

Here I Sit...



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HERE I SIT. . .

By Ms Bébé Talons

Here I sit, broken hearted. . . and I'm sure you know the rest of it!

Anyway, there was a time when I was a happily married man (or so I thought!), with my own successful, thriving electronic-fabrication business and everything any man needed to cover his basic necessities and then some.

Like I said, "*There was a time. . .*"

Now I am a married woman, husband to the man who now runs my business!

Hunh?

WTF?

It all started about four years ago when I agreed to go to a Halloween party with my now ex-wife and I stupidly agreed to switch genders with her on that night.

Big mistake!

Holly stands five-nine in her stocking feet and weighs in at one hundred forty-one pounds of well-toned muscle while I am five four and weigh in at a mere one hundred and ten pounds even, and while not weak, am not as strong as she which she proved to me often by always being the one on top!

So, I was set up.

I didn't know.

Actually, it started when I first met Ms Holly Howorth. Hell, I probably wouldn't have done anything about it even if I had realized what was happening! Besides, I rather liked it that she took charge.

All right, already! So I'm a passive sort, even bordering on masochistic. How else do I explain my double piercings in my ears (at her insistence!) and the little red tattoo on my behind that proclaims, "My Wife!"

It all seemed perfectly innocent at the time.

Besides, how was I to know?

I never look for plots nor hidden meanings nor coercion.

I guess I'm just a natural patsy.

Or gullible.

OK! OK! Jeezums! So I'm a submissive masochist. Sue me!

Anyway, as a small child, my mother played games with me and she dressed me as a little girl. I remember those as very pleasurable times and the lessons learned by her example prepared me for my eventual role in the scheme of things.

I helped mother with the household chores, taking pleasure in making beds, doing laundry, sweeping and mopping and dusting and even learning my way around a kitchen to the point I became quite proficient.

It all stopped when I started kindergarten.

To recap somewhat, being an only child of working parents, I was alone much of the time and being quite precocious, I read. By the time I entered kindergarten, I was far ahead of my contemporaries scholastically



and during the second week of school, I was booted up to the first grade where I soon proved to be far ahead of those students too. So, to make a long story short, the school officials tested me extensively and discovered I was fifth grade material.

So, there I was, a five-year-old surrounded by eleven year olds. Talk about a fish out of water, the only friends I had were my books. I soon learned that I had exceeded fifth grade knowledge so far that I was totally bored with the material. I already knew it!

Anyway, by one way or another, I was a college freshman at age thirteen and a University junior three weeks later by taking all required courses final tests, passing with straight A's. With the basic courses out of the way, I was able to concentrate on those courses that held interest.

Architecture and electronics interested me most.

At age eighteen, I graduated from State University with a double doctorate in electronics and architecture, and using some of the money I had inherited from my parents' deaths, I bought a twelve thousand square foot two storied building near a new industrial development, hired two assistants who had graduated with me (I knew them and their work) and began *If It Can Be Done, We Can Do It!*, figuring we'd have lots of people knocking on our door to see just what it was that we could do!

Dream along with me!

In our first month, we had one person come through the door and he only wished to ask directions to a competitor.

Undaunted, we developed some electronic boards that did specific things for specific reasons inside a computer, and lo and behold, they sold!

Five thousand units from a major computer producer!

So, instead of designing, we built every single one of those boards by hand and came in well under budget.

Our first paychecks!

What a heady feeling!

The stampede started. Within weeks, we had more orders to design and build our boards than the three of us could handle. So, we hired several local, unemployed women to do the grunt work. These women chattered away like magpies but all the time their fingers were moving, and moving deftly, correctly and faster than a speeding bullet!

They were so fast, they filled orders faster than they came in! Almost.

Then came the Second Electronic Exposition in Seattle where I met Ms Holly Howorth, a super saleswoman who could sell deep freezers to Eskimos!

During the course of our first meeting, I told Holly the story of my life and why I was so much younger than my contemporaries. She listened, fascinated, as I wove my tale when out of the blue, she asked, "Will you have dinner with me tonight, Harold?"

I was thunderstruck! I had never been on a date with a woman before!

"I know a quiet place where we can get a good steak, maybe a drink or two and have some fun dancing. What do you say?" she asked with a brilliant smile.

OK, I was hooked!

Here was this statuesque blonde Valkyrie asking little me out on a date!

What did I say to her? What do you think? What else?

Of course I agreed.

"Fine!" she enthused. "I'll pick you up at six. Be ready now!" she warned me teasingly.

Something told me that I had better be prompt!

Promptly at six, there was a soft knock at my door and naturally it was she, only she was no longer wearing a dress. She had changed into a black gabardine

woman's power suit with trousers and even without make-up, she was stunning!

"Hi," I managed, catching my breath. "You look great!" I added shyly. Suddenly, I was tongue tied in the extreme!

She glanced at my casual flannel slacks, my white silk formal shirt with my black bow tie, and smiled winningly. I had let my hair down and it bounced softly against my shoulders. I knew it was daring, but somehow I knew that she would like it!

And I was right!

"You're lovely," she whispered and the next thing I knew, I was in her arms and being kissed like there was no tomorrow!

When she released me, she stepped back. "Harold, I have something I'd like you to wear for me tonight."

"Oh? What?" I was intrigued.

"This," and she handed me a beautiful mink stole.

My breath caught in my throat. I had never seen anything so beautiful! I stood passively as she draped it around my shoulders and fastened it at my throat.

"Oh, Holly. . ." I murmured, enthralled.

"Perfect!" she grinned holding out her arm. "Shall we go, gorgeous?"

I felt so odd as I minced along by her side, me looking so short and feminine, her so tall and obviously masculine!

Getting into the cab, I felt her hand caress my swelling bottom through my slacks and I involuntarily wriggled with enjoyment.

At the night club, Holly ordered for both of us after the *ma tre-de* had held my chair, murmuring, "*Made-moiselle.*"

At Holly's nod, he clicked his heels. "*Oui, Monsieur,*" and off he went.

I draped the stole over the back of the chair and looked up just in time to see Holly holding out her

hand. "May I have this dance, Mademoiselle?" she teased.

I blushed furiously but stood and moved into her arms.

She led, of course and I enjoyed pressing my face against her breasts and wishing it was skin instead!

She delivered me back to my hotel shortly after midnight after securing my promise to go out with her the next night too.

Just before she released me, she whispered, "Try a touch of bright pink lipstick tomorrow and maybe a quick spritz of a delicate perfume?"

I was so addled that I quickly agreed before I realized what she wished and then it was too late, the door was closed and she was gone!

I wandered around in a dazed quandary all day, not knowing where I was nor what I was doing and shortly before three, I found myself in cosmetics shop fingering red lipsticks. I finally decided on a shocking pink tube and as I was going to pay for it, I passed a perfume counter. On a whim, I stopped. "Er, I'd like to buy a light fragrance for my girl friend," I alibied to the young sales clerk.

She smiled. "Hold out your hand." When I did, she spritzed me. "How's that?"

I sniffed delicately.

"It's called *Desire*," she explained.

I smiled. Yes, it was perfect. "I'll take it."

And when Holly arrived to pick me up, I had on a white silk shirt with pearlized snaps, my black bow tie and a pair of tight white denim jeans as well as a pair of cowboy boots with two inch heels.

Around my shoulders was the mink stole, my lips bore bright pink lipstick and the soft aroma of *Desire* filled the air.

Holly stopped dead in her tracks. "My God, Miss Dodge! You are so beautiful!"

And she kissed me! The way she addressed me went right over my head!

And that was the second date which led into a third, which led into a fourth and by the time the Exposition was over, she had asked me to marry her.

When she slipped that humongous diamond ring onto my third finger left hand, I about swooned with joyous delight!

You know I said, "Yes!"

Then we were back home with Holly selling our products and we had to hire more production workers, mostly women because for some stupid reason, most men do not want to do menial or grunt work, no matter the hourly stipend!

As time passed, Holly began to make little suggestions to me and for the most part, I followed them. Like fingernails. She had me professionally manicured and my nails looked painted when in actuality they were just highly buffed.

Then she suggested I wear a different sort of slacks. These were tighter fitting around my butt and fitted my shrinking waist perfectly. That they either zipped closed up the left side or in back never dawned on me!

Along with the new slacks, she suggested different styles of shirts that were of a softer material or slippery and sensuous to the touch. They even buttoned or zipped backwards or up my back, but I swallowed her bait, hook, line and sinker!

Sure, they were female fashions, but I was so smitten with her and under her spell that I accepted her direction willingly, if not eagerly!

I now wore lipstick and perfume regularly and at her suggestion, had my shaggy eyebrows plucked in arches that made me look surprised whenever I looked up. I even started to wear soft, clingy nylon nightgowns to sleep in, at her suggestion, of course.

But, no matter how much she cajoled or urged me, I refused point blank to have my ear lobes pierced! "That's going too far!" I complained. "Isn't it enough

that you've got me wearing feminine clothing and make-up?" I added snidely. "Next you'll want me to wear dresses or skirts with my blouses! And that I will not do! Not for you, not for anyone!" I emphasized deliberately.

To my wonder, she dropped the subject altogether, but I still continued to wear my feminine wardrobe and use make-up to enhance my best features!

I liked it all, so went along with it.

Then one night, Holly asked me to be the blushing bride. This was two months before we were married. Now I knew Holly was bossy, pushy, demanding and all the rest of those words used to describe dominant, assertive women, but being the passive sort that I was, I paid it no mind. Besides, it was easier to go along to get along!

"Why, I can't be the bride!" I exclaimed in dismay.

"And why not?" she demanded.

"Well, for one thing, I am not a girl!" I insisted.

She laughed. "Honestly? Who's been wearing lipstick and perfume and girlish clothes and a mink stole these past weeks?"

"Why, I have," I admitted. "But it was only because you wished it."

"And because you liked it!" she leered maliciously.

I blushed. "No, I . . ."

"But, Harriet, it's such a tiny thing! No one will care and it would mean so much to me! You must realize how much more I like you when you're my girl, don't you?"

Yes, she had started to call me Harriet on occasion and I sort of liked it.

I was screwed! I nodded sheepishly. The truth was, I loved being her girlfriend and having her take charge of everything!

"Well, OK, but nothing too garish," I warned. "And this once only!" I warned.

"Of course, Harriet," she soothed, kissing me gently.

That was how I found myself in a bridal shop being fitted for a wedding gown! Except that the owner thought my waist was too fat and suggested a corset to improve things. . . I could hardly breathe once the damned thing was laced in to its fullest and he measured me, saying, "Ah, twenty-one inches! Should be twenty, but we have plenty of time before the ceremony!" he exclaimed.

And that was just the beginning. Against my better judgement, I agreed to the wearing of the "proper" accoutrements for a bride and soon found myself wearing a

padded white satin bra, white satin flare legged panties, white nylons and white patent leather operas with four inch heels that about gave me conniption fits before I mastered them! I hated to admit it, even to myself, but these items gave me a deep, vicarious thrill that made me feel all fuzzy and warm inside.

For the next week, I wore that damned corset and heels everywhere and as time passed, I became more and more fluid when I walked, my hips swiveling and swaying with voluptuous movements.

I liked that!

Surprisingly, my waist adjusted and the corset loosened considerably. But was I granted any relief? Dunbesilly! The owner fitted me with an even smaller corset, laced it in to its snugest and chortled happily when he announced, "Ah, it's just a shade over nineteen inches! Keep up the good work, Miss Harriet!" he smiled as he fondled my huge, protruding rear end!

I hated that!

Unless it was Holly doing it!

To give me practice in wearing a skirt, Holly had me wearing dresses with my undergarments and heels, and believe it or not, my base arguments faded with every wearing! I was more female than I had ever been

male, only I would not admit it, even to myself! I was just play-acting!

Two weeks before our wedding, Holly took me to see her doctor to have me checked out thoroughly. "Don't want any nasty surprises, do we?" Holly grinned.

"What kind of surprises?" I asked, dumb-founded.

"Oh, you know, those nasties that are found everywhere nowadays," she replied.

"But I don't have any. . ." I started to protest.

"You never know," she grinned.

"Well, I know!" I declared, stung to the quick. "I have never done anything like that in my whole life!" I added weakly.

"Neither have I, but that doesn't mean we didn't pick up something from some public place, entirely innocent on our part, that is."

"Oh." I had no response to that.

She smiled sweetly and guided me forward into the office.

It was a strange examination! First, the nurse gave me a questionnaire to fill out and I found many of the questions rather insulting if not downright embarrassing and/or humiliating!

For instance, "How old were you at the start of your menses?" And, "Have you ever been pregnant?" And, "Are you *virgo intacta*?"

I pointed out these irrelevancies to the nurse, but she just smiled and told me, "Do the best you can, Miss Dodge."

I noticed that she had typed Miss Harriet Dodge on my folder.

Finally, I was ushered into an examining room and told to undress fully and put on the paper covering that was there.

I undressed down to my corset, leaving it because I could not reach the laces in back. I slipped into the paper gown, but I surely felt greatly exposed because the

thing was way too short, even for me! I sat on the cold metal table and waited.

And waited.

And waited.

After a good half hour, the nurse entered. "Doctor is running a bit late because of an emergency," she explained, and left me alone again.

So, I waited.

And waited.

And waited.

Finally, I opened the door and called out. "Hey? Where is everybody?"

A door opened and a surprised nurse exclaimed, "Who are you?"

"I'm Harold Dodge. I was supposed to be examined by the doctor over an hour ago."

"Dodge? But you have already been seen!"

"No, I've been waiting here like forever," I countered angrily.

"Oh, dear. Wait a minute." And she disappeared.

A few minutes later, a woman in a white coat and a stethoscope around her neck came into my room. "I'm sorry, Miss Dodge, things sometimes get a little hectic around here. Now, what was your complaint?"

"I'm waiting for Dr. Hulbert."

"I am Dr. Hulbert, Dr. Barbara Hulbert, as a matter of fact." She smiled.

"Oh, I didn't know," I alibied.

"Well, now you do." After a bit, "And what is your complaint, Miss Dodge?"

"Nothing, I feel fine. It was my fiancée, Ms Holly Howorth who wanted me to be checked out for any disturbing discrepancies before our marriage in two weeks."

"Oh, yes, Holly... Let me see," and without a word, stripped the paper covering from me leaving me naked but for my corset!