

THE BLACK SLIP

By Diane Woods



ILLUSTRATED BY C. PITTS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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THE BLACK SLIP

By Diane Woods

Chapter 1: Hidden Treasure

Like most boys who get into crossdressing, I had been fascinated with feminine things from early on. I can remember slipping my Mother's nylons over my arms and being fascinated by how smooth and silky they felt (and made me feel!) when I was only five or six years old. I can also remember doing things like using Scotch tape to smooth my face and (I thought) make me somehow look feminine. But these were pretty much isolated incidents. It wasn't until I was around 12 that the lightning bolt hit, and changed my life forever.

It was just my Mom and me living in our house. She and Dad had broken up when I was pretty little. In fact, I didn't even remember my Dad, except for a few very vague memories. Mom never liked to talk about it, but I got the impression their breakup had been nasty somehow. At any rate, I had never known him, so I didn't miss him.

Of course, that meant that Mom had to work (since my Dad never sent any money or anything) and be away from the house a lot. I tried to help around the house as much as I could. Since Mom worked Saturdays too, I would spend a lot of time helping with the housework. I didn't mind it, 'cause I knew it was just the two of us and I *had* to help out.

Anyway, it was on one of those Saturdays that I came across the Black Slip. I was putting away some clothes up in the attic when I decided to look through some drawers in an old dresser. To this day, I don't know why I decided to do that. But that was when my life changed.

In that drawer, something lay there, all soft and shiny. I touched it with my fingers and marveled at its touch. I took it out, and saw that it was *the* most beautiful black nylon slip. It was so black and shiny and slippery-looking. My heart was beating fast and I felt all excited and strange.

All of a sudden it came into my head that I wanted to put that slip on, to feel all of that slippery smoothness next to my skin. I may have hesitated for just a moment—I'm not absolutely sure now—but I think I did, for I knew that this new and powerful desire was somehow forbidden. Still, I was all alone in the house—no one would ever know—and in a flash my jeans and T-shirt were gone. So were my socks and sneakers and underwear. There was this wonderful little thrill as that silky garment slithered down and around me. And then it seemed as if the world had stopped revolving and I was intensely aware of myself surrounded by soft coolness. The most pervasive sense of safety and warmth flooded over me, coupled with a tingly excitement.

I reached down with my hands and smoothed the slip over my hips. God, that felt good! To feel that softness and smoothness caressing my own body. There was a big old-fashioned mirror up there in the attic, and I moved to see myself in it. I liked what I saw, except that I could tell I needed something to fill out the front. I turned back to the drawer to see what I could find.

There were more treasures. Several half-slips, panties, bras, even nylons were in there. Eagerly, I took some panties and used them to stuff my front. Then, with a tremble, I put another pair of the panties on. The smoothness of the panties against the smoothness of the slip felt wonderful.

Finally, I eyed the nylons. I wanted them, but yet I hesitated—this was really getting in deep, I knew—then I abandoned myself to my desire and tried them on, too.

The nylons were the type with elastic at the tops, so they stayed up by themselves. I drew them up my legs, savoring the sensation. Then I went back to the mirror.

The sight of that beautiful girl, dressed in her shiny black slip and her smooth dark nylons, took my breath away. And that girl was me!

I must admit, I couldn't tear myself away from that mirror. And I couldn't keep my hands off myself! I smoothed my slip this way and that, and twirled and pranced in front of that mirror. I felt intoxicated with it all.

And I knew I wanted *more*.

Leaving my boy clothes where they lay on the ground, I rushed down the stairs to the rest of the house. I dashed into my Mother's room. Then, realizing that someone might see me from outside, I grabbed a robe and covered myself. That done, I proceeded to close the blinds in my Mother's room. I thought a moment and went and closed the blinds in the kitchen and drew the drapes in the front room. I put the burglar lock on the front door too, for good measure. Now I was secure.

Getting back to my Mother's room, I unceremoniously dropped the robe to the floor and stepped free. Stepping to the closet, I flung open the doors and looked to see what else I could wear.

My hands shook slightly as I reached out and took down the various lovely dresses that soon I would be wearing. I pulled out a gorgeous, flowing party dress, a slim and tapered business suit, and a dressy cocktail dress. Yum!

Then I looked down at my stockinged feet. This would never do. I bent down to reach some of the lovely shoes awaiting me at the closet floor. My slip rustled softly as I moved my nyloned legs, and the sound was soothing, yet exciting. I found a pair of black pumps that looked very sexy and the next thing I knew my feet were sliding into them.

Now *this* was interesting! At first the high heels made me wobbly, like a young colt learning to walk. But as I walked back and forth to the bed, I soon began to

get the hang of it. In fact, I liked the way these heels changed my legs and my posture. Very soon the high heels felt quite natural on me.

It was then that I turned my attention to the next delightful stage of my transformation: those delicious dresses. First, I put on this lovely two-piece party dress. It felt so frighteningly nice to step into a skirt—my very first! The skirt was long and flouncy and billowing, with beautiful brocade trim. I looked at myself in it and saw my sexy legs and, I must admit, I turned myself on. But looking at myself, I also grew frustrated.

My hair was much too short. Thank God my Mom liked wigs. Why she had ever gotten into buying wigs was beyond me, as she had her own perfectly acceptable hair, but at that moment I didn't care, I was just grateful that she did.

From the top shelf of the closet, I pulled down her round travel case which I knew contained her wigs. In a moment, I had selected a long, flowing hairpiece of a light brown which was close to my own natural color. I put it in place on my head, adjusted it, brushed it a bit, then stepped back. What a difference! I looked beautiful. And I *felt* beautiful. I moved and twirled my beautiful skirt so that it billowed up.

The cocktail dress was dark blue with an acetate material, tight and sexy. It wrapped in the front with a rhinestone buckle, and it hugged my body. In that dress I felt better than I had ever felt in my life. And I knew what my next step had to be. Into the bathroom I went, and applied a light base coat of makeup, some lipstick, a light blush, and mascara. It took me some tries to get a look I liked, but finally I had it. But something still bothered me. I opened the cabinet and removed the tweezers. I proceeded to tweeze my eyebrows, just enough to get a girlish arch. It stung, but I couldn't care less.

There, I thought. That's better. I smiled at the pretty girl in the mirror.

At this point, things began to overwhelm me. I rummaged through my Mom's jewelry and found a pair of clip-on earrings. These I immediately fastened to my ears. Gazing back at me from the mirror was the most beautiful girl, dressed in the prettiest blue dress. I couldn't restrain myself, it felt so good to run my hands up and down myself, to feel how smooth and slippery and sleek I felt. My legs were encased in smooth nylon, my feet were snugly fit into black high-heeled pumps, my body was wrapped in layers of sleek silk and shiny rayon, and I felt like I was going crazy!

I found myself laying on the bed, gyrating wildly, feeling the pinch of my earrings, the taste of my lipstick, the smoothness of my slip rubbing against my dress, my nyloned legs rubbing against my slip and my dress—and suddenly ...well, let's just say that I was hooked. Actually, as I lay there waiting for the world to go back to normal, I was a little confused as to what exactly had happened. Whatever it was, it felt good, I thought.

I took off all the clothes, and returned most of them back to their proper places in Mom's room. The rest I stashed back upstairs. I was kind of unsure about how I felt about what I had done, now that I was done with it. I vaguely felt that I had done something wrong, but it had felt so good. I didn't know at that

point if I was ever going to repeat the experience, but I hid the delightful clothes in my room, under my mattress, just in case.

Later that night, the urge to feel that delightful sensation returned, and I retrieved my treasures from their hiding place. They were a bit wrinkled from the way I had buried them, but not too much. I fell asleep that night safely inside my black slip and black panties and nylons, feeling wonderfully excited ...and frightened and confused.

Over the ensuing weeks and months, it became a regular practice for me to indulge my love of dressing as often as possible. Many a night I spent in my beloved black slip, learning to love its cool caress.

It got to the point where I wanted to spend an entire day like that, just savoring the experience. Since Mom worked Saturdays, that became my “special” day. The first time, I spent all week thinking about it, making myself crazy with anticipation. During the week, I made sure to wash all my beautiful lingerie, and sneak it into the dryer, so it all would be nice and fresh and clean for Saturday.

That first Saturday, it was like Christmas had come early. I had the run of the house as soon as Mom left for work. That meant the run of her closet and drawers.

I knew I could play “dress up” for hours, as Mom would be gone all day. I got to model a number of dresses, until I settled on a nice skirt and blouse combination. Now to see how long I could make this intoxicating sensation last!

It was a real turning point for me, spending an entire day like that. I loved the sound my heels made as I walked about the kitchen. It felt so neat to sit at the table and have to straighten my skirt, as I had seen Mom do a million times before. And the sensation of crossing my legs while wearing nylons and heels! I was ecstatic. So I busied myself around the house, cleaning and straightening, doing some laundry, even picking up my room. Then, feeling especially girlish, I worked on fixing a dinner for Mom and myself.

About an hour before my Mom was due home from work, I reluctantly set about erasing my tracks. Of course, before I could give up my enchanted existence, I had to lay on the bed and let the smooth clothes work their magic on me again. Then, feeling spent and satisfied, I cleaned up everything and put everything back where it belonged. The nylons, panties, and black slip that I had found up in the attic stayed on, of course, since they wouldn't be missed.

That night, my Mom was very pleased with all the work I had done and she was especially pleased and surprised at the dinner I had fixed. It wasn't all that much, but she really appreciated my efforts.

“So, what did you do all day today, Danny? I hope you didn't spend the entire day working around the house,” she asked me over dinner.

I smiled, feeling the peace and security my slip, panties, and nylons were giving me beneath my sweatshirt and jeans.

“Oh, I relaxed a while, too. I enjoyed myself.”

That night, I slept in my black slip and panties. It was wonderful to drift off to sleep like that, feeling the smooth sleekness of nylon tricot as my hands moved up and down my body, knowing that, beneath my concealing covers, I slept with a most delightful secret. I thought about all the Saturdays yet to come, when I would again have the house to myself. My Saturdays soon became the best part of my life. I rummaged through every drawer in the attic I could find. My efforts were rewarded with a collection of beautiful treasures. I also learned to judiciously liberate occasional things from my Mom's drawers. These I would add to the collection hidden in the back of my closet, buried beneath stacks of comic books.

Saturdays remained my day for “going all the way”, all day. As soon as Mom left for work, I was in the shower getting clean and smooth. My body still wasn't growing much body hair, and I was determined to keep it that way. I learned how to keep shaved and soft from that age on. I spent a lot of time devouring my Mom's magazines—Cosmopolitan, Glamour, Redbook, things like that. I read a lot about makeup and fashion, and I spent Saturdays practicing on myself.

At first, I was distressed to see how harsh my early makeup efforts looked as soon as I was in natural daylight. I experimented with all sorts of makeup techniques. As months turned into years, I got better and better.

Of course, there were periods when I felt ashamed of some of the things I was doing. Especially early on, I would sometimes vow to give it all up. Once or twice, I even managed to give up my special Saturdays. But it never lasted. By the time I was sixteen I was regularly spending my Saturdays as Denise completely, and for all day.

I had to work hard to keep trim and slim, but I found that my desire to be Denise was a powerful motivation. The only problem was that it was a bit frustrating to be spending Saturdays indoors all the time, and to not have anyone to share this wonderful discovery with. It was sometime after my sixteenth birthday that things changed.

Chapter 2 Caught In A Slip

As I said, I had been spending pretty much every Saturday as a girl for three or four years. I had made a lot of progress in that time. I also had gotten into self-hypnosis, using my tape recorder and some books I bought.

I would tape long and detailed hypnosis tapes, then play them back for myself along in my room. The tapes would take me into a deep hypnotic trance, then implant the suggestion that, when I awoke, I would be a girl. These were part of my routine for my Saturdays. Sometimes I would play my tape Friday night, other times I'd play it Saturday morning. Maybe those hypnosis sessions had something to do with the next development. I don't know for sure.

Anyway, my life continued to develop along somewhat schizophrenic lines. Most days I spent as Daniel (although I spent most nights sleeping in slippers and nightgowns). I still hung out with my buddies and did typical teenage guy things.

One day I was with my best friend, Mike Olson. Mike and I had been friends since first grade. We had always had a lot of common interests, like reading science fiction or discussing what passed for philosophy among teenage boys. As a teenager, Mike had shot up in a growth spurt and left me a half-foot shorter. My own height held at 5'9", but Mike was easily 6'3". He had short, sandy blonde hair, and a thin but muscular build. Even though he was my best friend, I had never found the courage to tell him about my new preoccupation. I never explained why I spent most Saturdays in the house.

One day we were out riding in his parents' car. We were just goofing off, running a few errands. But I had worn pantyhose beneath my jeans, and a black teddy under my flannel shirt. I don't know *why* I did that, I knew I was taking a risk of discovery. Maybe part of me *wanted* to be discovered, I don't know.

We were stopped at a railroad crossing, watching a long, slow freight train pass. The radio was playing and nothing much seemed to be going on, when suddenly Mike started goofing around.

"Hey, let's pretend like we're homos. C'mere, let's act like we're hugging and kissing. That'll freak out the people in the car behind us." Mike flashed that big grin of his, and before I could say much, he had his arms around me and was drawing me close.

"Naw, man, this is goofy. Knock it off," I protested in something close to a panic. Even with all my time as Denise, I had never thought of myself as gay, or anything like that. Mike was much bigger and stronger than me, though, and suddenly he was kissing me! I squirmed and tried to wriggle free, but Mike was *kissing me!*

Worse yet, I was suddenly aware that I was, well, getting turned-on by this. Dear God, he's going to think I'm a pervert! I was consumed with panic. I struggled to break free, all the time yelling at Mike to stop, that this wasn't funny, and all that kind of thing. But he kept trying to pull me in close, and he succeeded. He kissed me right on the lips, although not any kind of "French kiss". Still, I was intensely aware of how aroused I was, and it frightened the hell out of me.

I was getting upset and struggling with the door when he finally stopped. He looked at me and I glanced down. My shirt was coming unbuttoned and I could see my black teddy's lace trim showing.

"Danny, what the hell is that?" he asked me. I buttoned my shirt up and tried to think of some possible explanation. Since I couldn't think of one, I just sat silently.

The train was gone now, and Mike put the car into gear and began to drive. "I'm sorry, Danny. I didn't mean to scare you..." his voice trailed off. Finally he said, "Do you want to talk about what you're wearing?"

"No," I stammered out. But as we drove aimlessly, I started to tell him about how I had found it relaxing to dress in girl's clothes. I asked him please, if he was my friend, not to tell anyone else about this. He agreed to keep it between us.

In fact, Mike seemed accepting. He didn't make fun or put me down. He just asked me a lot of questions. Gradually, it came out about how I was spending my Saturdays.

"Jesus! How do you look when you're done?" he asked.

"Pretty good, I think. I know it sounds weird, but I enjoy looking good that way. I mean, I'm not gay or anything like that, but I just really find this makes me feel good."

"Does your Mom know?"

"No. I've been real careful. I only dress up when I know she's not going to be home for a while, like on Saturdays when she's at work."

There was a minute or two of silence as we just rode along. Then, Mike spoke up again.

"Do you have any pictures of yourself—you know, *that way*?"

I looked down. "No. It's hard to take pictures of yourself, you know?"

Mike nodded. Then, after another minute of silence: "You know, if you'd like, *I* could take some pictures. My folks have a Polaroid, and a good 35 millimeter camera."

I could feel my heart beating loudly in my chest. "I don't know—it might feel pretty weird. I've never showed *anybody*. And you might feel a little weird about it."

"No, really, it wouldn't bother me. I kind of think it would be interesting. And then you could have some pictures of yourself."

The thought of having pictures intrigued me. I was also scared to death of my friend thinking I was some kind of pervert. (Which, technically, I guess I was.)

We went back and forth on the subject for several more minutes. I was scared to let someone see me as Denise, but Mike was insistent. Finally, I agreed. After all, he already knew my secret. And now part of me was afraid that if I got him upset with me, he could spill my secret. I didn't really think my friend would hurt me that way, but you could never be sure.

“All right, but here’s how I’d like to do it. Tomorrow's Saturday. My Mom leaves for work about 8:30. Give me some time to get properly ready. You come over about, say, 11:00.”

Mike was agreeable, and after reassuring me several more times that my secret was safe with me, he dropped me off at my house. As I went to sleep that night, in my beloved black slip, my hypnosis tape running, I wondered about the wisdom of going through with our plans for the next day. Still, it seemed inevitable. I just hoped Mike wasn't going to show up with a bunch of our friends.

That next morning I was nervous as all get-out, wondering if this whole thing was finally going to blow up in my face. I was also nervous with anticipation. I was curious to see how things were going to proceed. As soon as my Mom was gone, I was in the shower. I slathered myself with depilatory cream and waited for it to do its magic. I'd found that a good depilatory is even better than shaving, as it removes the hair more completely and left my skin feeling very smooth. So I was liberally coated with the gunk, taking off every last bit of hair all over my body.

I then showered the chemical off, and washed with a nice scented soap. Stepping out of the shower, my entire body felt extremely soft and smooth. At times like that it was if my skin was crying out for smooth nylon and soft silk.

I began by putting on a beautiful pink bra and garter and panty set. I had ordered these by mail from the Frederick's catalog, and they fit me quite nicely. My bra I filled out with some breast pads I had made. Then I drew on gorgeous, long, silky nylons. Not pantyhose, but very sheer nylons which fastened to my garters.

I was starting to feel good already!

Then I slid a creamy, smooth slip down over my head and shoulders. It also was pink, and this I had ordered from the J.C. Penney catalog. Thank God my Mom didn't get home from work until after I got home from school. I could intercept the mail and she never knew.

Next, I stepped into my black pumps. These I had also ordered by catalog, as my Mom's shoes were too small for me now.

I started to relax as I felt my soft girlish clothes about me. Next was a pretty pink silk dress. The skirt was short and pleated, and it showed off my legs very well. This, too, I had ordered from the Penney's catalog, and I loved the way it looked on me.

Then I applied myself to my makeup. First I shaved very carefully and closely. Then I shaved again. I used a brand new razor cartridge and lots of shaving gel to avoid nicks. The first time I shaved with the grain of my thin adolescent beard, the second time against the grain. Then I applied a thin base coat of makeup.

I took my time doing my eyes. I didn't want to be too overdone, especially not for a daytime date. *Date*—did I say that? I thought to myself. This isn't a *date*!

I used a little eyeliner, then some mascara. That should be enough on the eyes. Then I applied a pretty peach lipstick, and just a touch of blush.

Looking in the mirror, I was very critical of my work and had to play around with several different looks before I was satisfied with my eyes. Then I put on my darling little wedding-band earrings.

That completed, I took a good long look at myself. Not bad!

I looked kind of sexy and cute there in my short hair, but that wasn't the look I wanted for today. I had ordered a pretty wig by mail. It was long and light brown and, once it was on, I felt wonderful.

Then I dabbed on some perfume, zapped my mouth with breath spray, and waited.

The waiting made me crazy. I went around and made sure the various blinds and drapes were closed so the neighbors couldn't see in. Then I sat on the couch and read my Mom's copy of Redbook. I tried to concentrate on an article, but my nervousness and anxiety kept me from absorbing anything I read. I kept going over the same paragraph again and again.

Suddenly I heard a car in the driveway. I peeped out through the front curtains and saw Mike's car. I closed the curtains immediately. I felt like my heart was up in my throat. I was scared silly! What if he just laughed when he saw me? Worse yet, what if he was disgusted by this whole thing? What if he had come over to tell me he had changed his mind about the whole thing? What if...

The doorbell rang. This was it. I thought about acting like I wasn't home. Just don't answer the door and he'll go away.

But I found myself getting up, adjusting my skirt, and walking to the door. I was extremely self-conscious of the sound my heels made on the linoleum section by the front door. I opened the door, left it slightly ajar, and backed away from the door.

"Hello?" It was Mike's voice all right. "Hello. Is Danny home?"

"Come in," I replied, in as light a voice as I could without getting into some ridiculous falsetto. I had been practicing for a while to get my voice to a lighter pitch that seemed halfway realistic, and my tape recorder had been of help with that effort. Still, I wasn't sure that I didn't just sound foolish.

He stepped in. I stood about four feet away, feeling extremely awkward and embarrassed. How absurd I must look.

Mike smiled. "Oh, hello, is Da..." he stopped in mid-sentence.

"Right here," I grinned and shrugged.

Mike was silent a moment. He looked me up and down.

"Wow!" was all he said.

"Well, this is it," I offered. "Now you know how crazy and weird your friend is."

"You ...you look very nice," was all he finally stammered.

"Really? You really mean that?" I felt myself blush.

“Yeeah, you look really nice. When I first walked in, I thought someone else was here and you had changed your mind. I didn't expect you to look so good.”

I invited him to come in and relax. He had two cameras with him, the Polaroid and a regular 35 mm. He set them down on the coffee table.

“This is really incredible,” he said. “You look ...good. *Really* good.”

My face felt warm, and the rest of me felt a bit trembly. “Thanks. Want a soda or something?” I was starting to calm down a little.

“That would be great,” he replied.

I walked into the kitchen to get two sodas. My heels made their distinctive sound on the linoleum.

Mike sat at the kitchen table, and so did I. I remember having to scoop my skirt behind me as I sat, and I primly crossed my ankles beneath my chair. Both things made me self-conscious about how I was dressed and behaving, and I felt my cheeks grow warm as I blushed again. Mike and I talked for a while. I gave him a somewhat edited history of how I had begun my crossdressing, and how I had been spending so many of my Saturdays.

Finally, he suggested we take some pictures. Mike had me pose in the front room. He took pictures of me standing, then sitting on the couch, sitting in a chair. And as the initial awkwardness wore off, I found myself enjoying this more and more. I started getting into it, posing in some interesting ways. Some of my poses showed off my legs very nicely, and I enjoyed seeing Mike linger as he looked at them.

“Danny, try standing over by the door now. I...” he stopped. “Calling you ‘Danny’ feels funny.”

“You could call me...” I hesitated just momentarily, feeling a little self-conscious. “How about Denise? I like that name.”

“Denise,” he repeated. Right away it felt very good.

“That's actually very pretty. And it's close enough to Danny that if I slip and start to say ‘Danny’ I can pretty easily catch it and make it come out Denise.”

For the rest of the day, it was “Denise this” and “Denise that,” and I loved it.

Mike took a number of shots there in the front room. First he used the Polaroid, so I could see the results immediately. Then he would switch off and use the 35 mm. After four or five pictures in the front room, Mike had me pose in the kitchen. Again, he had me sit at the table, then stand by the counter, and finally he took one of me reaching up for something high on a shelf.

“That really shows off your legs, Dan ...Denise,” he commented.

He kept coming up with more ideas. Finally, he suggested some pictures of me sitting at my Mom's makeup table. So we went into her room, and he snapped two or three of me there.

While he was changing film in the 35 mm, I asked, “Getting hungry? I could fix us some lunch.”

I got up from the table and headed towards the door. To do so, I had to walk close to Mike. As I did so, he put down the camera.

“Lunch would be nice, Denise,” he said. He pronounced my new name with a kind of softness to it that I liked. Or at least it seemed that way to me. “But I've got to tell you something first.”

I stopped in my tracks, about a foot away from him. He looked at me intently.

“You are absolutely a gorgeous girl. And I'm really glad you were brave enough to share this with me.”

I smiled, and started to head for the door. But Mike didn't move, so my step only brought me closer to him.

“Don't get mad, OK?” he said quietly. “I just think that I like you this way a lot. It's different, but I *like* this difference. I was really afraid, before I saw you, that this was going to be somehow weird and creepy and scary. But it's not. You look great!” He moved slightly closer to me. Even with my heels, I was shorter than Mike, so I was looking up into his face.

“It's just...” he continued, “It's just that I'm not sure how to respond to you like this.”

I thought about things for about half a second, then said, “The whole point of what I'm doing is for people to respond to me like a girl. I want to act like a girl *completely*. I want people to treat me like a girl.”

“I *do* want to treat you like a girl, Denise,” he said. With that, he gave me a quick, nervous kiss on my lips.

For a split second, I panicked again. But I just blinked, and analyzed the sensation. That felt OK. I looked at Mike. His face was bright red. I just smiled, and didn't say anything.

Mike looked down at his feet. “I'm sorry, you must think I'm really a sicko,” he stammered.

I thought for a moment. “No, not at all, Mike. Heck, *I'm* the one who's gone to all this trouble to make myself look like a girl. What's so strange about your responding to what you see?”

“Yeah, but what would anyone say if they saw?”

I looked him firmly in the eye. “All they'd see is a good-looking boy kissing a girl. What could they say about *that*?”

He looked at me, then he smiled. He shook his head kind of sheepishly, his hand scratching the nape of his neck.

I wasn't sure at all how either one of us felt right then and there. It was so strange, because I had always been taught that gays were nasty and creepy people. Yet my best friend had just kissed me (very chastely, I must add) and I wasn't repulsed by it at all.

The two of us headed for the kitchen. I could feel Mike's eyes all over me, and I wasn't quite sure how to react to that. It was a very new feeling.

Suddenly Mike blurted out, "Let's go out for lunch, Denise."

"Are you kidding? I don't know that I'm ready to go out like this yet."

"Ahh, you look wonderful! C'mon, my treat. You'll enjoy it."

Well, I had to admit it was a tempting thought. So, with my pulse racing, I agreed. Mike pulled his car into our attached garage, so that I could get in without everyone seeing me. I was still pretty self-conscious.

I had packed a purse full of makeup and other goodies I might need to touch myself up, along with a key and some money. I gathered up my courage and went out to the garage through the connecting door. Once again my heels clicked, this time on the hard concrete floor, and the sound echoed in the garage. I was starting to regain my composure a bit; the feel of my nylons rubbing against each other and the sound of my heels clicking on that floor, helped to calm me down.

Mike stood there and held the car door for me. What a nice thing to do! I was beginning to feel just how different the relationship between Mike and Denise was compared to that of Mike and Daniel.

Mike closed my door after I got in. The car seat's angle meant that my long legs were nicely exposed as Mike got in from his side. He smiled over at me and then backed out of the garage. After Mike stopped and closed the garage door, we were off. We drove for about forty minutes on the expressway. We listened to the radio, chatted a bit (Mike said how much he liked my perfume!) and just relaxed. Finally we exited, and Mike said he was taking me to lunch at Northwood Mall. This mall was a good drive from where we both lived, so I felt relatively sure we weren't going to bump into anyone we knew. Mike came around and opened my door for me, and together we started walking toward the restaurant. Mike walked a lot closer to me than he normally would have, but I didn't say anything.

Inside, we found a nice little restaurant. Not too fancy, but nice. I was still worried about my voice, so I told Mike what I wanted while our waitress was away.

"The lady will have the Chef's Salad," he said upon her return, "and I'll have a cheeseburger. And two diet Cokes."

It was really nice, sitting there looking all pretty and having lunch with Mike. I was nervous, of course, but I was enjoying it all nevertheless.

It was halfway through lunch that I realized I needed to go to the bathroom. I looked up at Mike. "I uh, I have to go to ...the ladies room, I guess." I finally whispered. "Do I look OK?"

Mike looked at me. "Yes, you're fine. Just relax and you'll be OK. You look better than any girl in here."

"Well, here's another first," I thought as I rose. Once again I was very self-conscious of the sound my heels made. I tried to relax, but my heart was thumping. What if someone figures out I'm not really a girl? I knew I would be mortified. But dressed as I was, using the men's room was out of the question.

I looked straight ahead and went in the door marked “Ladies”. Once inside, I was amazed how large and bright and comfortable it looked. Much nicer than men's rooms. I could get used to this.

I found an empty stall and shut the door. Then I carefully slipped down my girdle, then my pantyhose. Then I sat down and relieved myself, safe within my little cubicle.

Several other women entered then, and I could hear them talking softly. I froze for a moment, then glanced down at my feet, all nice and girlish in their nylons and heels. That was all they could see of me, I knew. It was OK, I belonged.

Still, I waited until they were done and gone before I left my stall. Then I got to check myself out in the large mirrors. I *do* look good, I thought to myself, as I freshened my lipstick and applied just a touchup of pancake makeup. I also dabbed some fresh perfume on.

When I rejoined Mike at the table, he looked just a touch anxious himself. I smiled at him. “No problem,” I said softly.

When we were done with lunch (Which Mike insisted on paying for), we went for a walk through the mall. Catching sight of the two of us in a shop window, I was jolted by the thought that we made a nice couple. He was taller than me by an appropriate amount, and we just seemed to be just another teenage couple.

At one point we came to a Victoria's Secret store and we stood at the window. As I looked over all the pretty things and dreamed about getting them someday, Mike touched me on the shoulder, and I felt like I had gotten an electric shock.

That was how we spent the afternoon. As time went on, I relaxed more and more. Being Denise was becoming more and more naturally, and of course, having Mike with me added to my camouflage.

When it was getting to be about 4:00, I told Mike we had better be getting home. But Mike had another idea.

“Let's see a movie.”

“But Mike, my Mom will be home in another hour or two. I can't go back home dressed like this once she's there.”

He thought a moment. “Look, call her at work right now. Tell her I've set us up for a double-date and that you'll be home later. We can stop at your house right now and get you a change of clothes so you'll be OK to get home.”

I thought about it. Well, why not? This had already been a day of firsts. I called my Mom at work. That's when I got my first surprise. She had gone home early because she wasn't feeling well!

Now what do I do? I dug some more change out of my purse and called home.

“Hi Mom,” I said as she answered.

“Danny, is that you? Where are you?”

“Oh, Mike Olson and I ended up going out for a while. I would've left a note but I thought I'd be home before you got there.”

“Well, I had to come home early, Danny. I think I'm coming down with a touch of the flu. I'm glad you're finally getting out a bit with your friends, though. Sometimes you worry me with you staying in so much. When will you be home?”

“Uh, well, Mom, that's the other thing I wanted to talk with you about.” I tried not to talk too loudly on the public phone. I couldn't talk too girlish to my Mom, and yet I couldn't have people hearing a guy's voice coming from a girl on the phone. Luckily, there wasn't anyone using any phones near me.

“Mike's set up a double-date and I wanted to check with you and see if that's OK.”

“Oh, honey, that's nice. Who is this girl?”

“Umm, some friend of Mike's friend. Denise. That's about all I know except she's about my age.”

“Well, you have a good time. Where are you going?”

“Just to a movie, and maybe some pizza or something afterwards. I won't be home too late, but don't wait up. You get some rest and get better.”

“Just remember curfew is 11:30. Don't get caught past curfew. Have a nice time.”

Don't worry, Mom. I *definitely* don't want to get caught past curfew.

At least I was covered. But I couldn't get home now and get a change of clothes.

I explained my predicament to Mike.

“You're lucky she's not feeling good. You can probably sneak in tonight without her seeing you.”

“I guess,” I replied. “Well, now you're stuck with me.”

“No problem,” he replied gallantly. “This is like an adventure.”

So we spent the rest of the afternoon together. Mike drove us out to another suburb that had a river walk and we strolled along like all the other young couples. It was very nice. Every once in a while I had to keep my skirt from blowing up around me in the wind. That was an interesting feeling.

At one point a police officer strolled by, and I got a bit nervous. He just looked me up and down, lingering on my legs, and smiled.

When it was time for our movie, we drove out to another mall near the river walk. This was still a good bit removed from our own suburb, so we didn't see anyone we knew. But the movie was great. Mike picked out a great “date” movie, an adventure/love story with Mel Gibson.

At one point he leaned over and whispered in my ear. “Look, don't get the wrong idea, but it'll look weird if we're here together and I don't at least have my arm around you. OK?”

I thought about it, then nodded. He was right, it *would* look out of place. So, suddenly he had his long arm around my shoulder. Well, what the heck, he *was* my best friend. And besides, I really didn't feel all *that* scared.