

THE BET

By Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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THE BET

By: Miss “Debi” Leigh Johnson

Chapter One

Up till six short months ago, I was a pretty average, and a normal type of guy, I guess. That was my opinion of me anyway. For the most part, I was happy with the way my life was going. I could not think of too many changes I would have liked to have made in my life, aside from the normal ones, like being rich and better looking, and have beautiful chicks swarming all over me. But all in all, I was happy and content with the way my life was going.

But the bet changed all of that.

I learned one lesson that night. Do not ever bet on anything that is not an absolute certainty. Of course, since that would not really be gambling, I guess I could say that I am really trying to tell you that you shouldn't ever bet on anything again, even if you do like the thrill of taking a risk. You may be only too surprised at the outcome if you do, and I mean on any thing you do decide to bet on.

I know, I was, very surprised at the outcome, of my bet that is.

I guess that maybe what I should do first, is describe to you what I am like right now, and then go back and try to explain the extraordinary circumstances that brought me to this point in my life. Hopefully, it will make a little more sense to you if I do it that way.

Well... to start off with, I am not very tall, almost 5' 4" tall in my stocking feet. That of course, is not one of the things that has changed since the bet. It's one of the few things that have not changed since the bet.

I have also been able to lose quite a bit of weight in the last two months, so I am now down to only 132 lbs., and that is only when I am fully dressed.

I have been pretty happy about being able to lose all the weight though, as I pretty much did not like the looks of me before. I was overweight, and I knew it. I just did not want to change it bad enough to do the work that it takes to lose the weight, I guess. But, it is off me now, and for that I really am thankful.

My hair is a dark blond color, almost brown, and it falls to well below my collar line. Actually, it goes to about half way down my shoulder blades. Usually, I wear it in a page boy type of style, or pulled back into a pony tail, but I am scheduled to go for my first permanent early next week.

I may also get my hair shortened a bit. I will most certainly have lots of curls in it, after the treatment, I am sure. I do not really like the idea of having it much shorter than it is now, because I do love having long, thick luxurious hair. It is a lot of work to keep it that way, but it is well worth the work, I think.

Presently, I am twenty-one, but I look much younger. I must also admit that I have really come to love wearing the typical clothing styles that most teen aged girls wore, back in the fifties and the sixties. Poodle skirts with big flaring crinolines are my favorites now.

One style that I have also really grown to love wearing, is the cute little pleated mini skirts that became so popular in the mid to late sixties. I also love wearing just regular pleated skirts for some strange reason. But the one style that I really love to wear is those pleated minis. I think they are just so cute and sexy looking, when you walk with a pretty swish in your hips, the way that the skirt just sort of bounces and flows around your hips and your upper thighs, as you walk.

My eyes are a hazel blue. I've been told that they are bedroom eyes, what ever that means. My complexion is what is called a summer. That means that I look best in pastel colored, flowing and feminine styles of clothes, and soft rose based make-up like a rose pink lip stick and blush or a rose pink nail polish, for example. That's okay, because I really do love the color of pink, now.

But, to get on with my story. I am sure that you are wondering how I got from being the normal every day type of Joe that I was, to the kind of person that I have just described to you, aren't you?

Right now, I am living in an apartment with a guy. His name is Danny. I also happen to think that Danny is quite a handsome young man, too. I like him, because he treats me very well. By that, what I mean is, he makes me feel that I am special and important to him. He makes me feel that he loves me. He does not make me feel like some kind of freak or any thing like that. I like the feeling of being loved, it is a wonderful.

He tells me that I am a real fox. He sure makes me feel like a pretty foxy chick too, that is for sure. I have grown to think of Danny as being my husband, in a way. And I really like him, a lot. So, I am quite happy to be living with Danny, even though it is as his live-in girl friend.

Like any other girl of my age, I do have a healthy appetite for sexual pleasure. Danny and I spend much of the time that he is home, in long and loving embraces. We really enjoy kissing each other, and touching each other. He is the only guy I have ever met, that I have very strong emotional feelings for. And, my emotional attraction to Danny is very strong indeed.

I will admit something to you in private though. As far as Danny is concerned, I have developed an absolute obsession about the feeling of having him inside of my mouth. I know that I am a cock sucker, and I am not supposed to like sucking cocks, but he makes me really like doing it for him. When I do it for Danny, it is like the most natural thing in the world. I have come to really love pleasing him to. I am his girl, and this is one of the ways he likes for his girl to express her love to him. That is how I feel now. It was hard (no pun intended here) to do it at first, but it is quite enjoyable and intimate now.

Fortunately, for me, Danny is able to cum two or three times a day. That means that I get to suck him a lot. That is okay with me, because I really do love to suck his

cock for him. I also know that if Danny has butter in his own refrigerator, he is not going to go down to the corner store to get some margarine, is he?

I love knowing that it is my femininity, that is able to get him so turned on, so that he needs me to suck him off. He tells me that I am the very best cock sucker that he has ever had the pleasure of knowing.

That kind of pleases me. It makes me tingle with a strange, even perverse kind of pride. He seems to love buying me little gifts too, gifts that are only appropriate for young ladies to receive.

I guess I might as well tell you now, that the way that I make a living is that I prostitute myself to men, for money. I am not real proud of that fact, but I do get a certain kind of enjoyment out of it, if I were to be absolutely honest. I make my living as a lady of the evening, as the saying goes, and I kind of like knowing that about myself. I certainly have grown to love the way that I can make men react to me.

I did not always used to be a hooker, but I am now. Again, that too is one of the ways in which the results of that bet that I mentioned earlier, have changed my life so drastically.

I am very selective of who it is that I date though. The way it works is that Danny puts an ad in adult contact magazines. The advertisement reads as follows:

“SWM with a real foxy TV wife of 5' 4", 135 lbs., wishes to share her with discreet generous businessmen. Prefer day- time meetings. Reply with your business card, and a written description of what turns you on, in absolute confidence, PO Box 1296, Main Post Office, this city. Please include a photo of yourself, and an adequate description of your desires. All your replies will be answered the same day your letter is received. You must include a photo and method of contacting you. We are sincere and seek only sincere replies. She is a foxy TV who loves her life, and she will not disappoint you, so get your letters in soon.”

You absolutely would not believe the number of letters that I get every week, in response to that ad. All of them are asking me for dates.

What we do, is that we let Danny read all the letters, and he decides which ones he will let me date.

I kind of like it that way. He picks the ones that he feels will not hurt me in anyway. The ones that he picks are usually guys that want to see me again and again. It's sort of like having repeat business, I guess. I write back to them, with a sexy photo of myself, telling them how to contact me. Then we wait for the calls.

Now that you have a pretty good idea of what I am like today, let me go back six months and tell you all about that bet that turned me into Danny's TV wife, a hooker for my husband, okay?

0-0-0

To start with, I left home as soon as I legally could support myself. My parents were the kind of people who should have been made to pass some kind of a license exam before they were allowed to have children. My Dad was nothing but a drunk. And my Mom was, to put it mildly, rather much on the dominant side of the personality coin. She ran the family with an iron fist. It is no wonder that my Dad was a drunk, to be

honest with you. My home was a place of constant war, relentless bickering and bitterness.

One of my first lessons that my Mom taught me about life, was that adult men were good for nothing. You could never trust them, and they only wanted one thing from you. I guess you could say that I did not have a real positive image of men. I was sure not in any hurry to grow up into one of them, anyway.

And, if you also add to that, my small stature and fairly long hair, just like most of the other guys in my classes, as well as my almost complete lack of physical coordination... then you would quickly see that I was a prime candidate for being picked on, a lot. Besides, I was often told that I was also too cute to be a real guy.

Lots of the girls told me that they thought I was really cute... but, I was always just too cute to actually date. No girl would take me seriously as a date, because I was just too short and too cute. Only I was cute, in a rather unmasculine way. They treated me like I was another girl, regardless of how interested in them I was.

The way that I learned to try and compensate for all of these strikes against me, was that I just became very withdrawn and dependent on my own mind. It is a good thing that I was pretty intelligent, and able to do this.

I spent a great deal of my time reading. I was not close to any of my school chums. In fact, the only real relationship that I did have with them was that I was constantly trying to prove that I was not a fairy because of my close association with the girls.

I knew what everyone thought of fags, and they seemed to think that I fit the stereotype, no matter how much I tried to prove them to be wrong. I hated knowing that everyone thought that I was a fairy. One of the reasons that they thought that I was, was because I did not have a girl, only lots of girl friends. But, I have tried already to explain why that was.

I tried very hard to fit in as a regular kind of guy, I really did. For example, one of my attempts to try and prove myself, resulted in my joining a street gang. By the time that I had turned fifteen, I was well known to the police in the small town that I lived in.

The police were never able to prove the charges, but I was often questioned concerning recent break-ins and vandalism. I really did most of the things that they questioned me about, but it could never be proven. I was also a notorious truant. I hated school.

I did gain a certain measure of acceptance from the guys that I hung around with. They sort of took pity on me, that I had to try so hard to be masculine, while it was natural to them. Sometimes, I think that they let me hang around because I did know most of the girls in school... They also encouraged me to do things like weight training, and I did it.

Nothing that I tried worked though. No matter how hard I tried to be macho, I always ended up getting hurt. But, I had learned how to be macho, by watching the other guys in the gang. I knew how to play act at being a normal guy. And, I was very good at the acting too. I was also very aware that I was always acting, performing for

any one who just might happen to glance my way. I wanted desperately to be thought of as normal.

I was very smart in school, but with the home life that I had to endure, there really was no kind of incentive to do well in academics. So, when I graduated from high school, I had a trade degree, and started to look for work.... I just had to get away from my home, and I would do anything that I could to get away from my parents. I hated it at home.

Anyway, I left home as soon as I was legally able to, and got a good job in a newspaper's job printing department. Still, it took almost two years to hide away enough money from my parents to be able leave. But, as soon as I had enough money saved up, I looked in the newspapers for an apartment. I saw one that was advertised by a single young white male, who had a three bedroom furnished apartment that he wanted to share with someone. I called the number, and went over to meet Danny.

I liked him right away. He was almost the opposite of me. He was 5' 11" tall, about 195 lbs. and almost all muscle. he was one of these jock types, with the big necks, if you know what I mean. It was easy to see that he was rather athletic. He said he lived a quiet lifestyle and that he wanted someone who also lived a very quiet lifestyle. That sounded fine to me, and I told him so. After the last two years at home, it would be a relief to be able to just relax, with no expectations put on me.

And, for some reason, Danny really seemed to like me right away, also. He got me a soda, and then he spent about half an hour or so, explaining to me the rules that he would expect me to follow, if I moved in with him. The rules were simple enough, and they all boiled down to rules of simple common sense and courtesy for each other.

Our bedrooms were our private places, only to be entered by the other person, if they were invited to enter. The rest of the apartment would be considered to be common to both of us. He did say that if one of us were entertaining a girl in the living room though, that the other one should leave them alone, unless they were invited to join in.

He did explain that there was one more spare bedroom that used to be his sister's room. She had just gotten tired of city life one day about six month earlier, and so she had taken off, to hitch hike across the country, with her boy friend. She had left almost all of her stuff at the apartment.

He'd asked what she wanted him to do with it, and she had told him to sell it if he could, because she did not think that she would ever be coming back. But, he explained to me, that he just did not want to be bothered with the hassle of trying to sell it. So, all of her stuff was still in her room, just the way she had left it.

Anyway, we came to an agreement, and I moved in that next weekend. So, at long last, I was finally on my own. It felt very good to at last be independent. I felt free.

I soon learned that Danny was not home very often. He was in his early twenties and had graduated from a technical college. His job was to service cash registers, photo copiers and PC computers for clients. He was actually only home from Thursday night to Monday morning. The rest of the time he was on the road. It was almost like having the place entirely to myself.

We kind of got settled into a pleasant routine. I loved having the apartment all to myself for the better half of the week. Whenever Danny was home, he was usually a gentle and quiet man. I found that I really liked him, and I was glad that we got along with each other so very well. It was almost like heaven for me. I grew very happy, very quickly.

I actually managed to save up some money, though the job that I had was not a real good paying job. But, as I had very little formal education, and I had no other work experience to draw on, I considered myself to be fortunate to have even gotten the job in the first place.

I was certainly living a lifestyle that was better than any that I had known before. It was pleasant, and I was determined to take advantage of it.

I really did not care about going back to school, at least not for a year or so. I'd had enough of that. At least with the way that I was living now, I had begun to develop some self esteem.

I did think seriously about taking correspondence courses though. Mostly, I just wanted to save as much cash as I could, because I did not want to live from pay check to pay check, the way my parents had done all of their lives. I wanted to have some financial security, like I had never known before.

Chapter Two

Secretly, I was starting to develop something else too. I knew that I could never admit it to Danny, but I had found that after sharing the apartment with Danny for a little over a month, that I found that I was beginning to get a little curious about his sister.

One day, during the week that it was my turn to clean the apartment, I had finished the cleaning, and had lots of extra time. Danny would not be back till Thursday night, so I decided that I wanted to go and look around in his sister's room. I was just curious. So I did. It was not part of the cleaning arrangement that Danny and I had, but I wondered if the room did need some attention.

I felt strange as I opened the door, and turned on the light. His sister, it was very obvious to me, was a feminine woman. The walls were a pale pink with a light gray carpet. The walls had pictures of pastel colored designs in big frames on them. Her furniture was all in a sort of off white color. The bed was a canopy bed, complete with a frilled skirt and frilled pillow shams, in a rich pink shiny material. I guessed that it was satin, or it might have been silk.

There was also a vanity desk with bottles and make-up still strewn across its top. She also had, like in my room, a large walk in closet. But, unlike in my room, two of the doors of her closet had floor to ceiling mirrors.

I walked into the room, and closed the door behind me. I was immediately overcome with the sense of being in a place where I did not have the right to be. Not only that, but I felt as though it were a totally feminine place, and that I was trespassing in it. I felt as though I were somehow invading her privacy. I knew that that was a silly idea, and I tried to cast it from my mind, but the feeling persisted.

I could almost feel the personality of the girl who had lived here before. I felt as though, in some strange way, I knew her intimately, even though I had never met her. This feeling was overpowering to me. I could not help but wonder if that was why Danny had left the room this way. Maybe, in some way, he did not feel so alone? To me, the sense of her presence was very strong.

After standing there for nearly a whole five minutes, trying to get used to being in a lady's boudoir, I began to feel a little more relaxed about being there. I became kind of curious about what kinds of styles she might have preferred to wear.

I went over to her closet, and slid the doors back, which opened all but one of the doors. I could smell the delicate perfumes that still clung to her dresses. The racks were full of many pastel colored dresses, skirts, blouses and coats. On the floor was a neatly placed row of shoes and boots, about fifteen pairs in various styles.

The array of all the styles and the brightness of the colors, and all of the delicate scents combined to fascinate me. I slowly began to move some hangers across the bar, and I looked at some of the pretty dresses that were hanging there.

I knew that I did not belong in here, in this young lady's room. Then, as I thought about how I should get out of this room, as I did not belong in it, a very funny feeling came over me.

Then the feeling crystallized into a new and very strange idea. A very perverse idea came in to my head. With it came a strange emotion, an emotion that I knew would lead me into trouble if I did not just get out of this room, and quickly.

As I was moving the hangers across the rod, and looking at all the pastel colors, and the pretty designs of each dress, I felt a thrill go up and down my back, as I actually started to wonder what she had looked like when she had worn them.

Then, as if that were not bad enough, I began to wonder how they had felt on her, when she had worn them. That strange musing led me to wondering how it might feel to actually be wearing such pretty dresses myself. Lord knew, I had been accused often enough of doing such things. Maybe that was where this idea had come from.

I shuddered, mostly out of fear. This idea scared me. I had been accused of being a pretty fairy many times in my past, but I had never gotten to the point where I had even considered what it might feel like to actually be a girl. I had never wondered what it would feel like to wear pretty dresses all day long. I had not even tried on my own sister's clothes.

I had admitted to myself a long time ago, that girls had a much better quality of life than a guy like me would ever have. A part of me envied them. They were the ones who were really in control, for the most part. Guys would go crazy, trying to get a pretty chick to like them.

It was the chicks who always made guys like me feel like shit most of the time, because they had the power to reject us. Yes, I had always envied girls. Now, I also realized that I had always had a buried desire to be one of those powerful ladies who could make or break a guy's days, just by withholding a smile, if she wanted to.

Trying to shake off this idea, I closed the closet doors, and went over to the bureau. I pulled out one of the drawers. It was filled with brightly colored silk panties. The scent of perfume wafted up and teased my nostrils. It was a pretty and delicate scent. Girls could smell like that all the time, if they wanted to. I envied girls all over again, with a strong passion. Life was just so unfair to someone like me. I should have been born a girl...

I was not able to resist the temptation to raise one pretty pair of rich blue silk panties, with brilliant white lace trimming on the panty waist and the leg holes, to my cheek. It was ever so soft. I hardly dared to imagine what it must feel like to wear something like this, all day long, under your regular clothes.

I envied the girl who had been able to wear such a luxurious garment, every day of her life. I wondered how she could just go off, and leave such wonderful garments here. If I were a girl, I knew that I would wear such delightful garments all the time, if I was able to. I also knew, that if I had been lucky enough to have been born a girl, I would probably never wear pants, unless they were ultra feminine in design and material.

Yet, Danny's sister had not even considered the privileges that she had. Most girls that I knew were like that. They just took their rights and privileges for granted, and complained that they were not treated as equals by men. I was amazed at myself for allowing such thoughts as these to range freely in my mind.

I just could not help but to caress my cheeks with the delicate smelling soft panties. I thought that it must feel wonderful to be able to wear such a soft garment all day long. I knew that I was heading for trouble if I continued with this line of thought. I knew that I had to stop it. I had to leave this room. I had to start thinking like a real boy again.

I just had to.

I did leave it, that particular drawer, anyway, but... guiltily, I put the pair of panties into my pocket and closed the bureau drawer. I did not want to admit it to myself, but I knew that the reason why I was taking them. I was so that I could put them on, later. I had never wanted to do anything so badly as I wanted to wear those pretty soft panties.

I felt like I was betraying all of manhood by letting such an idea happen inside of my head. I wanted to put the panties back, and leave the girl's room, but... I just had to explore a bit more, before I left her room.

I knew that Danny would not be back for a few more days, but I also knew that there was always the chance that something unusual might happen. I did not want him to catch me in his sister's room, especially with a pair of her panties in my pocket. I was certain he would have a fit, and maybe even throw me out onto the street.

Yet... I felt compelled to explore some more. I could not make myself leave, not just yet. I loved the sense of her feminine presence. It was satisfying some kind of desire in me, that I had never even known I had, to be in her presence in such an intimate way, like this.

Another drawer was filled with many soft and silky slips, of all manner of pastel colors, in neatly folded little piles. Again, I marveled at how soft the materials were, and again, I wondered what it would feel like to have those materials against your skin all day long, as you sat at your desk, doing your school work.

I knew that lots of guys would try to look up under my dresses or skirts, if I were the girl who wore these pretty things to school every day. I knew it, because I had done it lots of times, to the prettier girls in my classes. I now knew that it was more out of envy than it was out of a sexual desire.

All of the drawers but the two bottom ones were filled with her silky lingerie and her night gowns. Of the two bottom ones, the one on the right was filled with shorts and halter top outfits. The one on the left had sweaters and swim suits in it.

I went over and I sat at the vanity desk, and thought that it was strange to be sitting where a woman had only sat before. I looked at the make-up bottles and tubes spread out in disarray over the top of the desk. There was also an ornate and very pretty jewelry box, with numerous things in it.

I went over and sat on the bed. This was a bed that only a girl had slept in before, I knew. I also knew that I was a boy, and I did not have the right to be here, sitting on her bed like this. But, I felt so excited, strangely, by being in a room that was entirely feminine in its appointments and atmosphere.

I wished that I had had the chance to grow up in a room like this, even if I had not been a girl, I would have wanted a room like this one. I wondered for a brief moment, if Danny might let me switch rooms. I knew that if I asked him that, I would have to confess to being in here all alone, so I decided to not ask him.

I opened the night table drawer. There was a diary and a photo album in it. Curiously, I took out the photo album. There were lots of pictures of one girl in particular. I assumed that that was Danny's sister. She was really a knock out chick.

In these photos, I noted that she had many different hair styles and colors of hair, so I wondered if she might have worn wigs. I had seen some tall boxes in the closet, on the top shelf. They could be wig boxes. *I would have to check into that*, I thought. I was amazed at how much each hair style was able to change her facial features, almost making her look like a different person.

I gingerly picked up her pink covered diary. I opened it to the first page. I started to read:

I closed that diary, but I could not get those words out of my mind. I wondered if Danny had ever come in and read those words. What turned me on so much, was that as I was reading her words, I was almost picturing myself doing it with her, as though she and I were one person. It did not feel perverse either. It felt natural in a strange way.

The thought that it seemed natural, scared me. I knew what everyone thought about fags. I knew that I was not a fag. But, the question still echoed in my mind, "So, *how come I did not get sick or really turned off, as I had read her words?*"

Instead, unconsciously, I was sucking it with her. And, add to that, the fact that I had stolen a pair of her panties, and I knew that I had taken them so that I could try them on.

And I was getting just a wee bit worried about these new thoughts and ideas that I was finding within myself.

It was then the idea that maybe I was not really all boy, occurred to me. It was like some kind of light went on inside of me. I admitted to myself for the first time, that I had always related to girls, more like I was another girl, than like I was a boy.

If I had girl parts inside of me, that would explain why I did not get turned off at the idea of feeling like I was with Danny's sister, when she had sucked off her boy friend. When I say girl parts, I did not mean physical. I was pretty sure that I was male in that area. But the fact was, I had felt like I was a part of his sister, when I had read her diary. I was pretty certain that I could only identify with a girl like that, if part of my make-up was feminine. It was the only thing that made sense to me.

If I had girl parts inside of me, it would be normal for me to like to do those things to, just like any other normal girl.

Maybe... maybe that was why I had also felt so attracted to the clothes in the closet, and why I had wanted to feel what it would be like to wear her pretty panties.

The more I dwelt on this idea, somehow, the more it all made sense to me. I had never had thoughts like these before, and I knew that I would have much to think about, now that these new ideas had entered my mind.

Feeling a little ashamed of myself, because I was still, for all intents and purposes, a boy in a girl's boudoir, I left her room. I went to my own room. Without even thinking about it, I removed my underwear, and started to pull on the silk panties. I felt in some strange way, as though this was the right thing that I was doing. I knew that it seemed right, even though all of my social conditioning told me that it was the wrong thing to do.

I also had an instant erection. I could not believe it. I'd had hard-on's before, but not ones that were so very exciting, and so ultra sensitive as this one.

This one was different.

This time, it felt very different, somehow, and I knew it was not just because I was putting on a pair of girl's panties. I had become different in the last hour or so, in some way that I could never explain. I also felt, strangely, like I was a whole person for the first time in my life. It felt nice too.

I knew that I should not be doing this, but I bent over at the waist, placed each foot through a leg hole, and straightened up. Then I pulled the dainty panties up my legs, till the lace panty waist was snugged tightly to my own waist.

I wished desperately that I was not such a lardo. I wanted her panties to fit me as well as they fit her. I determined that I was going to lose weight, beginning that very night. I wanted to lose enough so that I could wear her dresses too. I knew that as soon as I was small enough, I was going to wear every one of those dresses and skirts in that closet across the hall.

I lie down on the bed and looked down at the obscene bulge in the blue silk panties. I was more turned on by wearing panties, than I had ever been in my life. In some strange way, it felt right for me to wear girl's panties.

I moaned and closed my eyes.

I reached down and gently cupped my erection in my hand. A sudden picture of myself having a man touch me like that, flashed as a swift image through my mind. I imagined that they were my own silk panties, and it made me explode into the wildest orgasm that I had ever experienced.

I was hooked on wearing panties now.

I knew that it was only because I was the one in my mental image that was wearing the girl's panties, and being touched like I was the girl too. I hated the thought of being a fag, but I knew wearing panties, with the thought of a man touching me like that, was what had made me ejaculate. I had made a really awful mess in the beautiful panties. I had not felt like a fag. I had felt like a girl being touched by a man's hand in the fantasy.

When I finally came down from the pink high of the orgasm, I was washed with a sense of guilt and shame.

I made my way to the bathroom and washed the panties. I took them back to my room to hang in the closet till they were dry.

I was so ashamed of what had gone through my head when I had the panties on. I went out to the living room and tried to forget it. I watched some television. But, my mind just kept on going back to how wonderfully soft those panties were on me. I kept thinking of the man's hand that I had seen in my fantasy, as it had gently caressed the front of my panties for me. I admitted that it seemed to be normal for me to be touched like that, when I wore the panties. I wanted to be touched like that to.

I tried desperately, but I just could not resist it. I went back to the girl's room, and I got out another pair of panties. This time they were pink ones. And this time, I also took a pair of girl's jeans too. I went back to my room and pulled the pink panties on. I then pulled the jeans on, and found that they would not fit around the waist. They fit almost everywhere else, but my waist was too fat for them to close properly. I decided to wear them anyway, even if I could not close the front of them.

They felt so very different from guy's jeans. I loved them. They even made my bum look shapelier, more like a girl's butt. I loved they way they felt around the bum area. It was exciting to me, to know that I was wearing girls underwear and pants.

I went out to the living room again. I could not concentrate on anything. All I could think about was how differently my new underwear and my pants felt from what I was used to wearing. I also had another very sensitive and persistent erection again.

Because I had to get up early for work, I decided to just go to bed. When I took the jeans off, however, I could not bring myself to take off the lovely panties. I loved everything about wearing them. I wanted to wake up, feeling the girl's panties on me. I knew that if I were a real girl, I would get to feel that every morning.