

SUZIE

By Elizabeth Mann



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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SUSIE

By Elizabeth Mann

It was another wasted night at the Golden Cue, the local pool hall in town. I wasn't really good at pool but since I slept in the basement, I hung around nights looking for a free game, a free meal, something to waste the evening away, why not? It was late autumn, the weather was cool and I wasn't wasting getting anywhere wasting away my days working part time. I stacked boxes, washed cars, cleaned floors, whatever work I could find.

I planned on getting a full time job someday, when I got my diploma from night school, but there was no rush. There was no place to go. I had no future anywhere. Since moving here last year, I still had no real friends, no "roots" as they say, so what was the rush? I only came to New York to get away from my father.

Father, what a laugh, he didn't want me. Did I say want? I don't think Dad even thought about his other son, Stacey... me. He had his Johnny, big bad Johnny. Johnny was four years older than me and he was just like Dad, very big, liked fights, sports and sex, all the things a man like my father could want in a son. Street fights every week and Johnny would come home all bloody and proud. He and Dad would then talk about how Johnny beat some kid up, how he did it and why. Dad didn't care why as long as Johnny won. And Johnny always did.

Me? I was small like Mom who died when I was four. I really don't remember much of her but I do remember being passed from one relative to the next as Dad tried to push me off to one of them rather than take care of me. That was until they all stopped and made Dad take me back. That didn't make Dad or Johnny happy.

With no Mom, Dad ruled all, the money, the house, Johnny and me, mostly me.. I never had many toys. If someone gave me one and Johnny liked it, it was his. If I dared to play with Johnny's, all hell would break loose. Once an aunt gave me a puppet. Johnny didn't like it and cut all the strings off but I still played with it. Heck, I didn't know how to work the strings anyway. This was the only real toy I ever owned. Dad called it my 'Dolly', I didn't care. It was a friend I could talk to and play with since I had no friends.

Everyone was afraid of Johnny, the town bully. One day Johnny and his friends set my dolly on fire. When I told Dad he said that Johnny was trying to make a man out of me and that I should thank him. Instead I hit Johnny with a board and he beat the heck out of me. Then Dad came and beat with a strap for over two hours. I woke up on the floor the next day.

Being only 5'6"" and slender, I wasn't the type to do well in sports. I was always getting beat up by the other kids. Even some of the big gang girls would beat me up, just

to make their boyfriends happy. Coming home and telling my Dad that I had been whipped up by a girl, no matter how big she was, you didn't do. Not if your brain was still working. Johnny and Dad tried once to teach me how to fight once. But it didn't work, I didn't like being hurt. Dad gave up after a few days.

He never played anything with me because I was too small. I learned to hate my body. Why trouble himself, he saw what he wanted of a son in Johnny, not me. No matter how I tried, I was too small. So I grew up to be the tackle dummy, the bat boy or the water boy at all the games Johnny played.

Johnny was very good and after each game he and Dad would go off to celebrate and I was left holding the bag, literally. Many a night I walked home carrying the equipment bag. Once some boys knocked me down and stole it from me. When I told Dad he knocked me around for letting the kids get away. How was I to stop them? Why couldn't I have been bigger, at least as big as the next smallest boy. They could always run faster, even if I caught up to him I would only lose the fight. So from then on I always took the long way home.

Johnny had victory parties whenever he or his team won, which was a lot. I ended up making the food, serving the food and did all the clean up after the party. All though the parties I had to endure being called the `maid or the `waitress to Dad and Johnny's delight. Once Dad called for a punching party were everybody lined up to help Stacey become a `man. Whoever knocked me out cold got all the beer they could drink regardless of their age.

Johnny never went to college, I don't know why. There must have been some athletic program he could have gotten into. Maybe it was Dad always calling college graduates, `airhead. When Johnny turned 18, he and Dad would drink together. Not that they didn't before, but now it was legal. This made my life even worse. They would get drunk and hold me down while they poured beer in my throat. I hated the taste, and they would laugh and make fun of me as I gagged.

Doing all the work around the house I found myself always was late for school, or cooking and cleaning so my homework didn't get done. Soon I had to drop out. I didn't like it too much anyway because I was one of those kids, like the one's Johnny likes to beat up. For every fight Johnny had won, I ran away or was beaten up by twice that number. Dad always wanted his sons to be real men by joining the police or the Marines, but being under 5'8". I couldn't join if I wanted to!

Many nights, Dad would bring home some woman that he had picked up in a bar. They would come home very drunk, laughing and singing always looking for more to drink. Dad always made me serve them. Some of the women made comments about me, how I was doing woman's work and things like that. Dad always told them it was all I was ever good for. The next morning I would always wake up to the smell of beer and sex. Sometimes Dad would even piss on the rug. Most times he would wake up in a bad mood and throw the woman out of the house. Dad would hit them if they didn't leave the house right away, or worse yet, talk back to Dad. I always wondered if Dad ever hit Mom. He told Johnny that men should always keep women in line that way.

After Johnny joined the Marines, weekends became boring for Dad, who now drank more than ever. With Johnny away and me out of school with no job, Dad made me do

more around the house, I had become his housekeeper, his cook and his maid. Nothing I ever did pleased him and now more than ever he missed Johnny.

According to Dad, I could do nothing right. The food was never cooked the way he liked it, the clothes weren't ironed the right way or there was dust all over the place. No matter what, it was done wrong. Yet it was the only thing I really knew how to do and I knew I did a really good job. But Dad being drunk most of the time looked for reasons to beat on me so he always found something wrong. Even if there wasn't any.

Dad told all his friends at the bars he went to, that his sons were both Ms. One was a Marine and the other was a Maid! Of course after drinking all afternoon he would come home and knock me around more calling me his biggest disappointment. Johnny came home on week ends and he and Dad would go off to a baseball game or something and get drunk together. They then would come home late and wake me up by pulling me out of bed and beating the hell out of me or pouring beer on me. My life was hell. I know I should have left, but as with everything else, I didn't have the guts.

Then the worst thing happened. Johnny was killed during a training accident in Japan. Dad went out of his mind. He broke everything he could, throwing and cursing as he went along. When he finished breaking things around the house, he came for me. I tried to hide because I feared for my life, but he found me. Calling to God to take me and give Johnny back, Dad hit me in the head with a lamp, then he kicked me in the side, then between my legs. I went down like a brick. Dad then picked me up and threw me through the bedroom window.

As I lay there looking back at the house, I saw him climb out after me. Even with all the pain I felt, I had to run and run I did. I ran for my life. There was no doubt in my mind he was going to kill me.

Running down the road I could hear him cry, "Why my Johnny? It should have been you!!! It should have been you!" I knew I could never return.

I knew Dad would get really super drunk that night and pass out so I went back to the house later. What a mess the place was, and there was Dad on the floor, out like a light. I picked his pockets and found money, I found some in his room too. Then I left, never to return.

I had to get out of town so I bought a bus ticket to New York City. After sleeping in a few alleys for a few nights, I was found by the cops. Being only 16, I was sent to a home. It was bearable, but just. It was crowded and nobody gave a care about me so after two years, I took off. One day a man found me sleeping in the alley of a strip mall.

He owned the local pool hall and offered to let me sleep in the basement and bring me food from time to time if I kept the alley clean and washed all the garbage cans each week. So I did. He left me alone and I did as he wished, even more sometimes. That's how I came to hang out at the Golden Cue and get to do odd jobs. Once I cleaned out the place, I ate and played for free, I just had to keep the customers happy. And that's the way its been for the last two years. As long as I kept the customers happy, Mike, the owner of the place was happy. That brings me back to the start of my story.

That was the night I first saw Joe, Mr. Joseph Nickerson. He was tall, at least 6'1" and 200 lb.. Joe was lean, strong and confident looking. I was cleaning behind the counter when he entered. He was quite striking. He had come in with some businessmen to look the place over. Mike said pool was his hobby and he and some other business people were looking to buy some pool halls and set up a chain.

Mike wanted to sell the place, so he showed these people anything they wanted. As the men toured the place, This Mr. Nickerson spotted me. He turned white as a ghost and stopped dead in his tracks as he did. He looked at me as if he knew me. As he did, a chill passed through me as if I had been touched by a dead person and for just a tiny second, I felt as if I knew him. Of course I did not and shook the feeling off. He came over and asked me in a very charming way if I worked here. Before I could answer Mike called out. "Sure he does, good kid too!" Mr. Nickerson then asked me my name. I told him it was Stacey, Stacey Gash. He shook my hand. He asked me what I did and I told him that I cleaned up, set up and stocked the shelves, anything that needed to be done.

Mr. Nickerson seemed very interested in me as he went back to the group of men. He kept looking back at me and, when they were about to leave he came to me and said he would return later in the week. When he left I asked Mike if he meant what he said about my having a paying job here.

"Listen kid, he answered. "I want out of this place, business is dying and the area stinks, so I'll tell him anything if it will get him to buy the place. And if you want to stay here so will you understand?"

I shook my head yes.

"So start doing all the things you told this guy you do, and do them right."

As he said, Mr. Nickerson returned but this time he was alone, he really didn't look the place over too well, but looked around for me. When he found me he asked if I would play a game of pool with him. I told him no and started to walk away when Mike grabbed me and put me against the wall. He told me in no uncertain terms that what Mr. Nickerson wants, Mr. Nickerson gets. Then he took me back to Mr. Nickerson.

"Hey the kid thought he was busy, Mr. Nickerson but it's OK, he'll play with you." Right kid? He said, looking at me with that fire still in his eyes.

"Yes sir, sure, whatever you want Mr. Nickerson." I said.

As we played I could not help but notice that every time Mr. Nickerson looked at me I felt that cold chill again. I couldn't help it. It scared me and I really didn't want to play, but I had no choice.

As we played, Mr. Nickerson asked me a lot about myself. He was always very polite. He wanted to know where I was from, who my parents were and if I had any sisters or aunts. Of course I answered him honestly. I think he felt sorry for me. I also got the impression that he cared about me. No one ever gave me that feeling before. After a number of games I looked up and found the place empty, in fact it was past closing, but Mike was not going to put Mr. Nickerson out. Finally Mr. Nickerson said he had to leave, He had won all the games yet he handed me a twenty and thanked me for my company. I found this kind of strange, but money was money.

Mike would always pump me for information, but Mr. Nickerson didn't really talk about the pool hall, so there wasn't much I could tell Mike. This went on for weeks, I started to look forward to our meetings. Heck, free food is free food, or was it? But it was the same, night after night. Mr. Nickerson would come in, buy me dinner and we would play pool all night. Afterwards Mike would again pump me for information. I didn't have much to give him so I started making up little stories about how Mr. Nickerson and his friends were still looking at other halls, what they wanted to do and so on.

We always talked, but we only talked about me. One night I asked him about himself, he politely said that he owned a few small businesses, had the idea of starting up a pool hall chain, but that his partners didn't like the idea. He told me he lived alone in a big house upstate in the country, and in almost a whisper, said his wife passed away just 3 months ago. He said she had pushed him to start his own business, how she was his best friend, how they played pool with each other, how they went everywhere and did everything together.

I could tell he loved her very much and missed her even more. I really felt bad for him. Imagine, me, who had no real job, no home of my own and no money feeling bad for a guy living in a big house, with tons of money, no worries and plenty of food. Yet I did. I still got those cold chills from time to time, and really felt for him more at those times than I normally did. I couldn't explain it. I didn't want to hug the guy or anything, yet somehow really felt I was growing close to him.

He spoke with great love in his voice. I know this sounds crazy, but I found myself being pulled to him. As if I had to do something to cheer him up. Before, if it wasn't for Mike pushing me on him, I would have left a long time ago. Now I don't know if I would. I looked forward to his buying me dinner, and not just because I was hungry, heck I was always hungry. I liked his company. He always let me get whatever I wanted, yet he rarely joined me. He said he liked to watch me eat, or that hot dogs and fries weren't his thing. He said someday he would treat me to a real night out dining. And I looked forward to that day. But was it for the food or some other reason?

I started calling him Joe after the first couple of weeks. He asked me to. Said it made him feel better. Mike figured the sale was a done deal with me called Mr. Nickerson "Joe." I didn't have the heart to tell him that the pool hall idea was dead since Joe's partners were against it. I knew it would be the end of my job, my warm place to sleep and I would miss my weekly meeting with Joe. Joe always made me feel good about myself. Some nights I felt that Joe and I could talk forever. We talked about everything and anything. I even started reading yesterdays paper from the trash so I could keep up with him on some subjects.

Late one day I returned to the hall after looking for some odd jobs only to find it closed . I went around back to find Mike carrying out some things. Before I could say a word, he came at me,

"You knew the sale was dead didn't you, you little shit, didn't you?" He screamed.

I weakly said "Yes"

With that he hit me and tossed me against the wall, he kept hitting me and then threw me on the ground. As I lay there he went back to carrying out his things. I was

afraid to get up. As he walked past me on his last trip to his car he kicked me in the side, the pain made me cry.

“Go to your fagot friend, you little queer!” He said as he drove away.

I just lay there and cried. Now I had nothing, that was it, no free meals anymore, no place to sleep, nothing. I didn't know what to do. Winter was coming on fast so I was really scared. I don't know how long I stayed there. Then it started to rain, I didn't move. Nowhere to go I guess. Then I saw a hand reaching down to me. A man in an overcoat holding an umbrella was reaching out to me. It was Joe.

“I'm so sorry Stacey,” he said, “but he called my service and asked what the deal was on the hall. They told him it was dead weeks ago. I guess he only kept the place open to sell it. I came as soon as I heard”

He pulled me up with no effort at all. It wasn't that he was so strong, but that I seemed so small in his hand.

“Do you have anyplace I can take you too, anyplace at all?” Someone who'll take care of you? He asked. “You're really wet and better dry off before you get good and sick.”

I just lowered my head and shook it no.

“Can I give you some money or something?”

Again I shook my head no. He started to walk away, then he turned and reached into his pocket for his wallet, he stopped looked at me and said.

“Want to stay with me for a time?” He asked “I have a big house that's very empty now that my Susie is gone. You wouldn't be a problem and I do kind of feel it is my fault for getting you beat up and thrown out in the cold.”

I know this sounds crazy, but at first I was afraid to go with him. Then that cool feeling passed through me again. Now instead of being afraid of him, I felt calm with him, like when we had our meetings. There was something in me telling me to go with him. I honestly felt that he had the same feeling about me, he wasn't queer and neither was I. Somehow I knew that and that he would never hurt me. I kept getting the idea that I knew him, that I somehow belonged with him.

With no other options available to me, I weakly said yes and walked with him to his car. He opened the door for me and I got in. I immediately felt at home in the passenger seat. preset for my body. The height, back angle and position were perfect. When Joe got in he asked if I knew how to adjust the seat and I said it was perfect just the way it was. He smiled and started the engine. I then realized how wet I was. I started to apologize but he said don't worry about it. The car can always be dried later.

We drove for over two hours, the rains came down heavier now so driving was slow. We left the city and were on a highway when the rain finally let up. Joe turned up the heater to help warm me, and I guess to dry the car. I looked out of the window at all the colors of the trees I could see. Autumn had always been my favorite season.

“It gets pretty up here in the fall,” Joe said as we drove. “Susie loved to walk in the woods and collect the leaves, I really missed that this year”

I felt he was going to cry so I did my best to make him feel better, again I had that strange feeling that I had to do this for him.

"I'm sure she was a wonderful woman, but you'll meet someone else someday, I sure she would have wanted that for you, since she loved you so much, I said.

"Thanks" he said, "But I don't want another woman, when she died she said she would never really leave me, and I believe that with all my heart." Then he said. "Sorry I got started, but watching you look at the leaves reminded me of her."

"Oh, I'm sorry," I said. "I didn't mean it. I'll try not to do it again." Now I felt terrible.

"No, don't, don't apologize and please don't be afraid of being yourself, Any memories you cause me to have, will all be good. Please believe me."

We pulled into the driveway of a nice size house, in a very pretty suburban neighborhood. It was somehow smaller than I expected to see, but big by any measure. I don't know what I was thinking. We got out of the car and headed for the front door. I looked around and could just see that his next door neighbor had about the same size house. This must be some upscale area, I said to myself.

We entered the house and I stopped and just stood in the hall, afraid of getting water on the beautiful wooden floors, When Joe realized that I was just standing there, he said,

"I'm sorry, I forgot that you've never been here before, here, drop your coat on the chair, take off your shoes and come with me. I did as he asked and followed him up the stairs and down a hall to a small bedroom.

"Here," he said. "You will want to get cleaned up, if you want a bath you can get undressed in here, there's a bathroom through that door with a tub and all the things you'll need. I'll leave you and bring up some hot tea for you, take your time and make yourself at home."

I thanked him as he closed the door. I looked around the room and saw that it was indeed a small, but very nice bedroom, one small window in front of me that looked out over the back yard, the gardens and a pool. The doors I saw led to a closet that was empty and to the bathroom as Joe had said. I entered the bathroom and saw a door on the other side. Not being too trusting I opened it to see what was on the other side.

I peeked in and saw a room that I didn't recognize. Being afraid to enter I just looked from the door. I saw a very large dresser, a number of small dressers, a lady's vanity and a wall of mirrored closet doors. The room appeared to be quite feminine with a plush carpet and lace curtains on the windows. I would say it was a bedroom, but there was no bed. I closed the door, locked it and headed for the tub.

As I filled the tub I looked around the bathroom. This too was a very feminine room, done in pinks and pastels with bows and lace everywhere. A maze of jars and bottles were all around the tub and the tub itself was quite large. I felt I could stretch right out in it. As the hot water filled the tub I quickly removed my clothes. Torn, dirty and wet, rags would have been a better name for them.

The water felt wonderful, I couldn't remember the last time I had a bath. Mike had a shower in the halls basement that I used from time to time, but there was never any real hot water. Just warm sometimes. And I had to use lane rags to dry myself as there were never any towels.

But this bath water was perfect, I could lie there forever. I looked around for the soap, but could not find anything I could call soap. I did find bubble bath, make-up remover, bath oil beads, skin cleanser, beauty cream and skin lotions. Some were too smelly, some just scared me off so I played it safe. I added the bubble bath, and using some huge weird sponge, because I could not find a face cloth, washed myself with the skin cleansers. I even washed my hair with "volumizing" shampoo. It all felt so good, so warm and so comfortable that I must have dozed off..

I awoke to a voice calling, "Your tea is ready and I fixed you some hot soup, but stay in the tub as long as you wish."

I heard Joe call from the small bedroom. The water had cooled so I rinsed off and stepped out of the tub. I dreamed about parties and people that I did not know. Shaking the water off my head I reached for one of the many soft pink towels to dry myself. I was enjoying the fresh feeling as I patting myself dry when I realized that I was patting myself and not rubbing. "I never did that before," I said to myself. Maybe I was afraid to rub off the nice smell that my body now gave off.

I took another towel to dry off my too long hair when I saw that my dirty clothes were gone, Joe must have entered the room while I was in the bath sleeping. The thought of him seeing me naked scared me, when I realized that the bubble bath covered me quite well. Thinking he was just being nice, I finishing drying and stepped into the small bedroom.

Inside I found a steaming cup of tea, light and sweet, just like I like it. How did he know that? Now my stomach called out for that soup, But I couldn't go down in a towel, besides the house was chilly, and I didn't want to get sick, not now of all times. I didn't want to lose this too.

I saw a long white terry robe hanging in the bathroom, and I remembered seeing white terry slippers under the tub. I slipped on the robe, which was floor length and appeared to fit fine. Then I stepped into the slippers. I found them a bit tight. My hair was still wet so I wrapped the towel around it, and looked into the mirror to check my beard. What stared back at me was cleaner then I can remember being in a long time. Between the towel and the robe I was almost "cute." I shook the idea out of my head and looked for a razor.

I never had a heavy beard, I could go days without shaving, but I had some growth. I found a small yellow razor, the kind you throw away, but I found no shaving cream. I used some pink gel stuff I found in the bath to shave. It burned a bit, but the razor took it off, I rinsed and headed down stairs.

I had to hold down the front of my robe a bit to see the stairs as I walked down watching every step. Halfway down I looked up and saw Joe looking at me with a smile on his face and I thought I saw the trace of a tear on his cheek. Concerned, I asked him what was the matter.

He said. "Nothing absolutely nothing."

He used his hand to point the way to the dining room in a manner that a servant would use. I looked at him and smiled but kept walking. On the table was a hot bowl of soup and a glass of wine. As I sat down, Joe pulled out the chair for me and I kept getting the feeling that I was royalty or something. I had to control myself not to dive into the soup and take my time eating it, but that was hard since I was starving.

Joe, as before, watched me eat but this time he was smiling like I had never seen before.

"Will you please tell me what is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing" he said "There's nothing wrong at all."

"No really, There must be something. Why aren't you eating? Aren't you hungry too?"

"I ate early in the day, before I went to the Pool hall," He replied. "By the way I threw out those clothes you had on. I hope you wont mind but they weren't worth washing"

"No" I said, "They really were rags. I'm sorry I made any mess in the bathroom, Ill clean it up for you" I added.

He laughed and said. "Don't worry about it, this house has three full bathrooms. Eat up and enjoy your soup.

The soup wasn't bad at all, better than I had eaten in a long time. There was a glass of wine also. I hadn't drank much of that before. This one was good. I could tell the soup was from a can . It was good but I couldn't help wonder if that was how Joe fed himself out here alone. I finally finished it and drank the rest of the wine. The wine warmed my belly and made me feel relaxed.. I was so very tired now and yawned a number of times.

Joe said he wanted to show me the house, but since I seemed so tired, that maybe I should go to bed and he would show me tomorrow. I knew he was right, I was exhausted. It wasn't that late, but I felt as if I had done hard labor all day. I just could not keep my eyes open. I apologized as he walked me back up to the small bedroom . He then said if I was afraid I could lock all the doors, and sleep feeling safe. I smiled and thanked him but I knew I wouldn't lock any doors. I already felt safe and as crazy as this seems, I felt kind of at home. He smiled again when he saw that I had to lift the front of the robe again to climb the stairs. "Everything I do must make him happy." I thought to myself.

I said good night to Joe as I closed the door and I remember sitting on the bed. The next thing I knew it was morning. The sun light was coming in the window and I awoke feeling more relaxed than I had ever felt before. I felt very alive and full of energy. For the first time in my life, I looked forward to the day.

The towel had come off during the night and when I stepped into the bathroom I saw myself in the mirror. I was shocked! I had so much hair! It was everywhere. I tried to brush it down, but it kept coming up. I brushed it left, it went right, I brushed it right, it went left. I knew I was long over due for a haircut, but this was ridiculous.

Washing it seemed to give it a mind of its own! After brushing and brushing I kind of made it stay in one place, but it still looked like I had tons of hair on my head. And it was lighter too! Maybe it was dirty for so long that I forgot I was almost a blond!

Walking back to the bedroom, I remembered I had no clothes, I didn't want to go through Joe's stuff without asking him so I put the slippers back on and headed down stairs. I called out for Joe. I called a number of times with no answer. I was all alone.

I found a note on the dining room table from Joe, saying he had to go to work, and that he would see me this evening. He's pretty trusting I said to myself, Considering he doesn't really know me that well. Then I realized I had no clothes, were could I go? How would I get there? And because this was a pretty good deal. I didn't know how long Joe would let me stay here free loading.

I had to make this last. And I knew how to start. I could clean the place up. It wasn't really dirty but it needed a good dusting, the floors could use a wash and the carpets vacuumed. I told him I would clean up the bath room, well, I could do all the bathrooms, all the bedrooms, the whole house! Heck I did it for Dad, I did for Mike, I sure could do it for Joe.

I looked around the place, found the kitchen and some orange juice in the refrigerator, cleaned up the few dishes I found in the sink, and noticed this was a real neat kitchen. It had a garbage disposal, a trash compactor, a microwave oven and plenty of counter space with a built in ovens and stove. What I could do here!

I walked back to the main hall and found the library. I paged through some of the books. There seemed to be a collection of romance novels. Back out in the hall, I headed for the living or main room of the house. It was as big as a ballroom with its big fireplace, grand piano, wooded floors comfortable furniture and huge picture windows. I saw the parlor, the lower bath and the foyer. The main hallway seems to also have lots of closets.

In the foyer I noticed that my coat was gone but I did find a little puddle from last night. I found a towel and cleaned it up. Just then a funny little flash hit me. As I wiped up the water, I felt as if I were wiping a little part of me away with it. I couldn't explain it so I shrugged it off. Later I found what appeared to be Joe's office at home but I didn't go in. If Joe said I could, I would. But I don't think he would want me go through his things without his permission.

Upstairs I found the bedrooms, the rest of the baths, what appeared to be a work out room and lots and lots of closets. This house was full of closet space. Some were in the hall, some were in the bedrooms and some were in the bathrooms. Feeling braver than last night I entered that closet/bedroom attached to the bath I used last night. It seems to have been a dressing room of some kind. It had two large wall closets that were packed with dresses, gowns and other women's things. This all must have been Susies. I guess Joe couldn't bring himself to get rid of her stuff just yet. I closed the closets and opened the door that lead to the master bedroom. It was as big as the living room, maybe bigger with chairs and tables, dressers and mirrors, and a fireplace with a mantel filled with books. And then there was a huge king size bed with large oak head and foot boards. It was unmade, so I made it up. Then panic hit, this was his bedroom, I don't belong in here. I quickly messed up the bed again and left.

Reentering my small bedroom I searched for clothes. In one drawer of a small dresser I found some. I could have sworn this drawer was empty last night, but I was tired and could be wrong. I pulled out what appeared to be a white tee shirt. But the sleeves seemed a bit short. White socks that looked like short sweat socks. A pair of dungarees with an elastic waist and a pair of under shorts that had no fly! At first I put those back, but I looked at them again and felt them. They were cotton and something else. The tag on them said they were medium size. Again I was about to put them down when the idea of dungarees without underpants hit me. "Well." I said "Joe wont see them and what he don't know wont hurt him.

I stepped into them and a pleasant cool feeling ran through my body. They fit my body almost like second skin, but were not restricting. In fact they felt quite good on me. The way they hugged me felt kind of nice. There was still plenty of room left in the seat after I tucking in my privates. I ran my fingers along my backside. They really felt very nice. I knew they weren't men's undershorts, but what harm could I do by wearing them?

I put the shirt on next and found that the sleeves were only half of what they should be. The socks also fit nice but only went up to just past my ankle. I stepped into the jeans and tucked the shirt in. The waist seemed a bit high and the seat a bit loose but otherwise fit fine. Now for shoes. Looking in the closet I found a white pair of sneakers. Well, I thought they were sneakers, but canvas shoes would be a better term. They, like the slippers were tight, but fit good enough to lace loosely.

Feeling better now that I had some clothes on my body.. I stopped to look in the mirror, I saw that none of the clothes were made for a man! The shirt had a faint little trim around the collar and sleeves. The pants were tapered down the leg and turned out to be a type of bell bottoms. Nothing had pockets and the jeans had no fly. Between my hair and these clothes I almost appeared girlish!

I sat on the bed and thought about this. Did he leave these clothes for me? Was he trying to hurt me? Humiliate me? Why these and not his? Maybe he really was a queer and that's why he took me home. I couldn't get out. Was he really like that? Didn't he like me? Why of course he did. I thought. Was I nuts or something, he takes me home, feeds me and gives me a place to sleep! What else could I want for nothing? Then it hit me.

His clothes would probably fall off my body. He was so big. He gave me these because he thought they would fit me. How foolish I felt. At that moment I felt ashamed of thinking that Joe would hurt me. I wanted to do something to show my appreciation for all he has done for me, so I decided to finish cleaning the house and make him a nice home cooked meal. Judging from what I ate last night, he may really appreciate that.

Again I felt something pass through me, but this time it was a warm and satisfying feeling. It seems to be triggered by my thought that I was going to care of Joe. Something in me wanted to just that. I still could not bring myself to reenter his bedroom. After all this was the bed of the master and his wife. Who was I to enter there?