



Reluctant Press presents:

HEELS Lead To Replacement WIFE & MOTHER



Bibi Dorb

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Heels Lead to Replacement Wife & Mother

By Bibi Dorb

OUR APARTMENT BUILDING

We lived in an apartment complex on the Upper West Side. It was surrounded by other buildings equal in size. All the buildings had names.

Although not part of society's upper crust, we needed a large apartment for a family of seven that included my parents, grandparents, and siblings. Since most of the apartments in those buildings were built to house the conveniences of the well-to-do, there were lots of rooms and other "conveniences" that adapted well to our needs.

With time, demographics of the buildings' residents changed. Apartments previously occupied by the wealthy were taken over by those with less financial means, such as my family. By combining four generations into one apartment, we were able to afford it.

The building had a doorman who had been there many years. He was an older talkative fellow who knew a lot about the building's past and the many well-to-do tenants who were still living there. He told stories to anyone who would listen.

As I got older, my inquisitive nature drove me to investigate other floors and stairwells in the building. In the hallways of the lower floors, there were always lots of people coming and going. On the upper floors, it was rare to see people. Occasionally I saw a woman coming or going through an apartment's side door. I assumed those were servants who still worked in the building.

I was very impressed with the doorman's stories. His stories piqued my curiosity. I wanted to know more about the other tenants, especially those who were previously well-off.

I was often “asked” to take out the garbage. It required that I exit and return via the servants’ entrance. It made me feel more exposed to the unknown. The garbage chute was on the far end of a secondary corridor, mostly hidden from view. The garbage chute was about fifteen to twenty feet from our servants’ door. My parents mandated that I lock the door when leaving the apartment, even for a short time.

MEETING THE NEIGHBOR

One day with garbage in hand and after closing our servant’s door, another servants’ door, diagonally from ours opened. The slight shadow emanating from the light inside caused me to freeze in place. I was not sure who or what it was. I had never heard or seen another door open before. Now a door was opening, slowly. In the darkness, against the light from another room in that apartment, a small figure was moving. There was fear in my heart and I was not sure what to do.

Suddenly, from the shadow, a bright chipper voice rang out, “Are you the boy who lives next door?”

“Yes,” I stammered.

“Are you throwing out garbage?”

“Yes.”

“Would you be so kind to take mine also? I am really not dressed to go out.”

I was not sure what to make of it. Maybe it was some kind of a trick. How could I get out of it?

“I’ll give you a quarter if you help me out!”

“OK, sure, I’ll do it.” In those days, you could buy a lot with a quarter.

Her long arm, covered with a housecoat, extended outward, holding a pail of garbage in her red-tipped fingers. “Knock on my door when you get back and I’ll pay you.”

I took the pail and walked into the light reflecting from the main corridor. It only had garbage in it. With a pail in each arm, I walked to the garbage chute and emptied both pails into it. On returning to her door, I found it slightly ajar. I knocked. There was no answer. I knocked louder, then heard, “Come on in, I’ll be right with you.”

Apprehensively, I walked into her apartment, but kept in sight of the open door. Everything was neat and in place. Standing where I could see most of the living room, I looked about. Everything looked clean, neat and normal.

I was startled when she suddenly came out from one of the doorways. She was holding her hand out to me; between her forefinger and thumb was a quarter. “Just put the pail down and take this,” she said.

I did as she asked but could still not get myself to move. I may have been blushing. She was a very attractive woman, younger than my mother, but older than myself. She was also slightly taller than me, probably because she wore heels.

“Is anything the matter?”

“Err, no, I guess I was just surprised. I’ve never seen many of the other people who live on our floor. I didn’t know who was living in this apartment.”

"Well, now that you know, does that present a problem?"

"Oh no, not at all."

"Good, in that case maybe we can help each other out a little."

"Oh?"

"I would rather leave my garbage outside the door in the hallway and pay you to dump it for me. How does that sound to you?"

"I guess it's OK."

"It will give you a little more spending money than your parents give, wouldn't that help?"

"Sure would."

"Good, then it's settled. Whenever you go to dump your garbage, just dump mine as well. I'll pay you at the end of each week. OK?"

"OK!"

From that time on, I dumped her garbage and every week, she paid me. Sometimes she left me the money in an envelope attached to the garbage. Sometimes I knocked on the door and she would stand in front of me, pull out her pocketbook and give me the money. I never got around to telling my parents about the arrangement with Sonia. They may have cut my allowance if they felt I was earning on my own. On the other hand, they may have been embarrassed that I was working in the building.

As the weeks went by, my relationship with Sonia became more informal. I stopped being the 'boy next door' when she began using my name. Our only opportunity to communicate was during the time we stood at the door, as she paid me. It was some time before she invited me in to her apartment for the first time. I was surprised by how much smaller her apartment was than ours. Even so, her apartment had three bedrooms. Although I was about her height, she only offered me milk and cookies. As I sat and ate, she stood nearby watching. Every so often, she would ask a question and listen to my answer. After that first time, I was occasionally invited in.

Sonia was a very attractive woman. There was a lot to fantasize about her. Just thinking about the way she moved sent shivers up my spine. I was intrigued by the way she moved gracefully and somewhat hesitatingly. She always wore high heels; they seemed as much a part of her as my shoes felt to me. She never had awkward moments when walking, standing or sitting. Her body jiggled as she moved. Standing in front of me, hunting through her pocket book, I noticed how she stretched her arms forward, keeping everything within eyesight beyond her bust line, never giving any thought to it. She was a good looking woman, very attractive. I don't remember consciously fantasizing about sex with her. I was still a virgin and wasn't very sure what sex entailed. But there was something about her that generated tensions within me every time I thought about her, even while at school.

An odd combination of events left me alone at home one weekend. With school closed that Friday, I wondered what there was to do. I never dreamed that events would lead me into something in which I had no interest. My biggest worry that Friday morning, as my

parents said goodbye for the weekend, was what I was going to do with myself. I was old enough to prepare my own food and go outside alone to play, or just walk the streets. I had friends in the area, homework to do, and there was always the TV to keep me busy

Friday morning after my parents left, I was alone. Mother had left a few chores for me, including shopping and taking out the garbage. I packed up the garbage and exited the servants' entrance, making sure to lock the door. Sonia had left some garbage outside her door so I took it for dumping also.

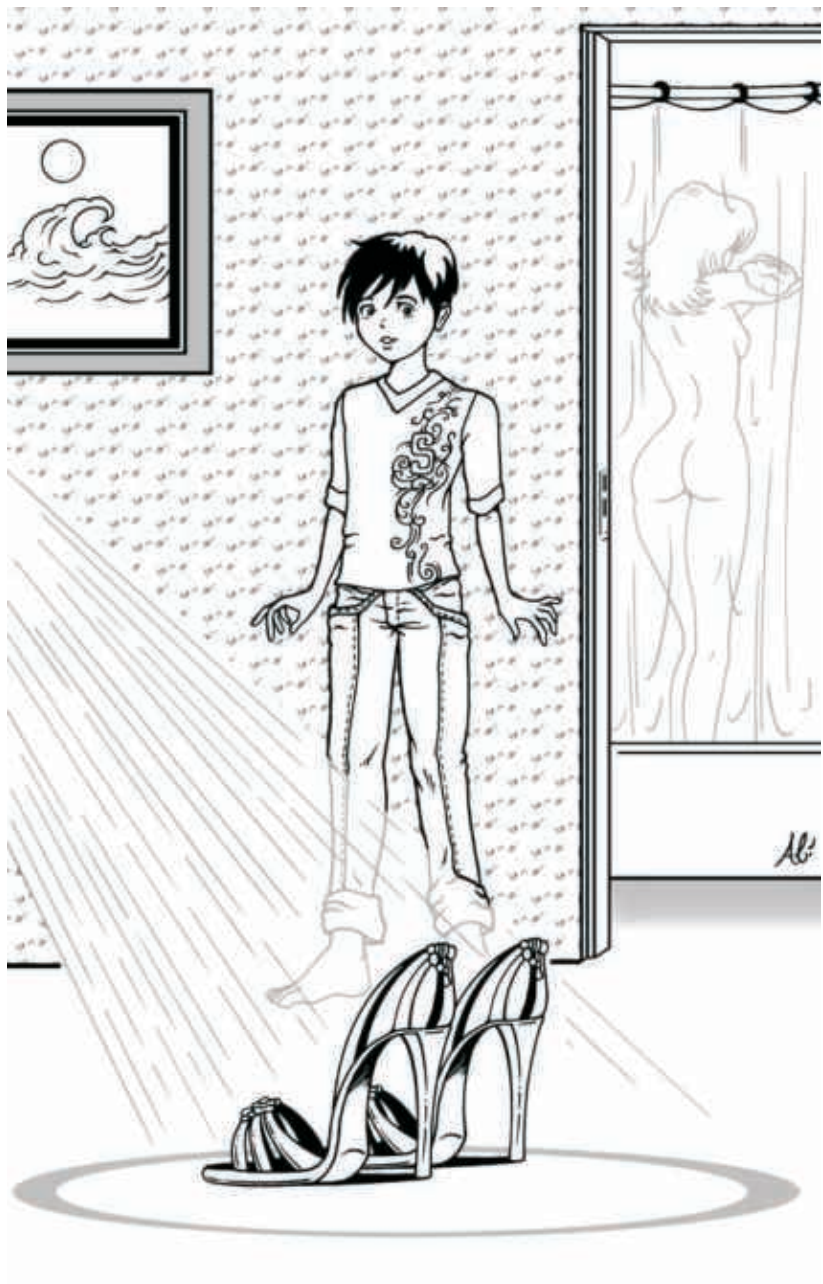
When I returned, Sonia's door was ajar. I knocked a few times before I heard her. "Come on in, make yourself comfortable, I'll be out shortly," she yelled above the sound of running water from the shower. "There's something for you to eat in the kitchen."

HEELS

I walked into the living room and looked around. With nothing to do, I walked into the kitchen. A cup of milk and a few cookies were on the table for me. After drinking a little and eating some, I walked back into the living room with glass in hand. I sat on a corner chair and calmly looked around the room. Everything was in place except for her high-heeled shoes in the corner. I wondered how difficult it could be to walk in them.

Sonia was still in the shower, humming some melody against the sound of splashing water. Why not take the opportunity to find out how it felt to wear high-heeled shoes? Putting the glass of milk on a side table, I slipped my loafers, then my socks, off. Taking her shoes in hand, I slid them onto my feet. They fit. I fastened the straps and looked at my feet to see that everything seemed OK. The shower was still running.

Standing was a bit awkward so I used a chair back to help me balance. Once in the



standing position, I tested my balance and took a few steps forward. With my foot already in the extended position, the heel of the shoe hit the floor first. It was not difficult taking steps, but they were smaller than I would normally take. Soon I was walking on the carpets in her living room, wearing her shoes. I tried imagining walking in them every day. Walking back and forth, I tried imitating the way she moved. It was reasonable to assume that wearing dresses or skirts would force her to take smaller steps. I tried walking back and forth while taking small steps. I concentrated on taking small steps while holding my body erect, occasionally looking in a nearby mirror to see if I was getting it right.

I don't know how much time passed before I noticed that everything suddenly seemed too quiet. I stood still trying to figure out why when I heard her voice. "So, what do you think about walking in them?"

SHE CAUGHT ME

I was shocked that she caught me prancing back and forth in her shoes. I looked at her and wished that somehow I would be spared the embarrassment of the moment. Wrapped in a towel, she stood there looking at me. I was frozen with no evident escape available. I stammered but could not say anything. "Bet you were wondering what it is like walking in heels like that?"

"Uh, uh," was all I could muster.

"I often wonder if men think about things like this. Men never say anything about it. Why don't you tell me what you think of it?"

"Doesn't seem like a big deal except that you have to balance yourself each time you take a step."

"Actually, it is a little bit more complicated than that. You see, stockings are slipperier than bare feet and other parts of your clothing make things even harder."

"I still think it's no big deal to walk in heels. I could do it all day long, if I wanted to."

"Are you interested in making some additional money?"

"Sure!"

"In that case, what I would like you to do is clean my apartment twice a week. Do you think you could do that?"

"Sounds easy enough."

"My only stipulation is that you wear my heels while doing so. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Should be a breeze. Just tell me what you want done."

Sonia walked me through the apartment for the next two hours, pointing out the things she wanted done, all the time still wearing her heels. She even had me do some work so that I would understand how to operate the washing machine and vacuum cleaner. I was to clean the apartment two days a week after school while she was at work. She would put out a pair of heels for me to work in each day. They would be different so that I would get an opportunity to experience the full gamut of styles.

"Now remember, you'll be alone here so there is no way I'll know for sure. I trust you to keep your word."

"I'll keep my word."

Sitting at the table in her kitchen, we talked. Occasionally, she gave me tips on walking in heels. She gave me a copy of keys to the servants' entrance of her apartment. I took the keys and walked out the door to my apartment. Shortly afterward, I knocked on her door again; I was still wearing her shoes. I needed my socks and shoes back.

For the rest of the weekend, I thought about my new pending situation. I couldn't decide if I was excited by it or not. Looking into my mother's closet, I took out a pair of her shoes and tried them on. They sort of fit, but they were clunky and looked more like something an old woman might wear. My sister was still wearing flat shoes, which did nothing for me. My grandmother, on the other hand, was a very stylish woman, but her shoes were fashionable in a business sort of way. They did not elicit any tension as I tried them on. They did prove to be very stable; I spent part of the weekend wearing them in practice for Sonia's shoes.

WORKING FOR HER

Over the next few months, I came to Sonia's apartment and cleaned it as we agreed. Each time I put on her heels, I felt an unexplained thrill. She always left me a different pair of heels to wear. Sometimes they were very high and other times very low. Most times, they had thin heels that made me wobble a bit as I walked around. Very thin heels were harder than slightly chunky heels. Shoes with open toes or strapped backs were also harder to wear. High-heeled sandals were much harder to wear and put a strain on my calf muscles.

Most times, I came into her apartment, sat on the couch, took my shoes and socks off and put her shoes on before going about the house to do the work she paid me for. After about the first month, I complained that my feet were always damp and squishy after wearing her shoes for an extended time. Socks would keep my feet dry but they were too heavy to wear in her shoes. She suggested I wear "knee-highs" instead. The following week and thereafter she left me a pair of knee-highs along with the shoes.

The knee-highs made a difference. They compacted my feet so that shoes that had previously fit, were now a little large on me. As a result of the size difference and the slinkiness of the knee-high material, my feet tended to slide around a bit within the shoes. There was a different feeling to the material. It was very different from the wool or cotton socks I was used to wearing.

Wearing her shoes, even though I wore all my own clothes, made me walk and stand differently. Looking at my profile in the mirror, it was obvious that I balanced myself in part by sticking my ass out. After a while, I noticed that swinging my hips and rear end made walking easier. One major difference was in bending down. I found it easier to bend with my legs closed and reach sideways for items. I realized then that these new movements were very feminine and came naturally when wearing heels.

Every now and then, as I watched myself move in the mirror, I noticed how fluidly feminine my movements were becoming. Still, for the first few months, I did nothing more than clean her apartment as agreed. I was alone most of the time and could have cheated,

but the thought of doing what I was doing while wearing her shoes was captivating. Every now and then, she asked that I do the wash. When the washing machine was finished, I took her things out and placed them in the dryer. Occasionally I found myself holding a bra, panties, girdle and sometimes stockings. Instead of quickly placing them in the dryer, I felt their softness and wondered how it felt to wear them.

On days when she came home early and I hadn't finished cleaning, she said hello, then went about doing her own things, as I continued cleaning. Sometimes she would say something to me or I would take time out to sit and talk with her, all the while wearing her shoes. Oddly, she never made a big deal or even mentioned that I was wearing them. Maybe she was waiting for me to complain. I might have assumed that she forgot I was wearing her shoes except that on the days I came to clean her apartment, there was always a different set of shoes for me to wear. The only time she initiated a remark about her shoes was when I forgot to take them off as I left her apartment.

There were two occasions when she asked that I wear specific shoes. On both occasions she wanted me to wear a new pair of recently bought shoes to "break them in." On the first occasion, she wanted me to wear a pair of open toe 3-1/2" green heels with a bow that was meant to compliment a particular dress she had purchased. They were very sexy and much higher than I was used to wearing. I had a lot of problems at first. They forced me to take smaller steps than I was accustomed to and there was more of a balancing issue to contend with. She had me wear them on three separate occasions, each time checking to see how much I had "broken them in." She was satisfied after the third time.

The second pair of shoes she asked me to break in were meant to compliment a dress she would wear as a bridesmaid at a wedding. They were soft blue sandals with barely enough straps to hold them on my feet. Although they only had 3" heels, because they were sandals, they wobbled a lot. I found them very difficult to wear while cleaning her apartment, especially while carrying things from one room to another. Sonia had me wear them four or five different times. I think she was trying to prove a point, or maybe she just wanted the shoes to be extra pliable for the wedding. In any event, there was plenty of time to wear them before the wedding.

At the end of about six months, our relationship developed into something more than just employer/employee. As she learned more about me, I learned more about her. As we became more comfortable with each other, we began doing things for each other, beyond our defined relationship. Many times, one of us would prepare something to eat so that we would have an excuse to sit together and talk. On occasions when she came home with a new clothing purchase, I would be the first to see her wearing it.

I picked up a lot of habits from her that were obvious when we sat and talked. She had this exaggerated way of complimenting something she liked. When she came home with a new clothing purchase and put it on for me to see, I gushed over how nice she looked in it, just as she would have done. We became so comfortable with each other that sometimes when she changed clothing, she did it in front of me. When I complimented the way she looked, she sometimes added a comment, indicating that I would look just as good in the clothes. Beyond that comment, the thought was never continued.

Sometimes I prepared a snack for us, other times she prepared something. Even while we socialized, I continued wearing her shoes. As I became familiar with her patterns of

coming and going, I knew which days she came home early and prepared a snack for her. But as I got to know her better, I started thinking about more than just her shoes. Her comment that I would look just as good in her clothes never left my mind. It got me thinking. The question of how I would look in her clothes stayed in the forefront of my mind. Over the next four months, I became bolder as I thought about the other clothing she wore.

OTHER CLOTHING

The first time I put on a skirt, I wore it over my pants. It was lying on the back of a chair and was something I had to put away. Holding it in my hands made me think that since she and I were about the same size, it would probably fit me. I was already wearing her shoes. I wondered how it would feel to wear her skirt as well.

I had seen my mother and Sonia put on a skirt; I knew that you dropped it down over your head. So that is what I did. With the skirt in place, I tried closing the waist button. It was too small, even with an elastic section built in. Walking over to the mirror, I looked at myself. I looked ridiculous with the open skirt over my pants. It occurred to me that my pants and belt added to my waist size, and that may be the reason the skirt would not close.

With the skirt on the side of the bed, I dropped my pants, then realized I would have to take Sonia's shoes off to get my pants off. With the pants down around my ankles, I sat on the side of the bed and pulled each shoe off. Then I withdrew my legs from the pants. Taking the skirt, I held it open in front of me and extended my legs, one at a time through the opening. Standing in her knee-highs, I pulled the skirt up and over my shirt, then closed it in back. It fit! Sitting again on the side of the bed, I leaned over and put her shoes back on.

I walked over to the mirror to see how I looked. The knee-highs ended at the point where the skirt ended, so that any movement on my part showed the top edges of the knee-highs. Still, this arrangement allowed me to walk about without feeling or looking totally stupid.

Over the next few weeks, when I knew I would be alone, I cleaned her apartment while wearing one of her skirts, knee-highs and heels. I tried on different skirts, looking to see if one made a difference over the other. While pencil skirts provided a better view of the floor, they were restrictive. They forced me to do everything while keeping my legs together. Skirts that flared out from the waist down were easier to work in but they obstructed the view of the floor immediately beneath me. That caused me to trip on things lying around. Most of the skirts rode up my legs a little, showing the tops of my knee-highs. This looked awkward. The only time everything looked OK was when I stood in place.

This situation didn't fit my mental image of the way I wanted to look. Sonia always looked so well put together. I wanted to look as good. One day while cleaning a corner of her bedroom, I came across a pair of stockings. Picking one up I noticed that it was much longer than the knee-highs I wore. Obviously the tops would not show if I wore them.

I decided to put them on. Sitting on the side of the bed, I took off the shoes and knee-highs, then rolled the stocking up each leg, pulling the skirt down over them. Putting her shoes back on, I stood up. Moving about, everything looked much better for a short

time. After a while, the stockings kept sliding down my legs, bunching up at various places below my knees. I knew there had to be some way of keeping them up and in place.

I remembered seeing some woman's clothing catalogs lying around. Looking through them, I learned a lot. Pictures made it clear how to keep stockings up. Now all I had to do was find a garter belt. Up to that point, I had not gone through her drawers. I felt a bit odd doing so. Nonetheless, I began looking through them for a garter belt. I found garter belts in a drawer with panties, bras and other stockings. Taking a garter belt from the drawer, I held it up to see if it looked like any in the catalog. It was very similar, though it only had two garters for each leg. Hiking my (Sonia's) skirt up, I wrapped the belt around my waist, then closed the clasp and rotated it so that the clasp was in the rear. Grasping one of the front clips, I pulled the stocking top over the knob and pulled the plastic clip tight so that the stocking would not slip away. I did the same for the other three garters. With everything in place, I lowered my skirt, walked over to the mirror and smoothed the clothing down. Moving back and forth, then bending down, I wanted to see if the tops of my stockings showed. They did not. I then continued cleaning the house. This became my routine on days when I knew she would be home late.

A lot could be learned by looking through catalogs. It looked as though some came in the mail while others, I guessed, she bought at a newsstand. When time allowed, I read through a lot of her catalogs. With all this knowledge and opportunity, I wanted to try on more of her clothing. I wanted to wear a pair of her panties with the stockings and skirts.

In her clothing hamper, I found panties. I figured that since they were already dirty, there was no chance that a little additional dirt would be discovered. Taking them back into the bedroom, I lifted my (Sonia's) skirt, unhooked the stockings, then took off my underpants. Pulling the panties up and into place, I re-fastened the stockings, and pulled my skirt back down before standing and walking over to the mirror.

The sensation of the clothing caused an erection that was highly visible through the skirt. I wasn't sure how to calm myself enough to do something about it, so I decided to continue cleaning in the hopes that I would calm down. Running the vacuum cleaner over the carpet took enough concentration so that my erection abated. Realizing that this was my chance, I turned off the vacuum and quickly lifted my skirt. Inserting my hand into my (Sonia's) panties, I grabbed my manhood and quickly tucked it in backwards between my legs. I grabbed the edges of my skirt and pulled it down. Standing upright, I smoothed the skirt down as much as possible, then looked to see a smooth flat front, just like Sonia's. It was uncomfortable at first, but after walking around a bit, I got used to it.

My regular cotton underpants had room for my manhood to flounder about, grow or shrink. Panties were tighter than my regular cotton underpants. They had a reinforced bottom which held my manhood in place when folded between my legs. It also seemed important that I put them on properly. That meant making sure to put the garter belt and stockings on first so that I could freely pull the panties down when going to the bathroom.

The panties were very silky and that created a sliding sensation, one garment on the next. Still, once dressed, I continued doing the job for which I was hired.

ANOTHER STEP

It was about another six months before I took the next step. I had gotten used to moving about dressed from the waist down as Sonia dressed.

I hadn't planned on doing anything out of the ordinary that day. But as I came upon a bra in the corner, it was obvious to me what I had to do next. Taking my shirt, then undershirt off, I held the bra in my hand. I knew how it should look once on me but getting the clasp closed from behind was too much for me. Pulling the bra off my arms, I closed the clasp, then rotated the bra till the cups were in front. Sliding the bra up my chest, I held each shoulder strap open as I slid my arm through it. With the bra in place, I needed something to fill the cups. My socks were nearby. Putting my undershirt, then shirt, back on, I tucked them under the skirt, and smoothed out the look. The two protrusions under my boy's shirt were obviously female.

With time, my boldness increased so that within a month of first wearing a bra, I had found other more weighty items to fill the cups. Sonia's catalog collection gave me some ideas; others I developed and tried on my own. Never having held a woman's breast in hand, I could only imagine what it would feel like.

When I had the weight of the breast inserts about right as I imagined it, I began wearing a full-length slip and blouse instead of the undershirt and boy's outer shirt. I tried choosing clothes that I could easily put back and which wouldn't look as though they had been worn. As a result, some of the outfits I wore were an odd combination of clothes.

On those days when Sonia came home early, I watched her intently, trying to remember for future use the clothing combinations she wore. She had a flair for wearing clothes that made her look good.

One day, I started wearing her clothing combinations. It made all the difference in my appearance. Although in some areas the clothing looked big on me, in other areas it was just right. From the neck down, I looked like a slimmer version of Sonia. Although my waist was about the same size as hers, I did not protrude below it. I was not sure how to get my bottom half looking like hers.

The catalogs showed a variety of underwear to enhance a woman's figure, by slimming down different areas of the body to achieve those curves. There were no catalog items that enhanced butt or hips. There were a few older magazines that targeted teenagers. Several articles dealt with teenage girls who felt they were too skinny and flat. Although the advice given them was to eat properly, there was some mention of undergarment enhancements to provide a fuller figure. Under my circumstances, those suggestions were out of reach for me.

In the far corner of one of her closets, there were dresses or skirts, I could not tell which, that seemed bigger than the rest. Digging through them one day, I pulled out a skirt that seemed to billow out from the waist. Underneath the skirt were layers of what looked like slips of white material folded layer on layer. I wondered how it would look on me.

Unzipping the back of the skirt I wore, I let it drop to the floor. Bending down, I picked it up and placed it beside me on the bed as I sat down. Holding the new skirt open, I care-

fully inserted one foot at a time, making sure my (Sonia's) heels did not catch in the material. Standing up, I smoothed the waist and when my hands met in the back, I locked the clasp and pulled the zipper tight. As I approached the mirror, I could see the bounce of my movements. This new skirt amplified my every leg movement and added to my curves below the waist. It didn't provide the full secondary movement that Sonia had but while standing, it increased my profile substantially. I watched myself in the mirror walk back and forth, left and right. The overall movement was intoxicating. This type of skirt gave my bottom half the curves that were otherwise missing.

Later, when taking the skirt off, I found that the lower petticoat section detached from the skirt. On a whim, I put the petticoat on without the skirt. Then, sliding the first skirt I had worn down over my head till it settled on my hips, I secured it in back. With a little effort, I pulled the skirt as far down as it would go, then stood straight to look at myself in the mirror. I now had the curves I had been looking for before, albeit there was not much room inside the skirt for me to move around. By the time Sonia came home, I was dressed in my boy's clothes, her knee-highs and heels. But over the next few days, I kept thinking about how I looked and felt with the right curves in the right places.

Sonia never said anything to indicate that she knew or suspected what I was doing. That emboldened me to try on more of her clothing. One day while cleaning, I came across the green heels she had me break in for her. It was one of those days when she usually came home late. There was plenty of time for me to dress up and be back in my clothes before she came home. It didn't take me long to find the matching green dress she wore with the shoes. Putting it on the bed, I took a long breath. I wanted to be fully dressed as quickly as possible. I knew there would be some difficulty as the dress zipped closed in the back.

After taking off the skirt, blouse and shoes I wore, I lifted the green dress over my head and let it slide down over my arms until it rested on my shoulders. The cuffs of the sleeves reached halfway between my elbows and wrists, providing some resistance to arm movement. In the mirror, the open backside allowed the dress to hang loose in front. Reaching behind, I pulled the zipper up, almost to my shoulder blades. I could not reach any higher. Lifting my arms over my shoulders, I pulled the dress up further so that I could reach the zipper from above. While holding the zipper tongue with one hand, I pulled the dress down with the other. With the zipper fully pulled up, the dress felt as though it held the upper part of my body. Closing the wide belt pulled my midsection in creating the illusion of a thin waist.

It was a straight dress that billowed out slightly below my waist but otherwise hugged my body. It looked good on me as I stood in front of the mirror. One item was missing. Walking back towards the bed, I sat on the side and reached down for the shoes. Putting them on as one toe peeped through the front opening was exciting. Standing was even more exciting. Walking over to the mirror, every part of me below my neck screamed woman. The combination of matching shoes and dress made me feel encased as a woman. Until I had to change back into boy clothes, I cleaned her apartment, all the while feeling somewhat more feminine than before.

The door handle of the entrance doorway began to move, frightening me. It was as though Sonia was coming home early. I didn't want Sonia to know what I was doing, so

dressing back into my boy clothes was paramount. Running back into the bedroom as best I could in high heels and tight dress, I began fishing for the zipper tongue to unzip the dress. There was more movement of the doorknob and I became frantic. When it became obvious that I would not be able to get out of the dress in time, I decided to hide in one of the less used closets.

Standing in heels, hiding behind clothes in the closet, in anticipation of having to face Sonia, I hoped that somehow I would make it through this. I was lucky. After a while, the door handle stopped jiggling and quiet returned to the apartment. Sitting on the living room couch, I tried calming myself. I was still dressed and still felt very feminine, but now I also felt somewhat vulnerable. Running in tight dress and heels with a bouncing chest is very restrictive. It makes you feel helpless in the face of danger. I could only imagine how I would feel if I were on the street running from a bad person. There is no way he would not have been able to catch me and do as he wanted.

By the time Sonia came home that evening, I was in my boy clothes, her heels and knee-highs.

After that first time in her dress, it became a regular habit of mine to fully dress in her clothes while cleaning.

Over time as I got bolder, I used more and more of her clothes to dress up in. It must have been about two years after I first started talking with her before I was fully dressing in her clothes as I did the work I was hired for. There was a thrill to walking and acting as her. Sometimes I actually fantasized I was her. There were times my imagination went beyond what she would do in the apartment. I began imagining myself as her, outside the apartment, in the street!

To the best of my knowledge, she never did catch on to what I was doing. I made sure that everything was clean and back in place before she got home.

SONIA'S OTHER IDEAS

I was just about to start my cleaning session one day when she walked in. Luckily it was one of the days when I knew she would probably come home early.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

"OK."

"Any problem with the heels?"

"Not really."

"Maybe you are not doing it correctly," she said.

With that, she took my hand and led me to the table where we sat down to drink milk and eat cookies. We talked some, during which I let slip that I had nothing to do for that weekend.

"You know what?"

"What?"

"I think I am going to take you up on that."

"Up on what?"

"You think walking in heels is no big deal, right?"

"Yeah, right."

"Well, since we have time, let's give it more of a realistic try. I want to see why you feel it is so easy."

"What do you mean?"

"Let me watch you vacuum the apartment while in heels."

"I've been doing that for some time already."

"Good, then you won't mind me watching."

"When do we start?"

"Right now."

"Now?"

"Yes, you and I have the time."

This was not what I expected. "Yeah, but..."

"No 'buts' about it. Let's get started."

"OK, how do I start?"

She took my hand and led me into her bedroom.

"You want me to start here?"

"Yes, but before you do, we have to correct a few things."

"Like what?"

"You have to wear stockings!"

"You're kidding, right?" I was secretly thrilled she suggested what I had been doing all along.

"Absolutely not! I told you there were other considerations and you said they weren't a problem. There is no going back on it now."

It was all happening too fast for me to raise objections. I knew I should do something so that she wouldn't think I was interested in wearing her clothes. It was one thing for me to dress in her clothes in private. Doing it in front of her seemed embarrassing and wrong.

"Sit on the side of the bed and take my shoes and your pants and underpants off."

"What for?"

"You can't put stockings on over your pants, and you don't want to stretch my underwear, do you?"

"No, I guess not."

It bothered me that she thought it was OK to have me put on more of her clothing. I wanted to object, yet I didn't want to say no or appear as though I was secretly thrilled about what she was asking me to do. I hesitatingly did what she asked and pretended that it was my first time.

"I can't undress in front of you!" I finally thought of something to say!

"I'll turn my back to you while you dress so you don't have to worry."

I started to object but she cut me short.

"Here are the stockings, garter belt and panties. Tell me when you have them on. Don't forget to put the panties on after you have the garter belt and stockings in place."

I sat on the side of the bed and took off her shoes. After looking at her to make sure she was not looking at me, I slid my pants, then underpants, down to my ankles. While sitting on the bed again, I pulled my pants off my legs and quickly pulled on her panties. I would have had a fantastic erection if it were not for the fear I had of the situation. I looked at the garter belt then at the stockings and was not sure what to admit knowing about.

She must have heard my lack of movement because she soon asked, "Is anything wrong?"

I stammered, "I don't know what to do with these things."

She turned around without asking and pulled me to a standing position. Next she embarrassed me as she wrapped the garter belt around my waist. "Understand so far?"

"Yes."

Then she took one of the garter straps and slipped them under the panties' waist band through the leg opening.

"Why?" I asked. I thought I had been doing it correctly all along.

"So that you can go to the bathroom later on." I inserted the other three belt straps.

While I was sitting on the bed again, she rolled one stocking up my leg, then attached it to the garter strap snaps. I did the other one.

"Now put your pants back on." I did as she told me. "Now put my shoes back on." I did as she told me."

Standing, with her in her heeled slippers, we were about the same height.

"OK, now follow me." I did, as she led me to the closet where the vacuum cleaner was. Pulling out the vacuum, we put it together.

"You can start in the bedroom."

I carried the vacuum cleaner into the bedroom while negotiating and sliding in her heels. Evidently she was correct about the effect of the stockings, but I didn't want to let her know that I already knew that.

She did nothing but watch as I maneuvered the vacuum, then plugged it in. I began running the vacuum head across the carpet and completed about half the room when I heard her ask me to stop.

"There is something wrong with this."

"What? I am doing what you wanted."

"It is just not the right way. It looks too easy for you. Besides, one doesn't generally wear pants with high heels. Pants are more for boys. Heels along with skirts are for girls."

"What does that mean?"

"You'll have to wear a skirt!"

"Come on, this has got to be enough."

"Nope!"

With that, she took my hand and pulled me over to the bed. I took off her shoes, then my pants. Stepping through the opening of the half-slip, I pulled it up to my waist. The skirt she gave me had to be dropped down over my head till it settled on my waist. Standing behind me, she pulled the zipper up and closed the two waist buttons. Again, sitting on the bed, I reached down and slipped each shoe on.

Standing in high heels, stockings and skirt, I followed her back to the other room and continued vacuuming. Somehow, dressed this way in front of her was different than before. I was becoming aroused at the sight of myself every time I looked in a mirror. It was hard to remember that the long legs, teetering on heels, protruding from the bottom of the skirt were mine.

"What do you think of wearing heels now?" she asked.

"I think my legs look very feminine."

Standing back, she took a longer look at me. "You're right! We have to correct this."

"What does that mean?"

"If you don't look the part, how can you be expected to understand what it means to deal with the hardships? We just have to make this more realistic for you."

"What does that mean?"

"You'll have to wear a bra."

"You're kidding! What does a bra have to do with anything?"



“A lot. It is a matter of balance. Take off your shirt and undershirt.”

I was again half-running after her back to the bedroom. Before I knew it, she had unbuttoned my shirt and was pulling it out from the skirt and off my arms. Next she pulled my undershirt over my head and threw it on the bed. I felt very exposed standing bare-chested in skirt and heels as she walked over to the dresser and pulled out a bra. It was secured on me before I could raise any objections. Then she pulled me along into her kitchen. I was amazed as I watched her take two prophylactics from someplace and fill them with a cream she took from the bathroom. Tying them off, she rinsed, then dried them. Looking me in the eyes, she pulled open each bra cup in turn and placed a cream-filled prophylactic. Then she placed one hand on each bra cup and pushed them down towards my chest so that they filled the cups and extended out a bit towards my arms. Without letting me respond, she pulled me back into the bedroom and gave me my shirt to put back on. It was difficult keeping up with her pace. Doing so forced me to skip on my toes. Aside from forcing me into a more feminine motion, I now had to deal with two weighty breasts.

The weight of the bra made it uncomfortable to extend my arms through the shirt sleeves. But the effect of the “breasts” was unnerving when I tried buttoning the shirt and tucking the shirt into the skirt. I felt weakened at having to look over my breasts to see what I was doing in my waist area. Weighted breasts do not compare to bra cups filled with socks. They make you feel very different every time you move.

When dressing by myself, I wore a bra of hers and filled it with my socks. But as she later explained, the cream-filled prophylactics gave me weight and feeling closer to actual breasts. I had to agree there was more to consider when moving about now. My chest felt as though it had secondary movements.

“Well, how do you feel now?”

“I’m not sure. My new breasts feel cold.”

“That is only temporary. They will soon heat up to your body temperature. Well come on, let’s move a little so you can get the feel of it all, OK?”

“OK.”

We walked into the living room. My chest jiggled as I walked. It was the first time the protrusions on my chest had a life of their own.

“How does it feel so far?”

“A little awkward.”

I answered her in a way to indicate that everything we were doing was new to me. If she only knew what I had been doing and for how long I had been doing it.

Evidently my answer was not what it should have been. Soon she had me walking around the room picking up things she threw to the ground. After a while, the combination of heels, tight skirt and breasts was taking a toll on me. When she saw that I was getting tired, she asked, “Starting to feel the difficulties now?”

“Yeah, I think so.”

“Good, then let’s get back to cleaning.”

Indeed, the cleaning was more difficult at this point. I am not sure if it was due to being tired from all of the activity or the result of my new circumstances.

I had gotten though half of another room when Sonia again began to indicate that something was wrong.

"What now?" I asked.

"Everything is too loose. You have too much freedom of movement."

"So what should I do now?" I already knew it would not help to object.

"You need to wear a dress!"

"Aw, come on. Everything I am wearing is like wearing a dress."

"It is not the same. You'll see."

The shirt, skirt, half-slip and shoes came off. I felt naked standing in her bedroom wearing her bra, panties, garter and stockings. I was given a full slip to slide into. The dress slid down my body and settled on my shoulders. The zipper in back pulled everything tight from my waist up. A wide belt secured my waist, giving the impression of a narrow waist. The area immediately below my waist was loose, but it got tighter as it approached my knees. The dress ended slightly below my knees. Although the sleeves were short, they still restricted my arm movements. The tightness of the dress between my waist and breasts enhanced the way they jutted out. This made the jiggling movements of my breasts more obvious. The dress was made of a silky material that did not stretch. She gave me a different pair of heels to wear. She wanted the heels to match the dress. They were tighter than what I previously wore. Even when bending, the heels of my feet stayed in the shoes.

We walked out of the bedroom through the living room to another room that needed vacuuming. The freedom I first felt while wearing her heels and my clothes was now gone. I was more conscious of my restricted movements. This enhanced various sensations created by the clothes rubbing against each other and the jiggling on my chest. Maybe it was the clothes she gave me to dress in, or maybe it was my new breasts, but everything felt so much different than when I had dressed alone. Dressed similarly to her, I felt obligated to walk as she did. When she saw that I was mimicking her walk, she complimented me on getting it right.

Passing a mirror, I stopped to look at myself. From the neck down, I looked and felt feminine. Sonia came up beside me so that the two of us appeared in the mirror. Similarly dressed and about the same height, we looked alike, except that I was very boyish from the neck up.

"Oh my god! This is terrible."

"Now what is wrong?"

"Look at you!"

"Yeah?"

"Have you ever seen a woman looking as you do?"

"No?" I answered cautiously. "I am not a woman."

“But since you are dressed in a woman’s clothes, you should look like one! We’ll have to fix this first!”

She always seemed to be in a hurry with me. So there was never any walking from place to place. She dragged me along as I skipped daintily in her heels, trying to keep from falling or dislodging any part of me. Back in her bedroom, I was seated at her vanity.

“This will take a little while but there is nothing we can do about it. You just can’t go walking around like this! Here is a magazine to look at while I work on you.”

I didn’t bother trying to make sense of what she was saying. She gave me a woman’s magazine to look at. I had time. As long as everything was back to normal by the end of the weekend, I would be OK. I would have preferred something else to read but there was no chance to make the request. So I looked at the pictures in the magazine. They showed women in various states of dress for different occasions. They showed women applying makeup and gave instructions as to the best way to do it. Every so often, she glanced down at the page I was looking at and asked my opinion. Sometimes she even asked if I would like to look like this or that girl.

She started working on my face. She rubbed in all sorts of stuff, then wiped it off again. She slicked down my hair. When she thought everything looked OK, she again began working with vigor. My eyes were shaped and colored. Lipstick was applied. Lastly, a wig with hair extending down to my shoulders was interwoven with my real hair. The necklace, bracelets and rings added to what she was doing. The finishing touch came when she fixed earrings to my ears.

Standing away from me, she contemplated my looks. “Yes, I think this will do.”

Standing was a bit more difficult since there were now more restrictions to deal with. The wig had a lot of loose hair that fell onto my face as I looked down. Rings and bracelets jingled as I reached to clear the hair from my eyes. A necklace wrapped around my neck swung loosely back and forth as it extended below my bust line. Placing my feet under my body as I lifted myself from the chair required that I keep my head facing forward so my hair would not fall in front of my face. We were not more than three feet apart as we stood and looked at each other. We were about the same height, dressed in a similar fashion, and we looked strikingly alike. Looking at her, it felt as though I was looking at an alter ego, another version of myself.

Taking my hand, she pulled me towards the mirror. Standing abreast of each other, we stared at the other two girls looking back at us. We could pass for sisters. “Well, what do you think?” she asked.

I looked at the two women in the mirror. I knew one of them was me but there were definitely two women. I was uneasy that I looked so much like a woman, that I looked like Sonia’s sister. I began feeling horny as I looked at the two women. I moved a bit to relieve the strain and saw one of the girls move in a similar manner. Her movement was arousing, all the more because I could feel it. The panties I wore were tight and held my masculinity between my legs. I began to squirm in discomfort and was further aroused by one of the women doing the same. Her vagina and my penis were meant to join. My big question was, how to make it happen?

Sonia had a good idea of what was bothering me. She began teasing me about what my family would say if they saw my now obvious feminine attributes. I forced myself to think about something else and my masculinity reclined to wait for another time to express itself. The thought that my family would see me like this was unbearable and disturbing.

“Now let’s see how well you do.”

With all the restrictions of dress, hair, make-up and jewelry, it was much more difficult to get anything done. Every time I looked down, hair fell in front of my eyes, my necklace swung in front of me, my earrings reminded me that I was wearing them. My natural urge to touch my face had to be denied since it would mar the makeup. My movements were restricted by the dress, heels and everything else I wore. The slinkiness of the clothing was having an erotic affect on me. I wanted to fuck myself.

With Sonia satisfied with the way I looked, I went back to vacuuming as she watched. When I finished, she came over and helped me put the vacuum cleaner away, after which we sat down in the kitchen. “You make a very pretty girl. Have you thought about it before? After all, you were curious about trying on my heels, now you know what it feels like to try on all my clothes. Maybe you’d like to do this more often? Tell me the truth, how do you feel?”

“I feel OK. I think I feel feminine. Maybe I would like to wear your clothes again. I’m not sure.” I was lying, but I hoped she wouldn’t be able to tell.

I am not sure if she detected the lie. How could I tell her that over many months, I had already been experimenting in her clothes? I just hoped she didn’t catch on. But this time, everything was a bit different. She was a witness to everything I was doing and she made sure that I dressed more like a woman than I had done before. The hair, makeup and jewelry made a difference.

We sat and talked, avoiding the issue of how I was dressed. But she didn’t avoid the issue of clothes. At one point she left me alone in the kitchen and brought out a few catalogs of women’s clothing. Opening to different pages, she began critiquing how each model looked, how they were dressed, and pointed out various problems of dressing this way or that. But more than just talking to me, she prompted me to offer my opinions. I had learned a long time ago that I could be open with her; when she made comments that made no sense to me, I told her so.

I can’t say that our conversation developed into an argument, but our voices did get higher. Without saying anything, she got up and started fidgeting with things on the counter. I felt she was avoiding the issue so I got up and stood by her side, trying to get her to look at me. At some point she turned around, looked me straight in the eye and said, “You are a very pretty girl, you know.”

“Thank you,” I said as I continued pressing my point.

“Now that was very nice, don’t you think?” she said.

“What are you talking about?”

“I said you are a very pretty girl, and all you did was thank me for the compliment.”

Clearing the hair from in front of my face, I looked at her without saying anything. As I thought about it, it occurred to me that she was right. I thanked her for complimenting me as a very pretty girl.

"But I am not a girl!"

"You look like one to me. You also act like one. You didn't hesitate to get up out of the chair and follow me to the counter. You never stopped chatting even as you cleared the hair from in front of your face."

"It must be the clothing," I said in indignation.

"Well, I think we should find out. You have time. I have time. You know, sometimes a girl needs a quiet weekend with a girlfriend. You are a girl, and you are a friend, why not spend the weekend with me?"

"You mean like this?"

"Yup, the whole weekend. I have other clothes to loan you. You can't go lazing around the house dressed like that. I have enough clothes that we can share. We are, after all, the same size."

I looked at her, thinking to myself about what problems this might cause. I walked away from her and sat on the chair I had been on before. As I sat, I straightened my skirt by pressing my hands over my rear as I lowered myself. Clearing another strand of hair from in front of my face, I looked at her without saying anything.

"You know, I think you look like a Susan."

"Susan? You mean I look like Susan, some girl you know?"

"No, you look like a Susan. Names have an image, and you look like a Susan."

"So you want to start calling me Susan?"

"Do you have a problem with the name Susan?"

"No, but I am a boy, so why would you want to call me Susan?"

"Because you look like a girl named Susan. Besides this is a weekend for girlfriends. Dave is not a good name for a girlfriend."

"So you want me to be Susan for the rest of the weekend?"

"Now you're getting it. So Susan, will you spend the weekend with me?"

"I have to be home on time."

"I plan on that. I wouldn't want Dave's parents to worry."

"So what do we do first?"

"First we have to agree on some ground rules."

"Like what?"

"You have to agree that, for this weekend, you will remain in the character of Susan."

"I don't understand."

"What being in the character of Susan means is that you will think of your self as Susan. You will act and think as though you have always been Susan. Dave is another per-

son. We can talk about Dave, but Dave is someone else. Dave is a guy. Susan is a girl. Do you think you can play the part?"

"You mean, like play-acting."

"Yes, but in this case you are always on stage, even when you go to the bathroom. Women never stand, they always sit. Think of it as pretending, all the time. I'll correct you, as needed."

This was something I had not given any thought to. I was not sure exactly what she meant or what I would have to do. But the alternative was to spend the weekend alone at home. Besides, it would be an interesting experience.

After I agreed to stay as her girlfriend for the whole weekend, we went into her bedroom to dress casually for staying home. I wore her clothes the entire weekend. On three occasions, I went back into my family's apartment, just so it would not look as though I had not been there the entire weekend. It was a strange feeling walking between the apartments dressed as a girl. I was uncomfortable as I stood in the doorway to my bedroom. This was a boy's bedroom and dressed as I was, I didn't fit the part. I was a stranger in my own bedroom!

I walked over to my bed and messed it up a bit. Before leaving the room, I moved things around so that it looked as though I had been there during the weekend. As I exited the room, I looked back and thought that I really didn't belong in that room. I didn't touch anything in the other rooms, but I did compare the clothing my mom, sister and grandmother wore to what I was wearing. There was no comparison, I looked infinitely better! I felt some measure of relief as I made my way out of that apartment back to Sonia's. Even the short walk between apartment doors felt better than staying in that apartment.

Twice during the weekend, Sonia looked at me and decided that she wanted to wear the clothes I wore. Standing back to back in the middle of the living room, we undressed to our birthday suits and dropped all our clothes, including underwear, on the floor in front of us. Then standing back to back, with our asses touching, we rotated until her clothes were in front of me and mine were in front of her. Then we re-dressed in the clothes the other had worn. Sometimes I wore a skirt and other times I wore short pants. I always wore heeled shoes/slippers etc. I was never without the wig or bra, even while sleeping.

We slept in the same bed, both of us wearing baby doll outfits. It was very difficult at first. Even dressed and acting as I was, the male part of me reacted with a vengeance. Although I did not touch myself when the opportunity arose, I rubbed myself up against Sonia. I came pretty quickly and got everything wet. Sonia calmly looked at me and asked that I change clothes and put the wet ones in the clothes hamper. When finished, I rejoined her in bed and fell sound asleep.

When not in bed, we wore see-through sheer gowns. In bed, we kissed and held each other before falling asleep. We showered in the morning and got dressed in turn. Sonia made sure that it was all fun. The few times she corrected me just helped reinforce my image as a woman. It turned out to be a wonderful weekend. It was relaxed and free from worries. It was hard sometimes to always remember that I was a girl. 'Being in character' meant that I had to remember that I was not pretending but was a real girl. Everything I felt or thought had to be as a girl.

When Sonia first undressed in front of me, she saw the look on my face. She made fun of my expression, saying only that a young girl like myself would one day have the same attributes.

It was a fun weekend, though sometimes frustrating. She treated me as another girl, even when my throbbing manhood yelled for relief. She quickly diverted my attention long enough and my manhood's yearnings diminished.

Sonia, true to her word, wanted a girlfriend for the weekend. Talk of boys was limited since I was too young to discuss many aspects of the subject. We never left her apartment the whole time, but she had enough activities in mind that going out never came up. When it came time to eat, we cooked. More correctly, she taught me how to cook. It was something every woman should know, she said. We dressed and redressed appropriately for every activity.

We said goodbye to each other by cheek kissing just before I took off her clothes and put Dave's clothes back on. It was a sad goodbye.

"Now don't forget, I am not paying Dave anymore. I am paying Susan. On the days when I get home early, I expect her to prepare something to eat. Don't forget now."

"I won't."

FIRST IN-BUILDING OUTING

My cleaning sessions at Sonia's were never the same after that. Instead of wearing her shoes with knee-highs, she now left me whole matching outfits to wear, leaving the underwear, shoes, et cetera to my discretion. Without saying anything to anyone, I began letting my hair grow in anticipation of the day I could be dressed with my own hair styled so I could stop wearing her wig. As always, she left me cookies and milk to eat. On days when I knew she was coming home early or at times when I had more free time, I also applied makeup and jewelry. For more than a year, I continued taking care of her apartment, giving me numerous opportunities to dress.

All this was hard on my life as Dave. The length of my hair was becoming a big problem with my family. They may have thought I was on drugs, but they were too afraid to say anything. Sometimes my mother, sister or grandmother would remark on something I did that was out of character for me. Sometimes I caught myself doing something that would have been natural for Susan to do. Occasionally, I caught an odd look as though they were questioning my actions.

There was a certain freedom associated with being Susan. After that first weekend as Susan, it was hard to look at girls in the same way. I was always comparing the way I as Susan looked to them. I even compared Susan to my mother, sister and grandmother. When I saw a girl or woman dressed in a comfortable or sexy outfit, I began imagining myself wearing her clothes. Mentally I tried feeling as I imagined she felt while dressed in her clothes.

One day while I was dressed and cleaning Sonia's apartment, she came home early. She looked so feminine as she walked through the door with an overcoat on, carrying her pocketbook and balancing on her high heels that I had to say something. She looked great as she put her pocketbook down and began taking off her coat. I had seen many women in

the streets looking like she did. They always looked so feminine as they teetered on their high heels, their slim legs showing from beneath the coat. Her coat fell to just below the skirt so that the only thing you could see under the coat was her two legs teetering on high heels. I had a good idea how it felt to be dressed in clothes like that, but I had never been outside parading myself in front of others in them. I wondered how it felt. When she came in, I told her she looked pretty.

"You think so?"

"Yes, I think you look very pretty."

"But you also look very pretty."

"Maybe, but I am just pretty in the house. You are pretty in and out of the house."

I didn't realize what would come next. As before, she had us stand in the middle of the living room, back to back. Again, we completely undressed and rotated till the other's clothing was in front of us, then redressed in their clothes. When we finished, she went to the kitchen entrance and had me stand by the door teetering in her heels, wearing her coat, holding her pocketbook.

"You look very pretty," she said to me.

"Thank you," I responded, playing the part of Susan just coming home after a day's work. I assumed that I was to go out into the hallway and come back into the apartment as though I had been at work.

"You can't come back home till you have gone out," she said.

"I look as though I have been out."

"That is not good enough. You'll have to go out and come back in."

I just looked at her. I knew I looked passable but there was no way I was going out.

"What I want you to do is leave the apartment and take the staircase down one level. If there is no one in the hallway at that level, walk through the main corridor to the staircase at the far end and then walk up two levels. If there is no one there, walk to the staircase at this end of the hallway and come down to our level. You have the keys to the apartment. I expect you back in ten or fifteen minutes.

My heart raced as I looked for a reason not to go outside of the apartment. Dressing in Sonia's apartment was a secret I wanted to keep. I was not ready to expose myself to the rest of the world. There was no way I could see myself doing it. I stood in place and didn't move.

"You look so pretty, why are you hesitating? Don't you feel pretty?"

"Yes, I feel very pretty, but I don't know that others will see me the same way that you see me."

Sonia came over to me and stood by my side as we looked into a nearby mirror. She looked so nice and comfortable dressed in the clothing I had recently worn. I looked and felt like a pretty girl ready for work. I was amazed at how good I looked as I gazed at the image of myself. I had appreciated Sonia when she came home from work and now I was wearing the clothes she had worn. In effect, I had taken her place. My bare legs protruding

from beneath the coat I wore, teetering on delicate high heels, projected an image of delicacy and vulnerability. I was thrilled that everything about me looked and felt so good.

I wasn't paying attention to Sonia as I concentrated on my mirror image. Before I could acknowledge what she had done, I was pushed out the front door. By the time I regained my balance, I was in the hallway outside the apartment and the door was closing. I was alone in the hallway, dressed in her coat, holding her handbag.

I knew she was not going to let me back in unless I did as she asked. Holding her coat closed, I hurried to the nearest staircase. It was a cool day and her coat was heavy enough to hang straight down from my bust, obstructing my view of the stairs below. Holding the banister with one hand and pulling the coat in below my bust with the other hand while holding my pocketbook, I took one slow step after another. In my mind, I saw myself as a delicate woman trying to negotiate the difficulties of walking down stairs in heels. It was a humbling experience.

On the floor below there were voices. Peeking round the corner, I saw there were people waiting for the elevator. Hoping no one saw me, I hid in the shadows, waiting for the elevator to come for them. When it did and the coast was clear, I walked across the hallway, trying to keep the tap tap of my shoes as quiet as possible. I could feel the weight of the coat on my breasts increase momentarily as I took each step.

At the other end of the hallway, I walked up two flights of stairs. It was easier walking up than walking down. I just had to be sure I didn't step on the coat as I took each step up. Unlike when walking down stairs, I now had to lift my coat for each step I took.

On the second landing, I again peeked to see if I was alone. I was and I quickly began walking from one staircase to the other. A door opened just as I passed the elevators. The woman said hello. Nervous though I was, I responded, then added that I missed my floor and would just take the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. She responded by saying that she understood. "Sometimes you have to wait so long for the elevator, it just doesn't pay for one or two flights." I smiled and continued walking towards the stairs. As before, walking downstairs required a lot more concentration.

On the level of Sonia's apartment, I peeked around the corner to see if I was alone. There was no one there. I quickly walked to her apartment, then it occurred to me that I would have to open the door with her keys. They were in the pocketbook I was holding. I had never looked through her pocketbook before and didn't have any idea where to start. Standing in front of her door, I began looking for the keys. Some neighbors began congregating in front of the elevator. I could tell they were watching me as I frantically searched deeper and deeper looking for the keys. It was a relief to find them, open the door and get inside.

"You look so pretty today, Susan," Sonia said to me. "How was work?"

Placing my hand against my chest, I breathed a sigh of relief. "That was close."

"What do you mean, dear? Did you meet any neighbors?"

"Yes. There was a woman on the floor above who opened the door just as I was passing the elevators. I told her that the elevator missed my floor and I was going to take the stairs. Then standing in front of the door as I looked for the keys, some people came out

and were waiting for the elevator. I could feel them looking at me, but no one said anything."

"They probably thought you were me. With the wig and overcoat, there's no way they could tell otherwise. Why don't you hang your coat and come into the kitchen. I prepared something to eat while you were at work."

I did as she suggested and came into the kitchen where, while eating, she asked me about my day at work. It required that I make up a whole story, which I did.

I remembered that outing for a long time. I had not been prepared for it, yet it was exciting. I was thrilled to be taken as a woman. I felt vulnerable, dressed as I was, teetering step by step in heels.

WOMEN OF THE BUILDING

Nothing different happened over the next few months. I continued dressing as Susan each time I cleaned Sonia's apartment. In anticipation of another weekend alone, I went to Sonia's early one Friday. I knew she had plans for us for the weekend and I assumed that meant doing fun stuff in her apartment. By the time Sonia arrived home in the late afternoon, I was feeling a bit tired but also satisfied with what I had accomplished during the day. Not only had I cleaned the apartment to perfection, but I had also managed to cook an entire dinner. Although my mirror image looked a bit tired, there was no doubt that the girl in that image had done her very best.

Sonia finally arrived, looking tired. As usual, though, she looked exceptionally pretty and I complimented her. That set in motion our routine of standing back to back and exchanging clothing as we had done before. As before, she had me walk the stairs as if I was coming home from work. Unlike before, I hesitated less about everything. I found it easier to negotiate the stairs going down and up. I did not hesitate walking across the hallways; I assumed that if I met anyone, there would not be a problem. I didn't meet anyone.

Telling me how pretty I was as I came into the apartment, she asked about my day at work. When I finished my story, she told me about her day cleaning the apartment and cooking dinner for us. As any two women would, we set the table together, all the while chattering about various subjects. About a half-hour through our meal, the doorbell rang.

Sonia got up and opened the door. It was the woman I had briefly met from the floor above on my first walk as Susan in the building. Sonia invited her in. After she pulled up a chair to sit at the table with us, I was introduced to Joyce. She didn't accept any food but stayed long enough for some brief conversation. Before leaving, she extended an invitation to join her and some other women from the building in her apartment. Although we had tentative plans, there was no reason for not dropping by later on. After all, I, Sonia's best friend, was staying for the weekend. As Sonia accepted, I looked on, smiled and said nothing.

"How could you do that?" I asked after Joyce left.

"Do what?"

"You know, accept an invitation to go to Joyce's apartment."

"I've known Joyce for years. We occasionally go over to each other's apartment. Would you rather she and the other women come over here?"

“No!”

“So what’s your problem?”

“You know! I am not really a girl!”

“I really wish you would stop saying that. Why are you dressed as one? Why are you planning to spend the weekend with me as my girlfriend? You are a very pretty girl and I don’t know why you are having a problem with this.”

“I thought we were going to spend a quiet weekend alone.”

“We have the rest of the weekend to be alone. A few hours at her apartment is nothing to get upset about.”

“I don’t know if I can pull this off.”

“You already have. Besides, she’s a really fun person. I am sure you are going to have a great time.”

“You’re not going to let me make a fool out of myself, are you?”

“Susan, you are my best friend. Of course I am not going to let anything happen to you. I want you to enjoy yourself. I want you to have a good time. I want both of us to have a good time. Don’t you want to have a good time with me?”

There was only one answer I could give. “Yes.”

As a visiting friend, no one expected me to have a change of clothes for the evening. Sonia dressed casually. Around eight that evening, we walked upstairs and knocked on the door. There were several other women there. We were introduced to everyone and given a place to sit. While everyone else was casually dressed, I was the only one still wearing a suit from the day’s work.

Maintaining conversation with women as a woman was a new experience for me. The women were older than Sonia and myself. They wanted to know everything about both of us. When my turn came, I was bashful, or so they thought. When pressed, I finally made up some story that mirrored my real life. I had already learned from Sonia that stories that paralleled real life were easier to remember than those that were totally fictional. By combining my real life with that of Sonia’s, I was able to piece together a story they found interesting. Eventually the conversation shifted to other subjects.

Even when they there wasn’t much to talk about, these women had a lot to say. Contrary to what I had expected, it turned out to be a fun-filled evening with a lot of laughter. Among the many subjects covered were our love interests. When my turn came, I put my head down, not wanting to say anything. Sonia spoke on my behalf, telling them that I was getting over a recent breakup and was still very emotional about it. Everyone empathized with me. I accepted their condolences, hoping that the subject would change quickly.

Small glasses with a sweet alcoholic aperitif were distributed. I drank, not knowing exactly what it was. It was sweet and tasted good. Never having had an alcoholic beverage before, it went straight to my head. My giddiness was taken as par for the course and fortunately I never let on that I was not what they thought I was. We left the group after midnight. We cheek kissed everyone and walked out the door hand in hand. The walk down the stairs was more difficult than before. The erotic part of it was that these were my legs

carrying me. My boy self saw the sexy parts of a woman in front of me and remembered all those times I had been attracted to those same parts belonging to other women.

Sonia undressed me for bed; I made all sorts of ridiculous remarks, including something about wanting breasts and a rear end just like hers. It was unfair that I should enjoy dressing like this without having the appropriate body for it. I remember her saying "Yes, dear," multiple times before I fell asleep.

"You are dangerous," Sonia said as she jostled me awake in the morning.

"What do you mean?"

"You can't handle your liquor. If we had been in mixed company, you would have probably gone home with a good-looking guy and gotten yourself pregnant."

"What do you mean?"

"You were flaunting yourself last night."

"I was what?"

"You know, showing off your feminine side."

"How could I show off my feminine side?"

"You are a pretty girl with a great figure. The way you move says a lot. We were dancing last night, remember? You were shaking your womanly assets like there was no tomorrow."

"How could I? I mean, my womanly assets are add-ons."

"Well, you did a good job moving them around as though they belonged to you, as though they were real."

"I have a headache."

"Take a shower. I'll leave some clothes out for you. I'll have breakfast ready by the time you get out of the shower."

In the shower, my head felt as though a metal ball was rolling around, bouncing off the sides. Each movement caused a throbbing within my head. As the water streamed against my back, my headache slowly subsided. Facing the shower head, I placed my hands over my chest to prevent the stream of water from pounding my nipples. For whatever reason, they were very sensitive that morning. On a lark, I cupped my left breast with my right hand and lifted it, just to see how much loose skin I had. Surprisingly, there was a full handful. My right breast had as much. What did that mean?

Wrapping the towel around my chest, I walked into the bedroom. Sonia had laid out everything I would need for the morning. Dropping the towel, I grabbed a pair of panties and bent over to slide one leg, then the other, through the openings. I was about to pull them up and was struck by the two mounds of flesh that obstructed the view of my crotch. With one hand, I gently pushed one mound aside and watched as it swung back in place. I didn't remember anything like this from before. Maybe I never noticed. Maybe all guys go through this?

Pulling the panties up, I put on the bra that Sonia had laid out for me. Pulling my skin up, I was able to fill part of the cup. The inserts filled in the remaining space. Finally

dressed, I was about to walk out of the bedroom when I spied myself in the vanity mirror. Without thinking, I took up a tube of lipstick and quickly added color to my face. Parting my hair in the middle, I had a short woman's hair style. I didn't think Sonia would mind my coming to breakfast like that. She didn't.

The rest of the weekend was like the first time when Susan stayed over. Sonia treated me like her best girlfriend. Although she expected Susan to take care of the apartment, she only paid money to Dave. Dave and Susan were like two different people. It felt odd sometimes when Sonia and Susan spoke about Dave and his family. It was also odd that I fell into the character of Susan so easily.

It was with surprisingly ease that Sonia and I became such good friends. It was unclear why she was interested in helping me find my "feminine side." She never overtly pushed me one way or another, but she made a lot of possibilities available to me. As soon as she saw some interest on my part, she opened up everything I needed to experience it. It sometimes occurred to me that she must have known that curiosity would drive me to experiment with more than just her shoes.

Whatever Sonia's ulterior motives, I looked forward to spending time with her. She was the best friend any girl could have. Sometimes, I got the feeling that Sonia might be a lesbian. She liked kissing and touching me, sometimes very erotically. If I liked it, wouldn't that make me a lesbian as well?

About a year after Sonia had me fully dress as Susan, she began getting antsy. I could tell something was on her mind. One evening as we sat down for dinner, I asked her what was bothering her. She told me that I was the greatest girlfriend she could have ever hoped for, but she wanted to do more fun things with me. She wanted to go outside with me. She wanted us to be like two normal girls and do things with and around other people. There were so many things we could have fun doing; we would have such a great time. She understood that it took me time to grow into womanhood. But now that I passed as a woman comfortably, it was time to explore and enjoy the outside world.

During the year since we first visited with Joyce and the women upstairs, we developed relationships with several of them. Because I was younger than Sonia, they kept trying to interest me in blind dates. Every time the subject was raised, I put my head down and answered in a low voice that I was still not ready. On several occasions, I had visited them alone. They would call our apartment expecting to talk with Sonia and would get me. Even if Sonia was not home, they wanted company so I was given the choice of coming to their apartments or they to mine. I naturally chose to go to theirs. We had developed a social circle. They were all females and I fit right in with them. My biggest fear was that I might accidentally run into a member of my family.

Since we had developed a circle of friends in the building, we were going out. After that first evening with Joyce and the other women, subsequent meetings got progressively easier for me. I became more relaxed. Dressing for these occasions was no longer an adventure. It became normal for Susan. Conversation became easier for me as I accepted my position within the group as a young, single female. I was so convincing that they sometimes pressured me to accept blind dates. They all knew guys who wanted serious relationships. One day, they told me, I would have to break down and meet one of the guys they knew. I looked at Sonia, expecting a knowing look that would tell me not to worry;

instead she just accepted the comments. When I asked her later in private why she ganged up with the others pushing me to accept a blind date or two, she simply stated that pretty single girls had to expect that sort of thing.

CONTENDING WITH MY FAMILY

While I still attending school, my time at Sonia's was usually in the late afternoon or early evening, before my family got home from work. Still, it was surprising that no one questioned what I had been doing before they got home. As long as my homework was done and my grades were decent, I was not questioned. After the first half-year of practiced feminization, I became concerned that something about me might look odd at home. As much as I tried to clean myself up, there was always the chance that something had been forgotten. I worried even more when I was spending weekends as Susan.

Spending a whole weekend as Susan required that I immerse myself in my female alter ego. Transitioning from the freedom of a boy to the restrictions of a girl required a few hours. Most "girly weekends" started late Friday afternoon when I got home from school and lasted till late Sunday evening. Usually, by the time Sonia got home on Fridays, I was feeling more comfortable as Susan than I had previously felt as Dave. She never failed to treat me as a natural woman. That was evidenced by her walking around the apartment in the nude or dealing with me as though she and I had the same natural assets. Dave was just a guy we both knew and referenced occasionally.

Sunday evenings when I returned to my family's apartment, wearing Dave's clothes, I usually stripped and took a long hot shower. I wanted to make sure that there was no hint of what I had been doing over the weekend. There were some things that could not be returned to "normal."

Although I didn't have much body hair to begin with, I nonetheless shaved my legs before putting on stockings or pantyhose. The hairspray I used needed to be washed out so that my hair would lie flat, like a boy's. My chest seemed to take on the form of the bras I wore. For the first few weekends, I was able to message my chest so that there was no protrusion. Later, it became apparent that my chest was adapting, so that while it looked good in a bra, it stood out without one. That forced me to wear tight undershirts and loose outer shirts. As much as I was afraid of being discovered, I relished the thought that Sonia's clothes would fit me better, so I did nothing to stop the growth. Since my family respected my privacy as much as they demanded their own, my secret was safe.

On occasion, when alone in my family's apartment, I looked through my mother's, grandmother's or sister's clothes. Though none of them had any clothes that compared to what Sonia had, I was still intrigued by what they wore. Sometimes I even tried on their clothes. The development of my chest became clear when I put on my sister's bra one time. It caused my chest to swell out on all sides after filling the bra cup. Could it be that I had more breast than my sister?

I was able to keep my secret throughout my high school days.

FIRST OUTDOOR OUTING

I knew that Sonia wanted me to accompany her outside of the building. I don't think she appreciated what that meant to me. I sometimes met our female building friends as

Dave. Well, I didn't actually meet them. We would pass each other in the downstairs lobby or outside, near the building. I always looked away, pretending something else had caught my interest. I always felt that they were looking at me, trying to figure out where they knew me from. If they ever figured it out, I would be in deep shit, not to mention what that would do to my parents and family.

"How about taking in a movie tonight?"

"Sonia, I don't know if I can do that. Suppose someone recognizes me? What if my parents found out? What if I don't really pass as a girl? What if someone from school recognizes me? What about guys?"

For the next two weeks, Sonia continually reinforced my image of myself as Susan. She finally convinced me to go out. I agreed on condition that it was at night. I figured the night shift doorman would not recognize me and it would be easier to get away with things in the dim night light.

Since I sometimes dressed in her work clothes, Sonia gave me all the information I would need to talk about her (my) job as easily as she did. After a while, I could name all her co-workers. The way she described things to me, it wouldn't have surprised me if I could have taken over her job without batting an eyelash. This helped immensely with the girls upstairs.

She schooled me in many of the things women deal with. While we sat and talked, she applied polish to my nails to "complete the picture." When we finished in the kitchen, we went to her bedroom where she had me try on different items of clothing and walk around in them. She kept prompting me to say things like, "I really like being a girl, I love dressing up." She also kept pushing me to move "like a girl," as long as I was dressed like one.

It was hard to deny, but her enthusiasm was infectious. It didn't take long before being a boy was the furthest thing from my mind. I reveled in her enthusiasm, and I enjoyed it. After a while, I was coming back at her with comments like, "I bet this looks great on you, too," whereafter she would try on the clothing and let me comment on it.

She had other tricks up her sleeve. It was a pretend game where we would each take turns relating events that happened to us while we were younger. While the things she told me may have been true, everything I told her was made up. It required that I imagine what could have happened had I been a girl so many years ago. The things I made up had to make sense; in a way they became the truth of my childhood as a girl. Stories that I made up about wanting to wear high heels just like my mom, became Susan's reality.

These stories imprinted themselves on me so much so that I could recount them to our circle of women friends in the building. Not only did it convince them that I was legitimately a woman but it also affected the way I thought of myself. I had started to think like one of them.

The day started with my coming to Sonia's door at about 10 AM. I had spent so much time in her clothing that she no longer put something out for me to wear. She had taught me how to choose something for the day. All she needed do was tell me what events were planned for that day. It was a little after 6 PM when she suggested we get something to eat. I was about to go into the kitchen and start preparing something when she told me

that she was out of food. She wanted to go out to eat and stop at a grocery store and buy some food for the house on the way back.

I was dressed to Sonia's standards for going out. That meant stocking, heels, straight black skirt and tight pullover V-neck with short sleeves. Makeup and jewelry were standard. I expected and had no objection to meeting with the girls in one of their apartments. At first I thought this was another one of her exercises and approached the front door as I had done many times before. I didn't think anything of it when we walked to the closet near the entrance to the apartment. When she gave me a coat to put on, I still thought it was part of the try-on game. When the pocketbook came out, I began to get worried.

"You're not thinking of really going out, are you?"

"What else would two girls who are hungry and don't have anything in the house do?"

"I really don't think I can go through with this. This is too much for me."

"Hasn't everything we've done so far gone too far for you? Were you planning this from the beginning?"

"No."

"Weren't we having fun before?"

"Well, yes."

"Were you worried then about what you were wearing?"

"I wasn't even thinking about it."

"Then don't think about this either. You'll see, you'll have a lot of fun."

"Please Sonia. It's one thing to do things like this in private. But to go out in public...I can't."

"Do you have a problem meeting with the girls upstairs?"

"No."

"Do you have any doubt that they think of you as a girl?"

"Not really."

"So are you planning on feeling like Dave when we walk out of here?"

"Everyone will see Dave wearing woman's clothes."

"Now you are being silly. I don't believe that, and I don't think you really believe that either. Look in the mirror and tell me where you see Dave."

She was telling the truth. Looking in the mirror, there was no hint of Dave.

"Look, you are being unfair to me now. Do you expect me to sit with you in this apartment day and night?"

"No, I don't, you know that."

"Well then, what do you expect? Are you thinking of going back to Dave's life and forgetting about me?"

"You know I could never do that. We are girlfriends."

"Well, each side has to compromise some. This is your turn to compromise. I want to go out, and I want my best friend to come with me. I don't want to go out alone."

She stood there looking at me. To say no meant disappointing her. It meant letting her down. What kind of friend was I to let my best friend down?

"You're asking me to do something I am very afraid of doing."

"You'll have to do it sometime. Maybe you think doing it later by yourself will be easier?"

"No, no, I could never do it without you."

"Then this is the time. I want you to come outside with me. I want to have a good time and I want to enjoy that time with you. Neither of us is married yet. All we have right now is each other. Isn't that enough to trust me, to trust yourself?"

"I guess so."

"If it helps, wear sunglasses in the building. That way no one will look you in the eyes."

"Are you really, really sure of this?"

"I am sure enough to feel confident about this, and so should you."

I didn't resist as she handed me the pocketbook and pushed me through the doorway into the main hallway. My heels clicked against the hard floor as I looked to gain a steady footing. We were alone as she locked the door and I stood by her side, putting on her sunglasses.

The click of our heels echoed in the hallways as we approached the elevator. The restrictions the straight skirt placed on my legs increased the amount of steps needed to reach the elevator. I didn't feel like a boy in woman's clothes as we walked towards the elevator. To the contrary, I felt very feminine. I was apprehensive yet in some ways I looked forward to presenting my femininity to the world outside. Sonia pressed the button.

"Don't worry, dear; the only thing men will look at is your legs. Watch them, you'll see I'm right."

"OK."

"Susan, remember to walk straight and look down when going up or down stairs. It can be very embarrassing to fall in front of other people. Don't look anybody in the eyes, just look straight ahead. You have good posture and should have no problems."

"I'll try."

"Good girl."

The elevator door slide open as Scottie beckoned us in. "Watch your step, ladies."

"Thank you," we cooed.

It was a short trip to the main floor. In the reflection of the elevator door, I could see Scottie looking at Sonia's, then my, legs. We both wore high heels and that made it look as though our legs were longer than they really were. Since we were wearing coats, there was not much else to look at. I guess Sonia was right.

The clicking of our heels echoed in the main lobby until we reached the street. The friction of the coat rubbing against my legs and the jiggle of my breasts under the coat was having an erotic effect on me. Although my shoulder-length hair gave me an element of privacy, the earrings kept reminding me of how my face was made up.

Randy opened the door for us and exchanged a few words with Sonia about the weather. She acknowledged his comments and responded that Susan, her girlfriend, would be staying a few days.

"Nice to meet you, ma'am," he said to me.

"Thank you," I responded.

We kept walking in silence and turned the corner to continue walking down the street. It may have been my imagination, but I could feel Randy's look on my backside, imagining to himself how good it would feel to get between my spread legs. The clicking of our heels was deafening to me. It announced that a girl was coming. A guy's shoes were so much quieter. As soon as we turned the corner, Sonia let out a chuckle. "You want to tell me he doesn't know you as Dave?"

"He knows me very well. We are always talking about something or other."

"Well, so far you have passed with both Scottie and Randy."

"It looks as though you were right."

"In that case, how about enjoying yourself? Start by taking off your sunglasses so you can see better. The sun has almost set." I took off the glasses and put them in my pocketbook. The world looked a little brighter.

We walked three blocks, crossing three intersections. This was the first time I walked extensively in heels. In the house, I had never taken more than 10 or 15 steps at a time. Now I was walking a full three blocks without stopping. The first thing I noticed was that walking straight, the way I was used to, was difficult in heels. We walked slow enough so that I could try different ways of holding myself while walking. I had grown a bit since first meeting Sonia. My feet had also grown. In the beginning, her shoes were loose on me. Now, we seemed to have the same size feet. I no longer worried that my feet would slide out of the shoes. Small steps while swinging my hips seemed to work the best. The first time I stepped down off the sidewalk took some thought. There was no banister to hold on to. It was easier stepping up onto the sidewalk on the opposite corner. Although the click of our heels continued, there was no echo. Seeing my reflection in passing store windows, I was impressed. I was walking like a girl with a sophisticated look and confident stride, as though I had been walking in heels all my life. I can only thank the years of training Sonia had invested in me.

By the second block, I began paying attention to other restrictions imposed by the way I dressed. The skirt kept my legs relatively close together, forcing me to take smaller steps than I would have as Dave. The up/down motion of my walk put pressure on my breasts with each step, while maintaining a small tent-like structure on my chest. While one hand was free to counterbalance any missteps I might take, the other hand held on to my pocketbook. Occasionally, I moved the pocketbook up my arm so that it was easier to carry with a bent arm. My hair and earrings jumped up and down in unison with each step.

Overall, I felt very feminine and the occasional images I saw in passing windows confirmed this.

By the third block, Sonia began talking about something. I was too wrapped up in the multitude of feminine experiences to acknowledge or even respond to her. I kept trying to read how people we passed were reading me. From their facial responses, it looked as though I was accepted as a pretty girl. I remembered something Sonia had said to me about making eye contact. I kept looking forward, seeing others with my peripheral vision. I don't think Sonia noticed that I was mentally absorbed with other things and not listening to her.

At the entrance to the restaurant, she opened the door and stepped in first. I was about to grab the door from her when a hand took it from me, offering to let me go first. As soon as I saw that it was a man, I thanked him softly and continued into the restaurant after Sonia.

We were escorted to a booth. Standing in front of the booth, Sonia took her coat off. After watching her, I did the same, making sure to bend slightly forward so that my breasts wouldn't stick out. This was my first time in front of the other sex. I was now more exposed. My figure, legs, and bustline were available for critique by men. Although we sat at a booth, it was only proper that we cross our legs, which exposed them even more. I was more conscious of the looks I (we) was/were getting. Sonia ignored the looks and engaged me in conversation. She began by telling me that it was natural for men to look at woman, which was, after all, a good part of the reason women took pains to look good. But we had to concern ourselves with the objective at hand, eating.

Sonia ordered for both of us. It wasn't anything fancy. When the food came, I let her eat first, watching how she did everything. I had already learned much from her but it was always in the confines of her apartment. Now that I was 'on stage,' I forgot everything and needed to copy her actions. I copied her and extended my neck forward before drinking or biting the sandwich. I had already figured out that women extended their necks forward so that food didn't drop on their breasts. At some point she managed to get me to forget my situation with a few jokes that made me laugh. I don't know why but as I laughed, I placed my hand over my chest above my bust. It was a feminine thing to do. Why I did it, I don't know. Maybe it had something to do with the way I was dressed and the things I had to contend with. I know Sonia noticed it.

Exiting the restaurant was also an experience. Everything I did felt as though I was on stage. The booth had provided me a level of camouflage I was now going to leave. Entering the restaurant was less intimidating than leaving. Before leaving the booth, we both opened our pocketbooks and took out mirrors to check out how we looked and apply a fresh coat of lipstick. With a little fluff of our hair, we eased out of the bench seat by alternating ass and legs till we could swivel our legs out from underneath the table and stand. With pocketbooks on the table, we reached for our coats and then slid an arm into each sleeve. This attracted the attention of the men present as well as some women. With coats on, we walked to the cashier. I stood by as Sonia paid the bill. We then exited the establishment.

FIRST TIME SHOPPING

We spoke about all sorts of things on the way to a supermarket. Sonia did not give me a chance to vent how I felt about the restaurant part of our outing. At the supermarket, we each took a cart. She gave me a list of items to collect and told me there was enough money in my pocketbook to pay for it. I watched her walk away, leaving me with the cart. I was on my own. Putting my pocketbook in the cart, I took the list and began looking for the listed items. I could feel men looking at me, or maybe it was my imagination. Remembering Sonia's words, I kept looking straight ahead and minded my own business. When I found one item that was too high for me to reach, a man reached for it and gave it to me. "Thank you," I said, and continued looking for the next item on the list. I didn't look around to see if he followed me.

I had about 10 of the 15 items Sonia wanted when I ran into her.

"I've already finished with the items on my list. You know what? I am going home. When you collect the rest of your items, meet me at the apartment."

"Please, don't leave me like this." I was about to start crying when Sonia reminded me that if I did, my makeup would run and everyone would look at me. People would question me.

Holding myself back, I looked at her pleadingly. I didn't want to be left alone, the way I was.

"I have faith in you. Beside I have things to do. It's no big deal. A 10 minute separation is nothing to be excited about. I'll be waiting for you." She turned and left. I saw her walk up to the cashier, pay for her items. Carrying them in two bags, she left the store.

I had the list in my hand and had the other one on the shopping cart. Once Sonia was out of sight, I turned to look for the remaining items on her list. Finding them, I walked up to the cashier, standing in line behind another woman. One of the men on a parallel line kept looking at me. At first I thought he may have recognized me. But as I kept a closer eye on him, I could tell his eyes were focused on my legs and my breasts when the coat I wore was open enough.

When the woman in front of me paid her bill and my items were totaled, I began looking for the money in my pocketbook. While my items were bagged, I found the money and paid the cashier. With a bag in each hand and my pocketbook slung over my shoulder, I began walking the three blocks home.

My small steps were erotic although my calf muscles hurt. I could tell men were looking my way. I pretended not to notice. As I finally approached the building, Scottie the doorman told me that Sonia had told him to expect me. I walked through the lobby and stopped in front of the elevator door. The nighttime elevator operator was on duty, but before he could ask for my floor, I told him. I thanked him as I exited the elevator and walked towards my (Sonia's) apartment. I put the items down on the floor and began looking through my pocketbook for the key. Finding it, I opened the door. I managed to hold the door open at the same time I picked up the grocery bags to bring them inside.

Sonia was in the living room and watched as I struggled to put everything in its place. With my coat hung in the closet and pocketbook off to the side, I walked over to the couch and sat down while looking at her.

"That wasn't very nice of you!"

"It was what you needed."

"And what was that?"

"A dose of confidence."

I kept quiet, thinking about my walk alone. I remember looking into store windows, seeing myself reflected, a pretty young woman carrying two bags of groceries. Everyone treated me according to the way I looked. Putting my hands on my lap, I thought about how I looked. I thought about how I felt at the moment wearing all her clothes. I felt very feminine, just like I looked.

"Well, it still wasn't a very nice thing to do."

"I'm sorry. It is just that I care for you so much that I didn't want you to miss out on everything that is available to you. Every young women needs to learn to be self-confident. It just seemed to be the right time. I hope you'll forgive me."

I looked at her with a scowl on my face before saying that of course I forgave her. If it weren't for her, I would be sitting alone at home, as Dave. We hugged and kissed, promising to never do anything to hurt each other.

That night I slept better than I had in a long time. I no longer felt the guilt of confusion that had been nagging me for about two years now, since I met Sonia. It was now very clear, I had two personalities; Dave and Susan. For the most part, I preferred Susan, though I still had guilt feelings associated with being Dave biologically.

In the morning, after my shower. I stood and looked at myself in the mirror. I was slim with no discernible bulges anywhere. But when I turned sideways, my rear balanced out my chest area. Although there was nothing too obvious, if I leaned over a bit, there was enough to fill a bra cup. Maybe that was my natural body type?

Sonia made sure I did well with my studies. Somehow it was easier to learn as Susan than it had been as Dave. At 17, my parents didn't question my comings and goings, as long as I was not involved with drugs or anything else illegal and I got decent grades. Sonia made sure I met my parents' expectations.

As the end of the school year approached, I was expected to graduate. Sonia suggested I come and work at her company. She was sure she could get me a job there. And she was prepared to have me live with her as a roommate. It meant that I would have to live full-time as Susan. On the face of it, the suggestion looked good.

Once my diploma came through, I had to make up my mind what I was going to do for the summer and for the rest of my life. My first step was to find a job. I looked for work as Dave. The offers I got were at the minimum wage under the most exhaustive of working conditions. Sonia was able to get me an interview for a job as a secretary with higher pay and excellent working conditions. She helped me dress in one of her conservative dress suits. She insisted that I needed a "C" cup chest and that I wear black 3" heels to the inter-

view, since I would be interviewed by a man. Although I already knew as much about her job as she did, it was the impression I made that would land me the job.

I sat a few feet away from the desk of the interviewer. He asked me questions, occasionally taking his eyes off my crossed legs. That, combined with Sonia as a reference, got me the job. I had to fill out all sorts of paperwork. I used my real social security number, since as Sonia explained, they rarely if ever checked. With the paperwork finished, I shook hands with another secretary and walked out the door feeling great.

It seemed as though events were determining my fate. Telling my parents that I had gotten a job away from home, I agreed to call them every week to let them know how things were working out.

It was difficult packing my belonging for a move that was only a few feet away from my family. Sonia and I had agreed that it was best that my family thought I was working out of state, otherwise there would have been too many complications to deal with. I left my parent's apartment while they were gone and walked across the hall to Sonia's apartment. She was still at work when I arrived. In the bedroom, I undressed and put my boy's clothes into the suitcase I had brought from home. Once dressed as Susan and feeling better, I closed my suitcase. Teetering in heels, I put it in a back corner of a closet.

When Sonia got home that evening, we could not stop hugging each other. It was the beginning of an adventure that I would not soon forget. It was as though this was our first meeting after many years. After dinner, Sonia and I sat down to discuss how this arrangement was going to work. Until I earned enough money to buy my own clothes and other things every woman



needs, I would stay in her bedroom and wear her clothes as needed. Once I started earning, we would go shopping for clothes of my own. I had to maintain my own checking balance and make some payments towards the rent. She expected me to dress fashionably and be a great friend. Once I had acquired enough things of my own, I was to move into the second bedroom she had. She added that she would explain everything as we went along.

I had a few days free before starting to work. With Sonia at work, I figured that I would stay in the apartment and maybe read something or watch TV. Sonia insisted that I go out by myself and do whatever interested me. If I couldn't think of anything, there was always grocery shopping that needed to be done. I had a pocketbook with things a woman needs and enough money to get around. Looking out the window onto the street, I wondered what a girl like myself could do alone for the day.

Sonia left for work while I sat in the kitchen wondering what I was going to do for the day. The first thing that occurred to me was to look through the many catalogs Sonia had in the apartment. Surprisingly, she also had some porno magazines. That surprised me since it was mostly men that were interested in looking at women. Out of curiosity, I opened the first porno magazine to see a series of photos showing a woman stripping. On subsequent pages, there were pictures of men caressing woman's naked bodies, targeting their breasts and vagina. Looking at myself in the mirror, I wondered how it would feel to have a man peel away the layers of clothing I wore, intent on reaching my soft delicate skin. How would I react when his lips touched the pinkness of my nipples, slowly playing them with his tongue before encasing them in his lips, gently sucking to draw out milk.

I slinked down on the couch, pulled my dress up and stroked my crotch while holding my legs apart on high heels. My position mirrored that of the women in the porno magazine except that I was dressed. As my body took on a more horizontal position, I looked over my prominent mounds and imagined that I was one of those women. Closing my eyes, I let my imagination take over, allowing me to fantasize what those women felt. I shuddered as I came. Only a man could have done this to me. But my reality dictated that I would need to clean up the mess. Doing so meant changing underwear and some clothes, then washing and drying the soiled items out.

By the time I had straightened everything out, it was time for lunch. There was still enough food in the house to make lunch, after which I needed to go shopping. By now the elevator and doormen already knew me as Susan. When my coat was open enough, their eyes bounced between my legs and breasts. That was acceptable to me since it kept them from looking too closely at my face. I was still not comfortable going out on my own, but I had promised Sonia to go shopping for some items we needed. There was a decidedly feminine feeling whenever I wore heels that stayed with me. It forced my butt and breasts out in opposite directions. It brought more attention my way, especially from men.

Aside from the usual stares from men and some women, nothing unusual happened. I was worried the whole time, however. What if I ran into a family member? How would I feel standing next to my sister, mother or grandmother dressed like this? Would I be able to look them in the eyes and say good morning without freaking out? Would they recognize my voice? Thinking that I might meet one of them some day, I always looked out the door first to make sure I would be alone.

Between window shopping and fixing myself up, I kept very busy during the day. I even went to the library twice, but sitting alone felt like an invitation to lonely men who were there as well. In the evening when Sonia came home, I had dinner prepared. We never lacked subjects to talk about. My sexual status was never one of them.

BEGIN WORKING

I began working at Sonia's company as a typist and filing clerk. The first day we walked out of the apartment together was exciting. It was my first day as part of the work force and my real first day as a woman in front of the world. We were jostled in the train, crammed in with everyone else.

The work was not very interesting, but it kept me busy the whole day. The dress code was more particular with women. Everyone was expected to look professional; for women that meant skirts and heels, every day. Sonia and I went to work and came home together. She was my mentor, my protector, especially as it concerned men. She knew what they wanted and she was going to make sure that they didn't get it from me.

Three months after starting work with her, I began looking forward to the day I would have my own room. Although I still borrowed many of Sonia's clothes, I had accumulated quite a few items for myself. Alone in the bathroom, I sometimes examined myself. There were signs that I was evolving. I could see that, below my waist, my body spread out a little. Standing sideways, I saw that I definitely had more than a man should have on the chest. Pulling my chest up, I could fill a "B" cup bra. Looking at myself in matching bra and panties, I looked like a youngish, maybe teenage, girl. Although I still preferred wearing a wig, I had enough hair to reasonably pass as a girl.

Living and working as a girl was not what I had expected. It would have been totally boring except for the time getting dressed and the time in front of men. Getting dressed was like something else. It meant creating an image that would get attention while at the same time enhancing feelings that mirrored the image you created.

Then there was the issue of men. There was always a sexual tension present when men were around. In a way, it gave us women the power to control events. Men made the first move. It was our decision as to what resulted from that. Just using your voice was a powerful tool. Men would go out of their way to gain favor with a woman with little items like opening the door or making room in an elevator, etc. Before becoming Susan, smell was not something that I paid much attention to. In creating my own feminine image, though, smell played a big part. Smell was a way of reaching out without being too obvious. The right smell could soothe the savage beast. It makes them more pliable. Men don't argue with sweet young things.

Sonia, true to her word, was my protector, my mentor. Men, some married, were always hanging around, looking to further a relationship with me. The right look could bring one running. The right look at the wrong moment brought unwanted attention that could be hard to get rid of. Everything I did was under the watchful eye of someone. It was a dangerous environment in which to be naive, and I was naive. Sonia worked close enough to me to be able to keep an eye open for trouble. At the same time, Sonia did everything she could to reinforce my femininity. She was so successful that at times I questioned my own memories. Only the reality that greeted me every time I went to the

bathroom kept me from slipping away. There were some great-looking guys at work who tried repeatedly for a date with me. I would have loved to go out with them, maybe even sleep with them. If not for Sonia, I don't know how far I would have gone. The desire was there, if not the physical ability to satisfy it. It was a real blast wielding this power I had, even though it had its limitations. Luckily, Sonia kept me in check.

During those first three months of work, I was left alone at home several times during which Sonia went out on dates. She either came home very late or not till the next day. As she explained it to me, she was not a lesbian and therefore could not see doing anything with me.

"What about my needs?" I asked.

"I thought you were satisfying them by yourself. Isn't that true?"

"Sometimes."

"So, what more do you want?"

"I need to touch someone and be touched by them. I need to feel the warmth of another person lying beside me."

Sonia looked at me, then asked, "Man or woman?"

"That's crazy. What kind of question is that?"

"It is a question you have to ask yourself. Do you want to be wanted by a man or a woman?"

That question stumped me. I had grown so much, as a woman, that I basked in the glow of men's eyes. Women, on some level, were competitors for that glow. Could I continue my feminine feelings with another woman?

"I don't know. It feels good to know that a man wants me. But if I followed through with that, where could it go? On the other hand, when I look at women, I compare myself to them. I don't have the same urge of wanting to be wanted by them. Even when we shower together, I am always comparing myself to you. I guess I would have to say that I favor men."

"In that case, there are two ways to go about this. Find a man who doesn't mind that you have a penis or make sure that the man never finds out that you have a penis."

"How can a man never find out that I have a penis?"

"Once a man is satisfied, he stops trying to impregnate you."

I sat silently trying to grasp the idea that a man would try to impregnate me.

"Hello Susan, did I lose you?"

"No, I was just thinking about getting pregnant, even though it is not something I can do. So what do you do to satisfy a man?"

"How do you satisfy yourself?"

"With my hand, magazines, pictures and imagination."

"Well, you would have to create all that for him. You can use your hands, or like many ladies do, use your mouth."

Sonia went on to explain the mechanics of satisfying a man. At first it sounded distasteful, but after careful reflection, maybe it wasn't all that bad. After all, I was a girl, and girls did things like that. Besides, if I learned to do it well enough, that might put me in the drivers seat guys.

"How do we start?"

"Suppose I line up some dates, maybe double dating for a start? After the second or third date, if you like the guy, you can start letting him feel you up. It is a great feeling and really gets the hormones jumping. That is when you have to be careful that you don't lose control. By the third or fourth date, if you still like him, you can look for some privacy, maybe a hotel room. In that case you will have to follow a script I will give you, very carefully. As long as you keep your panties on, you should not have any problems. Are you ready to take this step?"

"And if I don't like him, can I stop at any point?"

"Yes."

I wanted to do something. I didn't know if this was the right way to go about doing it. But I felt I could trust Sonia.

"OK, I want a man. Set up anything you think is appropriate."

Although there were many men at work, Sonia wanted the first couple of dates to cause no complications at work. It took her a week to come up with someone. A double date was arranged for Saturday evening.

Sonia and I spent a lot of time getting dressed. We dressed in her room, taking clothes from her closets and dressers. This would be my first time going out with a man, so everything had to be perfect.

We dressed, then undressed and redressed several times, even changing our underwear. Although she had seen me nude many times, this time was different. We were both dressing for the same reason. In the past when seeing me nude, she was dressed. There was no chance for comparison. But now, as both of us moved about the room in our birthday suits, comparison was easy. It became obvious when we saw each other in the mirror. Until that time, I had not realized how much my body had changed. With my manhood tucked out of sight, we looked very similar. Her breasts were slightly larger than mine. But the fact that I had breasts suddenly startled me. Before, I had looked at the skin I positioned in the bra as excess skin. As I looked in the mirror, my "excess skin" was not much smaller than Sonia's breasts. Even as we faced sideways, there was not much difference in our figures. How could this be?

"You OK?" Sonia said.

"Yes, I think so. I never realized how much our bodies are alike."

"You have a problem with that?"

"No, I don't think so. It's just that I don't remember being this way when I started cleaning your apartment."

"You were younger then. It has been a few years since then. It's only natural that young bodies develop."

“But from a boy into a woman?”

“Some people grow tall, others short. Some are fat and others thin. Some are hairy and masculine while others are feminine. Maybe dressing as you do and acting as you have has affected the way your body developed? Maybe this is your natural disposition.”

Walking up close to Sonia, I was able to “nipple kiss” with her. Sonia looked into my face as I looked down to see our nipples kissing. It was such an erotic thing that I shivered all over. Sonia placed her hands on my arms, pushing me slightly away from her.

“It is for the men to touch our breasts. They want to and we want them to. There is nothing like having a masculine man gently make love to your highly sensitized mammarys. It makes you really appreciate being a woman.”

I looked as her nipples came erect and subdued the urged to suck on them. The thought that a man might feel the same way about my nipples excited me. I began cupping my breasts, imagining how it would feel. Sonia gently shook me out of my daydream.

“You’ll have plenty of chances to know what it feels like. Don’t try to imagine it before you have had the chance to experience it.”

“OK, OK,” I said. We continued dressing.

We almost chose identical outfits. Sonia’s hip-hugging dress showed off her figure and exposed a peep hole between her breasts. My dress was similar with no peep hole. With its tightness between my hips and lower breasts, it made them look somewhat larger than otherwise. Heels made our legs look long and slender, an invitation to explore the junction where they met.

Jay and Bernie showed up at our door at the agreed time. Jay was Sonia’s date, Bernie was mine. Both were impeccably dressed. Both were total gentlemen and paid us numerous compliments. Bernie made me feel small and delicate as he sat beside me, first in the movie theater, then later at the diner. When we got home that evening, outside our door, Jay and Sonia kissed goodnight and it only seemed appropriate to let Bernie kiss me. He did so with a bit more zeal than I would have preferred. When I tried pulling away, he held me closer, keeping our lips and bodies in full contact. After a short struggle, I relaxed and let him hold and kiss me as he wanted.

Inside the apartment as Sonia put our coats away, I leaned against the door trying to understand how I felt about Bernie after our evening and the goodnight kiss.

“He’s a good kisser.”

“Yes, a very good kisser.”

“Did you have a good time?”

“Yes.”

“Would you want to have his babies?”

“I don’t know.”

We would not be seeing the boys again for a week. During that week, I could not get Bernie out of my mind. It felt so good to be in a man’s company. His attention was overwhelming and a boost to my fragile ego. I gave myself to a man, and it felt great.

As the next weekend approached, Sonia and I discussed how the date should go. She wanted to get fucked by Jay. She had known him for a long time and they had slept together several times before. She agreed not to do anything that would put pressure on me. During that week, while in the bathroom, I continued inspecting myself. It seemed to me that my breasts were starting to droop a bit. That either meant that they were getting bigger or that my chest was losing muscle tone. I touched myself, trying to imagine how it would feel if Bernie was doing it to me. I didn't know how different it would be, but the thought of his wanting to touch me alone was exciting.

Somehow that week was different. I was feeling more feminine than usual. Sonia even commented on it. Maybe I was mentally preparing myself for Bernie. Whatever the case, I think co-workers noticed a change in me as well. Something had changed, but I was not sure what. As I walked around the office teetering on my high heels, I felt different. Maybe I even moved differently. Maybe it was my imagination, but men were paying me more notice. I found pleasure in it.

That Saturday, I was a wreck. My anticipation of the date was obvious. Sonia tried to calm me down several times. It didn't help. I was looking for something to take my mind off the anticipated evening.

"How do you feel when a man enters you?" I asked Sonia.

"What?"

"I want to know how it feels when a man enters you. You told me that you slept with Jay a few times, and maybe even other guys. How did it feel?"

"That is a hard question to answer. At first, there is a lot of tension. At the first sign of entry, you get all wet. As he slides himself into you, you feel as though he is taking control of your body. You want him to take control of your body. Every time he moves in or out, there is this pleasurable sensation that tingles throughout your body. When he finally comes, it feels as though your whole vagina is opening to him and the warmth that comes out of him warms your whole body. You want to stay connected to him for a long time, but he withers and eventually withdraws, leaving you feeling a bit empty. But the ride is so incredible, you want to do it again. Does that make any sense to you?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe."

The doorbell rang and I jumped up to answer it. Running in heels is not advisable, though I am sure my date would have liked to see me do so. Men have this fascination with the way women move, more so when they do it while in heels. Almost tripping, I made it to the door and opened it to find Jay and Bernie waiting. Sonia came up behind me and asked them to come in. Leaving the men alone a few minutes to get ready, we came back with everything intact.

Bernie was a little less shy this time and placed his hand around my waist. I was thrilled with it. We walked out of the building towards Jay's car a block away. While Jay opened the door locks and let Sonia open the door, Bernie opened the door for me and waited till I was in before closing it. After getting in on the other side of the car, he moved over to the middle. That placed him closer to me.

Sonia could not see me without turning all the way around. Jay was able to see Bernie and myself in the rear view mirror. We were going to another movie, then to get something to eat, much like we did the week before, only this time we drove instead of walking. The four of us maintained a conversation mostly about what we expected from the movie. Both Jay and Sonia had read reviews about it and felt it was worth seeing. Bernie's closeness to me was a bit unsettling and complimentary at the same time.

Bernie was everything a girl could want. He was good looking, well-behaved and had a sense of humor. I never lacked for attention and maybe got a little too much from him. After the movie and before stopping for something to eat, we strolled a nearby waterfront walkway. Jay and Sonia walked faster than we did and were soon out of sight. Passing a nearby bench, Bernie suggested we sit and wait for them to come back our way. I agreed.

Bernie had a lot of things on his mind and asked me my thoughts on several of them. At one point, he asked why a pretty girl such as myself was not already hooked up with someone. I gave him the usual answer; I hadn't found anyone yet, but that I was hopeful. He then asked a few questions about what I wanted for my future; do I want children, etc. I told him that it would be nice but that I wanted something more from my life than just being a mother.

"You are a very pretty girl."

"Thank you."

"Would you mind if I kissed you?"

I was surprised that he would ask instead of making a move that I could accept or reject. We were sitting on a park bench in full view of a lot of people. How could anything go wrong?

"OK."

Putting one arm around my backside, he turned to face me. I was a bit nervous as his face came closer to mine. Our lips barely touched before he withdrew. I said nothing and just looked into his eyes. I was not sure what to expect as his face came closer to mine for the second time. This time, our lips remained in contact for a longer period before he withdrew. I was feeling that I wanted more than just the light touch of his lips against mine. It was a bit different the third time around. Now locked together, we began feeling each other through our lips. I wanted more, but he withdrew again.

"You're teasing me," I said.

"A little. Like wine, it requires a slow, smooth, approach before enjoying the full taste of the fruit."

My body wanted something more; I just wasn't sure what. I wanted him to do more and I knew that he sensed that I wanted more. As his face came closer to mine, I wanted something to happen, something that I would not forget.

Our lips touched and we remained that way for a while, each trying to feel the other. At one point, he began sucking as we kissed. As he pulled his face away, I was pulled with it. I didn't object, instead I followed. As our lips puckered together, I felt his tongue slowly push it way into my mouth. I was getting very excited, my manhood was trying to push free of the layers that held it in place. Looking for a little relief, I began rocking back and

forth, hoping my manhood would find a more comfortable position. I put one arm under his and pulled him closer. My hormones, male or female, I don't know which, were on the verge of exploding. His other hand came around and began stroking my face, clearing the hair from in front of my eyes. I wanted more body contact with him.

As his hand left my face, it caressed my neck, then encircled my arm, coming up under my armpit before landing on my breast. I didn't push him away. I let him have his way with me. I wanted more of what he was doing to me. It was erotic the way he massaged my breast. Even my breasts wanted more. My body was trembling and my lower part was bucking when I felt his hand up my skirt. I tried chasing his hand away, but he wouldn't budge. When his hand made contact with my crotch, I tried to stop the kiss. My efforts were not very sincere. I felt his hand part my legs, then begin sliding in and out over my underwear. With my manhood folded, there was no bulge to be felt. His hand increased the frequency of in and out movements and I felt ready to burst at the seams at any moment. When someone called our names, I let out a little whimper as my body shuddered to a full orgasm. I could feel the wetness soaking through my underwear as I looked to catch my breath. With one last kiss, Bernie broke away.

"Is that you, Jay?"

"Yeah, where are you?"

"Sitting on the bench over here."

From behind the bushes Sonia and Jay appeared. "Thought we lost you when we turned around and you weren't there. You OK, Susan?"

"Yes, I'm fine, just a little tummy ache. Let me rest a little and I'll be fine."

Sonia looked at me and knew something had happened. When I felt a little better and was finally able to balance on my heels, I stood and announced that I was ready to go.

I held on to Bernie all the way back to the car. In the back seat with Bernie, I kept holding on to him. From time to time, he put his head down close to mine and asked if I was OK. I kissed him on the cheek and said that I was fine.

In the restaurant, I went to the ladies room and cleaned myself off as best I could. Taking a pad Sonia made sure I had in my pocketbook, I placed it over my male member between my legs and pulled my wet panties up. Luckily I had worn pantyhose that evening.

The meal and conversation were great. The boys got us back to our apartment a little after midnight. Jay smooched a little with Sonia as I did with Bernie.

"Can I call you and maybe we can go out alone?"

"I would like that."

They waited till we closed the door, then left. I watched through the peephole. I didn't get my coat off before Sonia wanted to know what happened. I told her.

"Maybe there's more woman in you than you think."

I was too tired to go into a conversation with her about it. I needed a shower, then maybe I could masturbate myself to sleep.

Sunday morning, Sonia woke me by pulling the drapes open, allowing the sun to shine in my face. Sitting up in bed, I tried shielding my eyes from the sun.

"What have you been doing all night?"

"What do you mean?"

"Your breasts, your nipples are erect and red."

"What are you talking about?"

I got up and walked over to the mirror to look at my breasts through the sheer material of my baby doll. Yes, my nipples were very hard and very red. It was almost like having an erection with my nipples instead of my penis.

"Do they hurt?"

I touched them and they felt sore, as if they were rubbed during the night.

"I have some cream that should help."

Sonia came back with a tube of cream which I massaged into my breasts, paying particular attention to my nipples.

"How does it feel now?"

"A little better, but they feel so heavy."

"Heavy?"

"Yeah, as if they weigh more. I mean they look slightly larger than before, but they feel much heavier."

Sonia didn't say anything as she looked on. Taking my clothes off, I walked into the bathroom to take a shower. When finished, I came back into the bedroom and put on a clean pair of panties and a tight pullover without wearing a bra. Sonia called from the kitchen that breakfast was ready. Slipping on my 3" mules, I made my way to the kitchen.

We talked about the events of the previous night and that I was ready to meet Bernie for another date.

"Your shirt is all wet, didn't you dry yourself off?"

"I did. Maybe I am still sweating from the shower?"

I lifted my shirt and wiped off the wetness concentrated on my breasts. Before I dropped the shirt back down, Sonia noted that I had little wet bubbles forming at the tip of my nipples.

"Oh my god, you're nursing!"

"What does that mean?"

"It means you are producing milk for a baby."

"How can that be? I'm not a real girl."

"Evidently you are more of a woman than we thought."

With my blouse held up, we both looked at the little bulbs of liquid forming on the tips of my nipples. It was an amazing sight and neither of us was sure what to do next. After much discussion, we concluded that maybe this was a one-time thing. If you don't feed a

baby, breast milk dries up. All we had to do was deal with the wetness until it dried up of its own accord.

Sonia went out and bought me cotton balls to soak up the milk. She also bought a cheap bra, one size larger than I normally needed. For the next week, I walked around with this heavy chest bobbing back and forth, sometimes letting out more milk than the cotton could absorb. It was embarrassing at work when my blouse developed two wet spots over my breasts. The men and women looked at me, wondering what was causing it. I didn't look as though I had been pregnant. Without explaining myself, all I could do was apologize. Then I broke down and cried as soon as I was left alone. Sonia did everything she could to comfort me.

I would have gone out with Bernie the following weekend but my mammaries were still producing milk. Sonia took me to a doctor the second week to check out the situation. He felt everything was normal for a nursing mother. When I explained that I was not a mother, he told us that some women who want a child very badly sometimes have these false nursing starts. Although it embarrassed me, I explained that I was not even a woman. When I showed him my penis, he felt that further medical investigation was necessary.

I came back the following day for a battery of tests. The results were that I was definitely male but I had an abnormal amount of female hormones coursing through my body. Sitting in front of the doctor in my panties, I began to cry. Sonia came up beside me and held me till I stopped.

"Hormones alone should not have caused such a reaction. This appears to be a unique case unless there is something else that we don't know about. Well, young lady, is there something else that might have triggered this?"

"I don't know. Everything is so confusing. I didn't know anything about any of this. What kind of things could cause this?"

"There have been cases of men, very masculine men, who started producing milk, generally in response to some extraordinary event. There was a man who lived with his wife and child deep in the bush. She died during very cold weather. The baby was only a few months old and still nursing. When his wife died, he had no way of feeding the infant. He started producing milk which saved the baby's life. Maybe you did something that produced the same results?"

I thought of Bernie and what we had done on the bench. As I remembered how it felt and my reaction, my face reddened. The doctor and Sonia must have seen it on my face. They became very quiet.

"Well young lady, are you going to tell us so that I understand and can make recommendations?"

"Oh God, this is so embarrassing!"

"Maybe, but under your present condition, I think you should get over your embarrassment, don't you?"

Sonia and the doctor stood next to each other waiting for an answer from me. I looked at them and tried to hide my breasts from view by placing my arms over them. The weight of my arms caused a bit of pain as more drops of milk came out. I felt embarrassed and

guilty with nowhere to hide. Looking at the floor, I slowly began to describe what had happened.

"I see," said the doctor. "This is a rather unusual situation, but I can at least understand what likely brought it about. Normally, when a mother wants to stop milk production, we give her some medication that dries the milk-producing parts of the breast. In your case though, there are other factors. I would recommend letting them dry naturally. You could use a breast pump if the pain gets too much, but otherwise I would let nature take its course."

"You mean I should just stay like this?"

"Yes dear, letting nature do its thing is the best, healthiest way to proceed."

Sitting in the doctor's office for a review of the results, I could have cried, thinking that I had been turned into a woman. Everything could return to normal within a year, or not. The doctor didn't want to give me any medication that might react with the hormones already in my system. He suggested waiting it out. Sonia asked about the milk I was producing. According to the doctor, it was safe. Hormones in a human system are filtered out so the baby gets pure milk.

We walked out of the doctor's office and went home. I felt very womanly as I strutted down the street with my chest bobbing up, down, and sideways, but I was not happy with the situation.

My breasts were not that big. What made everything so uncomfortable was that they were weighty and ever-present. Wherever I went, looking down, they were there. Before they just jiggled a bit. Now they sort of swooshed as I moved. Men's eyes hung on them constantly. When I forced myself to ignore their existence, they filled with enough milk bursting to get out that it would reduce me to tears. I was still a boy, a bit shapelier than before, with two mammaries crying out, "I am woman."

The only satisfying moments I had were when alone in bed, laying on my back, I slowly rubbed them. That produced a very male reaction. It didn't take much effort from there to climax.

Another weekend approached and I expected that we were going to sit home and milk me. I had been turned into a cow, and I wasn't even a female. Sonia had other ideas. I don't know if she initiated or just agreed to the arrangements, but evidently we were both going out Saturday evening. She told me that she explained to Bernie, who had been calling daily, that I was having "female difficulties." If he was still interested, and had the patience, I would be willing to go out with him.

Sonia left on her date with Jay before Bernie arrived to pick me up. When Bernie arrived, he was very careful to not say the wrong things. He didn't say a word about my breasts, but he did compliment me on the way I looked. As before, he was a perfect gentleman. Walking towards the elevator by his side felt very special. If clothing had made me feel different before, my fuller bosom kept reminding me of how much more delicate I now was. The heels and tight skirt enforced small steps, making me grateful for the arm Bernie provided. We walked a few blocks to his car. As before, he held the door open for me.

Even in the darkened theater I could see his eyes target my bosom as I took off my coat. I apologized for the way I looked. He brushed off my comments, saying I looked fine. About halfway through the movie, I could feel the cotton in my bra fill with milk. I was becoming very uncomfortable; my breasts were on automatic, producing more milk than I was exporting. The uncomfortable feeling I had was now becoming painful. Without appearing to grab my breasts, I tried holding them in so that they wouldn't hurt so much. I finally broke down and asked Bernie if we could leave. I was in too much pain to enjoy the movie.

In the car, I began crying again. The hormones were destroying my body and mind. Bernie tried to be sympathetic but I was in too much pain. I finally told him that my breasts were producing too much milk; I needed to get to my breast pump for relief. At that point we were 30 to 45 minutes from the house. Before starting the car, Bernie put his arms around me in an attempt to be comforting. It was, but then I remembered how all this started.

"I really like you but apparently I can't handle the frustrations that come with what we did last time."

"Didn't you like it?"

"Yes, I did, but I think my body responded too much. Maybe that is why I am having problems now."

"Are you in pain?"

"Yes, I have too much milk."

"Can't you squeeze it out?"

"I might have thought that before, but now that would be like squeezing a pimple between two fingers. It hurts a lot. A pump sucks the milk out."

"I could suck it out and then you could enjoy the evening."

"You have a pump in the car?"

"Sort of. I could be the pump, if you are not too embarrassed."

"You mean you would suck the milk out?"

"Yes."

I looked at him and started crying again. My breasts were full of milk bursting to get out. This was an option.

"I think it would be too embarrassing."

"Only if you let it. I promise never to speak of this to anyone else. It'll be between us. What do you say?"

"Oh God, how do I get myself into these things?" I cried to myself. "OK, let's give it a try."

With my blouse open, I lifted the bra over my breasts. They dropped out, quivering. I was embarrassed as Bernie looked at me. I felt anything but male at that moment. Leaning over, he tried putting his lips on my left nipple. I was too short and he too tall to reach. In

desperation, he lay on his back with his head in my lap. This allowed me to lower my chest so that one, then the other, nipple was easily available to his lips.

At first I wondered how he would spit out the milk. He didn't. He slurped away for 5 minutes on one nipple, then went for the other. With the pressure relieved on both breasts, my attention turned to feeling his lips on my nipples. He was very gentle and never put his teeth on my skin. Listening to him slurp and feeling the tug on my nipples was erotic. After a while, I again began to buck my hips in an effort to find a position easier on my manhood. His interpretation of my movements was different. I could tell he had an erection and would soon look for relief.

"Please, that's enough."

"You taste so good, I could have continued till you were totally dry."

Maybe that was a compliment, I wasn't sure. With him again in the upright position, I pulled my bra down and over my breasts. From inside the cups, I pulled my breasts up slightly so they sat comfortably in the cups. He asked me if I felt better. I told him that I did and thanked him for helping.

"It was my pleasure."

With the pain of my breasts relieved, it was easier to get out of the car. As we walked towards the diner for something to eat, I could feel the sloshing of my breasts against my chest. We passed other couples coming and going. I envied the boys and their freedom, a freedom I had previously enjoyed. They moved with confidence and without hesitation. I was trapped inside a body with female characteristics and clothing that enhanced those characteristics. My movements were severely constrained as I held on to Bernie for balance. Yes, I felt sexy to some degree, but I also missed the freedom of movement the boys had. Although still a boy, I was now the object of their interest as they scanned me from head to toe.

Bernie, as always, was a gentleman and did everything to make the moment as pleasurable as possible. We had a nice conversation; he even got me to laugh a few times. We walked arm in arm back to the car. I didn't resist as he turned to me before starting the car. We embraced in a long sloppy kiss. When I felt my crotch getting wet, I broke off the kiss and asked to be taken home. At the door to my apartment, we kissed again, standing up against each other. As before, the hormones were driving me mad. I wanted to climb up on him and impale myself on his shaft. He must have felt my reaction and quickly broke it off. I was hungry for him as he moved away from me. My body was reacting on its own, sending him signals that every man wants to get. Thankfully, he held back.

Sonia was sitting in the kitchen when I entered the apartment. She was aware of what had been going on in front of the door.

"Aren't you afraid your parents might come home and see you?"

"I don't recognize myself. I doubt they would recognize me."

"How did it go?"

"It went OK. I had a nice time."

"You do anything with Bernie?"

"A little, not much."

"How are your breasts?"

"Producing a lot of milk."

Sonia read something from that.

"You forgot your pump. How did you relieve yourself?"

Looking at her, I knew that the truth would come out. "Bernie sucked me dry."

Sonia was quiet. She just looked at me.

"I couldn't help it. It was very painful. All I could do was cry. What else could we do?"

"And...?"

"And he drank all the milk."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"How do you feel about that?"

"It was like I was feeding a baby, but he was a man. At first it just relieved the pain, but after a while it started getting erotic. I mean, I was letting a man drink my milk."

"Maybe you should put the milk you are producing to good use."

"What do you mean?"

"Maybe earn some extra money as a wet nurse, or maybe there is a way to package your milk for later use, sort of like what they do with blood at blood banks."

"Is there really such a thing?"

"I don't know but I'll look into it."

We talked a while longer before I had to use the breast pump. I didn't want to go to



sleep with too much milk in my breasts. When I finally got to bed, I fell asleep instantly.

Three days later, I was still producing milk at the same rate. At dinner with Sonia that evening, she told me about a woman in the building who had given birth and because of cancer was not able to nurse her child. She was looking for a wet nurse, and was willing to pay.

WET NURSING

“Who knows how much longer I will be producing milk?”

“You are not obligated if you don’t want to or you can’t.”

“Isn’t this going too far?”

“Why? Your body is producing milk. How it got started is not relevant. Right now all you are doing is throwing the milk out. Why not put it to a good cause and get paid for it at the same time?”

“How much does it pay?”

“Probably several hundred a week, assuming you nurse three times a day.”

“What about my job then?”

“Well, maybe they will settle for twice a day, once in the morning before work and once in the evening after work.”

“What do I have to do to find out more?”

Sonia volunteered to make the phone call and accompany me to the woman’s apartment. Then if everyone agreed, I could start the nursing.

Sonia accompanied me to the Hammer’s apartment on one of the upper floors. After we knocked on the door, Jim and Jane invited us in. We answered everything honestly except that we didn’t say anything about my gender. Although money was mentioned, it was not the main topic of conversation. The Hammers seemed to be satisfied with my answers. They asked that I try nursing their baby while I was still there. They wanted to see if the baby would take my milk without any problems.

Jane, Sonia and I went into the baby’s room. In the far corner, I went to sit in the rocking chair. Jane took the baby out of the crib and brought her to me. I lifted my blouse, then my bra, exposing my engorged breasts and slightly wet nipples. With the baby cradled in my right arm facing up, I lifted my right breast and presented my nipple to the baby’s lips. Sensing the movement against her lips, she began a slow puckering motion that surrounded my nipple and began sucking. She sucked more of my breast into her mouth and finally settled into a rhythmical sucking motion. After about five minutes, I repeated the same sequence with my other breast.

Both women looked on as I fed the baby. As the baby suckled me, I looked at them without saying anything. I think they saw what I was feeling. It is hard to describe that feeling. Aside from my folded manhood, I looked and acted the part of a woman. The baby sucking on my breast made me feel very feminine.

After about 15 minutes, I disconnected from the baby and handed her back to Jane. As Jane put her back in the crib and gave her a bottle, I pulled my bra down and filled its cups

with my breasts. Pulling my blouse down, I stood up and adjusted myself as best I could. The Hammers would give me an answer the following day. They wanted to see if there were any adverse reactions to my milk.

The three of us came out of the baby's room to find Jim sitting on the couch watching TV. He asked if everything was OK. Jane told him that everything looked good. I felt a bit odd as he looked at my face and my chest. My chest was, after all, the reason for being there. After a few polite words, Sonia and I left.

Sonia and I walked back to our apartment while discussing the situation. Standing in the hallway, teetering on heels, I tried coming to terms with how I looked. I was self-conscious about my appearance and the way I felt. It was as though a whole new world had opened up to me. Everything I was doing was as a female, yet there was another truth between my legs. That evening as I undressed for bed, everything felt different. My breasts no longer felt like strange appendages. They had become part of me. As I lifted each breast in turn, it was a part of my body, not some alien appendage, I was lifting.

The following evening, Jane called to say that Lisa her baby seemed to accept the milk without any problems; I could start that evening. After dinner, I went upstairs to nurse Lisa. Jane sat with me as I did. She was envious that I had so much milk. She would never be able to nurse.

Over the next few months I nursed Lisa in the morning, in the late afternoon after work, and sometimes at night. I still found having breasts full of milk uncomfortable as they swished back and forth when I walked, but I had no choice.

At work, my engorged breasts attracted a lot of male attention. I don't think they understood the situation. The women knew I was nursing, but could not understand how that came to be when I had not been pregnant.

Because of the situation, my social life was kept to a minimum. I either went out with Sonia or Bernie. I always made sure to be pumped dry before going out.

Jane became a good friend, with Jim always in the background. Jane was sick and getting sicker. On days when she was in the hospital, I would often be alone with Jim. Although he gave me as much privacy as I needed, I felt awkward in the apartment alone with him. Aside from the actual nursing, there were other activities that needed to be done. Jim watched as I ran around the house doing them. I could feel his eyes on me. With my body full of female hormones ensuring a full figure, the heels I wore only amplified my already feminine movements. It wasn't hard to imagine what was going through his mind. It must have been months since he and Jane had sex.

As Jane got sicker, they asked me to spend more time taking care of Lisa. On some weekends, I had the baby from morning till night, sometimes even overnight. This continued for more than six months. I learned later on that one reason I producing having milk was that I kept nursing. If the milk in my breasts had gone unused for a period, my body would have stopped producing milk.

Jane got sicker. As a friend and wet nurse, I was increasingly drawn into the Hammers' lives. Occasionally, after nursing, when Jane felt especially ill, I was asked to accompany Jim to a movie or some other activity, "so he gets out." At first I objected to these dates. I

didn't want to be a replacement for Jane. But Jane kept insisting that Jim needed some recreation time. I finally relented.

After a few "dates" with Jim, our relationship warmed. Jane was the topic we most often discussed. As our relationship warmed, closeness developed. It didn't take long for our buddy relationship to evolve into something more. The first time he touched me was when he placed his hands on my hips as he directed me in the darkness of the movie theater. Later that night, exiting the theater, it was cool and he let me hold on to his arm, warming the space between us. Most of the time I wore skirts or dresses but I always wore heels, a combination which made me feel very feminine. Holding on to a good looking man amplified those feelings. The fact that I was nursing his baby added eroticism to the situation.

The sicker Jane got, the more time I spent with Lisa and Jim. When Lisa took her first few steps, I was there. It wasn't long before she came towards me, pointing at my breasts. I opened my blouse and bared my chest for her pleasure. I think Jim was sometimes turned-on by it, even though I did my best to cover myself modestly.

One evening, when I was alone with Jane, she told me that it was only a matter of time before she died. She was terminal. She asked about my feelings for Lisa. I answered that my feelings were normal for a nursing mother. Jane asked how I felt about Jim and if anything had developed between us? I liked him, he was a good guy, handsome and very attentive, but we never even kissed.

"I know he likes you too. Would you consider having a relationship with him after I am gone? I want him to be happy and I think you could make him happy. I think he makes you happy. Doesn't he?"

Wow, how should I answer something like that, especially when Jane and Jim didn't know the full truth about me?

"I...I don't know. Right now, you are still with him and he is still with you. I am just a friendly wet-nurse."

"The two of you could be more to each other. You would make a great couple. He's a terrific lover. You could have some children of your own. You would be great together and I would know that the people I love the most would be taken care of."

"Jane, these are not the right circumstances to talk about this. Maybe you'll get well. Maybe the doctors are wrong."

"No, they're not wrong. I can feel my life slipping away. I know the end will be pretty soon now."

"Jane, I can't make any promises."

"Will you at least promise me that you will give it a try? You can try to love him. I am sure he won't have any problems loving you."

"I'll try."

"Thank you." She died immediately after giving me her benediction, so to speak.

SHE DIED

Jim was in the adjoining room and I called him in. I took a few days off from work to care for Lisa while Jim made burial arrangements. He took her body back to her parents a few states away. Since I did not have any baby facilities in my own apartment, I slept in his apartment, in his bed, while he was away. It felt odd sleeping in their bed, taking care of a household, all day long. Sonia came every evening to spend time with me. She even babysat while I went out shopping or with Bernie a few times. But until Jim returned, I was the mother in charge.

With all the pressure of everything that happened, it was rare that I remembered my male gender. Bernie did to me on several dates what he did the first time. I learned to satisfy him without letting him get me pregnant, just like Sonia had advised. I never took my panties off. We both seemed to be happy with that arrangement. But I knew that when Jim returned, he would ask more of me than I had been providing.

Jim finally returned; he had a dark cloud visibly hanging over him. Instead of talking with me, he just moped around the house when not at work. I can only imagine what he was like at work. I was using Jane's credit cards to purchase household and baby goods. Jane had left me a lot of material on him so I had a good idea of what foods he liked. While he was at work, I pushed the baby carriage to the grocery store. Being out with the baby was a different feeling. Before I was a pretty girl. Now I was a young, pretty mother.

The idea that I was a young mother really hit home one day while I was at the grocery store. My mother was on the checkout line in front of me and turned around to compliment me on the baby. I froze as she looked me in the eye and asked about the baby. Trying to keep my voice higher than normal, I answered in short statements. She did not seem to recognize me.

"You're still nursing, I see."

"What?"

"Your blouse is stained."

"Oh, how embarrassing!"

"It's quite natural. No reason to be embarrassed."

I smiled as she turned to pay the cashier. I knew that if I touched my breasts to soak up the wetness, everything would get wetter, so I did nothing. When she finished paying the cashier, she turned to me once again and said, "See you around," smiled and left. I watched as she walked away. I had never paid much attention to her as a woman before. She was always my mom. But now as I watched her backside move further and further away from me, she seemed very much a woman. We were dressed alike and it occurred to me that probably my backside jiggled as much as hers.

"Miss, it's your turn," a man from behind said.

"Sorry," I said then returned to my shopping mom character. Placing my purchase items on the conveyor belt, I waited for the cashier to total them. Once she gave me the total, I began rummaging through my pocketbook. I remembered how many times I had

stood behind a woman who only at the last moment began looking for her payments options. Why did women wait so long? Why did I wait so long?

With food in the carriage and the baby quiet, I pushed the carriage out the store. The air was cool and crisp outside as I turned and walked toward my apartment building. For all practical purposes, I was the baby's mother now. Lisa had no one else. Her father was in a state of depression and the grandparents were many states away. I was the closest thing to a family he had at the moment.

In the building, everyone knew why I was taking care of the baby. They afforded me all the respect a natural mother would get. Everyone was cheerful as they greeted me and looked at the baby. They knew most of my story. The part they did not know, I didn't want them to know. That was a secret between Sonia and myself.

As soon as I got back to the apartment, I nursed Lisa till she fell asleep. Then I changed into some of Jane's clothes, since most of mine were still in Sonia's apartment, and began the housewife routine of cleaning and cooking. I had bought food I knew Jim would like and was intent on making it according to the directions Jane had left me.

I was facing the stove as Jim came home. I didn't hear him enter. My first indication that he was home was when I felt his hands cupping my waist then ride up my chest and gently massage my breasts. As his erection rubbed itself in the crack of my ass, I heard him moan something to the effect that he had thought that losing me was just a dream. Then he said, "Jane." Putting the utensils down, I turned to tell him that he was mistaken. Before I had a chance to make eye contact, his mouth was all over mine. I tried pulling away but he was too strong. Again, I let a man have his way with me, until he decided to pull apart.

"Oh God, I am so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I thought you were Jane. Your clothes, your hair style, and... I am very sorry."

"It's OK, calm down. No harm done. Just be aware that I don't generally kiss strange men."

"I know, I know, I am really sorry. It's just with the light and the way you looked, I was confused for a moment about what was real and what was a dream. I promise it won't happen again."

"Good. Lisa is asleep. I fed her before putting her to bed. Jane left me a lot of instructions about the foods you like and so forth. I bought some things today and followed Jane's instructions. Why don't you clean up and come to the table."

As Jim fumbled around, evidently very sorry for what had happened, I tried acting as though nothing abnormal had occurred. I didn't want to tell him how his touch made me feel. As a result of his action, my back was a bit straighter, enhancing my front and back ends. It made me feel all squishy inside. I would have liked nothing better than for him to take me in his arms at that moment and totally ravish me. Being a good girl, and keeping in mind my "medical situation," I tried to keep a calm demeanor as I balanced on Jane's heels.

I served him dinner, then sat and watched him eat. It felt good to know that he liked the food I cooked. There was a lot to talk about. I knew there was no way he could manage his job and take care of Lisa by himself. He would need help.

When he finished eating, he helped me clean up. Standing by my side, he dried the dishes I washed. He was so much taller than me. Even though I did not try to catch him, I knew he was looking down at me, taking in the two baby feeders I had on my chest. When everything was in place, we retired to the living room to discuss the future. I sat on the sofa and waited for him to begin.

"First, I want to thank you for everything you have done and are doing. I don't know how I could have managed without you. I don't know how I will manage without you. I guess I can hire a nanny for the day and take care of Lisa in the evening. Maybe you can continue to come over in the evening. What do you think?"

"Yes, I can do that. I assume what you mean is that I continue nursing Lisa as before, in the morning and afternoon after work?"

"Yes, that's what I mean."

But there was something else he wanted to say. I could see it in his face and in his body.

"I know there is something else you want to say. I think you should say it now so it doesn't create tension."

He looked me in the eyes, then down at the floor. Scanning me from head to foot several times, his gaze finally rested on my eyes.

"You are very attached to Lisa, aren't you?"

"How could I not be?"

"I know she thinks of you as her mother. I've even heard her call you "mama" several times. You didn't seem to object."

"In some ways I think of her as my child. After all, I have been nursing her for a long time."

"Jane made plans for her passing."

"I know, she told me some of them."

"Did she tell you how I feel about you?"

No. She just figured that it would be natural for us to get together. But since you raised the issue, how do you feel about me?"

"I tremble every time I'm near you. I can't stop thinking about you. The only reason I haven't said anything before is because of guilt. How could I say or do anything while my wife was slowly dying? The truth is that you dominate my thoughts. If it is at all possible, I would like to see more of you."

How could I tell this man that there was no future with me? How could I tell him that although I was very fond of him, I could never give him children or even a normal sex life? I couldn't even legally marry him.

"The truth is that I am very fond of you too, but there can never be anything between us. I have a condition that makes my current life temporary."

"You mean you're going to die also?"

"No, nothing like that. I expect to live to a ripe old age. I have medical condition that makes it impossible for me to share a full life with anyone else. But for as long as I can, I will keep coming and taking care of Lisa. And maybe, just maybe, we can be friends who occasionally do something together, you know, like take in a movie or something like that."

"Can you tell me what your medical condition is?"

"No, it's private."

I could tell he was hurt. I knew that Jane wanted us to get together, but I also knew that it was impossible. We would have to find our futures without each other. Besides, I still had a future life as a boy to consider.

"Can I hire you as a full-time nanny?"

"I would never make a good full-time housewife. I need interaction with adults. I need more to my life than being a mother or nanny. I will help as much as I possibly can but you should start looking for at least a daytime nanny. Until you find one, I am sure we can devise a system that works."

It was difficult leaving the apartment that night. He saw me to the door; seeing his sadness, I hugged, then cheek kissed him, telling him I would see him in the morning. Later that night, I sat at the table with Sonia and we talked about the situation. She had a brilliant idea; why not ask some of the ladies from the building to take care of Lisa during the day? They knew the situation and many of them were home anyway. It seemed like an ideal situation.

In the morning, I entered Jim's apartment and walked straight to Lisa's room. She was already awake and immediately began calling for her mommy. As I approached, I could see her salivating as she focused on my breasts. Taking her out of the crib, I placed her on my lap, then opened my blouse and raised my bra. She didn't need any prompting. Her mouth clamped onto my left nipple before I could lift my breast and make it ready for her.

She sucked my breast as I rocked back and forth while stroking her head. Without warning, the door opened wide and in stepped Jim in his underwear. Still half-asleep, he looked at me without acknowledging my presence. He had an unrestricted view of Lisa sucking on my breast. It was a bit embarrassing as our eyes met. When he finally realized what was going on, he began apologizing as he backed out of the room.

Later that morning with all three of us in the kitchen, I presented Sonia's plan to him. There was no way he could object and get to work. Accepting the inevitable, he could only thank me. As I walked down the hallway, I passed one of the girls coming to take Lisa for the day.

This arrangement lasted for quite a few months. The daily routine that developed brought me into Jim's apartment in the morning and later after work. Sometimes I would cook something for him, when I knew he was coming home late. When he was home early, I went back to Sonia's apartment and returned to his for Lisa's nighttime feeding.

Nursing and taking care of a child exposed me to a lot of dirt. This necessitated a frequent change of clothes. Since Jane and I were about the same size, it worked out well. This was a godsend for me. It meant that I didn't have to go on shopping sprees to fill out

a wardrobe. Sometimes, certain pieces of clothing had special meaning to Jim. He rarely said anything to me, but I could see it in his eyes.

Spending so much time with Lisa and Jim created an environment of informality. After a while, I began nursing in front of him. Since he sometimes walked into the room while I was in the middle of nursing, I stopped seeing his presence as an imposition. Sometimes he even walked around the apartment in his underwear. After a while, he stopped excusing himself and just went about his business.

I was taking over more and more of the household chores. I did it without complaint. It seemed natural to include taking care of the household with the things that I did for the baby. Since I washed the baby's clothes, it was just as easy to put some of Jim's clothes into the washer. When I went out shopping for baby food, diapers, et cetera, I also bought food for the apartment. Since Lisa crawled around, she made a mess, so cleaning after her included cleaning the house.

There were times in Sonia's apartment when I was bored. Thinking about the work that waited for me in Jim's apartment, I consciously restrained myself from going there. I found myself needing more rest than before. My body wasn't designed for the configuration I now possessed. The muscles in my arms had shriveled down to nothing. I had frequent back aches, probably the result of lugging two milk containers around on my chest. The upper part of my legs had swelled so much that my inner thighs kept rubbing against each other. While accenting my femininity, the heels I constantly wore caused problems, especially with my toes and the balls of my feet.

Thinking back to the events over those months, some things seem obvious. As my relationship with Jim relaxed, he complimented me more often. One Friday evening after work, I was sitting and nursing Lisa when the doorbell rang. One of the girls from upstairs had come to babysit for us. Although I was not consulted ahead of time and surprised by the gesture, I agreed to accompany him to a show. This did not leave me a lot of time to go back to my apartment and dress appropriately. Jim insisted that I wear a particular dress with matching heels that had belonged to Jane. While the three-quarter length sheer sleeves made it easy to move my arms, the surplice top showed too much of my chest for me to be comfortable. With so much skin showing, I was glad for the added jewelry. The slim straight pencil skirt ended below my knees, making it difficult to walk. The wide round buckle belt pulled my waist in, giving my hips a broad appearance. The three-inch open toe pumps with side windows highlighted my red toe nails. Jim let me wear one of Jane's dress coats. Holding a bag and looking at myself in the mirror before walking out, I knew I looked good. I certainly felt good. Jim standing behind me as I looked in the mirror, made me feel special, delicate and feminine. As he gently herded me toward the door, a special feeling came over me, one that made the ordeal of my transition worthwhile.

Jim's hands were all over me that night. He had many excuses, from giving me his arm to holding my hand as we crossed the street. In the theater, he walked behind me but directed me with his hands on my waist. When the crowd left their seats for intermission, we were shoved together, our faces inches apart.

All in all, it was a wonderful evening. I had never been to a theatrical production before. I sat mesmerized by the actors and scenery on stage. Each time I looked at Jim to point something out, he was already looking at me. It annoyed me after a while that he

was looking at me and not at the stage. Still, I was not about to correct him. I enjoyed his attention too much to notice that we were entering a danger zone in our relationship.

When we got back to the apartment and said goodnight to our babysitter, Jim suggested a small drink before retiring for the night. I agreed and sat on the couch, waiting for him to bring it. Everything felt so perfectly wonderful. All my body parts felt in sync with the way I looked. A man was bringing me a drink. How much better could this be? It was an alcoholic drink which I only realized after taking a few sips.

We spoke a bit about the theater and the production. Evidently Jim had seen many of them. The room got warmer as we talked. I felt my reactions slow down and I felt woozy from the drink. Each time I tried standing, the room swayed back and forth, making it difficult to balance in my heels. Jim was there to catch me and help me sit back down. This gave him an excuse to get closer to me. Finally our faces were inches apart. A magnetic attraction brought our lips together. When his embrace pulled me closer, I did not resist. I held on to him, all the while telling him that I wouldn't sleep with him. At some point, the lights went out.

The sun was up when I opened my eyes. It was obvious where I was. In the bed next to me, Jim was still asleep. I heard Lisa playing and I realized it was her feeding time. Throwing the covers off, I was thankful that I still had my underwear on, though the bra was soaking wet. In one of the dresser drawers there were bras that had belonged to Jane. With my back toward the bed, I took mine off and put hers on, then went to Lisa's room.

Sitting in the chair in panties and bra, one breast pulled up to nurse Lisa, in walked Jim. "How are you feeling this morning?"

"OK, I think. What happened last night?"

Before answering, Jim walked over to me, bent down and kissed me full on the lips. Holding Lisa on my lap prevented me from pushing him away.

"It seems you can't drink."

"Yes, I know. I mean, what happened between us?"

"I seemed to be tipsy as well and I would never be able to get you back to your apartment. Since I have a double bed, I figured I would be safe from you. I took off just enough clothing so that you could sleep comfortably."

"You took my clothing off!"

"Yes."

"And then what?"

"Nothing. I had the damnedest time. I wasn't feeling much better than you. I was lucky to make it to bed."

"That still doesn't answer my question. Did you do anything to me? Did we do anything? Should I be embarrassed?"

"You mean because I saw you in your underwear?"

"That too!"

"It was too dark to see much. I have a splitting headache. Let me get some aspirin, then we can talk about whatever you want. OK?"

Within the hour, Lisa was fed and both Jim and I were showered and mostly dressed. I had to borrow another piece of Jane's clothes. I made eggs and toast, though maybe I should have asked Jim to make it. He came to the table when I called. I couldn't help thinking that this was what he used to do with Jane. It was assumed that I would cook and he would eat, like that was the woman's job. I sat and just watched him eat.

"What?"

"You still didn't answer me. Is there something I should be embarrassed about? Is there something I should know about last night?"

"No and no. Nothing happened other than that I undressed you so you could sleep comfortably. I didn't see much of anything since I never turned the lights on. I didn't touch you in any inappropriate places."

I was trying to decide how to respond. "OK, OK. In that case, thank you for being considerate. But next time, just remember that a girl has her modesty to consider."

He shook his head, then he continued eating.

By mid-morning, we were both fully dressed, doing things around the house.

"You want to go out for lunch?"

"No, it's easier if I make something."

I was standing by the kitchen sink when Jim came up behind me. His hands cupped my waist as his erection pressed the crack of my ass. His warm breath and moist kisses on my neck sent shivers down my spine.

"Please Jim, we can't do this."

He kept kissing my neck. His body rubbed against mine, causing my own desires to be heightened.

"Please Jim, I don't want to do this."

I turned around to push him away; we were now face to face and his hands on my back were pulling me closer to him. I looked up at him, hoping that the pleading in my face would get him to stop. Instead, his lips met mine and I did not pull away. I wanted him very badly, but I also knew that we were physically incompatible. The feelings I experienced were so pleasurable intense, I did not want to stop the activity.

He carried me into the bedroom, never letting our lips part. It was so erotic and romantic at the same time, all I could think about was how to satisfy him. Lowering me onto the bed, with our lips locked, he began unbuttoning my top. I did not fight it, instead I unbuttoned his shirt. When both of us had nothing on above the waist, he lay down beside me, bringing my swelled breasts up against his hairy chest. Unlike my smooth skin, his was rough and hairy. My nipples moved across his chest, sending waves of pleasure through me. I still had my heels on. Somehow they added to the tension of the moment.

His right leg came over my left leg, pressing for me to part my legs. My tight skirt held them together, so he lifted the skirt, freeing my legs to part. With both his legs between

mine and his manhood against my crotch, he began a thrusting motion. I reacted by meeting his thrust with my own. Finally he spread legs further apart and began a back and forth movement with his member rubbing against my crotch.

I desperately wanted him in me, but I knew that was impossible. Yet the waves of pleasure pulsating through me kept me from breaking it off. He was on top of me and the next step was obvious, so obvious that I cried out. Thinking he hurt me, he momentarily stopped and lifted his chest off me. In this suspended position, he looked at me, waiting for further explanation.

"I can't. I want to, but I can't. My breasts are too full. It is too much for me. Please, can we stop?"

He rolled off me and lay by my side.

"I am so sorry. I know how you must feel. But I just can't have sex now. I just can't do this!" Then I began to cry.

If he felt frustration, it melted away as I began to cry. Sitting up, I tried covering my nipples in modesty, but my eyes needed my hands more. By the time I had dried my eye sufficiently, I could feel wetness dribbling off my breasts. He could see that my reason for stopping was real.

Bringing his face close to mine, he gently kissed me several times on my face, then worked his way down my neck, on to my chest and finally to my breasts. Lisa was asleep and I did have excess milk.

"Would you mind if I tasted some of your milk?"

"You really want to?"

"Yes, I would like to know what it tastes like for Lisa."

"OK, just be gentle and don't hurt me."

Jim sucked away for a few minutes, then went to my other breast. After a few minutes, he finished and sat up. "You know, you taste very good. I don't know why but it never occurred to me before to taste any of it. Have you tried any of it?"

"No, I'm not curious."

"Do you feel better now?"

"Yes, a little bit."

Jim stood, then helped me up. Covering my nipples with one hand, I made my way to the bathroom. After cleaning myself off, I took another of Jane's bras and dressed. Jim was already dressed by the time I exited the bedroom. He looked at me as I sat next to him at the table in the kitchen.

Finally, Jim broke the silence and said, "You know I am totally crazy about you. I just want to ravish you and stay with you. Do you think that one day you'll want me as badly?"

"I want you now, but my condition prevents me from going all the way with you."

"You mean the milk in your breasts?"

"No, the condition I first mentioned to you."

"And you won't tell me what it is?"

"No! There's food in the refrigerator. You can make lunch for yourself."

I walked out of the apartment, leaving him to his thoughts. I needed to get away. I needed time to think. His wants and mine were the same, but I was still physically a boy. Still in Jane's clothes, I entered Sonia's apartment. She was in the living room, reading.

"Nice clothes."

"They were Jane's."

"And now they are yours."

"No, I'm just borrowing them."

"Are you also borrowing her life, her husband?"

I looked at her, trying to figure out if she was being mean or just stating the facts as she saw them.

"You could just move in with him and continue in the life she would have had. She would probably have wanted that."

"Do you know what you are suggesting? Firstly, I am not a woman. We could never have normal sex. If he ever found out the truth about me, that would end everything. Besides, trying on your clothes was just supposed to be a temporary experience, not a permanent future."

I sat down on the couch next to Sonia and began crying. Every time I lifted my head, tears began anew. Sonia moved closer to me. Then, we hugged.

"The truth is, you are more a woman than you think you are. Having a penis between your legs does not make you a man."

"This whole thing is driving me crazy! I walk, act and feel like a woman, yet I sometimes have dreams about being a man again."

"You were never a man. You were a boy that grew up into a woman. Why not accept what you have become?"

"Because what I have become is not my natural self. If I never would have come over to you, I would have grown from boyhood into manhood."

"Maybe, but what is so wrong with the way you are? You can't tell me that you don't have feelings for Lisa and Jim. Don't you think your desires could be satisfied by living with Jim and Lisa?"

"And how would I overcome the reality between my legs?"

"Maybe Jim's feelings would overcome that problem. Maybe a little inventiveness on both your parts would provide a reasonable sex life. Sex is, after all, a relatively small part of married life. Sex can be satisfied in alternative ways, similar to what you have done with Bernie."

"You know, you are crazy! First you change me into this, and now you suggest that I spend the rest of my life this way."

"Maybe all I am doing is making it possible for you to do what you want to do. I never forced you into my heels. I never forced you into my clothes. Even if I did prompt you, you had the choice to never come back. The only blame I can accept is that I wanted a friend and you were the most logical choice. Haven't we been good friends to each other?"

I looked down at the floor and thought about what she was saying. Yes, most of what happened was at my own initiative. Although she had introduced me to Bernie, it was mostly my own actions that led to my current situation. Who could have known that my body would react the way it did?

"So what you are saying, as a good friend, is that I should move in with Jim and Lisa?"

"It would probably be for the best, all the way round."

I stood up and walked toward my bedroom. After undressing, I wrapped a towel around myself and walked to the bathroom. When the shower water warmed enough, I stepped into it. Pushing the hair from my face, I looked down. I could hardly see my manhood over my breasts. Pushing the water down my sides, I felt the curvature of my body expand below my waist.

Finishing the shower, I stepped in front of the mirror and looked at myself. Aside from one small spot, I was all female. I could feel anger building in me. As I got angrier, I began to think about Lisa, then Jim. My anger subsided and an emotional longing set in. I enjoyed nursing Lisa. It gave me a lot of pleasure. I also enjoyed Jim's attentions. It made me feel special and wanted. Maybe something could be worked out?

That evening as I sat and nursed Lisa, I watched Jim watch TV. We didn't say much to each other. Later I sat on the couch next to Jim as Lisa played on the nearby floor.

"My condition does not allow me to have sex!"

Jim looked at me in surprise.

"I have a non-functioning sex organ! As a result, I can never have children. I have desires that can't be satisfied. I get very frustrated over this, because I think that sex is natural in a marriage!"

"Depends on a lot of things," Jim responded.

"Now you know why our relationship cannot progress beyond what we have now."

Jim remained quiet. We watched TV without saying a word. After putting Lisa to sleep, we continued watching TV. When it came time to go to sleep, I got up to leave. Before reaching the door, I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"Please stay the night. The bed is big enough so that we don't have to touch. You didn't have a problem with me in the past. I'll be good. I just don't want to be alone tonight."

I looked up into Jim's face trying to get a hint of what I should do.

"Just tonight?"

"Yes."

We walked side by side into the bedroom. I already knew where everything was so I went toward a dresser and took one of Jane's nightgowns into the bathroom to change. After putting everything on, I looked at myself in the mirror. Under the see-through night-

gown, I wore a teddy and panties. I was hoping that by the time I exited the bathroom, the lights in the bedroom would be dim and things wouldn't be obvious.

Standing by the bed, I looked at Jim, waiting for some acknowledgment. He only said that I looked pretty and continued looking at me. Taking the nightgown off, I threw it on a nearby chair, then slowly slid in between the blankets. Jim asked if I wanted to watch some more TV before falling asleep. I told him that he could watch if he wanted but that I would be going to sleep. With the TV on, I fell asleep.

I woke in the morning to Lisa's gurgling sounds. I would have gone straight to her but Jim was wrapped around me, one hand cupping my lower breasts. His erection was separating my ass cheeks as his arm grew tighter around me. His breath on my neck was warm and soothing. All this, and he was still asleep.

"Jim. Jim, please wake up!"

It took a moment for him to finally wake. Realizing the position we were in, he immediately moved away and began apologizing for having touched me.

"It's OK. I know you were asleep. Besides that position was not that uncomfortable. I just need to get up to take care of Lisa."

Without saying anything, he watched as I got up and put on Jane's see-through gown. There wasn't much I had to hide that he had not seen before, so I didn't make a big deal about it. Slipping into Jane's heeled mules I closed the gown and walked into Lisa's room. As before, the sight of my breasts attracted her eyes. We sat on the rocking chair as she slurped her way to a full stomach. Jim came in later to ask if I wanted breakfast before or after showering. I told him after. When I finished nursing Lisa, I left her in the living room with Jim and went to shower again.

After the shower, I found myself rummaging through Jane's clothing for something that would fit my mood for the day.

"I always liked Jane in that outfit."

"And how do I look in it?"

"Just as good and maybe even better than she did."

I sat down to eat with Jim as we listened to the radio. That made the morning pass pleasantly.

I got up and started cleaning up as Jim watched me.

"You're going to stay the rest of the weekend?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Definitely."

"In that case I will, but remember there are limits to what we can do."

"OK. OK. I'll be careful. Can I at least kiss you occasionally?"

"Only as long as it does not lead to anything else."

I slept over Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. Monday morning I had to go to work but instead of wearing my clothes, I wore one of Jane's suits. I left before one of the up-

stairs girls came to take over babysitting. At the door, Jim made sure to give me a big goodbye kiss that made me go back inside to reapply my lipstick.

I met Sonia in the lobby and we traveled together to work. We were halfway there when Sonia began demanding to know what happened that weekend. I told her.

"Maybe you're falling in love with both of them?"

"Both of them?"

"Jim and Lisa."

I didn't respond. Could it be possible that I, a male, could fall in love with another male? That thought stayed with me throughout the day.

The remainder of the week went pretty much as it had for many months. I nursed Lisa in the morning, late afternoon and evening before she went to sleep. I slept at home with Sonia. Friday night, Jim asked that I stay the weekend again. He was lonely.

I spent the next four weekends with Jim and Lisa. By the third weekend, I was feeling a bit more confident, even to the point of allowing Jim to continue wrapping himself around me as we slept. He never abused the privilege, and I thoroughly enjoyed his closeness and touch. On the fourth weekend, I felt confident enough to suggest activities for the three of us. Jim agreed and we began going out as a "family." Invariably, someone would assume that we were married and that I was Lisa's mother. It was easier to accept this assumption than to try to explain the truth.

About six or seven weekends later, Jim came into the bathroom one morning while I was showering and entered the shower completely nude. I was shocked and not sure where to hide. I covered my breasts with one hand and my crotch with the other. Backing into a corner, I started saying something and crying at the same time.

"Mine is a lot bigger than yours."

I wasn't sure I heard what I thought I heard.

"I said, mine is bigger than yours."

"I heard what you said!" I shouted back. "What does that mean?"

Under the warm water, he came up close to me and put his lips on mine. I was still covering my breasts and crotch so I had nothing with which to push him away.

"No. No. No." I cried.

Yes, yes, yes," he responded.

"How could you?"

"How could I what? Know?"

"Yes, how could you know?"

"It took a lot of effort, but I had to find out."

"You peeked while I was asleep?"

"No."

"Then what?"

"I hounded Sonia until she told me the truth."

"She told you?"

"Everything."

"So now you are making fun of me?"

"Now I am telling you that it does not matter."

"It must matter. I told you already, we can't have sex. I can't have children. And I certainly can't marry you."

"Well, not all of that is completely true."

"Oh, which parts?"

"We can have sex, though not as I would have expected it. We can also have children; adoption is one option. And I found a way in which we can be legally married."

I figured he must be deranged to come up with the conclusions he had. I wanted to get out of the water and the only way was if he let me out.

"I want to get out of the shower now."

"OK, all you have to do is wrap your arms around my neck and tell me you love me."

I saw this as the only way out. Under the worst circumstance, he would humiliate me. Then I would go and kill Sonia.

I moved up close to him and raised my arms to put around his neck. My full breasts protruded enough so that they made contact with Jim's hairy chest. Our lips met as he pulled me closer, squishing my breasts. My body was smooth and it meshed into the roughness of his body as our kiss intensified. It suddenly occurred to me that his lower section was pulling away from mine. I felt his hand snake in between us. I knew what he was looking for. I tried pulling away but his grip on me was too tight. His hand found its mark and cradled it. I knew this must be the end. I began crying in the middle of the kiss. From that point on I knew it was going to get ugly. I knew that not only would this ruin our relationship, but that it would also ruin my entire life.

"Told you that mine was bigger than yours."

"What?"

"I said, I told you mine was bigger than yours."

"So what do you want to do now, parade me in front of everyone? Make my life a living hell? What is it you want, now that you know everything?"

"I want you, of course."

"I don't understand."

"I told you a long time ago, I want you."

"What does that mean?"

"It means we should be married, live together, have children, and what else do married people do? Oh yes, have lots of sex."

He let go of me and turned the water off. Pulling the shower curtain aside, he helped me out. I was not sure what to do next. He pulled a towel off the rack and began drying me. I did not resist. When it came to my crotch area, he asked that I spread my legs so that he could dry me. I did as he requested. When I was completely dry he told me that there were clothes on the bed for me. I left him in the bathroom to dry himself as I went to the bedroom. I was fully dressed by the time he exited the bathroom.

"That was the fastest I've seen you get dressed yet."

"Under the circumstances..."

"You want to prepare some breakfast while I get dressed?"

"OK."

By the time he was dressed and came out of the bedroom, I had breakfast prepared. He came over and kissed me on the lips before sitting down at the table. I only nibbled at the food. I knew something bad must be coming.

"Well?"

"Well, what?"

"Aren't you going to ask me how we could be married?"

"OK, how are we going to be married?"

"Jane died and I registered her death in the state where she is buried. In this state, there is no record of her death. I still have all her paperwork, driver's license, birth certificate and all. You just take her place."

"That is not legal!"

"Not totally legal, but legal enough for us to live happily for many years."

"What about medical insurance?"

"I change companies, I change medical insurance carriers."

"How long have you known?"

"A little more than a week now."

"Did Sonia tell you that I was thinking about possibly returning to manhood?"

"Yes. You would always have that option, should you so choose. But I am betting that I can make you happy enough so that would not be a choice you would want to make."

"You are crazy!"

"Yes, I am crazy in love with you. I guess Jane saw this possibility as a likely reality, even though she didn't know your secret."

"You can't really be serious?"

"Very much so."

"Sex is very important. What about sex?"

"There are ways a man and woman who do not function like most couples can have a satisfying relationship."

"I don't know what to say."

"Say yes."

I sat there dressed in Jane's clothes, mothering her child and now being offered her husband as mine. I knew I wanted to stay with Jim and Lisa but I didn't want to make any rash decisions.

"What about my work?"

"There is no reason why you can't keep on working. There is always a way to make things work out."

"What about my family?"

"That should be the least of your problems. There are a number of paths we can take. We can take pictures of you looking like a boy and send them to your parents. We could tell them the truth, and hope that they accept your new look. Or we could just follow your original plan."

"I didn't have any original plan. This whole thing sort of just happened."

"In that case, we can make up a plan. Together, I am sure we can come up with something that works."

"I need time."

"That's OK. Suppose we work it out slowly. You stay with us every weekend as mother and wife, as you have already been doing. Then as you feel more comfortable, just start sleeping over more nights of the week. How does that sound as a plan?"

For the next few months that is what we did. Lisa was already calling me "Mama," so going out together was natural. As the weeks turned into months, I began sleeping over more and more. I carried Jane's identification with me at all times and accepted everyone's assumption that I was Lisa's mother and Jim's wife. Within six months, everyone who knew me, including the upstairs ladies, came to accept me as Jane Sarah Hammer. Sonia commented on how quickly and easily everyone had just accepted the new me.

Within the year, I moved out of Sonia's apartment and was living full-time with Jim and Lisa. I continued to work and made babysitting arrangements as needed.

True to his word, Jim made me feel like the woman I have become. My slight physical imperfection has not been a major obstacle to overcome. Sometimes I consider an operation to make my physique conform to the way I look and feel. Jim shows me off like a trophy wife. He loves buying me erotic underwear. He looks to touch me at every opportunity in the most intimate places at the most inappropriate times. He gets off on it, and as much as I complain, so do I.

Two years later with Lisa eating now regular food, I was no longer nursing. My breasts had returned to "normal," whatever that is in my situation. I still always wear heels that Jim buys for me. He never hesitates to show me affection by touch and kiss. I have found that it is dangerous to bend down while Jim is near my rear.

Jim surprised me when Lisa was three years old with another child. Someone on his side of the family had a child out of wedlock. The child would have been put up for adoption had we not intervened. Jim found another child who needed a loving family a few

years later. By the time we reached our mid-thirties, we were parents to three children. I've gotten used to being called Mommy and dealing with all of the feminine aspects of life. While being a woman has a few disadvantages, they are many compensating advantages.

Sonia and I have remained friends during all these years. She never did marry and sometimes expressed envy that I had. Her one and only pregnancy ended with her giving up the child to a loving family. Ours. The child needed my nursing. By the time I was forty, we had four children.

To think that all this came about because I was curious as to how it feels to wear high heel shoes.

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