hung up and called the Judge at home and she had remembered the case instantly and confirmed that it was indeed a case of attempted break and enter, then he called me back and told me. Yes, I would press charges against them. He said he would be back within a few minutes to take a formal statement from me.

I didn't have time to change before he got here, but so what? I was determined to live as a woman now and if it meant that a lot more people would get to know the truth, then so be it! I had nothing to hide since I wasn't breaking any laws. But I felt that if I let Liz off this time that she would just be back to try again, maybe with more luck the next time. I made some coffee and set out some dainties I had bought and heard someone opening my front outside door. I went to check and found Officer Mike Harris checking my front door locks.

"Afternoon, Ma'am," he said to me politely. "I'm looking for a Mr. Terence Michaels. Is he here?"

"Certainly, Officer." I answered in my best attempt of a feminine voice. "Please, come in. Would you care for some coffee?"

"That would be nice, Ma'am, thank you." He was very polite.

I served him coffee at my dining room table, then got myself a cup and sat opposite him to join him. He was watching me as any man would watch most women and I was enjoying it.

"If I could speak to Mr. Michaels, please?" he asked as he sorted out his pad and papers.

"Yes, I am Teri Michaels." I told him. It was my first real chance to use my feminine voice so I kept it up.

"You! You're Terry Michaels? But you're a woman!"

"Uh, no sir." I said. "I am a man, I am just dressed as a woman." I got my purse, pulled out my wallet and showed him my identification. My picture identification on my driver's license came the closest to the way I looked now.

"Wow!" he said when he compared the photo to me. "You make a very good looking woman, Mr. Michaels. Even beautiful! But why?"

"Thank you, Officer Harris." I told him my full story then. The breakup, the divorce, the Judge's decision, then the bets with Ben and the latest one I was to begin tomorrow. The involvement the company had taken. I told him about Liz's phone call the other night, then my call to my mother. I didn't tell him about the stash of cash I had found in MY coats. "Basically, Officer Harris, it all boils down to the fact that I enjoy dressing as a woman now, that with the bet I have going at work I can get myself out of the hole that Liz put me into faster, plus the Judge's decision that both properties and all of their contents were mine to do with as I pleased."

"Yeah, the Judge did confirm that detail. I am going to have to confirm some of the details you have supplied me with too. Mind if I talk to your coworkers?"

“Not at all. If you show up at Tourond Trucking on Powell tomorrow morning at eight, I am sure that most of them will be there. They will want to see if I show up dressed entirely as a woman for work, and to give me the gears for doing it too.”

“You don’t sound overly concerned about it.”

“Not really. I like who I am now, but they don’t need to know that. Everyone there goaded me into taking this bet and they’ll be a lot happier if they think I am only doing it for the money. That is just a bonus. More coffee?”

“Yes, thank you. You know Mr. Michaels, as a cop I have seen a lot of men who dress up as women, but none of them looked as good as you.”

“Thanks, Officer Harris. Please, call me Teri. Since talking to my mother I have been thinking about changing my name legally to Teresa. I would then be Teresa Ann Marie Michaels. I would still be a man but I would live entirely as a woman.”

“Okay, Teri. You can call me Mike. Tell me, Teri, are you gay?”

“No!” I laughed lightly. “I don’t think so, anyway. I’m not sexually attracted to other men. I still like women and everything about them. But I will give them their privacy, too. I have no plans to invade the public ladies restrooms looking for semi-naked women to gawk at. As long as they don’t see me in that state, they won’t need to know that I am really a man.”

“You may as well know, Teri, that while it is illegal for a man to use a ladies restroom without permission in advance, it is okay to do it if no one knows you’re a man and no one presses charges against you. I think you could safely use a public ladies room if you had to.”

“Thanks, Mike. More and more compliments! Are you gay by any chance?”

“Yeah,” he laughed. “But no one at work knows it. I keep it hidden.”

“Why? There’s nothing wrong with being gay in this world.”

“I know that. I just find it easier to get along if I go along. Heterosexuality is the norm for most people and most every cop I have ever met. Maybe, if there were more gay cops, I wouldn’t object to being labeled like that. I know that I would be treated a lot differently if anyone at work ever found out the truth about me.”

“They won’t find out from me, Mike. But I know that it’s your job to tell them about me. Go ahead, do your job. Just do me a favor and don’t go telling anyone you don’t have to.”

“I don’t have to tell anyone anything, Teri. I don’t even have to include it in my report. All I have to say is that I interviewed Terrance Michaels, got the statement and your signature to say that you will press charges. Wouldn’t it be easier not to go ahead with this?” he asked.

“Oh sure it would. A *lot* easier! But Liz would be back and more careful the next time and maybe clean out my house when I am at work.”

“She might be back, anyway. You should consider getting an alarm system installed. You can’t count on your neighbors being home all the time to watch out for your house for you.”

Mike gave me his card in case I ever had to call him, then the name of a reputable alarm company that could secure my house for me quickly. I would call them as soon as I could. He left and I went next door to tell the Benson's about what happened. The only detail I left out was the fact that Mike Harris was gay. That was between him and me and he didn't need for too many people to know the truth.

\*\*\*\*\*

I was up two hours earlier than I had to be on Monday morning. Anxious and somewhat nervous about my first day at work as a woman I suppose. I took a long and hot bubble bath and checked my body for any unfeminine hair. There was none. I checked my face very closely and found a few hairs that Shelley had missed so I shaved them off. I was happy to note that the redness in my face had subsided almost to the point of being normal again. That was good.

I had been observant of the girls at work lately so I knew that they never wore jeans to work; always skirts or dresses and they tried to look their best at all times. I would do no less as a woman myself, now. I didn't have any ladies pants of any kind anyway but even if I did, I would not wear them to work even if the bet would allow them. I felt that it would be better for me in the long run if everyone got used to seeing me in skirts as soon as possible.

I put on my plainest pair of frilly white satin bikini panties and tucked my monster cock into the crotch before it developed a mind of its own again. The matching bra had the sheer lace full cups that would hold my breast forms without allowing them to slide around on me. Then I put on the garter belt and had to thread the tabs inside my panties and out the leg openings. I would have preferred to put the garter belt and sheer, beige colored stockings on first, then the panties, but if I did that then I would have to deal with another erection.

My stockings were a joy to put on, to smooth them up my legs and attach them tautly to the dangling garter tabs. With my pecker tucked away as it was, it did little more than stir a bit since it didn't have the room to come to full attention. I didn't want to get into the habit of masturbating every time I got dressed. I preferred to save my orgasmic delights for when I was with a woman.

My slim-line half slip was made of a rayon/nylon combination and was just as smooth as silk when I put it on. The elastic waistband snapped snugly against my skin just above the garter belt I wore and the lace trimmed hemline came to about mid thigh, just below the tops of my sheer stockings. The matching camisole had spaghetti thin straps that rested on my shoulders atop the straps of my bra though without hiding them completely. But only the straps of my bra showed since the camisole covered more of me higher up than the bra did. My breast forms could no longer be discerned as anything other than what they were meant to imitate.

I took my time at my vanity table and got my hair brushed into place and dry first. Then I got to work on my face and had to do it twice before I was satisfied with it. Inwardly, I guess, I was more nervous than I appeared to be on the outside. But with my

hair done and my makeup on properly, I proceeded to finish dressing. Deodorant, a light cologne, then my semi-sheer white nylon blouse with the long sleeves, frilly cuffs and lace trimmed frilly bib front. I stepped into my navy blue skirt and tucked in my slip and blouse as I pulled it up into place, then closed the button and zipper. I lifted the hem high to make sure my slip was in place and to pull down the ends of my blouse. I found it easier than trying to tuck the blouse in at the waistband. The skirt was a slim style that would limit my steps when I walked and made me remember to act like a lady at all times. The hemline was just above my knees and there was a four inch slit up the back that would show a flash of the lace hemline of my slip. That was okay.

My navy pumps had the three inch stiletto heels which I felt I could wear all day long now. I had been practicing in nothing but three inch heels for quite some time. With my shoes on I sat at my vanity again to add the finishing touches of jewelry and perfume. Then I took my navy blue blazer from the closet as I left my room with my purse. I was ready early so I felt that I should put something into my nervous stomach. Not much mind you. Just toast and coffee, but it was something. I doubted if I would eat much throughout the day at work.

From a drawer in the kitchen I got out a plastic ziplock sandwich bag and from my fridge I got my package of dates. I put about a dozen of the dates into the bag, zipped it closed and put the plastic bag into my purse. I would have to bake some date squares to use up the rest of those dates. I knew the guys at work fairly well and anticipated some of the humor they would throw at me. I figured that at least one of them would ask for a date, and now I could give him one though not the kind he would be referring to. The more I could turn their jokes around on them, the better it would be for me. They would then learn to leave me alone.

At half past seven I made sure everything was shut off within the house, put on my blazer and my cloth coat and locked up my house as I left through the front door. Mr. Benson was just taking his car out of his garage as I walked up to my car so I waved to him. He waved back as I got in and started it up. I had to let it warm up a bit and as I did I saw Mrs. Benson come out and get into their car, but not before she gave me a wave and a smile and mouthed a "good luck" to me. I smiled and waved back to her. Yeah, I needed good luck today.

I pulled into the parking lot at work at about ten minutes before eight and the closest spot there was to park to the office was about ten cars away. But I took it, shut off the engine, locked my car and made the walk to the office at an easy pace. I went in the office door and found about half a dozen drivers, Ben included, in there talking to the girls. They were waiting for me.

I brushed past them all as if they weren't even there and walked through the gate to the office side where I went to the staff room to hang up my coat. The entire office was deadly quiet when I returned in my navy blue skirt suit and white blouse carrying my purse. Bob was there so I reported directly to him first.

"Gawd-damned but you make a good looking woman Teri!" he told me.

"Don't curse, Bob. Its not professional," I reminded him. That's what he always told us.

“Sorry,” he apologized. Then all hell broke loose as the guys began to whistle at me and shout out their practiced remarks. I ignored them all as Bob led me back to his office where he began to tell me about my job here now. I would have my own desk in the outer office and Ken would tell me what to do. Since I was at the office as a woman, Bob made sure to tell me that I had to use the ladies room now, not the men’s. I didn’t mind since I probably would have preferred that anyway. I would have felt a bit out of place in the men’s room dressed as I was. He told me that a cop named Harris had been there before I got there and that he just confirmed that I would be in as a woman and all about the bet but hadn’t said why. So I told Bob all about Liz’s antics the day before, the interview by Mike Harris and his recommendations for security. Bob said security was a good idea and that I could have time off if I had to be home to have it installed and that he could advance me money if I needed it against Ben’s paychecks he was certain I would be collecting, and he smiled at me.

Then it was back to the outer office where he showed me my desk while the whistling and catcalls continued. “Hey baby! How about a date?” Curtis called to me.

Bob was facing me so I saw the grimace on his face. I gave him a little smile and a wink. I set down my purse, opened it and removed the plastic bag of dates. I opened the bag as I walked over to the counter where he stood and offered them to him. “Would anyone else care for a date?” I asked them. They laughed harder now and slapped Curtis on the back as I turned and went back to my desk.

“All right, you morons!” Bob said to them. “You all saw Teri and that she is living up to her end of the deal. You can go back to work now.”



“You mean that HE is living up to HIS end, don’t you?” Ben shouted.

“Nope. I mean what I said. Teri is living up to HER end of the deal and SHE deserves all the respect that we would give to any other woman who works here or comes in here.”

“How do we know that Teri is wearing nothing but women’s clothes?” John asked.

“You don’t need to know,” Ben told him. “That part is the bet between me and him. But I know Teri well enough that if he says he is, then that’s the way it is. Well kiddo? You wearing panties too?” he taunted me.

“Of course!” I replied for all to hear. “Pretty white and lacy bikini panties. But I am not going to show them to you.”

“Alright, now everybody out of here and let us get back to work!” Bob shouted. The guys filed out of the office shaking their heads and I saw that the rest of the office staff had smiles on their faces. Yeah, they were laughing at me but so what? As time went on they would get used to seeing me dressed as I was, and they would learn to work with me, too. They had no choice in the matter though they probably didn’t realize it yet.

Ken told me what to do and I managed to do it without much problem. At coffee time, the other girls cornered me in the staff room. “You really dressed entirely as a girl now, Teri?” Julie asked me.

“Yeah,” I replied. “Does that bother you?”

“Nope. Just checking.” she answered. “Doesn’t it bother you to dress as a woman, Teri?”

“It did, at first. But the more I did it the more I found that women’s clothes can be very comfortable to wear, as long as I appear to be a woman, too. Bob tells me that I have to use the ladies room from now on, that I’m not allowed in the men’s room at all. Is that going to bother any of you girls? If it does, I can use the room when none of you are in there.”

Julie looked around at the other girls and I saw some of them shrug their shoulders. “I doubt if it will bother us, Teri. We all thought that this would be your first attempt at trying to dress, look and act like a woman. Obviously it’s not!”

“Once Ben made the bet and Bob made it easier for me to accept it, I knew that I would have to practice or fall on my face a lot. Its not that easy to wear three inch heels all day long.”

“Like you have to tell *us*!” Julie replied with a smirk.

“I’ve been practicing every chance I got and with a little help from some friends, I learned a lot about what its like to live as a woman. And just so you know, I am living as a woman every hour of every day for the rest of this month. The only time I am not wearing women’s clothing is when I am in the shower. I want to take Ben for as much as I can and teach him a good lesson.”

“Yeah, that would be nice to see, Teri,” Nancy spoke up from the back. “Doesn’t bother me a whit if you live as a woman for the rest of the year.” ...The other girls agreed.

“Might even go longer if I can.” I told them and there was suddenly a lot of smiles all around as some of the girls went back to work and some came in to get a coffee too. I had a lot of questions to answer and a lot of explaining to do with them but I felt that I owed it to them. After all, I did have to work with them five days a week and it was best to be as honest with them as I could be. I didn’t need for them to know just yet that I was enjoying my time as a girl.

\*\*\*\*\*

My first day on the job as a female flew by faster than I thought it would. I was kept busy learning as much as I could about the office work and how things proceeded from the first contact with a client right through to the delivery of the load. There were other things to learn later. I did have the chance at lunch time to call the security company and arrange a meeting for that evening at my home so that an estimator could inspect my house, tell me what I needed and how much it would cost.

Everyone at the office was treating me as just another one of the girls and I found that I kinda liked that. Oh sure, the guys were all treating me as if I were as green as new grass, as dumb as a brick, but it gave them the chance to get closer and smell my perfume and gawk at my legs. The girls were helpful and nice to me and on our breaks they sat with me and talked about fashions and asked about my wardrobe and stuff like that.

When drivers came into the office, as they invariably did, it had to be on company business or they got chased out by one or another of the other guys who worked there. Sightseeing was *not* a valid reason for intruding into their world of work. But the drivers kept coming all day long with dumb questions about this and that as well as legitimate excuses and they lingered at the counter longer than they had to — which gave them a frontal view of me at my desk ....and since there was no front panel on my desk, a view of my legs too. With the hair removed and encased in the beige nylon and my feet arched into my heels I had nice, shapely legs. *I knew that!* And the guys checked them out as much as they could.

All in all it was a wonderful first day at work as a woman. At the end of the day I didn’t linger around as I had an appointment at home soon and had to get there. But I had lasted the full day without any ugly incidents. My bag of dates disappeared so I had to make sure I brought more for tomorrow. I didn’t know if I would need them but I may as well be prepared.

The Bensons were in their yard when I got home and were all smiles when I told them about my day going so well. I left the details for another time as all I wanted then was to get inside and get my shoes off to relax my tired feet. I hadn’t been on them all day, but three inch heels can still hurt when worn for so long in one stretch.

I had a microwave dinner of frozen lasagna with a tossed salad, then prepared for the meeting with the security advisor. The phone rang and it was Mike Harris - he wanted to come over and talk to me if I had the time. I told him about the security meeting and he said he would not bring up any details until they were gone. So I invited him over, too.

The security estimate didn't take as long as I had thought it would and the man had just finished giving me a written estimate when Mike arrived. Mike took a look at the proposal but never said a word. I walked the man outside and told him I would think it over and he said they could have me protected before the weekend if I said yes by tomorrow. They had a slow week planned and could squeeze in the installation now though he couldn't promise anything beyond that. I said I would think about it.

Mike was on his cell phone when I came back inside and gave me a lopsided grin as he spoke to whomever on the other end about the proposal. He nodded his head in acceptance of a cup of coffee to the sign language I mimed out so I got us both a cup and sat down opposite him at my dining room table. Then he finished the call.

"Sorry about that, Teri," he said as he put away his phone. "I just spoke to the owner of the security company and he says he can do better on the price for you, but only because it was me who recommended you to him. Why pay retail if you can get it cheaper?"

"Thanks, Mike. The price did seem a bit high to me."

"Phone around and you'll find that its quite reasonable as it is. But people I send to them are supposed to get a better discount than that. Listen, I spoke to Judge Thomas again and she has an idea you might like."

"What is it?" I asked curiously.

"Well, if things proceed normally, you would have to appear in court and it would become a matter of public record that you are a man living as a woman now. And your ex-wife would learn that you still have her old things and that you are using them yourself. I don't know that many men in your position would want that experience."

"Its not one I'm looking forward to, Mike. But what other choice is there? If I just drop the charges, Liz will undoubtedly be back."

"Right. Can you get some time off from work to meet with Judge Thomas at her office?"

"Sure. I think so. When?"

"Tomorrow at one. She has an opening in her schedule then."

"Okay. Now, why?"

"Simple. I told her about your current circumstances since she was in a need to know position and she came up with an alternative for you. But she wants to present it to you herself and to see what kind of woman you make. Basically, this would be the only time you would have to take off from work if you agreed and since its in private, its off the record too."

"Okay, I'll meet with Judge Thomas tomorrow at one. Where?"

“Her office is at City Hall, third floor, suite number ten. Be there a little before one if you can, just in case. I’ll make it if I can but I can’t promise. Depends on work.”

“Okay. Can you give me any clue as to what to expect?”

“I’d better not. She wants to give it to you, herself. I think its a good idea and you should think about it before you say anything. Suffice to say, Judge Thomas is sympathetic to you and your current circumstances.”

That gave me food for thought! Mike and I had our coffee and chatted about this and that and I told him all about my first day at work as a woman. He told me all about his early meeting with Bob and the interviews he conducted with Ben and some of the other drivers.

“From what I can gather after having spoken to your supervisor Teri, it’s in the company’s best interests if they have you working there as a woman for as long as they possibly can. With today’s sexual discrimination policies and increased pressure towards tolerance of all people, it’s a feather in their cap if they can boast having a man like you working for them. A man dressing entirely as a woman. Doesn’t matter what your sexual preferences are, only that you have now become a visible minority. More visible than any gay man could be. They will try to make it as easy as they can on you so that you will stay with them as you are for a very long time.”

Now *that* was good news to me. I really didn’t want to go back to being the man I had been before. I liked being the woman that I was now and hoped to do more to make myself appear more feminine, without totally losing my masculinity.

\* \* \*

I started off dressing for my second day of work as a woman much the same as I had for my first day. Panties first and right after my bath. Bikini panties of course. Lacy bra with breast forms filling out the cups, then the garter belt with the darker taupe colored stockings. Having been a truck driver all summer long and having worn jeans at work, I had white legs without any tan at all. My arms were tanned just like most other truck drivers, from my fingers up to about mid biceps. My neck and face were tanned too. The rest of me was pure white and hairless. I needed the darker colored stockings to hide the whiteness of my legs.

Today I wore a full slip and the lace hem brushed against the bare skin above the tops of my stockings. I had chosen to wear my black boat-necked dress with three quarter length sleeves and the hemline a bit longer than the length of my slip. Sure, I would show a lot more leg, but I knew there wouldn’t be any objections at work. The neckline was a boatneck that ended just before the light shoulder pads and I liked the slight puffy fullness at the shoulder. But it was about the best dress I had for meeting the Judge in. Plain, neat and conservative without being flashy. My imitation pearls went nicely with it.

As expected, the guys all watched me when I arrived for work but I ignored them the best I could as I made my walk to the office. Just a few catcalls and some whistling. They didn’t dare to follow me inside unless they had a legitimate reason for being there. I was a girl with the girls and they all seemed to like my dress and accessories.

They all wore skirts shorter than mine so I was still more conservative than they appeared to be. The guys were polite and courteous as I took my desk though their smiles were more like leers now. There was a lot more dropping of things on the floor so they could bend down to pick them up and get a better view of my legs while I was seated. They were just being men.

I talked to Bob as soon as I could and told him about my meeting with the Judge. He told me I could take as much time as I needed. No hurry to return. It appeared that they got more work done when I was out of the office than when I was there. He didn't say it but it was obvious.

At twelve fifteen I was done for the day and off for my appointment. I had a larger than average audience to watch me walk to my car, though most of the catcalls and whistling had diminished. They knew I was not going to respond so there was no point in continuing with the harassment. They just did a lot of looking now, some shaking of heads too. If they didn't like what I was doing, then that was their problem, not mine. I was enjoying myself and that is all that mattered to me.

I parked my car in the parking structure next to City Hall and walked over the walkway and in the side door. One good thing about parking here was that there were a lot of cops about, no chance of being bothered or having my car vandalized. There were cops everywhere as I entered the lobby and stood in front of the elevator that would take me up to the third floor. I found the office of Judge Thomas and walked into a brightly lit reception area that had four women running about, one of them on the phone and dragging it behind her as she talked. I stood in front of the first desk I came to until I was noticed, then explained why I was there and who I was to the woman in charge. She asked me to have a seat and said that the Judge was busy.

Ten minutes later, at five before the hour of one, I was shown into Judge Thomas' office and to a seat in front of her desk. The Judge was on the phone and her huge swivel chair was swung around to face the window behind her so I didn't see her until she swiveled back my way.

I was a bit shocked to see that Judge Carla Thomas was wearing the same dress I was only hers was in red and she didn't have the string of pearls around her neck. She smiled at me, said a few things into the phone and hung up. "Teri Michaels! My, haven't you changed since the last time I saw you!"

"Yes, Your Honor." I said in reply. "I believe that Officer Harris told you?"

"Yes he did, but I didn't believe it. You were such a masculine young man at the divorce hearing, I just couldn't believe it when I heard that you were dressing up as a woman now, so I just had to see you for myself. Officer Harris was right! You do make a very pretty young lady!"

"Thank you, Your Honor. I do my best."

"Let's cut the 'Your Honor' crap. I insist on it in court but I prefer just Judge Thomas or Carla here in my office. So Teri, how long has this been going on? I mean, your dressing up as a female. You certainly didn't look like this in court."

"I never wore anything even remotely feminine until about a month after the divorce was finalized. Then it seems like I have seldom worn much that was masculine."

“And what brought all this on? The divorce?”

“No. The divorce helped but it wasn’t the cause. Not having a wife at home to do my laundry for me and pack my bag for me anymore, I forgot to pack clean underwear. Eating spicy chili on the road combined with a partner who had just been dumped by one of his girlfriends brought on a dare and a light bet that I couldn’t wear the new lingerie he had forgotten to give her. One thing led to another and I am now in a bet which means that I have to live entirely as a female for the rest of this month, at work and at home. Since Liz and I were exactly the same size and since she left all of her more feminine things behind, I didn’t have to go out and purchase any new clothes to take the bet.”

“So you have only been dressing up as a woman for a short time then. You do very well at it. As a Judge, I see a lot of young men that are brought before me in all kinds of skirts and dresses, but they are mere parodies of women. You, on the other hand, actually look like a real woman. Doesn’t that bother you a bit?”

“Not at all, Judge Thomas. I may have been dressing this way for a short period of time, but I have found that women’s clothes can be very comfortable too. As long as I can pass for a real woman, then I have no problem dressing as one. I actually like to dress like this and will probably do it well beyond the limitation of the bet.”

“That’s good for you, Teri! I take it that you don’t have any other women in your life right now?”

“Uh no, I haven’t been looking for another relationship yet.”

“Any men in your life?”

“No. I am not gay. I may like to dress like a woman, be able to act and talk like a woman but I am still a man inside. I don’t want to *be* a woman, just enjoy the life of one as much as I can. What’s wrong with that?”

“Nothing. Its just that most men who dress as women are considered to be gay. Its going to be pretty hard to find a woman who can accept a man who looks so good as a woman himself.”

“If it happens it happens, if it doesn’t then it doesn’t. I’m not ready for another woman just yet and when I am, I can always go back to dressing and acting like a man.”

“I take it you are using the feminine form of your name right now?”

“Yes, Teri is short for Teresa. My mother tells me that she would have called me Teresa Ann Marie had I been born a girl. If I find that I can live this way for a long time, I may just change my name too.”

“You told your mother about this?!”

“It was either she heard it from me or run the risk that my ex-partner would tell her for his own personal pleasure. Mom will tell Dad in a way that won’t cause him another heart attack. I think that Ben would have loved to be the ones to tell them first.”

“And your employer knows, too?”

“I came straight here from work. Actually, my employer made it easier for me to take the bet. They gave me an office job instead of being on the road for the duration of my life *en fem*.”

“I see. So what’s this about you and your ex-wife? I understand she was arrested for attempting to break into your house?”

“Yes. Liz called me up on Saturday evening and asked if I could give her the fur coats and leather boots that she left in the basement. I told her that none of her things were in the house anymore, that everything in the house was mine.”

“That wasn’t exactly the truth now was it, Teri?”

“It wasn’t? Your decree said that both properties and everything in them was mine right along with the bills too. I assumed that that meant that everything she left behind was now mine as well.”

“I see your point. Okay, go on.”

“Well, she threw a tantrum and hung up on me. The next day I checked out the coats and found a stash of cash in them. She had been draining off the money I gave her to pay bills with and building her stash. She must have been doing it for years since there was a lot of money there. The coats fit me too. With winter coming and the fact that I am now living as a woman, I thought that I may as well keep the coats and put them to good use myself. On Sunday, I went to a beauty salon with my next door neighbor.”

“Salon’s are open on Sunday?”

“Uh no, but this one is owned by the niece of my next door neighbor. Mrs. Benson and her husband have been a big help to me now and it was Mr. Benson who called the police when Liz came and tried to break in when I was out. I know they tried to break in because of all the fresh scratches around the locks. And Mr. Benson says that Liz tried to tell the police that she lived there and just lost her keys. He told them the truth. Once I contacted them, Officer Harris came back to interview me and I verified that Liz and I were divorced and that she had tried to break in. I pressed charges then. You know more about the rest of it than I do.”

“I see. I can see where you would need the coats and boots yourself and you have already paid for them too. And I did say that everything inside the properties was yours. But even had it been hers, she had no right to try breaking in, then lying to the police. With no prior record and this being her first offense, the most she would get from any Judge would be a suspended sentence. May I make a suggestion?”

“Please do.” I said.

“Well, if you continue with the charges you will have to go to court and present your side of things. Then it will become a matter of public record that you are a man who is living as a woman now. Liz will know this and that you still have all of her old things there too. She may try again, or she may just send someone to do it for her. I understand that Officer Harris suggested you have an alarm system installed?”

“Yes. I am going to have them install it this week.”

“Okay. Then what I propose is that you drop the charges against Liz and her lover and not go to court in lieu of a restraining order against her which will specify that she is not allowed within five miles of either property. If she is caught within the specified area she goes straight to jail without passing GO. Her incentive to stay away is a clean record. And I will tell her that there is nothing of hers in either property. She would have no reason to go to either place. What do you think Teri?”

“I think I like it. I wouldn’t have to go to court, Liz might never find out that I am living as a woman now and I can rest easier too. But the alarms won’t be installed until Friday.”

“No problem. They can’t make bail so they can sit where they are until then. It gives them both a taste of what’s in store for them if they go against the restraining order.”

“Okay. How do I drop the charges then?”

“I can take care of it for you. All I need is a signature from you.”

“I really appreciate what you are doing for me, Judge Thomas, but I have to wonder why? Why are you going out of your way to help me like this?”

She smiled at me. “Well, Teri, I never liked what your ex-wife tried to do to you. I am not prejudiced against anyone, lesbian or gay since I have a happily married daughter who was born as my son. I don’t tell many people about this since it is so personal. I may have given Liz too much when I let her have the car you bought but she got more than she actually deserved. She has no right to try getting more by the means she chose. But then again we have enough criminals in this world already. Everyone deserves a second chance after making a mistake. Going this way means that everyone wins.”

“I see. Okay. I won’t tell anyone about your daughter.”

“Thank you. I told you because I wanted you to understand that I have a personal experience with these things. It wasn’t easy to understand how the son that I raised to be a man could throw it all away to become a woman, then to marry a man too. But they seem happy with their lives so it makes me happy too. ...So, you like dressing as a woman, huh?”

“Yes!” I laughed. “Skirts and dresses are a lot more comfortable than pants are. Even to wear panties instead of men’s shorts is much more comfortable too. And with the bet, the closest I can come to wearing pants this month are my panties and pantyhose.”

“So Teri, what did you have done at the salon, if you don’t mind my asking?”

“Not at all. I got my hair styled, manicure, pedicure, hair removal, ear piercing and I got lessons in makeup application too. Mrs. Benson helped me purchase post mastectomy breast forms in the proper size to fill out the bras I already had. Having been a music teacher all of her life, she is helping me train my voice to sound more like a real woman.”

“Does living as a woman now cause you any form of excitement? I mean in an area that no real woman has?”

“Uh ...sure, but I just try to ignore that as much as I can. It gets pretty bothersome when I am dressing though.”

“Yeah, I guess it would. When I first found out that my son was dressing up as a girl, he told me about a device he found that is made for men who dress up as women. It holds the male parts up nice and tight and makes the area appear feminine. I believe he called it a Gaff.”

“Well, if I can find one I’ll try it. Thanks! But I just tuck everything down and back and pull my panties up as tight as I can. It seems to work, for now.”

\*\*\*\*\*

My time with the Judge took about an hour and she was more of a friend and confidant when I left her office. She gave me tips on how to be more of a woman and how to survive in the world of men where we all lived. I called the security company from a pay phone and made the arrangements to have the alarm system installed on Friday. I gave them the address of the property out at the lake and they said they could do it next week too. I would give them a key when they did my house.

Bob had given me the rest of the day off so there was no point going back to work now. I was downtown already and feeling very good so I thought I might as well stay here and take care of a few things I had to do sooner or later anyway. I went shopping!

There were a lot of things I needed and shopping was the only way I was going to get them. I needed some shoes with flat heels instead of all the three and four inch heels that I had. I needed some everyday style purses instead of the dressier handbags that Liz had left me. Sure, I needed some ladies slacks and pants too, but not just yet. I could get them next month, when it would be within the rules for me to try them on. And I definitely needed some more jewelry too. Liz had taken all the good stuff and left me with just the cheap stuff that she didn’t like and there wasn’t all that much of it either.

Shopping as a woman for women’s things turned out to be a lot of fun for me. Especially since everyone I dealt with believed that I was a real woman too. I tried on and bought more than a dozen pairs of shoes in about four stores and with the male salesmen trying to get a peek under my dress too. I got a couple more purses to go with my shoes. I picked out some of the cheaper jewelry for myself since I didn’t really need the real thing. I went looking for a Gaff but I couldn’t find one so I settled for some new underwear. I bought myself more bikini panties in the prettier and lacier styles that I was wearing anyway. And with the help of a saleslady, I got a few G-strings and the thongs that might work as well as a Gaff on me. And I picked out some more of the pretty and lacy bras in more colors than I already had. Everything else I had plenty of.

Mrs. Benson saw me arrive home and came outside as I was unloading my purchases from my car. She called her husband to come and help me as I carried a load into my house. Mr. Benson was more than happy to help me since it offered him the opportunity to see me up close one more time. I think that having me as their neighbor

and as a woman now helped them with their sex lives. It certainly didn't bother *me* at all!

Over coffee in my kitchen I told them both all about my day. My morning at work, my meeting with the Judge and the disposition of my case against Liz as well as my shopping trip. I had no secrets with either of them, except for what other people told me in confidence. The facts that Mike Harris was gay and that Judge Thomas had a daughter who used to be her son. They didn't need to know about either of them.

Mr. Benson went home and Mrs. Benson helped me unpack my purchases and get it all put away in my dresser drawers and on the closet floor. She complimented me on most of the stuff I had bought, but when she came to the G-strings and thongs it caused her to raise her eyebrows a bit. "I find that my external sex organs require a bit more control than just my panties can give them." I explained to her. "Its kind of hard to maintain my composure as a woman when I have this bulge in the front of my dress."

"Oh yes, dear," she laughed. "I sometimes forget that you do have those parts since I have never seen a bulge there."

It was only natural that she would look since she was a woman and I was a man and I was wearing nothing but women's clothes. The fact that she was older than my parents didn't even enter into it. She removed the tags from a pink lace trimmed thong and offered to help me into it.

"I don't think that would be proper, Mrs. Benson," I told her. "I really can't control it."

"I understand, dear, but I already know what these things are like. I've seen a lot of them in my years. And since we are both women now, you need to learn how to be a woman with just another woman around."

I didn't know what to say as she lifted the hems of my dress and slip high enough to pull down my panties releasing my monster from its confinement. She had me step out of my shoes so she could have me step out of my panties and into the thong she held out for me. My hems had fallen back into place as she dropped my panties so she had me hold them up now to facilitate her placing of the thong. It was tight at my thighs and there was no way it would go up to my hips without a struggle and certainly not with the erection that was standing straight out in front of me.

But Mrs. Benson had a cure for my aroused manhood. She grabbed it with both hands, stuck the head of my penis into her mouth and with the sucking action combined with the pumping she gave it, I felt my load of hot cum begin to ejaculate. She sucked me off all the way, milked out every last drop she could and licked me clean. Then she was able to get the thong all the way up where it held my tender little pecker and drained balls up close to my body, closer than my bikini panties ever had. She helped me back into my panties, then rearranged my slip and dress for me.

She stood up and acted as though what she had just done was an everyday occurrence and not worth a second thought. This little old lady who was almost old enough to be my grandmother had just given me a pretty good blow-job and now acted like it never happened.

“Don’t look so worried, Teri.” she told me. “George will never know and I doubt if he would mind if he did. His isn’t the only cock I’ve sucked in my life and he knows it too. I like men but I think I like helping you to be a woman a lot more. See! No bulge now!”

There was no bulge and with the tight fit of the thong, I doubted there would be for as long as I had it on. She was so nonchalant about the whole thing that I had to stop worrying about it too. I was a man who’d had an erection and an orgasm with a woman. Now I am a woman standing and talking to another woman and trying to act as if we did this everyday, which we didn’t and wouldn’t if I could help it. I didn’t like the idea of having participated in a sexual act with a married woman no matter what the age. We went back to the kitchen for another cup of coffee before she left me to go home.

Thinking about it, I went down to the basement after my dinner to remove the furs from the storage locker and take them up to the closet in the spare bedroom. Better to keep them there than down in the basement. I brought up the leather boots too and discovered another cache of cash in some of them too. Liz had really been siphoning off the cash from me! This find would allow me to pay for the installation of the security system without taking an advance from work. Thank you, Liz!

I was in a happy mood when I changed into my pink nylon baby doll nightie set. It felt so delicious against my hairless body that I would have gotten another erection had it not been for the fact that I still wore my tight fitting thong to hold it in place. I wasn’t all that thrilled about the part that ran up the crack of my ass, but the confining of my monster now was worth the price I had to pay. I would wear a thong everyday now. I only hoped that my G-strings worked as well for me as the thongs did.

I had my dinner and spent the evening cleaning up my house wearing nothing but the thong and three piece baby doll set plus a pair of slippers on my feet. It felt so wonderful to be a woman all the time now! Okay, I had a flat chest without my bra and forms to fill me out but I wore them all day long so I could relax and take them off at home, couldn’t I? Sure, it might be nice to actually have real breasts. Then I could do without the forms and have the figure even when I didn’t wear a bra. But how does a guy go about getting real breasts when he can’t grow them like a real woman? I would have to ponder on that a bit to find my solution.

\* \* \*

Everything seemed to be going my way, now. Work was work and it was no big deal that I was there as a woman everyday. I stopped getting the extra attention from everyone as the novelty had worn off. I learned to do the job as well as anyone else could do it and was there for my whole shift as required.

My security system had been installed and I learned how to use it so the police didn’t have to show up every time I entered my house. The same system with the same codes had been installed in my place out at the lake too. Liz and her girlfriend took the deal and were back in their apartment after promising never to come near me again. As far as I know, they didn’t come within the specified five mile radius.

I saw Shelley every Sunday and she did a little bit more of my beard for me. When my body hair began to grow out again, she got to work on it with electrolysis too. I really liked the idea of not having to shave any of the hair away. So what if electrolysis meant that I would eventually be hairless all over permanently? I had no use for any of it anyway.

I collected Ben's paychecks right through the end of the year. He didn't like it that I had won the bet since he had tried his best to make me as uncomfortable as he possibly could. None of the other guys helped him too much, though.

The Bensons were really good neighbors to me and treated me as though I had been a girl all of my life. Mrs. Benson kept training me and my voice and Mr. Benson took to doing my yard work and snow removal for me. It was man's work and to them I was just another young woman.

I saw Mike once in a while since he was gay and I think he hoped that the longer I lived as a woman, the better the chance that I might lean that way too. I didn't. I was a heterosexual man and always would be a heterosexual man no matter how I dressed. Surprise of surprises, but Carla Thomas called me up for coffee a few times on the pretext that she was just checking to see if Liz had tried to contact me again. I think she liked the idea that I was a man living successfully as a woman while remaining a man. She brought her happily married new daughter along for coffee too and introduced me to her. Kathy and I got along fine, even after she learned that I was a man and planned to stay a man forever.

Mom and Dad came for Christmas and they got to see me in my life as a woman. Mom was more than happy to have a semi-realistic daughter and we went shopping together and out for coffee a lot. Mom bought me a couple of new dresses as Christmas presents. I introduced Mom to Carla Thomas and they hit it off together.

Dad wasn't quite as happy about me being a woman as Mom was. He kept calling me a pervert to my face and tried to insist that I dress as a man. Basically my position with him was that if a woman can wear pants and that it was alright, then men should be allowed to wear dresses any time they wanted to. I even offered to buy him a dress but that just made him mad. He would leave me alone for a few hours then before he started back in on me. They left before New Years arrived since Christmas had been enough for all of us.

My hair had grown out considerably in those few short months and Shelley had been able to restyle it for me into a short pageboy style. With my continued electrolysis, I no longer had to use a razor at all. I made more of a woman now than before.

I survived the holiday parties at work and even got asked to dance by some of the other guys. They felt certain that I would refuse so I fooled them and accepted. That put them on the dance floor with me, usually dancing to a slower song. Their wives all knew about me and none of them had any problem with me having danced with their husbands. I even dance with some of the wives too.

\*\*\*\*\*

It was January and we finally had some snow on the ground, which meant that I could now wear my leather knee length boots. I could wear my furs out now too - but never to work. For then I chose to wear my heavy black wool maxi-coat with the matching hat. I would save the furs for going out on my own time.

It was about the middle of the month when Ben met me at my house just as I was leaving for work. He pulled up in one of the company highway tractors and blocked my driveway as I backed my car out of the garage. I unlocked the right side door and let him sit in my car with me.

“Okay, Teri. You won the bet. Can I have my paychecks back now?” he sneered.

“Sure thing, Ben,” I replied easily. “Just as soon as you walk into the office and apologize to me in front of everyone, and beg me to let you have your checks back. You don’t have to get down on your knees, but you do have to sound very sincere when you do it.”

“Why the hell do I have to do that!? I just admitted you won. Ain’t that enough?”

“No Ben, its not. You had to make the bet in public and involve as many people as you could. I’ve had to suffer through the insults and jeers thrown at me because I won the bet by dressing as a woman for that whole month. Sure, I am still dressed as a woman and I’m still collecting your checks - and I will continue to do so until you decide you want to publicly put an end to it.”

“Dammit Teri, it’ll be a frosty day in hell before I apologize in public.”

“And that will be the day you get your checks back, Ben.”

He took off then and he was really pissed off too. Good for him. He started this thing and if he didn’t like it now, he could end it very easily. I enjoyed taking home double paychecks twice a month. I had my lawyer paid off in full, all of my bills paid up to date, the place out at the lake paid off completely and was way ahead on my mortgage payments on the house. I had a more than complete feminine wardrobe which I wore all of the time and Mrs. Benson helped me pack up all of my male clothes which I gave to the church clothing drive. Not one item of male attire remained within my house. I even had money in the bank and a small stash of cash here at home. Yes, it had been a worth while bet for me to take.

\*\*\*

The office was a flurry of activity when I arrived and no one paid me much attention when I dropped off my purse and briefcase at my desk, then removed my coat and hung it away in the closet. I got myself a cup of coffee and took it to my desk before Ron gave me the low-down on the situation.

We had taken over another contract thanks to Bob and Ken and had six trucks delivering in Seattle today. The return loads had fallen through and it was going to cost us the profits to run them out of there empty. Or they could sit there and wait until something was found and that might still eat up all of the profits too.

Bob hovered over Ken’s desk as Ken called every trucking company he knew of looking for loads out of Seattle going southeast. There didn’t seem to be any. Ron and

Greg along with the girls seemed to be handling the regular office business nicely so I opened my briefcase to pull out my binder and flip through the pages to find my mark for the city of Seattle. I had driven out there and I had made the contacts and I was smart enough back then to write them down for future reference too. Ben and I had found our own loads out of a lot of cities all by ourselves rather than waste time and money sitting around a strange city.

John Baxter was a shipper with a major importing company in the Seattle area and I had pulled a lot of loads for him before. I called him first. "Hi John." I said in my feminine voice when I got him on the line. "Teri Michaels here with Tourond Trucking."

"Hey Teri! How's it going? Ben was in here alone a couple of months back and he told me all about that bet he made with you. You still living as a girl?"

"Yeah," I said with a bit of a chuckle. "Does that bother you John?"

"Nope. Not one little bit. I'll tell you what did bother me and that was Ben. He thought it was all one big joke and figured we would laugh with him about it. Jerry threw his ass out of here and told him not to come back."

"Well, I saw Ben here this morning so you don't have to worry about him. I appreciate that my living as a woman doesn't cause any problems between us."

"Hell Teri, your living as a woman now is a bonus for us. If we can do a few loads with you, it'll go a long way towards establishing us as a tolerant company in these changing times. Heck, if you ever want to get out of the trucking business you can come out here and work for us."

"Thank you, John. I'll think about it. You undoubtedly know then that I am working in dispatch here now. Its going pretty good too. But its in my position as a dispatcher that I am calling. I need a few loads out of Seattle heading this way as soon as I can get them. You were the first one I thought to call. Can you help me, John?"

"Looks like we can help each other, Teri. Is it alright to tell others about you?"

"If it helps you John, go for it. But I do need some loads as soon as I can get them."

"I can give you four loads going to Denver this afternoon. The trailers have to be swept out before they get here and it takes about half an hour to load. Paperwork will be ready to go by two local time. How's that?"

"That's wonderful John, thank you." I ran through the checklist I had and sent the numbers through to him on the fax machine, then waited a few minutes to pick up his return fax and I had four loads ready to go. I walked back to my desk and handed the papers to Bob as he was still hovering over Ken.

"What's this?" he asked me as I took my seat and a sip of coffee.

"That, Bob, is four loads out of Seattle for Denver loading this afternoon. The trailers have to be swept spotless before arriving, half an hour to load and on the road by two local time."

"Where the hell did you get four loads from, Teri!?" He was almost shouting at me.

"Hey! Calm down Bob! I thought you wanted loads out of Seattle?"

"I did, I do! How'd you do it, though?"

“Ben and I pulled out of there lots of times when you guys left us stranded. I just made one phone call and the shipper remembered me and gave me the loads.”

“Just like that?”

“Well, no. He wants to be able to brag that he dealt with a man who is living and working as a woman now. He seems to think it will earn his company bonus points or something. Ben was there a couple of months ago and told them about the bet and since Ben was Ben, they ran him out of there. They are willing to deal with me, though. Do you want the loads or do I call him back and cancel them?”

“Of course I’ll take the loads. You think I’m crazy? Don’t answer that. Can you find us two more loads out of Seattle?”

“I’ll see what I can do.”

I looked up Steve Taylor’s number in my book and gave him a call. Yeah, Ben had been there too and apparently they’d all had a good laugh about it. They had given Ben a load out back then but didn’t have anything for me. I called Gwendolyn James then and she thought along the same lines that John Baxter had. She had nothing for Ben then and probably never would, though she was able to give me one load coming our way, loading tomorrow morning. Gwen had a few personal questions for me which I answered and took down my number in case she found another load she could give to me.

Five down and one to go. My other contacts in Seattle didn’t pan out but I did discover that most of them were in favor of the way I was living now. It didn’t bother them in the least that I was living as a woman and most of them were sorry that they didn’t



have a load for me. Two calls to Tacoma and I got the last load of the required six. The guys were covered and would all be on their way home by noon tomorrow. Bob and Ken were ecstatic.

“Good work, Teri.” they both told me.

“Can I see that binder of yours?” Bob asked.

They had watched me pull names and numbers out of it to make the calls. “My binder won’t do you any good, Bob. These are all personal contacts I made when I was at these places. All transport companies have to go through their offices for work. You try calling any of these places yourself and Tourond Trucking may never see business from them. They already know me and most of the ones in Seattle will deal with me since they already know I am living as a woman. It seems to be a bonus to them to deal directly with me.”

“Why the hell do you think I was all for that bet with Ben, Teri? Only companies that can prove tolerance to visible minorities such as yourself can get ahead these days. We don’t advertise the fact that we have a man who lives and works full time as a woman, but we don’t hide from that fact either. Word gets around and people come in to see for themselves and we get a lot more business because of it.”

“Maybe I should ask for a raise, then,” I joked.

“Don’t push your luck, Teri. You’re collecting double paychecks as it is.”

“Yeah. Ben wants his checks back, though. He was at my house this morning to ask me to end the bet.”

“You gonna do it, Teri?” Bob asked me.

“Sure! Just as soon as he comes in here and apologizes to me in public and begs me to end the bet. He started this in public and its been a public ordeal for me all the way so it has to end as a public display as well.”

“Ben’s a fool and a moron. No one around here likes him. He doesn’t get along with any of our customers either. But you and he seemed to work well together so we kept him on. Then he made the bet with you that really helped us out a lot so we still kept him on while you worked for us here. If he ends the bet with you, we won’t have any reason to keep him working for us.”

That public admission by Bob put things into a new light for me. My dressing and living as a woman was advantageous for everyone except Ben. Ben was the only one losing out here. Mike Harris had told me that it was in the company’s best interest to have me work for them in the office while dressed as a woman, no matter what my sexual preferences were. He was right! Bob just confirmed that himself and almost every call I had made had confirmed it as well. There was a new level of tolerance building among the business communities of the U.S. of A. and I was in a position to gain from it.

\*\*\*\*\*

I had coffee with Carla and Kathy on Saturday morning, then Carla had to leave for one of her morning appointments so Kathy and I stayed to talk. "So, how do you like life as a lady, Teri?" she asked me once we were all alone.

"For the most part its pretty good," I told her. "Sure, it has its ups and downs, but the longer I live as a woman the more I seem to enjoy it."

"That's good, girl! You considering a sex change yet?"

"Hell no! I may enjoy living as a woman but I don't want to be one, not yet at least. But I sure wouldn't mind having a bit more of a figure of a woman, though."

"How do you mean? You look great the way you are."

"That's fully dressed Kathy. You don't see the padding I have to wear all the time to look like this. Naked and I'm a man without much body hair. Summer is going to come and I'll still be wearing turtleneck sweaters to hide the fact that I am still a man. I think I can live with real breasts, if I can have them without losing my masculinity all the way."

"Then what you need to consider, Teri, is cosmetic surgery. Breast implants and maybe a bit on your butt and hips too. I can give you the name of a good cosmetic surgeon who can make you into a new woman with some very minor surgery."

"I'll take the name and number, Kathy, but I will have to think about it before I go and do anything about it."

"Sure. But call up the Doctor and see her first. That way she can tell you exactly what she can and cannot do for you."

Kathy gave me the name and number and I stuck it in my purse. We finished our coffee, then went and did a bit of shopping together too. Kathy loved to shop as much as I did and since her husband was a successful lawyer, she had the money to spend. I liked Kathy a lot, but she had one irritating quality that I had to endure every time we went out together: She *loved* to tell me all the intimate details about her sex life with her husband. I listened at first, but as I got to know her better and better I stopped hearing what she said. It just went in one ear and out the other.

I called the Doctor on Monday and made an appointment for Wednesday afternoon. I got the time off from work easily enough as I said I had to go to the Doctor. No one had to know which Doctor I was going to or why.

Doctor Janet Morrison was a middle aged woman and quite beautiful too. In her profession I suppose she had to be. She listened to my story, then watched as I undressed so she could examine me all over. All I had on was my thong as she poked and prodded at my chest and hips and buttocks. Then she watched as I got dressed again.

"Ever consider hormone therapy, Teri?"

"I thought about it but I don't want to lose my masculinity." I told her. "I am a man and I want to stay a man, although I really do love to live as a woman."

"Conventional hormone therapy would reduce your male sex drive, possibly to the point of no return. But there is specialized hormone therapy that can be administered, too. From what I have heard, it doesn't touch the male sex at all. There are some fe-

male impersonators in Hollywood that use it all the time to enhance their feminine attributes. I think it might be a better route for you to go before you try surgery. Doctor Sheila Wong here in this building can help you with that. If things don't work out for you with her, you can come back to me and I'll see what I can do for you."

I was in the building anyway so I stopped by Dr. Wong's office to make an appointment and was surprised to find that I could see her right away. As with Doctor Morrison, I explained my circumstances and told her of the referral and she merely smiled at me as I undressed in front of her. She poked and prodded me in the same places, then took a blood sample from me. I had to stay there almost naked as she ran some tests in her lab next door, then she came back with a bigger smile on her round face.

"Good news, Miss Michaels," she told me. "I can give you the therapy you want and I should be able to give you the figure you want too. I just have a few conditions that you must meet and we can start."

"What conditions?"

"No medical insurance I know of covers treatments like this. You will have to pay for the therapy each time you come in for a treatment. Cash or check will do. And since you are living as a woman now, I want you to have a legal change of name to the feminine form that you are using. That tells me that you are serious about this therapy and it's not just a waste of both of our time. Can you do it?"

"Sure. I can write you a check right now. I know my mother won't be disappointed if I change my name, so I can begin that process once I leave here."

Doctor Sheila Wong was humming to herself as she prepared six syringes with different fluids to inject into my body. It was a minute amount of pain as the needle slid through my skin and came to a halt right below my left nipple, then the pain left as I felt the warm amber fluid being shot into me. The same thing with my right nipple. No pain at all when she put one needle into each of my buttocks and none again as she repeated the process with my hips. Then I got dressed again as she figured out the bill.

I paid the bill with her secretary and made another appointment for a month from this day. I was on my way to having a completely feminine figure without losing my ability to perform as a man with a woman. She told me that it might take as long as six months before I had the figure I wanted and that it should only take me about one or two months at the most to change my name to the feminine form legally. She said she would refuse me the third treatment if I couldn't prove it by then. I had no objection to changing my name and had thought a lot about doing it. Doctor Wong's insistence that I do it was the push I needed to get it done.

The first step to changing my name in this state was to apply for it through the courts. And who better to see about it than Carla Thomas? She was in court when I got there so I took a back seat and waited for her to finish administering justice. She saw me and sent me a smile that I was sure no one else saw, then was back to being serious again. She called a recess in the proceedings at the request of the lawyers and since they were to resume the next day, she had the rest of the day off. I left the court room and went back to her offices.

“Hey, Teri, Good to see you! What’s up?” she asked as I was shown straight into her private office. “Kathy told me she gave you Doctor Morrison’s name and number. Did you see her yet? Can she help you?”

“Yeah, I saw Doctor Morrison today and she referred me to another Doctor. I saw her today too. Doctor Sheila Wong does specialized hormone therapy that can make me develop a real feminine body without touching my male attributes at all.”

“That’s great, Teri! When do you start?”

“Got the first treatment today too! But she has some conditions that have to be met before she will continue them.”

“Such as?”

“Payment in cash or by check as the treatments are done. There is no insurance to cover the costs. AND, I have to begin the process for a legal change of name. If I am going to live as a woman then she wants me to have the identity of a woman too.”

“I can help you there, Teri.”

“That’s what I thought and that’s why I’m here, Carla. I need to change Terence Andrew Michaels into Teresa Ann Marie Michaels. What do I have to do?”

There were a few forms that had to be filled out and signed by me and a small fee to be paid to cover the administrative costs. Then I was off to do some shopping since I was downtown anyway.

I didn’t tell anyone else about my specialized hormone therapy or about my application for a legal name change. They would find out about it when they had to know, with the exception of my mother of course. I called her that evening and told her the good news.

“So you’re going to become a real girl, Teri?” she questioned me.

“No, Mom. I’ll still be a man till the day I die. I’ll just have more of a feminine figure which will allow me to dress down like a real woman for the summer months. Don’t tell me Dad got to you now and you don’t want me to live as a woman!”

“No, your father hasn’t gotten to me. I think he’s getting used to having a daughter now. He doesn’t swear every time I mention your name now. But I thought you could live as a woman without making permanent changes to your body. And a legal name change too?”

“Conditions of the therapy, Mom. Carla is handling that for me. I should be Teresa Ann Marie by next week, and still a man too. In six months time I can walk on the beach in a string bikini and if I wear a wrap skirt, no one would know I am not a real woman.”

“Okay Teri. Its fine with me if that’s what you want to do. You going to start dating men, too?”

“No, not really. Maybe just a casual date with Mike Harris, just to break up the monotony of sitting around at home all the time. He and I have become fairly good friends lately but we are both men and I still like women. He knows that, too. Are you upset with me, Mom?”

“No, not really, Teri. A little surprised, maybe. So I guess I am going to have a daughter for the rest of my life now?”

“Sort of a daughter anyway. Sometimes people use the term “shemale” or “trans-gendered: Both sexes in one body with the feminine being the dominant side and the male side hidden from public view.

“Whatever you call it, I'm a different gender from what I was, and I'm happy with that. On the downside, it looks like I might be single for the rest of my life.”

“Well, just take it as it comes, dear. Let me know how things are going will you. I mean, keep in touch. I expect to hear from you at least once a month from now on. I want to be kept up to date on all of your changes.”

“Sure Mom. I'll call you as soon as something happens.”

\*\*\*\*\*

Carla came through for me: on Saturday and I had my new certificate showing that my name was legally Teresa Ann-Marie. I didn't put the hyphen in on the forms but it was there on my new identification. No matter. My identification gave me a feminine name and the sexual designation was still M for male. Carla said it would be real easy to change that M to an F any time I wanted to live completely as a female.

She went with me as I made the rounds to the various offices to change the rest of my identification to my new name. Being a well known Judge helped me a lot as there were no problems for me at any of the places with her beside me. I did my driver's license, my social security number and my medical insurance with ease. Then Carla went with me to Tourond Trucking where Bob was working all alone on Saturdays. There were just check calls to handle from the drivers out on the road.

“Hi, Teri. Didn't expect to see you here today. Who's your friend?”

“This is Judge Carla Thomas. Carla, meet Bob, my supervisor.”

“Judge Thomas! Its nice to meet you out of court, Your Honor,” Bob said as he jumped to his feet.

“Relax, Bob,” Carla told him. “I'm not here to throw you into jail, yet!”

“What do you mean, 'yet'?” he had to ask.

“I would only do it if you crossed me up in some way. Did you know that Teri and I have become pretty good friends lately?” Bob just stood there shaking his head. “I appreciate you making it easier for her to work here as a woman and having done it for almost four whole months now, Teri has decided to live as a woman for a very long time to come. That can be good for everyone except that guy Ben who made the bet with her. But living as a woman indefinitely requires a few changes and one of those changes is to her name. It is legal now but you are the only person in this company who has to know that Teri is now Teresa Ann-Marie Michaels. I got the change done for her. Like I said, you are the only one here who needs to know. Telling the world

may make things more difficult for my friend and I promise that it will make it all the more difficult for you too. Any questions?”

“No, Your Honor, everything is crystal clear,” he replied quickly.

“Good. Teri and I see each other quite often so don’t go and make your life impossible by trying to make hers more difficult.”

“I won’t, Your Honor.” Carla and I left then and had a good laugh out in the parking lot on the way to my car. I had never seen Bob so nervous in all the time I had worked here, but Carla was used to having that power over all the men she met.

We went back to my house for a light early dinner - it was the first time she had ever been to it. I gave her a tour of the entire house which had to include my bedroom to show her the extensive wardrobe that I had. She noted the total absence of male clothing, and approved it too. She saw my furs and my leather boots and realized the fortune that I had to spend to give them to my wife and was glad that they were still here and all mine now.

After dinner I drove her back downtown to her car and we parted company. It had been a productive day for me and I was really happy to get home, kick back and relax in a hot bubble bath. Wearing a clean thong I put on my honeymoon nightie set and lounged about the house as I waited for the time to click by so I could call my mother and bring her up to date on the changes that were all nice and legal now. It gave me an inner peace I hadn’t known before to know that my legal name was Teresa Ann-Marie Michaels, and that I was still a man too.

The days flew by quickly now and turned into weeks and before I knew it, I was back in Doctor Wong’s office for my second hormone therapy treatment. I showed her my new I.D. and she was very pleased with it. She gave me the shots in all the same places and I paid the bill with another check before making the appointment for my next session.

I still saw Shelley every Sunday as she continued my permanent hair removal for me. I didn’t bother to tell her that I was on the hormones, though I did show her my new identification. She loved the idea that I was staying a man and had my identification changed to reflect a legal feminine name. But I was still Teri to her.

Mrs. Benson loved the idea of the name change too, and so did her husband. I still saw them fairly regularly as I still needed her advice on my voice and they were my neighbors. Mr. Benson did the snow removal for me and I got together with them every now and then to have dinner with them. They were a fairly lonely old couple and really nice people. I was glad that Mrs. Benson didn’t try to give me another blow job and that she never mentioned the one that she did give me. It was in the past and would remain there.

It was about three days after my second treatment that I noticed things changing on me. My panties were a bit snugger than they had been before and by measuring, I found that I did have larger hips and fuller buttocks now. That was good since I could now stop the injections down there. There would be a bit of settling yet and my panties should return to being a more perfect fit on me once that happened.

I had very itchy nipples too and that was the sign that the hormones were doing their job on my breasts. Doctor Wong had given me a cream to use when the itching got too bad and I was using it before the week was up. In another week I noticed that my areolae had expanded and had changed color from the dark brownish to a pinkish red. My flat nipples extended considerably and became quite thick too. Liz never had nipples like the ones I had now!

There was a solid little mass under each of my nipples and I measured them daily and was happy to discover that they were growing. By the time I showed up for my third treatment I had tiny budding breasts that would probably fill out a AA cup bra. But all of my bras were C cups so I couldn't stop here. Doctor Wong checked my hips and buttocks and agreed that the development had gone as far as it should down there. She was happy with the changes that had taken place in my chest too and only gave me another shot in each of them. The cost was reduced now that I was only getting two shots instead of six.

By my fourth appointment I was well past the point of being able to wear an A cup bra. I was on my way to a B cup and very happy with the progress I was making. Shelly never saw any of this since she was long finished with working on my torso. My beard and my legs were all she saw now and she didn't notice the change in my hip and buttock sizes. I wore a thong and a pair of panties when she worked on my legs and covered up with jeans when she was done.

I was past the B cup by my fifth appointment and Doctor Wong was almost as pleased as I was. I had no use for my breast forms any more and just used tissues to fill out the extra bit of looseness inside my bras. I didn't want to buy smaller cup bras since I would not be wearing them for very long. I could make do with what I had for now.

I didn't need the sixth appointment but went anyway to show Doctor Wong that I did indeed have the build to wear my C cup bras sans padding. It was July by then and I was able to wear the low cut dresses I had saved though I made sure I wore high necked blouses when I went to work. They didn't need to know that I had made these changes to my body. My skirts fit better as they draped over my hips to hang properly down over my legs and even my dresses felt so much more comfortable on me now.

It was time for some shock treatment. I was going to be the one to do the shocking since I had not told anyone other than my mother, Carla and Kathy what I was doing. It was time to let a few more people in on my secrets.

The Bensons were the first ones on my list and it was quite funny really. They were in their backyard attending to some gardening when I exited the back door of my house wearing the all black string bikini I had bought for myself. I wore a sheer black sarong wrap about my waist that effectively hid from view the bulge between my legs that the bikini could never hide. I went over to the low fence that separated our properties to say hello to both of them.

Mr. Benson's eyes bugged out when he took in the cleavage I now displayed with the tiny triangles of black spandex held in place by the halter style strings. He was speechless as he could do nothing but stare at me. I got Mrs. Benson by surprise too though she recovered faster than her husband could.

“That’s a nice pair of titties you have there Teri.” she said to me. “Do they glue on?”

“No. I grew them. Only took about five and a half months too. Now I can live the rest of my life as a woman and no one will know the difference.”

“Wow!” was all that Mr. Benson could get out and it made his wife and me laugh.

“You should have told us you were doing this, Teri,” she commented.

“Sorry. I didn’t want anyone to know until they were up to their full size.” She came over to the fence to get a closer look and saw for herself that they were indeed real. Even though I wore the black spandex triangles over each of my nipples, it was plain to see the size that they were now when one was close enough to them. Tentatively she reached out a hand and I let her touch them to see for sure that they were real. The caress of her fingers over my tender nipples caused them to grow erect and protrude through the thin material even more.

Mr. Benson was licking his lips when he saw that happen and I couldn’t keep from laughing. His wife had both hands on my breasts then as she cupped them to feel their weight and firmness. They were perfect and real and she was very happy for me. Mr. Benson had a sudden bulge between his legs and feeling it, he came over to the fence to halfway hide it since it was so obvious. I took that opportunity to turn my back to them, remove my sarong and sashay away to give them a look at my now completely feminine derriere. The next thing I knew Mr. Benson was hustling his wife into the house. He had something to give her and was in a hurry too.

I got Shelley the next day as I wore my thong and panties so she could work on my legs again. But on the top I wore a low cut bra with a low cut mini-dress that showed off all of my new cleavage to my best advantage. Like her Aunt had at first, she assumed that they were a glue on addition but I soon set her straight. Like her Aunt had the day before, she just had to see and touch for herself to make sure that they were real. She was even more thrilled with my feminine attributes than her Aunt had been.

I got Mike Harris that evening. He came over for coffee and saw me still wearing the red mini-dress I had worn to see Shelley. He had seen a lot of men dressed up as women and he knew all about the various things that men could do to look as feminine as the real thing. My breasts didn’t surprise him when he saw them since he too assumed that they were fakes. He only knew for sure that they were real when I let him touch them. He cupped them and felt their weight and firmness and he tickled my nipples to watch them grow erect and pointy right through the materials of my bra and dress. He was really disappointed when he realized that I did indeed have the real thing firmly ensconced on my chest.

Mike was gay and liked men and that meant flat chests too. Breasts on a man were out of place to him and really turned him off. I didn’t enjoy letting him touch me there, even though my nipples did get hard at his touch. But I had to let him do it so that he could find out for himself that they were real. I turned him off now and that was good for me. He was gay, not me.

When Mike left I called my mother and told her all about my last two days and the way that different people reacted to my breasts. She was glad to hear that Mike was turned off by them since she didn’t want me to be gay too. Talking to Mom made me

realize that I had to put myself on display at work too, though there I wouldn't let any of them touch me at all. "If you've got it, flaunt it!" she told me. I had them alright and it was time to let the whole world know that Teresa Ann-Marie Michaels was more real girl than man, though the later part was still real too.

The other girls at work all wore their low cut tops or mini-dresses and had been urging me to conform to their styles as well. None of them knew about my real breasts so I kept using the excuse that I didn't have their attributes to show off. Well, I did have them and it was time they all learned the truth.

I wore my thong to hold my male parts in place, then a pair of nude colored pantyhose which would show off my perfectly tanned legs. I had been running out to the lake on my weekends and sunbathing on the private beach outside my cottage in just my string bikinis. I had a tan the same as any other woman would have.

I didn't need a bra to wear my skin tight bright blue mini-dress. I merely stepped into it, adjusted the straps onto my shoulders, then easily did up the zipper behind my back. My longer pageboy hair style didn't require a lot of fussing and I got my makeup on perfectly the first time and it only took a few minutes to do. Having practiced every day for so long made it so easy to do now. I kept my jewelry simple and my earrings small since I had to use the phone at work. I wore my three inch blue stiletto heels and carried my oversized straw purse. My arms were bare right up to the shoulder straps, my back was bare halfway down. My cleavage was contained within the lined bodice of my dress just high enough to hide all of the areolae around my nipples. I was ready for work.

All the activity in the office came to a complete standstill as I made my usual entrance. I dropped off my bag at my desk, then went to the coffee room to get my cup and return to my desk. I sat down as though nothing was different from any other day, then looked up at the faces that just stared down at me. "What's happening?" I asked as innocently as I could.

Work resumed very slowly then and it took about an hour before things were almost back to normal. As long as I dressed like this, things would never be normal. No one asked if my new display of feminine flesh was real and I didn't bother to offer an explanation either. They all just stared at them in awe when I got close enough to give them a good look.

Nancy and Julie kind of cornered me in the ladies room after lunch and just had to ask the question that was on everyone's mind. "Yeah." I replied. "They're real. Took me about five and a half months to grow them, but they are real."

"Why?" Nancy wanted to know.

"Because its easier to live the rest of my life as a woman if I have the same attributes that all women have," I told them. "I certainly couldn't wear this dress with padding now could I?"

They agreed that that would be impossible. But they also liked the idea that I was this much more of a real woman now too. No padding at all. I asked them not to tell any of the men at work and they agreed to let them suffer. But they would let the other girls know and have them keep the fact that I had real breasts a secret too. I figured

that if the men didn't have the guts to talk to me themselves, then they could be kept in the dark until they did.

The afternoon brought a surprise to me too. Ben showed up in the office and right there, in front of everyone, he apologized for the torment he had thought to give to me. Then he asked me to release him from the bet since he was almost broke now. It wasn't quite begging but I was in a good mood so I agreed that he could have his paychecks from then on. Hearing this, Bob called Ben into his office and it was a thoroughly chastened Ben who slinked out half an hour later. He wasn't fired but he had been put into his place and not only would he refrain from any more bets, but he would get his act together or look for another job. Not many places would hire or keep a guy like Ben and he knew it. I knew this because Bob told me so when he called me into his office after Ben left. I had to admit that Ben was a good all weather driver as I had been his partner on the road for about four years and I liked the idea that he would have to clean up his act or look for another line of work.

That meeting with Bob was really kind of funny and it was all I could do to keep from laughing. Everything Bob said to me he said without taking his eyes off of my cleavage. If he did look away from my breasts it was only to appraise my legs which were well displayed in my taut pantyhose, my hemline riding high as I sat in the chair across from him. Never once did he look me in the eye and he never asked me about my feminine attributes either.

"I guess that since your bet with Ben is officially off now Teri that you will be returning to life as a man again?" he asked my titties.

"Can't," I replied. He looked a bit confused at that response. "After more than nine full months of wearing nothing but women's clothes," I find that I have no desire to go back to the way things were before. I like the person that I am and my life as I have been living it. If it causes you a problem, I am truly sorry and can look for another job. Just say the word Bob and I am out of here."

"Uh, no, no, Teri. No problems here. As a matter of fact, you fit in rather well here in the office and I would like to keep you here, if you don't mind. Your work is excellent."

"Oh good, glad to hear that. Since I no longer have Ben's income to subsidize me, I am going to need a raise in pay. A healthy raise, too. I think its only fair to warn you, Bob, that I have had other job offers lately so if you want me to stay, then the raise has to be a good one. Think it over and let me know what you decide."

\*\*\*\*\*

I really didn't care about the raise all that much. Sure, the extra income would help me a lot but I enjoyed having a job I could go to dressing as I was. While Ben's money did help me out of a tight spot, I hadn't depended on it to live. I budgeted myself on the income I made and was able to get by on it. I had a fairly healthy bank account I could fall back on if I had to.

I worked the rest of the summer without missing a day and without informing my male coworkers of my new feminine attributes. The girls hadn't told them either and when approached as they often were, merely told whomever to ask me about them. No one asked me so I didn't offer an explanation.

Weekends were out at my cottage at the lake, suntanning and swimming and doing a lot of thinking without distractions. I had come a long way in the past year and I had to work out all the changes I had been through in my own mind. I was different, that was obvious, and I had to keep telling myself that there was nothing wrong with a man who preferred to live as a woman. I was still heterosexual and wasn't even the least bit curious about homosexuality. I am pretty sure that every man wonders what it would be like to have a male sex partner, but I didn't dwell on it or have the impulse to find out. I was a man, I liked women, and I preferred to dress and act as a woman all the time. I had my feminine figure, my natural good looks, my completely feminine hairstyle and no more male hair to worry about cropping up. I had nothing but female clothing and no desire to ever dress as a man again.

Mike Harris and I were still very good friends now, more so than was possible before. He had finally come to the realization that I was not the man for him. But I had been honest with him from day one and even though we had gone out together on casual dates, I had never led him on with expectations of anything more than a handshake at the end of the evening. Bit by bit, Mike had changed too. He was slowly coming out of the closet and admitting his homosexuality to the world in general and finding more happiness because of it. Carla Thomas was one of the first people he told the truth to.

Carla didn't mind. She was a happily married woman with a family of her own and a lot of friends in both high and low places. The more she saw and understood of the human condition the easier it was for her to do her job fairly. After all, Carla had a happily married daughter who had once been her son. Yes, Carla could accept that Mike was gay and even help him in his effort to leave his closet behind forever.

Kathy and I were quite good friends and sometimes got together on Saturday mornings for coffee and a bit of shopping before I headed off for the wilds of the lake environment. But we were just good friends. She was not my type, never was and never could be: She was a married woman and that alone was enough to prevent anything more than a friendship with her.

Shelley and I were more casual friends. She was also a married woman too, however, so that precluded anything other than a business relationship. She did my hair for me and removed all of my masculine hair and in general helped me to become the person I was. I only saw her about once a month now as that was all that was necessary.

I saw the Bensons almost every day that I was home. It was almost a fetish for them to come out and talk to me as often as they could. Mrs. Benson confided that in knowing me and seeing the changes I had made in my life caused them to make a few changes too. They now had better sex lives than they had a year ago. She had bought her husband some lingerie and was very slowly getting him into it and it gave her a bit of a thrill to tell me about it. The blow-job she had given to me had been a one time

thing and neither of us mentioned it again. I suspected that Mr. Benson was getting his fair share of that kind of attention now.

I didn't have any friends at work and I didn't want any either. I could only guess at how they all viewed me by the way they treated me at work. Basically, I was a girl with a cock to the other girls and they treated me more or less as an equal. I was still an enigma to the guys at work, though. They saw me more as a man who lived as a woman and could not understand how it was that I enjoyed it so much. They didn't know what was real and what was fake so they had no idea of how to pigeonhole me within their minds. I didn't fit and it bothered them.

But I had enough worries of my own without thinking about them and their troubles. I had to understand more fully who and what I was, all the while enjoying the person that I was. I know, it sounds a bit complicated. "Why worry about it? Enjoy what you have for as long as you can!" was my mother's advice. Dad had finally come around and was beginning to accept me as both his son and his daughter. They were planning another visit to see me and this one would be a lot longer than the last one and with a lot less stress for all concerned.

In my search for inner peace I discovered a whole subculture of people just like me. But unlike me, they seemed to live by my mother's advice. They didn't seem to care how it was that they came to be who they were, or why, they just enjoyed their lives to the best advantage they could. I had to have answers so my search continued.

There was a lecture at the University on the subject of crossdressing, Good and Bad. I made sure I was there to hear it. There wasn't much of a turnout for it and I sat in the last occupied row, about a dozen rows from the front. I could see and hear everything perfectly.

I had a clipboard with a pad of paper placed atop my crossed nylon clad legs as, pen in hand, I jotted down notes on things to explore later on. My steel blue skirt was above the knee length though it rode up a bit higher when I sat and crossed my tanned, shapely, hairless legs. I wore a light pink sleeveless blouse to consciously show off my hairless and thin arms and left the top few buttons undone to display my feminine chest to best advantage. My sweater and purse were on the seat beside me, my black three inch pumps kicked off and under my seat.

I listened intently and heard it confirmed, as I suspected, that - in a sense - all women were raised to be crossdressers. There was absolutely nothing wrong with any woman or girl to wear any style of male attire at any time in her life. They were even encouraged to do so from birth. Men, on the other hand, didn't have it so easy. It was not generally acceptable for a man to dress up in what was considered to be, female attire. Lingerie, skirts and high heels were the specific domain of the natural female who chose to wear them. Men who wore these items were crossdressers.

The speaker was a professor, a man who was dressed as a woman, and obviously there to enjoy being seen as a crossdresser himself. He had the low male voice and it boomed out across the small theater without the aid of a sound system. The entire speech sounded more like a bitch session than a lecture on crossdressing. All he did was complain that the world rejected him for being a man who chose to wear women's clothing occasionally.

He was into the rhetoric about how both young crossdressed males and hookers seemed to prefer the mini skirt styles and that it was like a uniform to them these days when a good looking young woman moved to the seat beside me. "You believe this crap?" she asked me in a low whisper with a broad smile across her pretty face.

"Not a word," I whispered back. "Just another personal point of view. I was hoping to pick up an original thought to track down, but there doesn't seem to be much of that here."

"Linda Travers." she said by way of introduction.

"Teri Michaels." I returned. "Nice turnout, huh?"

"Professor Johnstone never gets much attention beyond the local crossdressers. He is too biased in his points of view and people get tired of hearing the same things from him every time he opens his mouth to speak. Mostly men here who like to dress up as women, the rest are women who know a man in the same condition and want to come to some understanding of the situation they find themselves in."

"Is that why you're here?" I asked quietly. "To come to an understanding?"

"No, not really. Well, yes. I suppose so. Personally I don't know any man who likes to prance about in skirts but I was hoping to meet a few of them here. I'm doing a paper on the subject and need some insight that only a man can give me. I think that all men should know what its like to wear skirts and that us women should rule the world."

I couldn't keep from laughing when I heard that statement from Linda, but I am certain that the speaker thought I was laughing at him and his comments. I found my shoes, but them on and taking my sweater, purse and clipboard, left the theater with Linda running up behind me.

"What was so funny?" she asked me when we were outside.

"You," I told her. "You think that men should wear the skirts and us women should rule the world yet you show up at a meeting of local crossdressers wearing the uniform of a hooker or young male crossdresser, according to that guy in there."

"I came here to meet men and a short skirt is still the best way to do that. Johnstone is wrong! Real women still like to wear miniskirts too. You doing a paper too, Teri?"

"Me? No! I know a man who likes to dress as a woman and I was hoping to find the understanding I seem to be lacking."

"Who is he? A boyfriend? A husband? A relative?" she queried me.

"He's a relative." I told her. "Why?"

"I'd like to meet him. Talk to him. Find out why he likes to prance about in girls' clothes. Learn what makes guys like him tick."

"What makes you think he prances? You don't know the first thing about him."

"Uh, sorry Teri. I just figured that any guy who dresses up as a woman does it so he can prance around pretending to be a real woman. I have never seen a guy who can make an even slightly convincing woman although I hear that there are lots of them

out there. I may even have met some of them and just never knew it. Your relative? He passes well does he?"

"Passes?" I asked. I thought I had invented that term!

"Well yeah! How does he look when he's dressed as a female?" she asked again.

"Pretty good. Good enough to go anywhere as a female." I told her.

"I would really like to meet him Teri. Any chance you would introduce me to him?"

"Maybe. Care to go for coffee and talk about it?"

"Only if we can go someplace private. Its kind of hard to be open and honest about these things in a packed coffee shop with guys trying to hit on you because you're wearing a short skirt like I am. I should have dressed more conservatively like you did."

"We can go to my house," I told her. "My car is over here." I pointed to the parking lot where my car sat and she followed me to it.

Linda, it turned out, was a Psychology major, twenty one years old, single, no boy-friends or relationships right now and not really looking. Her paper would be the basis for her thesis and hopefully her graduation. She was desperate to meet a man who could give her the insight she was looking for to write it. And the longer we talked, the more I liked her. She was a really nice girl and beautiful too.

"Nice house!" she gasped when I let her in the front door. "You own it?"

"Me and the bank." I replied. I gave her the one dollar tour and ended it in the kitchen where I made us some instant coffee. "You a virgin?" I asked her right off the cuff.

"What kind of question is *that?*" she asked defensively.

"Just trying to learn what you know about the relationships between men and women. I wondered if you had any firsthand experience with men. A lesbian perhaps? Do you like other women?"

"I know enough. No, I am not a virgin! No, I am not a lesbian!" she said sternly. Then her tone softened as she joked, "A virgin has been described as the ugliest girl in grade three. It's not true of course but I have had my share of experiences with the boys. What about you?"

"Divorced." I told her simply. I didn't elaborate so she merely assumed that I had been married to a man since she still saw me as a real woman.

"Men! You can't live with them and you can't kill them," she joked again. "But if you can find the right one, you can dress him up as a girl and probably live happily ever after."

I laughed with her. "Is that what you're looking for, Linda? A man to dress up as a woman and to live happily ever after?"

"I never really thought about it Teri. I guess it wouldn't be so bad though. Just think how easy life would be with such a man. Get him about your size and you can

share your wardrobe with him. A husband, lover and girlfriend all rolled into one! Could be a perfect match!”

“Ha! You telling me you wouldn’t mind sharing your wardrobe with a man?”

“Why not? Of course he would have to shave off all of his body hair and live entirely as a woman all the time. It would be a real bonus if he could learn to look and act as a real woman too, but that might be expecting too much. Yeah! Imagine coming home after a day in the office to find your man cooking dinner for you while wearing a short skirt and high heels. Give him a quick goosing and a liberal feel and leave him all excited as you go to change into something a bit more comfortable. You don’t think about that, Teri?”

“Me? Of course not! I prefer women myself. So does my ex-wife. She left me for another woman.”

“Y...you’re a...a lesbian!?” She sounded a bit scared at the prospect.

“Oh no, I’m just a man who likes to live as a woman.” I told her. It took a minute or so before what I had just told her sank in far enough that she could put it together.

“No way, Teri!” she exclaimed then. “You are not a man!”

“Believe it, Linda. I am a man, I like women, and I prefer to live as a woman too. I go to work as a woman, I go shopping as a woman, I go everywhere as a woman. I even wear a two piece string bikini when I sunbathe on the beach. But I am still a man.”

She looked awestruck. “I don’t believe it! You’re too feminine, too sexy, and you have real breasts too! You’re a lesbian, aren’t you?”

“Believe what you want, Linda. I have told you the truth. What else can I do?”

“Prove it! Prove you’re a man!”

“And how would you expect me to do that?” I asked her.

“Show me your male parts. If you’re still a man then you would still have a penis. Show me that and I will believe you.”

“I can’t show you that! It wouldn’t be decent! I don’t undress for every person who doesn’t believe me.”

“Ha! I knew it! You’re a lesbian!”

“No, I am a man. If you want to see for yourself, its fine with me. But you will have to do the looking and touching and you can expect me to do the same to you. Are you ready for a near-lesbian experience with a real man?”

It was all very confusing to her and she sat in silence for a long time as I smiled and sipped my coffee and watched her. She was a real woman and I was a real man and I did want to have sex with her, but she had to be the one to start it. She had to admit to herself that she was at least part lesbian enough to want to find out the truth about me. She had been with men before, boys as she called them, and she was not a virgin. She knew what to look for and where to find it and she also knew that I would be searching her at the same time. That was the part that scared her the most. What if I turned out to be a real woman after all? Could she allow a real woman to grope her as only a lover should? But she had her paper to think about too. Her thesis! The end

of her education so she could get to work in this world. It all seemed so near, yet so far away at the same time. Could she take the chance?

“I have to start this, huh?” she asked me quietly.

“You are a beautiful young woman Linda and I am a man who has been too long without any sexual contact with any woman. You say you’re twenty one but you look about seventeen or eighteen. I am five years older than you are and very horny. But you know the truth about me so its up to you to make the first move. Touching me tells me that you will allow me to touch you.”

“Why so cautious, Teri?”

“Zero tolerance. I’m not into rape so I need to know that I have your permission to touch you in places only a lover should. I want to make love to you. I want you to make love to me. I know that I’ll have an erection the second you start and I prefer sex over masturbation to ease the pressure and sexual tensions I feel. What do you think, girl? Willing to take a chance?”

She stood up then and offered me her hand. I took it and stood up too and she turned to lead me to my bedroom. We kicked off our heels together and she turned to me to begin undoing the buttons of my blouse. I reached around her to undo the button and zipper of her miniskirt and let it fall to the floor at her ankles. “If you disappoint me Teri, I am going to get dressed and leave real fast.” she warned me. I had no intention of disappointing either of us.

Her hands were shaking as she got my blouse undone and she peeled it back across my shoulders. I lifted her top and pulled it over her head before I dropped my arms to let her remove my blouse all the way. Her hands were shaking too much to make the undoing of my skirt easy for her as I reached behind her again to undo her bra.

Linda stepped back from me then and said, “I’ve been in the locker room with lots of girls.” and she quickly stripped off her pantyhose to show me her naked body. I merely smiled at her and appraised the naked beauty on display to me.

“I’ve never been in the girls’ locker room,” I told her and did a slow striptease as she sat on my bed and watched. Off came my skirt, then my bra, then my pantyhose. I stood before her in just my tiny white thong and dared her to remove it for me. She looked up at me, past my heaving breasts and I smiled down at her. Her hands still shook as she hooked her fingers into the waistband of the tiny garment that kept me modest and began to roll it down my legs.

The monster was loose! It sprang out in front of her face and as she let my thong fall to my ankles, she witnessed its coming to life. Her small, soft hands no longer shook as she took the length of my cock into both of them, then smiled up at me. This was what she had hoped for, it was what she had, and since she was a heterosexual woman with a healthy cock in her hands in front of her face, she leaned in to take the head of the monster into her mouth.

\*\*\*\*\*

I awoke in the morning with three perfect erections at the same time. Both nipples were as hard and erect as they could get, as hard and erect as was my cock. Linda had been stroking my nipples as she was still amazed that they were such an erogenous zone for me as hers were to her. I merely smiled at her as I reached across to the night table for another condom and put it on.

“Like them, do you?” I asked her softly.

“They’re perfect! Where did you get them, Teri?”

“I grew them, of course, just as I assume you grew yours.”

“I started growing mine when I was ten. Is that when you grew yours?”

“Nope.” I smiled at her again though somewhat coyly. Time to come clean. “Last year I was as flat chested as most any other man. When I decided it was best for me to live my life as a woman I went to a Doctor and she injected me with specialized female hormones. Took just under six months to complete the job without any damage to my male parts. Breasts, buttocks and hips all blossomed and rounded out to make me appear to be feminine. I still take a regular dose of hormones to maintain what I have.”

“But why? Why would any man want to live as a woman? Why did you?”

I laughed. “If I had those answers Linda, I wouldn’t have been at the speech last night and we wouldn’t have met. All I know for sure is that I really feel wonderful when I can dress, look and act like a woman while still remaining a man.”

She crawled atop me then and lined up our nipples to mesh our breasts hard against each others. I felt her hand guiding my latex covered monster to her spot, then she slid it inside of her body. “Have you always dressed up as a girl?”

“What is this, an interview?” I teased her.

“Yeah, so what? I’ve dated guys who were a lot taller than you are Teri and their thingie was only about half the size of yours. None of them liked to dress up as girls, at least as far as I know. I want to know every last detail and maybe we can learn and understand it together? Is it going to hurt so much to talk to me while I get some more pleasure from you?”

“Doesn’t hurt a bit, Linda. Okay. The first time I ever wore any women’s things was about a month after my divorce. Started with just panties, then added the bra, garter belt and stockings. Had to shave my legs to make the stockings feel really good.” I told her about the bets with Ben and how I came to be the person that now lay under her as she writhed atop me, my hard cock giving her a lengthy orgasm.

“Okay. I know the how of it, now why? Surely not just for a bet!”

“The bet was a good incentive. I used to feel really naughty about wearing a dress and a pair of heels just to walk about the house. But the more I did it, the more I realized that wearing women’s clothes was really comfortable and the feeling of naughtiness disappeared. Basically, I was hooked. Dressing up as a woman became an addiction to me. An addiction that I truly loved and didn’t want to lose.”

“You have quite the extensive wardrobe too Teri. I'd say you were addicted.”

“Most of the clothes had belonged to my ex-wife, Liz. When she decided to leave me and live with her newfound female lover, she decided she preferred to wear pants and the plainer underwear so she left all her pretty things behind. Having the clothes at hand and the fact that Liz and I were exactly the same size facilitated my dressing. If she hadn't left them here I would probably still be a man in every aspect of my life.”

“So who all knows that you're a man living as a woman? Or is it a big secret?”

“I don't advertise if that's what you mean. I don't tell every person I meet the truth of who and what I am. They don't need to know.”

“You told me and on the first night we met too.” she replied.

“Yeah, and look what it got me.” She couldn't keep from laughing and that caused her to reach her next orgasm.

“Damned that was a good one. I should laugh through sex more often. Come on Teri, who all knows the truth about you?”

“Well, there's everyone at work and a lot of the people I deal with over the phone. Both of my parents know and I suspect they have told my brothers too. I had an attempted break-in just after I started so there is at least one cop who knows, but he and I are friends so I doubt he told anyone else. Judge Carla Thomas and her daughter Kathy know. Lets see, the Bensons next door saw me the first time I went out in a dress and they have been helping me too, along with their niece Shelley. Shelley has pretty well helped me the most though.”

“Oh yeah! How?”



I was approaching my own orgasm at that time so I couldn't talk as I arched my back and lifted Linda higher to shoot my fifth load of sperm into the latex sack that protected both of us. It was a truly enjoyable orgasm and Linda hung on for the ride. When I was spent she reached down and grasping the base of my monster to keep the condom in place, she slid off of me, removed the heavy condom and tossed it at the waste basket. "Missed again!" she said.

"Don't take up basketball," I suggested.

She snuggled up beside me so I could reach over and play with her nipples as she had so obviously enjoyed playing with mine.

\*\*\*\*\*

Linda and I were lovers, and it didn't take long for us to become best friends, too. As my best friend and lover, I introduced her to all of the people in my personal life. The Bensons first, Mike second, then Carla and Kathy though I never told her about Mike being gay or Kathy's transition from manhood to womanhood. It just wasn't my place to tell her these things. I took her to the salon with me and she got to meet Shelley too.

We were on our second month of seeing each other regularly when she finally finished her thesis and graduated from university. She had a lot more time now and since we spent so much of our time together anyway, she moved in with me. Why pay rent on an apartment she was never at anyway?

Since Linda and I were fairly close to the same sizes and since I had a much larger wardrobe than she did, we integrated the two and both wore the same things. But my breasts were a tad larger than hers were so we had to wear our own bras. We could and did wear each others panties and garter belts and other items of lingerie, not to mention skirts, dresses, blouses and all of our pants too. Her feet were smaller than mine so we couldn't wear each others shoes, which was really too bad since she had a few pair of heels I would have loved to try on.

As Thanksgiving approached, I talked to my mother more and more on the phone. I was able to introduce Linda to my mother over the phone and they seemed to hit it off fairly well. I got a picture of Linda and sent it to Mom so she had a visual idea of whom she was talking to on the phone at least twice a week now. I had pictures of my entire family and Linda saw them too.

Linda invited me to her family's home for the holiday.

"What are you going to tell your family about me?" I asked her.

"Gosh! I don't know! I haven't thought about it, really. Well, we are girlfriends and we are living together now. Is that enough?"

"We're lovers too, Linda."

"I know that. But do they really need to know that, too?"

"I think they do."

“They’ll think I’m a lesbian, then. I don’t want to hurt them that way.”

“So, we’ll tell them that I am a man. Its better for everyone to be completely honest with all the people we really care about. You don’t seem to have any problem talking to my mother about me. Why should it bother you to talk to your own mother?”

“Its weird is all. I never thought that the man I would bring home to meet my family would be a better looking woman than I am. You want honesty? You got it Mister.”

“That’s Miz if you please.” I replied in a haughty tone of voice and she laughed.

“Yes Ma’am. Anything else?”

“Yeah. Lets do it this weekend.”

“Hell! We do it every night as it is.”

“I don’t mean that, silly. Lets call up your mother, take her out to dinner and lay the good news on her there. That’ll give her a week to make up her mind as to whether or not she can accept your lover as being a man who lives as a woman. She can think it over and tell whomever she pleases, your father and the rest of your family.”

“Won’t that make you uncomfortable? So many new people all knowing the truth about you all at once like that?”

“How comfortable would you be if we let them think we were just a couple of lesbians?”

Linda picked up the phone immediately and dialed her parents’ number. “Hi Mom! Whatcha doin’?” There was a long pause, then she asked, “Teri and I would like to take you out for dinner on Saturday evening. Can you make it?” Another pause. “Yeah, just the three of us girls and no one else.” Pause. “Okay, great! We’ll pick you up at six then.”

\* \* \*

Linda and I wore identical cocktail dresses for our date with her mother. Hers was black to match my hair and to contrast with her blonde tresses. Mine was yellow and the reverse was almost true here. No dress could match the color of her hair. We both showed a lot of leg above the knees and below the hemlines and the off-the-shoulder style of dress showed ample cleavage on us both. She wore four inch heels and I wore three inch heels and we ended up at about the same height this way. But Linda had longer hair than I did so our styles were completely different though we were able to do our makeup almost identically too. Jewelry was different too as she wore the imitation diamonds while I wore the imitation pearls.

Mrs. Travers was a tall and stately woman in her early fifties, still quite beautiful and able to pass for ten years younger than she was. My first introduction to her was at the curb in front of her house when we arrived to pick her up. She gave me a little hug and a kiss on the cheek, then we were off to the restaurant.

Dinner talk was confined to the acceptable. Yes, we were best friends, lived together in my house now, shared everything. Yes, Linda was looking for work and I supported us both in the interim. Where I worked, what I did there and for how long. Dinner was

over, desert was out of the way and we were relaxing with flavored coffee at the back table we had taken.

“Well, this has certainly been an enjoyable evening for me,” Mrs. Travers told us. “I have to thank you girls very much for this treat.”

“Wait a bit, it gets worse,” Linda interjected.

Her mother frowned a bit, then brightened with a smile. “I doubt it,” she said.

Linda waited until her mother was about to take a sip of her coffee, then said, “We invited you here tonight to tell you that Teri and I are lovers too.”

Mrs. Travers didn’t react as Linda had thought she would. There was no spitting out of a mouthful of coffee, no big reaction at all. She gently placed her cup back into its saucer and gave us both another beaming smile. “Yes, dear. I suspected something like this.”

“You what!?” It was Linda who got the surprise. I merely smiled.

“Certainly, dear. Seeing the way you two interact with each other, I suspected it the second I got into the car. Lesbianism has never bothered me. To find it in one of my own children was a bit of a shock, but if Teri can make you happy then there is nothing wrong with you having a female lover.”

“I am not a lesbian!” Linda said firmly.

“Its okay dear, really it is. There is no shame in admitting that you love someone. And having met Teri now, I can understand a little better. She is a wonderful girl too.”

“Well,” Linda added, “SHE is a man!” Now there was surprise on Mrs. Travers’ face. “That’s right, mother. Teri is a man who lives as a woman. We are not lesbians!”

“Oh my!” was all she could manage. She’d had the course of dinner to accept us as being lesbians and had pretty much come to terms with it. Finding out the whole truth was totally unexpected to her and she didn’t know what to say.

“Sorry to break it to you like this, Mrs. Travers.” I said then. “But Linda and I wanted you to know the whole truth before you started guessing and making assumptions. I was born a man and I am still a man and I will be a man for the rest of my life. I have never found anything quite as fulfilling as living my life as a woman. I try to do everything as any woman would, except I have no attraction to men. I still like women. I like Linda.”

After my little speech she had regained her composure somewhat. “Well, I must say that you make a very beautiful young woman, Teri. Is that short for Terence by any chance?”

“It used to be. I changed it legally and now its short for Teresa.” I opened my purse and extracted my wallet to show her my identification and prove that I was still listed as being a male only with the feminine name too. She laughed when she saw it.

“I was all set to accept the fact that my daughter was a lesbian. Now I find that she isn’t and its such a relief that I don’t know what to say or do. Personally, I enjoy being a woman and all the little differences that only women get to sample. I can see where a

man might be able to enjoy some of them, too.” She leaned forward then and stared directly at my cleavage. “Are they real?” she asked me.

“As real as yours and mine,” Linda laughed. “Maybe I am part lesbian since I’m attracted to her feminine traits. But I like the masculine ones, too! Teri is a different gender from most people...the best of male *and* female.”

“I hope you girls use protection,” Mrs. Travers said seriously.

“Yes, mother. I’m not ready to be a mother myself yet. I’m on the pill and we use condoms every time.”

“Good. Any more surprises?” That was it - neither of us said anything. “Okay. I can keep your little secret Teri. You don’t have to worry about me.”

“That’s the point though, Mom. Its not a secret. Everyone is going to know that Teri and I are lovers and neither of us really care to be labeled as lesbians. We would prefer that everyone who knows us knows that she is a man. So what if she prefers to dress, look, act and live as a woman all day and every day? Teri is a man and quite proud of the man that she is.”

“This is so confusing, Linda. Feminine pronouns being applied to a man who lives and works as a female. But it is hard to imagine Teri as being a him or a he too. Alright then, its not a secret! Who do I tell?”

“Anyone you think has to know. Dad, for one. Also anyone else in the family who might begin to think that we are lesbians. Who knows, we might eventually decide to get married and then it would be two brides walking down the aisle together. Best to get the truth out now than to sit on it and let people have the wrong impressions.”

Mrs. Travers agreed and said she would think it over and talk to those involved. It was about all we could have hoped for. But at least she was willing to accept me for the man I was and the woman I had to be.

Thanksgiving dinner at the Travers’ house was as easy for both me and Linda as a simple microwave dinner at home would have been. Sure, a lot more excitement and a lot more people, but every last one of them was fully aware and accepting of our circumstances. We had a lot of questions to answer, some of them quite personal, too, but if they got too personal Mrs. Travers would jump in and tell them it was none of their business.

After dinner the men all gathered around the television to watch football. The women all did the cleaning up, then sat in the kitchen to talk. I was more at home staying with the women than I would be with the men and they didn’t have any problem with that. I was feeling right at home with Linda’s entire family.

Christmas was at my house since my parents flew in for the holidays. Dad was a lot nicer to me now and willing to accept not only my need to live as a woman, but the woman that I now had living with me. The Travers’ came to dinner and met my parents, too. Our mothers and fathers got along very well together, though I don’t know for sure what they talked about. I was pretty sure they did discuss me, but not when I was around.

==\*==\*==\*

It was unexpected - at least for me - but Linda and I eventually married. *Two brides* ....but that's a whole other story in itself.

We were (and are) happy and fully accepted by those we cared the most about. The rest of the world didn't amount to a thimble full of concern to us. I would be a different gender, *forever*.

THE END