

A Husband for Louise



Cynthia Leigh

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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A HUSBAND FOR LOUISE

By Ms. Cynthia Leigh

Chapter I

“Wear it for me, Lulu,” the woman ordered, tossing the silken garment to me.

I caught the oriental print sheathe dress, gaped at Ms. Rachel, my mouth wide, my heart thudding loudly as I wondered, vainly, how I might extricate myself from my predicament without any more damage being done to my already shaky reputation.

My Lady Friend, Ms. Rachel Lynne Kline, lolled on my sofa, a knowing, sardonic grin curving her lips as she waited for me to obey her command.

I shook my head. “I don’t think that would be wise.” I demurred.

“Didn’t you tell me that you had been taught to obey instantly when any woman gave you a direct order?” she demanded.

“Well yes, I did, but. . . but. . .” I weaseled reluctantly.

“But nothing! Quit this mucking about and get dressed!” she ordered sternly.

There was no way I would be able to avoid wearing the sheathe for her now! I had told her my secret, that I had been raised to obey all women, and

that it was almost impossible for me to resist an imperious, dominating woman's direct order!

Nor did it matter if it were a male ordering me when I wore a dress, the same thing happened, I obeyed him! I had no choice. That had been impressed upon my psyche when I was a child and I could no more ignore my childhood indoctrination than I could stop breathing! Both were an integral part of my personality.

"Yes, Ma'am," I capitulated, curtsying low to her.

Ms. Rachel smiled at me teasingly.

"Oh, you do that so naturally, Miss Lulu!" she cooed softly. "Obviously, you've been well-trained as a maid too!"

I blushed, curtsied again, as I had been taught, and turned to go.

"Wait! Do you have the proper accessories to go with that dress? I mean, do you have the right shade of hose? High heels to match? Undies? A waspy corset? Bust pads? How about makeup? Jewelry? The Works?"

"Yes, Ma'am," I admitted, curtsying shyly, hesitantly, in her direction.

"Great! I want you to get all dolled up for me, and I do mean *all* dolled up! Do you understand me, Lulu?" she asked sharply.

i blushed and curtsied deep.

"Yes, Ms. Rachel, I do understand. You want me to get dressed as a girl from the skin out."

"Yeah, some woman sure did a number on your head, didn't she?"

"Yes, Ms. Rachel," I agreed. "I suppose. . ."

"Was it your ex-wife?"

I shook my head. "No, Ms. Rachel, she hated to see me wearing skirts!"

"How about an ex-girlfriend?"

I shook my head again. "No, not really. . ."

"And what's that supposed to mean?" she demanded.

"Well, there is Carole Anne."

"Oh yeah, I'd like to meet her."

I curtsied again.

"Yes, Ms. Rachel," I whispered dejectedly. "But not her."

"Your Sister, then? She'd be older, I would imagine."

"No, Ms. Rachel, I'm an only child."

“There must be somebody else! Who? Your Aunt? A school teacher? A Nun? A girl cousin? Or, maybe it was a boy cousin? How about some special woman friend you haven’t told me about? Or, a special male friend? Who?”

“My. . . my. . . Mom. . . and Ms. Angela. . .,” I managed finally.

“Ms. Angela? Who is she?”

“Ms. Angela Hackett. She’s my Mom’s special friend.”

“I see,” she nodded. “I really must meet her someday! And, of course, your Mom.”

“Yes, Ms. Rachel,” I agreed, caving in under her relentless questioning. “My Mom would like you. She likes dominant women!”

“Does she now?”

“Oh yes, Ms. Rachel, and Ms. Angela is the best!”

“That remains to be seen, Missy!” she laughed. “That remains to be seen!”

I curtsied. “Yes, Ms. Rachel.”

“Now you’d better scoot and get all gussied up for your debut!”

I scooted.

I ran into my bedroom, closed the door behind me, and leaned against it while my poor heart thumped foolishly in my chest.

What had I gotten myself into this time?

Absently, I stripped to my skin and took a shower, being very careful not to get my long, auburn hair wet. I didn’t want to waste valuable time drying that!

As I changed, I rehashed the past several months in my mind’s eye:

Chapter 2

“I’m quite sure we have the proper accommodations for your client, Ms. Kline,” I told the woman on the other end of the telephone. “After all, that’s why we’re here in the first place.”

“Yes, Mr. Diaz,” she laughed, “Indeed!”

“We try to succor our less fortunate brethren.” I intoned mechanically.

“Yes, Mr. Diaz,” he mocking laughter stung my ears. “I am sure you do!”

“Well, we do try our best to help,” I replied piously.

“Oh, I agree,” she apologized. “I’m sorry if I have offended you.”

“De nada,” I grumbled, barely civil.

“I owe you one, Mr. Diaz.”

I had an idea of Ms. Kline in my mind and what I saw, I liked very much. She was exactly six feet tall, weighed precisely one hundred and seventy pounds, with short black hair and dark eyes, a combination I find irresistible in a woman!

I was determined to know her better.

“OK, let’s start by you calling me Lou. And, since you owe me one, how about making it dinner tonight? See, Ms. Kline, that is the least you could do.”

“Great! I’ll pick you up about seven and we can dine and dance at this joint I know out on The Boulevard, Mr. Di. . . er, Lou.”

“You’ll pick me up?” I croaked. “For dining and dancing? A. . . a date?”

“Sure. Why not?”

“But. . .”

“Haven’t you heard of Women’s Lib?”

“Yes, but. . .”

“But me no buts, Mr. Lou Diaz, just say, ‘yes.’”

“Well, yes then, I suppose.”

“Fine. Seven then?” she suggested, only it was not a suggestion! “Oh, and remember to dress informally.”

“Seven,” I echoed dutifully, “Informally.”

I heard the phone click sharply in my ear. I had my date. . . with my Lady Attorney. *With her. . . Ms. Rachel Lynne Kline! My ideal woman. Wow!*

CHAPTER 3

“This is a nice place,” I commented to fill our conversational void.

“Yeah, I sort of like this joint,” she answered absentmindedly. “It’s better than a poke in the eye with a sharp stick.”

She spun me expertly, caught me with ease and pulling, me back against her, led me in the fast steps of a twist.

“You dance very well,” I added breathlessly, following her lead easily.

“And you follow my lead so easily, Lou,” she teased.

I blushed. “Well, you never gave me a chance to take the boy’s part!”

She chuckled. “I’m just used to doing things my own way, I guess.”

“Oh?” my excuse sounded lame, even to me!

“Where did you learn to dance?” she asked, making small talk.

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“Ms. Angela taught me when I was a little gi . . . er, when I was a little boy. She liked to dance and thought a kid should learn too. I guess I just lapped it all up. . .” My voice trailed off in confusion.

“Lapped it all up, eh?” she laughed throatily. “I see, I think.”

“Oh, you know what I mean,” I giggled. “I was an apt student.”

“She sounds like my kind of woman!” Ms. Kline commented dryly.

“She’s a great lady,” I reminisced fondly.

“Well, most women are. Great ladies, I mean.”

I laughed in spite of myself.

She looked at me strangely.

“That wasn’t supposed to be funny.”

“No, but it sure surprised me.”

“What? That I made an unintentional pun?”

“No, that you called the place a joint,” I improvised quickly. “It’s not, of course. It’s really quite nice.”

“Baby, after some of the places I’ve been in lately, they’re all joints!” she laughed sardonically.

“I can imagine. Being an attorney must be exciting work!”

“It’s a bore,” she snorted. “I don’t enjoy it anymore.”

“I can understand that! I feel the same way after some of the clients I have to service during the course of a day. Some of these people are something else!”

“Especially the ones I have to deal with! Tell me, Mr. Diaz, are all drunks obnoxious, or is it just the ones I see?”

“I guess it’s the alcohol that makes them so mean and miserable, Ms. Rachel,” I replied without thinking.

“You know my first name?”

“You’d be surprised at what I know about you, Ms. Kline!” I quipped airily as she took my elbow and guided me to our table. She insisted on seating me and I let her push my chair in, blushing when some nearby patrons smirked knowingly.

“Like, for instance?” she continued, sliding into her chair gracefully.

“Like, for instance, what?” I teased, sipping from my water glass.

“Like what else do you know about me?” She drank deeply from her wine goblet.

“Oh. Let’s see. . . Well, I know that your given name is Rachel but that all your closest friends call you either ‘Raitch’ or ‘Lynne.’”

“You know my middle name too?” she squeaked with surprise.

“I know much more about you,” I bragged.

“Like?”

“Like, you were valedictorian of your graduating class at Vassar and you were Phi Beta Kappa and president of your student body for three years, almost unheard of at such an exclusive women’s finishing school. And, not only that, you were Team Captain of the fencing squad three years straight!”

“Yeah, well, I guess they were hard up for warm bodies.”

“Not so, Ms. Kline!” I protested. “You held those offices on merit!”

“Yeah, so *you* say.”

“The record is quite clear on that score, Counselor! I can read too!”

“My, my! Aren’t we being a bit defensive?” she teased, her lips turning up.

“I also know that you’re a widow, a senior partner in Chassim, Downe, Fiendym & Scroom, PC, one of the oldest, most prestigious, and richest, law firms in The City, and you didn’t become that by being any less than extremely competent! You see, I know Larry Fiendym too. . . er, did, before he died, I mean.”

“Humph,” she snorted. “And, what do you know of my late departed?”

“Not any more than he was an alcoholic and that he died three years ago. You met him when you joined the firm and you married him two years later. I know you were six months pregnant when you miscarried, the night before your husband died, a heart attack. The fetus would have been a girl, had it lived.”

“You *have* done your homework, haven’t you?” She raised her wine glass to me, smiling mockingly. “His heart failed getting me to a hospital.”

“Yes, I know,” I admitted. “That’s why your baby died too,” I added.

“Pray tell, what else do you know about me, my little dumpling?”

I flushed hotly. “I am no one’s dumpling, little or otherwise!”

She gazed at me calmly, her red lips parted in a mocking smile.

“You’re over six inches shorter than I,” she observed, “And, if I choose to call you my little dumpling, I shall do so! Any objections, counselor?” She grinned. “And even if I do, what can you do about it, my little dumpling?”

“I probably couldn’t do a thing,” I admitted reluctantly. “But I think you’re just a big bully anyway!” I quavered, my voice filled with embarrassment.

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“So I’m a bully? So what?” she shrugged. “What else do you know about me?”

“Oh, I know that you like poodles; that you hate cats; that you like omelets but hate soufflés; that your skin is sensitive to detergents and you prefer nylon and silk to compensate; that you like pants suits and detest skirts, although you always wear skirts or dresses for Court appearances because you believe they give a woman a subtle advantage over a male opponent.”

“That it does. Juries and judges automatically side with a crying skirt!” A giggle escaped her lips. “It’s a real bitch when an opposing attorney is a woman in skirts too. That’s when I have to rely on knowledge and skill!”

“You’ve got that in spades,” I enthused. “Everyone says so!”

“Thank you,” she grinned. “But I still think you’re prejudiced!”

“I am not!” I protested. “It’s the truth!”

“OK! OK!” she laughed. “What else?”

“I know that your favorite color is purple. I know that you prefer to sleep in the raw; that your dress size is a twenty-two tall; that you wear size twelve in a woman’s shoe; that you wear a size seven panty and that your brassiere size is forty-six, DD cup.”

“Hey!” she squealed with surprise. “That’s personal and private information! And none of your fucking business! How did you find out about that?”

“I know,” I teased, “Because I guessed it!”

“Bullcrap! How could you just guess something like that?”

“I’m pretty good at estimating a woman’s size. I’m a dressmaker.”

“You’re a dressmaker? I thought you were a counselor at a halfway house?”

“I am, but I was trained to be a dressmaker too.”

“I see!” She looked at me with a new respect in her eyes. “I love it!”

I blushed in confusion. “My Mom taught me.”

“More boys should’ve had mothers like yours!” she exclaimed.

“Yes, Ma’am,” I replied inanely.

“All kidding aside, are you really a dressmaker?”

I nodded. “Yes, Ma’am, I am.”

“Then why are you wasting your time at a halfway house?”

“I am not wasting my time!”

“You could make lots more as a seamstress.”

“I know, but money isn’t everything!”

“It isn’t?” She acted surprised.

“Satisfaction counts more.”

“Humph! you can’t eat satisfaction!”

“I make out OK right where I am!” I retorted hotly.

“Oh, I’m sure,” she murmured. Then, “I repeat, why don’t you?”

“Because no one will hire a male to work as a seamstress for them! And, if I sound bitter, it’s only because I am!”

“Open your own shop then.”

“But. . .” I stopped short. My own place? I hadn’t thought of that!

“If you’re any good, women will come out of the woodwork to patronize you.”

“I am good, *damn* good!” I declared proudly.

“Lots of men are. Don’t you know that the best couturiers are men?”

“Yeah, I know that! So what?”

“So, sew! You’ll never know for sure what you can do unless you try!”

“Yeah, yeah, sure, maybe for some but not me!”

“Why not, for goodness sake?”

“Because I’m not going to, that’s why!”

“Chicken!”

“Brawk! Brawk!” I croaked.

She laughed. “OK, let’s take in a movie instead, right after dinner, OK?”

“It’s a deal. You got one in mind?”

“Yeah. It’ll be a surprise.”

It was an OK flick and I liked being with Ms. Rachel. Except I’d already seen it with Carole Anne. Damn!

CHAPTER 4

“What’s wrong, Lou?” Rachel asked.

“Nothing.”

“That’s not true. I know better. Something has been bothering you for days. Is it another woman? Are you tired of me? I can take it, tell me!”



“Oh, no, Rachel!” I hastened to reassure her. “It’s not another woman, well, in a way it’s not.” I admitted slowly. How could I tell this woman I loved that I was a TV? No, not a television TV, I’m a *transvestite* TV! I like to wear girls’ clothes in preference to boys. How could I tell her that? She’d just laugh at me, make fun of me, then walk out of my life forever. That had happened to me more often than I cared to remember!

“Something’s bothering you, Lou. I’ve had too much experience with reluctant witnesses not to recognize a wrongness when I see it!”

“Don’t question me like that!” I protested angrily. “I’m not on trial!”

“No, not yet,” she admitted.

“Then quit treating me like I were!” I shouted, “You can stop with the damned cross-examination already!” I snapped.

“I’m sorry,” she apologized. “But won’t you tell me what’s bothering you?”

“Goddess! You never give up, do you?”

“Just tell me. . . please?”

“Nothing!”

“Lou., do you trust me?”

“Yes, of course,” I replied absently. The truth was that I trusted no one!

“Then tell me what’s wrong,” she coaxed.

I looked at her a long time, then turned and went into my bedroom, closing my door behind me carefully. With my eyes full of tears, I took one of my prettiest dresses from the closet. It was a gorgeous silk print, an Oriental sheathe dress I had modified to conceal my body armor. I caressed it tenderly and smoothed its softness against my chest. I sighed, turned, and opened the door.

Surprised, she glanced up as I entered the living room and moved purposefully in her direction. “Ah, there you are! I thought you’d run away! I’m so pleased that you decided to stay.”

I glared at her angrily and threw the silken garment at her. “There! I hope you’re damn well satisfied!”

She stroked the dress knowingly. “Very nice. Is it your ex’s?”

“No, it never belonged to her.”

“Your girlfriend, er, what’s her name, Carole Anne?”

I shook my head. “No.”

“Your Aunt’s? your Cousin’s? Surely not your Mother’s? Nor Ms. Angela’s?”

“Well, of course not!” I denied fiercely.

“Well then, who *does* own it?”

“Me,” I confessed quietly.

“You? I see, I think.” Her fingers traced the material’s seams.. “It’s very well made. Silk is so difficult to work with. You have exquisite taste and good judgment in style, material and workmanship.”

“Thank you,” I managed uneasily. This wasn’t going at all as I’d imagined!

“Did you buy it as a present?”

“No.”

“Huh?”

“I mean I didn’t buy it.”

“Where did you get it then?”

“I made it myself.”

“You made it?”

I nodded. “I made it. I cut it out of whole cloth and I fitted it and sewed it all by myself.”

“You? you really made it? All by yourself?”

“Sure, what’s wrong with that? I make all my own clothes! I told you that I was trained as a dressmaker! So what?”

“I am impressed. So you really made it?”

“Yes,” I repeated doggedly.

“To wear yourself?” she smirked.

“Yes.”

“In other words, Lou., you’re trying to tell me that you’re a transvestite and that you get a sexual thrill from wearing women’s clothing.”

“Yes! Those are the very words!” I exclaimed.

“I see. It’s nothing to be ashamed of, you know.”

I stared at her in amazement. I had expected almost anything but this! “You don’t care that I prefer to wear women’s fashions? I can’t believe it!”

“No, I don’t care! Why should I?”

“But. . . but. . .” I stammered. “Why?”

“Easy. My late husband, Larry, was a transvestite too.”

“He was? I didn’t know,” I lied.

“Yes, Larry made a beautiful girl too.”

“He always was a handsome man,” I admitted.

“It was really a damn shame that he drank, since we were completely compatible otherwise.”

“And you didn’t care that he wore dresses?”

“Not in the least.”

“And you let him?”

“I encouraged him! Why shouldn’t I? I happen to like girls too!”

“Me too! But most of the women i’ve known have just dropped me like a hot potato after I tell them I not only like to wear girls’ clothes, but that I was raised as a girl and trained to be female and feminine in all things.”

“You were?”

“Yes, I was!” I repeated defensively. “I’m a woman inside because my Mom and Ms. Angela taught me to be a little lady. Under no circumstances was I allowed the option of being male while I lived with them! And, even though I now live in my own apartment, I still prefer to wear girls’ clothing, be feminine, and, live my private life as a woman!”

“I see.”

“Ms. Angela and Mom also taught me to be obedient to women, and that continued even after I was old enough to live on my own!”

“I see.”

“They taught me to obey women, no matter how inconvenient or impertune it was to me personally. I was taught that a woman’s will was paramount, and I grew up with that firmly implanted in my psyche.”

“That’s commendable, Mr. Diaz!”

“It’s especially true when I’m wearing a skirt. There is absolutely no way I can disobey a woman’s order if I’m wearing a skirt or dress at the time! My Mom and Ms. Angela made sure I learned that lesson well!”

“How about a man, Mr. Diaz?” she asked softly. “Do you obey men as well when you’re wearing a skirt?”

I nodded. “That’s why I’m so careful about who I wear skirts for!”

“I see. Then you will obey men?”

“Yes, but I’m careful about who it is.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I’m disease free and I intend to stay that way!”

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“That’s commendable, but I still don’t see. . .”

“Well, like this one guy I know. . . he’s not particular where he sticks that thing and I sure don’t want him shoving it up my ass and giving me some disease I didn’t bargain for! That crap’s for the birds.”

“I don’t blame you.”

“I’m utterly vulnerable when I’m wearing skirts; if somebody orders me to lay down and spread my legs, then I just do it! I just can’t help myself!”

“Always?”

“Unless it’s life-threatening, I can’t avoid obeying. I’m too well-trained.”

“I see.”

“That’s why I’m so careful about who knows my secret.”

“I see,” she repeated. “But you don’t feel threatened by me?”

“No, I seldom feel threatened by a woman! I trust women!”

“Why?”

“I don’t know, I just do. I guess it’s because they’re female.”

“That’s an unrealistic attitude and chauvinistic!”

“I don’t think so,” I defended. “I was taught that a woman can always be trusted while men are always devious and duplicitous.”

“So are many women.”

“I learned that lesson the hard way but I still don’t feel threatened. That’s why it hurts so much when a woman does it to me.”

“Does what?”

“Treats me so shabbily after I tell her that I wear women’s clothing all the time and want to live as a woman too!”

“You do?”

“I do what?”

“Wear women’s clothes all the time?”

I nodded. “Yes, always,” I reaffirmed.

She peered at me closely. “How about right now?”

“Especially now!” I exclaimed. “Everything I’m wearing right now came from a woman’s shop. My slacks have a mock fly and a side zip. There are no pockets in them either. Didn’t you notice how tight they fit between my legs? I never have anything but curves there!” I added proudly.

“I didn’t even notice,” she admitted, surprised. “It never occurred to me!”

“My shirt is a man-cut blouse and it buttons backwards. My shoes are women’s oxfords and my socks are pink girls’ sports sox. I like pink. I usually use the story of something red accidentally getting mixed in with my whites in the wash.”

“I see.”

“Even my handkerchief and wallet and headband are girls’!”

“Yes, I can see that now.”

“And how many other men wear a narrow band wrist watch?” I demanded.

“Not many, I guess,” she admitted. “I never noticed. I just didn’t think it was all that important. . .”

“How about your underwear? Is that female too?”

“Of course,” I whispered in shame. “I have worn women’s panties all my life. All my undershirts have lace trim around the neck and a little satin bow right in the middle! Oh Hell, I use a woman’s soap, and even my underarm deodorant is made especially for a woman.”

“Is it Secret?”

“Of course,” I replied absently. “I don’t broadcast it. . .”

She laughed and I didn’t know why.

“Didn’t you notice that my fingernails are coated with a clear enamel? And I keep them much longer than most men do!”

“Yes, but some men get their nails manicured.”

“My skin is soft and smooth and hairless.”

“I thought it was hereditary.”

“I’m hairless all over.”

“I believe you.”

“Well, I am!” I insisted.

“I said I believed you,” she answered softly.

“I shave my legs.”

“Oh?”

“And my underarms..”

“I see.”

“I depilate my body from head to toe.”

“Oh.”

“Between my legs too!”

“Oh?”

“And between the cheeks of my ass too!” I blurted, hoping to shock her.

“How interesting.”

“Is that all you can say?”

“What do you want me to say?”

“It’s deliberate.”

“I can see that.”

“My earlobes are pierced.”

“That’s not unusual at all. Lots of men wear an earring.”

“Mine are pierced in both lobes!” I insisted.

“Oh? When did you have them done?”

“Mom had Ms. Angela pierce them when I was just hours old.”

“I see.”

“My septum is pierced too.”

“I thought it might be.”

“And my nipples have permanent rings welded through them!”

“Oh? Did your Ms. Angela do that for you too?”

“No,” I admitted, blushing. “I had that done when I was in Hong Kong.”

“Anything else?”

“Yes.” I held my left hand up. “Did you notice my ring?”

“Yes, I did notice that you wear a woman’s friendship ring.”

“Mom and Ms. Angela gave it to me on my eighteenth birthday.”

“It’s beautiful. What else do you have to tell me?”

“I had my nose bobbed.”

“I thought so. It looks kind of cute to me.”

“Thank you. I had injections in my lips.”

“I didn’t notice that.”

“I had my Adam’s apple shaved and after several squirts of liquid nitrogen, my voice went up a whole octave.”

“I thought it was a bit high for a man.”

"It is. It's more a contralto than anything else."

"It's very sweet. It must cause you some concern in your line of work."

"Some," I admitted. "But I get by."

"Have you studied voice?"

"Yes. It shows?"

She nodded. "I bet you're a good singer too."

"I think so. Some people say I sound just like Dolly."

"Yes, I can see why. you've got that same trill in your voice."

"I also had my bottom ribs removed."

"You did? How? Why?"

"Surgery, that's how. So I'd have a more defined waist line, that's why!"

"Sounds sort of drastic to me."

"I'm amazed that you're so calm," I admitted shyly, "Most women aren't. Most women feel threatened by me."

"Why?"

"Because I'm more female and feminine than they."

"Sounds contagious," she quipped, smiling broadly.

"It's not funny," I snapped peevishly. "Women have treated me rotten."

"Oh? How?"

"I've had them pull right over to the side of the road way out in the middle of nowhere and order me to get out of the car! I've waited in fancy restaurants while they went to the rest room, except they never came back. I've been left in movies, outside buildings, you name it. One woman even threw me out of her house in the middle of the night and then there was the one who waited until we were in her bed, stark naked and just about to make love when she. . ."

"Hold it!" she laughed. "I get the picture!"

"And other women have. . ."

"I'm not like other women, Mr. Diaz," she replied quietly.

"But. . . but. . ."

She laughed gaily. "You sound like a motorboat!"

"Don't laugh at me!" I shouted.

"I'm not laughing at you, I'm laughing at what you said."

"It's the same thing!"

“No, there’s a big difference.”

“I don’t see any.”

“That’s because you’re standing too close to the trees to see the forest.”

“That doesn’t make any sense at all.”

“That’s because you’re upset.”

“Upset? You’re damned right I’m upset! i’ve got a right to be!”

“Have you?”

“I . . . I . . .”

She patted my cheek gently. “I’m not making fun of you, nor am I upset about you being a transvestite. In fact, I think that makes you all the more appealing to me as a potential sex partner.”

“Why? Are you a lesbian?”

“What do you think?”

“I think you could go both ways. . . and have!”

“Then, let’s just leave it at that, shall we?”

“OK by me.”

“What do you call yourself when you’re wearing skirts?”

“Luci. . . Louise Cecile Diaz. Miss Louise Cecile Diaz.”

“Great! Tell me, Miss Louise Cecile Diaz, do you ever wear your dresses for others?”

“Like, for a woman?”

“Like for a woman.”

“My Mom and Ms. Angela, of course,” I admitted. “Then, there was my girl friend, Carole Anne, and some women I met who wanted to see me in skirts. Carl and Tony and one or two other boys I’ve known.”

“No, not men, a woman.”

“Like, for instance, who?”

“Like, for instance, me!”

“Oh.” For some reason I hesitated.

“I won’t bite you,” she promised. “Well, not too hard,” she teased.

“Well sure, if you don’t get all prissy acting when I come out.”

“I won’t act prissy with you.”

“And, if you really want me to.”

“I really want you to.”

“Well, all right, I suppose.”

“Will you wear this dress for me, Miss Lulu Diaz?”

She tossed the silken garment back to me.

I caught it easily.

“Sure,” I whispered, almost to myself. “Why not?”

“Why not, indeed!” she replied.

The die was cast.

Which brings us back to where I started this story:

CHAPTER 5

I sighed, stripped to the skin and took a long shower.

I said that already? Oh well.

Crooning softly to myself, I towed dry, powdered my body liberally and then returned to my bedroom. I clasped my tightest waspy corset around my middle and cinched it closed. It was too tight, sure, but it gave me a more sharply defined waist line that looked great with this particular sheathe!

I rolled hose up my legs (after checking to make sure they were still smooth and hair-free. They were!) and hooked them tautly to my garter clips. The nylon hose made my legs look their best and I stroked them lovingly. I liked my legs but I knew that my rear end was my best feature. I patted it lovingly. The full cheeks were firmly soft, gently rounded, completely feminine. One of my long-ago admirers had told me that my legs went all the way up my thighs to make a perfect ass of themselves! I had been insulted at the time, but now that I knew what he had meant, I was flattered by it!

snapped the gaff into place, positioned my genitals, and fastened it to the back of my cinch, drawing my sex up and completely out of sight. I winced with a momentary discomfort but as numbness set in and I got used to the tightness, the discomfort faded and I forgot all about it.

i examined my chest closely, looking for those stray hairs that would give me trouble when I glued my breasts to my skin. There were none. Thank The Goddess!

Hurriedly, I positioned my nipple rings correctly and glued my prosthetics in place, feathering the edges smoothly, waiting the mandatory seven minutes to give them the chance to set properly.

I spent the time combing my hair and fussing with it, getting it to hang just so. I wanted it to fall across my shoulders and shade my eyes, but it took great care to give it the casual look that I thought went best with my face shape.