

# LIVING MY LIFE FOR ME

*By Patricia Smith*



*ILLUSTRATED BY MISTY MALVEAUX*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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# LIVING MY LIFE FOR ME

By Patricia Smith

## CHAPTER 1

I was born Lewis Ralph Wolfe, the third child in a family of seven children. I was the oldest boy, growing up with three younger brothers, two older sisters and a baby sister. It was continual chaos at our house. I grew up hating my life and never really cared much for my family.

My first memory in this world was the shame put upon me by my parents when I was four years old. I had a bladder control problem and wet my bed and my pants often. It was a belief of my parents that shame would cure anything; they made me wear dresses and other girl's things, saying that only a girl would have no control to hold her water. I was teased constantly until they discovered it was a medical problem and took the steps to correct it.

Our father worked as a self employed carpenter and our mother was sick most of the time, so it was left up to the older kids to take care of the younger ones. We could have friends at school, but we could not go and visit them nor could they come to visit us at our home. This left us feeling quite isolated and lonely.

When I was eight years old I had an experience which frightened me terribly, and I had no one to talk to about it. I recall arriving home after it happened only to be beaten for being late. When it happened again a few months later I still didn't understand what was going on. It was only as an adult, years later, that I realized I had been sexually abused by an old man. At the time, of course, I was too young to know better. I was confused for a long time about it.

I was always the smallest kid at school. Even two of my younger brothers and my older sisters were bigger than I was. They took great pleasure in pushing me around until they made me cry. I learned to cry quickly to avoid the pains they were sure to inflict upon me.

The only kids around who were my size were the girls who lived down the street from us. I could only play with them if I played their games. That meant playing with dolls, dressing up in their mother's old clothes, having tea parties and playing house. These are about the only happy times I can recall from my youth.

When I was sixteen I finished high school and went to work for one of my father's friends. My paychecks went straight to my father, which he was supposed to be putting in the bank for me. My spare time I spent working for my father to pay for my room and board. I got Sundays off, but I had to be in early so I never got to cultivate any real or lasting friendships. This was nothing new, though.

At the age of eighteen I thought I had enough in the bank that I should be able to purchase a used car and get my license to drive. Unfortunately, my father decided that it was a useless luxury for me to have a car and refused to allow it. He wouldn't even discuss it with me and wouldn't tell me how much money was in my account. We argued about this for months until he finally told me that there was nothing in any account for me. He was keeping all of my money to pay for my room and board all the way back to when I was born. He felt this was the only fair thing to do, and that I had an obligation to him and my mother for the wonderful and rich life I had led to date. He felt that another two years of work for his friend and him might clear my account with the family.

Of course I felt otherwise. I found another job working as a security guard. It didn't pay as much but allowed me to move out of my father's house and live on my own as my older sisters had done years earlier. I found a furnished room with a retired teacher who had placed an ad in the newspaper. Her name was Mrs. Reilly; she had a big house and rented the spare bedrooms to men she approved of. She was a peculiar lady, and food in the house was not allowed. Needless to say, board was not included with the room.

I no longer had to work fourteen to sixteen hours a day and so I found I had more spare time than I was used to. I didn't have the social skills required to meet new people, however. I was lost in my spare time, so I took to reading a lot of the books my landlady had in her house. Seeing that all I did was work and read, Mrs. Reilly took to talking to me and tried to help me find some other interests.

## CHAPTER 2

Mrs. Reilly was a widow and at least sixty years old. I found out that her husband had left her quite well off when he passed away. She had a daughter living in Europe. As the authority and control teachers held over their students eroded, Mrs. Reilly decided the time had come for her to retire. In years past there was more power allowed teachers in the classroom. Now, some teachers like Mrs. Reilly feared for their own safety.

We listened to each other's stories and sympathized. We spent many an evening in her library just talking to each other and drinking tea. I had to find my board elsewhere so I invariably ate in restaurants and cafes in the area. These were the few times I left the house in the evenings. Gradually her other roomers moved on, and it was just me and her in that house. Perhaps because of the emptiness of the house, she began providing me with room and board for only a bit more than I had paid before. This was cheaper for me than eating out all the time, and better food for the most part.

I helped her around the house when I could. I saved her a lot of money and time since I was able to do the yard work for her as well as helping with the household chores. I cleaned and cooked, helped with the laundry and the shopping. Most importantly I saved money, putting it into the bank myself.

This gave both of us lots more time and little to do. It was Mrs. Reilly who came up with the idea of playing games to pass the time away. She usually beat me at checkers, so she taught me how to play chess and backgammon. Once I had the basics down I even beat her once in a while.

"I want to play a game you told me you played often as a child," she said to me one Tuesday evening during dinner. "I have been thinking about it for some time and believe it can be lots of fun for both of us."

"What game is that?" I asked her.

"Dress-up, remember?"

"Yes," I smiled, "but I played that with little girls and we wore their mother's old clothes. Just what clothes do you suggest we get dressed up in?"

"I had a young woman live here some time ago. she couldn't afford the rent, so she just up and left without taking many of her things with her."

"That's too bad."

"The poor thing just had to tell me and I would have let her stay until she got back on her feet. I'm not all that horrible, you know. There is a closet full of her things in the basement. I'm sure that if we looked we could find something for you to try on."

"And what will you be trying on?" I asked her.

"If you agree to try these things," she said, "I will buy myself a few things I would like to try wearing too. Styles older women like me don't usually wear. I think this can be fun for both of us, Lewis. Please say yes."

I didn't see where it could hurt anyone for me to oblige her in this pastime. Dress-up had been fun as a child, how could it be so bad now? It wasn't so long ago that I was playing with those girls down the street. I agreed to try and followed Mrs. Reilly to the basement. I helped her carry the boxes of clothes up to the living room where we sorted through them. The way she had packed and stored them, they appeared to be still brand new.

There was a lot of panties and bras, slips and teddies and assorted other lingerie. There were dresses and skirts and slacks and blouses and shoes and boots. The woman had even left behind a coat and some lighter jackets.

Some of the outerwear required a good airing out while all of the underwear and other lingerie needed to be washed. It all smelled of moth balls, which Mrs. Reilly had packed them with. I hung the outerwear on the clothesline while she began hand washing the lingerie. I finished before her and helped her wash the rest of it.

"I don't know if I should wear all of this," I told her, holding up a black lacy teddy. "Most of this stuff is really feminine. All I ever wore as a kid was a dress or a skirt."

"Except when you were four, right?" she reminded me.

"Well, yes. Then I wore panties and a slip too. But I had no choice then. They made me do it."

"I know. So given the choice, you won't even try it now?"

"I guess I could. But I need a couple promises from you."

"Yes, dearie?"

"One, you don't laugh at me. Two, you never tell anyone."

"I promise I'll never tell a soul. Though I may enjoy helping you get dressed, so a laugh will be my pleasure coming out, not an insult to you. Okay?"

"Okay. But do you think you should really be helping me to get dressed up?"

"Why not? I've seen naked people before. And since you've never had things like this on before, can you do it all without any help at all?" She was holding up a garter belt.

"I'll need some help, I guess. But the only time I've been naked in front of anyone was at the doctors. I think I'll be a little uncomfortable."

"Nonsense. Just think of me as another doctor then."

### CHAPTER 3

I was five feet and four inches tall. I only weighed about 105 pounds. I was pretty skinny, so my boss only let me work security at dead spots like empty warehouses and such. I had long, sandy-brown hair but could get away with it on my job as I pulled it back into a ponytail when I was working. Not that I ever saw anyone as I paced about the empty buildings.

Mrs. Reilly was just over five feet tall and would be lucky to weigh 95 pounds soaking wet in a fur coat. She had short white hair with streaks of gray in it and she never colored it. I always saw her wearing what looked like sensible clothing for an older woman. She favored dresses with sleeves, a hem down to mid-calf and a modest neckline, not to mention her sensible, low-heeled shoes.

I worked the rest of the week because we had planned for a whole weekend of playing at dress-up. She had gone out and bought some clothes and things for herself. She put all of the clothes for me into one of the empty bedrooms and dubbed it our 'Girls Room'.

Anticipating the fun we were going to have she turned away a prospective roomer so that we would be alone. She never needed the money, just the company.

Friday afternoon arrived and it was a long weekend. We had three and a half days in which to have our fun dressing up. She had stocked up the pantry with groceries so we had no reason to go out until I had to return to work on Tuesday.

As soon as I got home from work she led me up to my bedroom and asked me to strip naked and put on the bath robe. She had a bubble bath already awaiting me. When she left the room, I did as she asked. She met me in the bathroom and coaxed me out of the robe and into the tub.

It felt strange to have this older woman giving me a bath when I was already a nineteen year old adult. She was on her knees beside the tub washing me with a sponge and making sure I was clean from head to toe. She made me shave my face, even though I didn't have much in the way of a beard. She produced a lady's razor and used it to shave my underarms and what little hair I had on my chest. Then I had to stand naked in water up to my ankles while she shaved my legs for me, too.

She rinsed me off with a hand held shower nozzle she hooked up to the tap, then helped me out of the tub and dried me off with a huge fluffy towel. She pulled the plug from the tub and led me to our 'Girls Room'.

I stood in the middle of the room trying to cover my private parts with my hands as she dusted my body with a large powder puff. Then she showed me the clothes she had laid out for me to try on first.

"I took the liberty of choosing these things for your first day dressed completely as a woman," she told me. "I hope you don't mind, or did you have a preference for other items?"

"No preferences," I told her. "I just don't want to stay naked for very long."

"I'm sorry," she said, smiling at me and handing me a pair of bright pink nylon panties trimmed with pink lace. "Put these on, dear."

I had to uncover my male parts to take the garment she offered and step into it. I pulled it up my legs and into place about my hips. I felt a flush creep over my face as Mrs. Reilly inspected my appearance in this ultimate of all feminine undergarments.

“Your penis is fairly large, as they go,” she told me, slipping the fingers of her right hand inside the left leg opening of the panties and adjusting my maleness down and into the crotch of the intimate garment. “All we have to do is hide it while you're dressed this way.”

She had me hold a bright pink garter belt to my waist while she went behind me and fastened the clasps together. Then she had me put the garters inside the panties and out the leg openings. She got out a brand new pair of nylon stockings she had bought for me and showed me how to roll them up, put my feet in them and roll them up my legs. Then she smoothed them into place and attached the garters. She did both legs for me this time.

Mrs. Reilly had a bra which matched the garter belt and the panties I already had on. She helped me into it, fastened the snaps behind my back, adjusted the straps to fit me and used rolled up pantyhose to fill out the cups. One pair for each cup. Then she rolled up a bright pink full slip and, after getting my arms into it, pulled it over my head and down my body. She gave me a smile as she smoothed out the slight wrinkles.

Pink was not a masculine color, so that is the only color she had picked out for me to try on first. She put on me a light pink, silk blouse with long puffed sleeves. It buttoned up behind my back, so she gave me a hand. She had me step into a darker pink skirt and again did up the button and zipper behind my back. For my feet, she had a pair of pink open-toed sandals with three and a half inch heels.

Mrs. Reilly instructed me on how to walk in the shoes as I followed her to her room. I walked back and forth across the room as she took off all of her clothes. I was getting less nervous as she saw me naked, but I never suspected I would see her. I quickly turned my eyes away, and fortunately she dressed much more quickly than I had. She had sheer pantyhose, a white uplifting padded bra, a white mini slip and mini dress and white pumps with four inch heels. Then she could show me how to walk in them as well as telling me. She had a fairly long haired wig for herself and makeup which took at least twenty years from her age. I was amazed.

Back in our 'Girls Room' she brushed out my long hair and showed me how to put on makeup as well. Arm in arm, we went down the stairs to the kitchen where she began to make our dinner for us. I continued to practice walking in the high heeled shoes I had on. It was trickier than I ever would have guessed. And my lessons were only beginning.



## CHAPTER 4

All in all, I had quite a Friday evening. Mrs. Reilly gave me directions right through dinner and into the evening on how to behave more femininely than I had been. How to move when I walked, how to sit and cross my legs, what to do with my hands and what expression I should have on my face.

When the sun was finally down and all was dark outside, we went out her front door to sit on the screened porch and watch people going by on the sidewalk. They could pass not ten yards from us. She had me try to change my voice and raise the pitch, but all I could manage was a falsetto which wasn't very convincing. I ended up sounding more like Mickey Mouse than like a female.

When the people were no longer walking by, we went back in to have our tea and make plans for the next day.

"Is there a mini dress for me to try on, too?" I asked her as we waited for the water to come to a boil.

"I believe so," she replied. "I guess there are more than a dozen dresses in all, just for you. The way this outfit fits you, I bet the rest will fit fine."

"Would it be possible for me to try on some nail polish?" I asked hesitantly. I couldn't help my shy smile.

"Of course, dear," she answered. "But I have a better idea. I have some false finger nails we can put on you, and you can see what it's like to have nails an inch long, or even longer. What do you say, do you want to try them?"

"Yes, please," I replied. That sounded like fun to me.

Mrs. Reilly went and got her nail supplies, then showed me what to do to apply the nails to my own fingers. She gave me a complete manicure and painted the nails a bright red. I held up my hands to inspect her work and marveled at how pretty and feminine my hands appeared to be with just the added nails and color. It was such a simple but effective touch. It would take an hour or so for the nails to harden in place properly, but she assured me I would be able to take them off before I had to go to work again.

It was well past our normal bedtimes when we finally turned off the lights and went back upstairs to the 'Girls Room' together. She had to help me to undress, and this time I didn't mind so much being naked in front of her. She was naked once again as well.

She got out a pair of matching baby-doll nighties, and after helping me into mine, put the other on herself. Mine was pink, of course, while hers was a bright shade of yellow. Then we went to our own bedrooms to go to sleep. The whole weekend was ours to explore this old game I had once played. Sleeping as a girl might be fun, too, I thought as I drifted off.

I remember having a dream that night about being a child again. I was playing with the girls down the street once more, and I recall their mother calling them from the kitchen. I looked up to see Mrs. Reilly leaning out a window, smiling and waving at the girls and me.

I awoke the next morning to Mrs. Reilly pulling the covers from me and arranging my nightie over my nearly bare bottom. I smiled up at her, seeing she was still in her nightie also.

“Time for breakfast, dear,” she told me. “Rise and shine, sleepy head.”

I looked at my alarm clock and saw that it was only six o'clock in the morning. I didn't normally get up until seven.

“What's the hurry?” I asked her, reaching for the covers.

“We don't want to waste all of our fun time in bed now, do we?” she asked. “I've been thinking, Lewis. I think I want to call you Louise this weekend, while you're dressing as a girl, of course.”

“That's fine with me, Mrs. Reilly. I guess Louise is a natural progression from Lewis, isn't it?”

“I suppose so. And I want you to call me Victoria from now on. Even after this weekend is over, no more Mrs. Reilly, okay?”

“Okay, if that's what you want.”

“It is. Now, out of bed and wash up. I'll see you in the kitchen and we'll get dressed together later.”

Victoria had coffee for both of us on the table when I appeared in my nightie. While I sat and sipped mine she got out her nail care supplies again and gave me a pedicure, cutting, filing and painting my toenails for me. She seemed to enjoy doing it and I didn't mind having it done for me. It made me feel more feminine being pampered like that.

## CHAPTER 5

At eight o'clock, after several cups of coffee, she finally pronounced that my toenails were completely dry. Then I was led back up the stairs to the 'Girls Room' where I took off my nightie and put on the bathrobe. While I went for a shower, Victoria got herself dressed again in her white mini-dress.

When I came back to the room she dusted my body with talcum powder on the huge puff. She watched as I put on the underwear she had laid out for me. She wanted to make sure I did everything as she had shown me how to last evening. White panties and garter belt, sheer beige stockings and white bra. I had some trouble putting the bra on because I wasn't accustomed to using my hands behind my back that way. I used the same rolled up pantyhose to fill out the bra cups.

Victoria left me then to have fun trying on any or all of the female clothing there. She had some chores to attend to and wanted to do them in her mini dress and high heels. I told her I'd lend her a hand later but she insisted I have fun with the clothes.

One by one I tried on every dress, skirt and blouse there was in that room. Victoria was keeping her things in her room, so everything there was mine. I tried on slacks and jeans and shorts. I put on and took off the full slips and half slips with camisoles, and the teddies, too.

I tried a few things on twice, trying to match things up or to see what looked good on me in the mirror. What I didn't try on twice was tried on three or four times. I even tried on all of the shoes and boots, slippers, jackets and the coats that the girl had left behind.

After all the clothes were tested to my satisfaction, I settled on wearing the white underwear Victoria had me put on that morning. Then I sat down at the vanity table she had set up and played with the makeup she had left there for me: eye shadow, eyeliner, mascara, eyebrow pencil, lip liner, lip stick, clear lip gloss, blusher and the cover stick. I used the pressed powder in the compact to cover the shiny areas of my chin and forehead. I played with my hair, trying for a unisex look without cutting my hair at all. I played for hours and hours and forgot all about having lunch. Victoria forgot too, as she worked at pretending to be decades younger than she really was.

I was able to carefully pull a white full slip over my head without disturbing my makeup or mussing my hair. Then I stepped into a pale blue cotton dress with short sleeves, a round neck line and hem that came to mid thigh. I put on a pair of black, spike heeled T-strap sandals. The heels were at least four inches high and tapered drastically.

I put on the gold watch Victoria had supplied me with and the clipped on some earrings. I admired the thin gold chain around my neck and the gold charm bracelet on my right wrist. She had some old rings which she lent to me, and I fit a couple onto my fingers of both hands.

I really liked the way I looked and felt dressed as a girl. I went down to the kitchen and saw that it was getting close to dinner time. Victoria was in her laundry room ironing a huge load of lingerie, so I made dinner for us. Breaded veal cutlets with my Spanish sauce, whipped potatoes and broccoli with a cheese sauce. For dessert I made

my deep dish apple crisp and could serve it with either cream or ice cream. Both Victoria and I had healthy appetites, but no matter what we ate, we never gained any weight. That's just the way our metabolisms were, so we ate whatever we liked. I had never really appreciated it before.

Victoria finished her work in time to help me set the table. She complimented me on my choice of dress and jewelry, on the way I had done my makeup and my hair. She helped me bring the food to the table and we sat across from each other to enjoy it.

"You are turning into a very adept young woman, Louise," she told me as she tasted the veal. "Oh, this is delicious! I was so busy I forgot all about both lunch and dinner. I'm sorry."

"Don't be," I told her. "I forgot about lunch too, and the only reason I remembered dinner was that I glanced at the kitchen clock when I came down before. I saw you were still busy, so I cooked."

"Did you try on lots of things today?" she asked.

"Everything except for the bras, panties, garter belts and the stockings. I figured that if one fit, they all would. And everything is a perfect fit, too."

"I am so glad to hear that. I doubt that young girl is ever coming back, so you can have all of her clothes to wear any time you want, Louise."

"Aren't you getting more tenants to fill up your rooms?"

"No, not as long as you live here with me. I want you to dress up as often as you want to. Having others around may put a damper on our fun. I think I may even prefer to see you dressed as a girl all the time."

"I'm pleased with the way I look in girls clothes, and I like the way I feel in them. If you aren't bringing in more people, I might get dressed up every weekend." I saw her smile. "And maybe some weekday evenings!"

"I would like that, I think."

We finished our meal and I served the dessert. Victoria wanted it with ice cream so I dug it out of the freezer and put a scoop into each bowl. When we were done she rinsed the dishes and loaded them into the dish washer. We had our tea on the front porch and watched the people stroll by once again.