

THE ROSEBUD SOCIETY

By Debbie Cybill



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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by Debbie Cybill

Chapter 1 Summer Job

MOM WAS deeply disappointed in me. I had failed my year at school and would have to repeat. I hated school. At seventeen I felt myself a man. I had no intention of staying at school till I was an old man. My mom was all I had and I loved her dearly. She worked long hours as a cashier at the local supermarket, but every moment she had to spare she would spend with me. Some of my school mates called me a momma's boy, and I am sure that they were right. My only comfort came from my mom at home. I had no friends at school, only schoolmates. The girls ignored me, the boys always chose me last for any game.

Now I was supposed to repeat a year. But in the meantime I needed a summer job. I was small for my age, and with such a bad academic record I had more difficulty than most guys in finding a job. Even the fast food joints would not employ me and I ended up going from house to house in the richer quarter of the town, knocking at doors and offering my services as a garden boy or for odd jobs.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence finally offered me a job as a garden boy. I worked at it conscientiously, feeling that if I did a good job they might employ me full-time in the fall, and then I would not have to go back to school and face the scorn of the boys who had moved on to the next year. If only I had worked as conscientiously at my school work! Then I would not be in this position of having to repeat a year. I would not have disappointed mom so much.

Mr. Lawrence was a lawyer, senior partner in his own firm. Their house was only three blocks over from ours, but seemed in a different world. Our tiny little frame house needed paint and was termite-ridden, unusual in Canada, which is mostly too cold for termites to flourish, but this was the Kelowna Valley in British Columbia, warm enough to grow grapes and where the best wine in Canada is made. And warm enough for termites too. Our garden was the size of a pocket handkerchief, and littered with garbage. No grape vines there and no plants at all come to that. Still, it was adequate for Mom and me. Dad had left when I was little, and I had no brothers or sisters.

Mrs. Lawrence was a motherly woman and I saw more of her than of her husband. With her white hair, soft hazel eyes and lovely, gentle smile she seemed to like me and even seemed to mother me, perhaps because she had no children of her own at home. She would often bring me lemonade and cookies during the heat of the day. I seemed to have two moms.

The Lawrence house was a large brick building set in three and half acres of grounds. At the back the French windows opened onto a large patio set with fine metal lawn furniture. The lawn was dotted with specimen trees, one huge cedar of Lebanon,

two oaks, an ash and several tamarack, and beyond the lawns was a wood lot with dense brush. Wisteria grew up a trellis on the north side of the patio, cutting off the wind and making the patio cozy and scented. The swimming pool seemed almost Olympic size and was equipped with a diving board. My job was to clean the pool and brush the leaves off the tennis court and the patio each day and then to cut the lawns. An older gardener had charge of the flower beds and I had to report to him.

At the end of June Julie Lawrence arrived home from university. I remembered her vaguely from her high school days; she had been a senior in high school when I started junior high. Now she had just completed law school and was to be an associate lawyer in her father's company just as soon as she had passed her bar exam. Like me, Julie was an only child. She was tall and honey blond, at least six inches taller than me, and very muscular with it. She had glorious legs and I learned that she rowed in the women's varsity crew; in fact she was the stroke of the crew that had won the regional championship.

I was surprised to find that she proved quite friendly to me, just as her mother had done. All the girls at school had ignored me or, worse, laughed at me, with my poor physique. I was not used to receiving any attention at all from a girl or from a woman - and from a woman like this! On my eighteenth birthday all the Lawrence family were extremely kind to me and gave me birthday presents, something that I had not had in several years. I was even asked to stop work early so that I could attend a birthday party on the patio where they had a birthday cake for me. Mr. Lawrence gave me a fountain pen. It was very nice of him and I loved receiving presents, but when would I use a fountain pen? His wife, Mrs. Lawrence, gave me a new pair of sneakers. That was far more useful to me than a fountain pen, and in any case my only pair were wearing out and the right one had a huge hole in the toe. Julie Lawrence kissed me as she gave me her present, a pair of dress slacks.

I was far happier than I had been for years. Then it was all spoiled. It was the Lawrence's Beemer that did it. That model of the BMW apparently had a problem in which the accelerator would stick and the engine would race uncontrollably. That day, it was two days after my birthday, my mother finished work early and decided to see where I worked. She was just turning her old, rusty Ford Pinto into the Lawrence's gateway when their BMW raced down the driveway, which was quite long, shaded by overhanging trees and had a bend in it. The two cars collided head on right on the bend. I don't know if the impact itself killed anyone, but in any case an enormous fireball erupted and all three were burnt beyond recognition. Julie and I were summoned to the town morgue to identify the bodies, but we were quite unable to do so. It was horrid seeing those burnt bodies and I burst into tears. Julie comforted me. Mr. And Mrs. Lawrence were finally identified from their dental records, but Mom had never been able to afford to have a dentist look at her teeth so she had no dental record. The court finally had to accept the police identification without any confirmation.

Both Julie and I were orphans.

Our situations were quite different though. Mom had no insurance, and although a claim might be made against the Lawrence's or against the BMW company I was told that it would take years to settle. Besides, how much good would it be suing a lawyer like Mr. Lawrence? Mom's rent was already behind, and the landlord repossessed the

house, throwing our few possessions into the street. I was penniless and homeless. Maybe some time in the future I might come into some money from the insurance company, but that was no help now.

Julie inherited a fortune from her father, including his law practice and the beautiful house, as well as a huge insurance settlement. I had never stepped inside the house, knowing it only from the outside, but I knew it was beautiful. She was my only friend, and I poured out my heart to her.

“Now I have no mother, no parents at all, no cousins, no aunts, no uncles. I am alone in the world. And now I have nowhere to live. I suppose the children’s care people will take charge of me.”

“But you must come and live with me,” she said, putting an arm around my shoulder. “This is a large house, even though it only has two bedrooms. I shall move into the master bedroom and you can have my old room.”

I told her I should need a job and must work full-time, without returning to school. “I shall not have anything to eat nor any money for clothes if I cannot hold down a full-time job now that Mom is dead. It is sweet of you to let me stay here, but that is just not enough for me to survive. I must start to find a new job.”

“I shall need someone to keep house for me, Billy. Why don’t I engage you as my housekeeper? Would you like that?”

She stroked my hair and kissed my cheek. Of course I accepted.

Her room, now mine, was a large airy one furnished in pink with windows on two sides, a table, vanity, three dressers and a double bed. There was a walk-in closet and a pink bathroom furnished with a Jacuzzi bath. I had never seen a bathroom like it. So many appliances, such luxury of gold fixtures. I had never even seen a hairdryer before, let alone a bidet or a heated towel rail. I had no idea what a bidet was used for, though I was soon to find out.

Julie remarked, “I shall have to have the bedroom repainted for you. Why did I ever have it done in pink? It’s not my color at all.”

“You don’t have to, Julie. I am quite happy with a pink bedroom.”

In fact, for some reason the girlish color excited me. I moved in the same day and helped Julie to clear out her parents’ clothes and things from the master bedroom and after that to move all her clothes there instead.

I spread my few paltry clothes around the drawers and the closet, a few ragged tee-shirts, underwear gray with many washings, sandals, sneakers, work boots, one pair of shoes, socks, jeans, the slacks Julie had given me for my birthday and my one good suit that I had not worn for at least a year. I also had a few of my Mom’s things for keepsakes that I placed in the second dresser. I don’t know why, but I had brought some of her clothes as well as personal trinkets. Just a few years earlier I had tried on some of these clothes myself and got quite a thrill from it. Perhaps that was why I brought them with me.

The next morning I showered and threw on jeans and a tee-shirt. I stepped out of the bedroom and heard Julie call out from her bedroom, "Bring me breakfast in bed, Billy. Just orange juice, coffee and toast will do for today."

I went downstairs to the kitchen, prepared a tray and carried it up. I knocked on the door. "There's no need to knock, Billy. Just walk right in when you bring me my breakfast."

Julie was sitting up in bed in a nylon nightgown with a bed jacket thrown over her shoulders. One breast showed through the transparent nylon. I placed the tray on her night table, trying to keep my eyes off that breast and almost creaming my pants.

"My-oh-my! Those jeans and tee-shirt are all very well for a garden boy, but my housekeeper must dress better than that! What's your chest size, Billy? I will try to pick something up for you on my way home."

I could not help noticing the excitement in her hazel eyes and wondered what she was up to. She told me my duties for the day and asked me to run a bath for her while she was eating her breakfast.

While she was away that day, I not merely cleaned the kitchen as she had asked me, but got down on my hands and knees and scrubbed the floor. I washed her dirty clothes for her in the washing machine, and hand-washed her lingerie in the bathroom, hanging it there to dry. None of this had been specified as my duty that day, but I was determined to do more than I was asked to ensure that I kept my job - and my new home.

When Julie arrived home that evening, I had a drink waiting for her. She complimented me on the work I had done, and thanked me sweetly for the drink, a dry martini. Then she handed me a package. When I opened it, I found four polo shirts and two pairs of slacks, nothing very special, but a cut above what I was wearing.

That night in bed I could not help comparing Julie to myself. She had hazel eyes and long honey blond hair. I had mousy hair and blue eyes. Julie was six foot at least. I was only 5' 4". Julie dressed quite conservatively, but always in the latest style, in well-cut clothing. I wore ragged jeans and torn tee-shirts. I fell asleep dreaming of her body.

As the days and weeks went by she kept me busy and my housework improved. I took her breakfast up to bed every morning. I learned to cook. I dressed more neatly, as Julie brought me occasional presents of clothing. One morning she stripped off her nightdress before I left the room and called to me to scrub her back in the bath. Gradually this became habitual. I longed to touch her elsewhere, but never dared. I fell asleep every night masturbating to fantasies of fucking her.

Chapter 2. Marriage

THEN Julie passed her bar exam and became head of her father's old law-firm. That night she threw a party in the garden to celebrate. Most of the guests were her fellow rowing crew members from college, with several of the oarsmen as well and the staff of the law firm, now hers. To my surprise she treated me like one of the guests. I had expected to be serving, but no such thing. She kept me close by her side and introduced me to many of the guests, especially, I noted to those gigantic Amazons, her fellow crew members. She drifted around spending time with each one of her guests, but introduced me to few others besides the oarswomen.

We wandered together to the Cedar of Lebanon in the center of the lawn, or rather, she led me there, and we stood still there for a moment. She stroked my hair almost absentmindedly, almost in a proprietorial manner. Then right before the assembled company, she asked me to marry her!

"Will you marry me, Billy darling?"

I was astonished. The world stood still; the birds stopped singing in the trees; not a leaf stirred in the breeze until finally I had to take a breath and the world around me started up again. I had never dreamed of any such thing despite my masturbation fantasies. I accepted of course, and she slipped an engagement ring on my left hand. This was odd, a reversal of the normal state of affairs.

"I am the one with the money, Billy dear. It's up to me to buy the ring and for you wear it."

Later, when all the guests had left, I asked her why me, when she could have had her choice of eligible bachelors.

"Just look at some of your friends who came to the party today. Why, the stroke of the men's crew would make you a wonderful husband. He is taller than you and you looked beautiful together."

"Why, thank you Billy, but I am already a better breadwinner than any of the men around. I don't need a husband for that purpose, like most young ladies. What I need is someone who will keep house for me, a househusband in fact. And you have proved yourself to be very capable in that office. You are going to be my darling house-hubby."

"But I can keep house for you without your having to marry me. Just like I am doing now. I would not let you down, Julie. You have been so kind to me."

She kissed the tip of my nose. I put out a hand to touch her cheek.

"Now, now! Naughty boy. No necking until we are married."

A week later she produced a prenuptial agreement for me to sign. It was all double Dutch to me. I noticed, however, that we were to have separate bedrooms, and that I could only have sexual intercourse with her at her invitation. I was still only 16 years old and I really did not know any better. Did most married couples live like that?

"I am the breadwinner of the family," she told me, "And I think it better if I keep my own name, especially as it is also the name of the law-firm, Lawrence and Associates."

I quite agreed with her.

“Then perhaps you should change your name to Lawrence, so that we do not have different names.”

She produced another form and asked for my signature. This one petitioned a judge to change my name to Billie Lawrence.

“But my name is William,” I said, “And anyway, ‘Billy’ is spelled with a ‘y’.”

“Nobody calls you ‘William’, dear. Everybody says ‘Billie’.”

So I signed. It was quite true, everyone did call me Billy.

Our wedding that Saturday was a small affair; just the two of us and two of Julie’s girlfriends from college, Marcia and Liz, who were present as witnesses. I wore my one and only suit, which was a good three inches too short. I looked like a proper dweeb. I stood there at the desk of the judge waiting for Julie and her attendants, feeling just like the nerd I looked. The girls processed up to the desk almost as if they were in a church or chapel and they were processing up the aisle.

Julie was resplendent in her slender fitted dress and her voile veil. It was I who promised to love, honor and *obey*. Julie just promised to love and cherish me. We exchanged rings and when the judge had pronounced us man and wife intoning, “You may kiss the bride,” the traditional saying, Julie threw back her veil and offered me her cheek to kiss rather than her mouth. We all signed the register and went off for a discreet lunch together.

No toasts and little small talk at our wedding breakfast.

“You will never have to wear a suit again, Billie. It would be such a waste to buy one for just the one occasion. We will throw it out immediately after we reach home. You can take it to the goodwill.”

I noticed that she nevertheless spent over \$5,000 on her own wedding dress. It was white, but then she was a virgin. At least as far as I was concerned and as far as anyone else was concerned too. I really believed.

We had no real honeymoon, since Julie was so busy as head of her company. I slept alone that night, since Julie thought that at 16 I was too young for a marriage bed.

Chapter 3. Domestic Life

THE NEXT morning, as I prepared to scrub her back Julie suddenly ordered me to strip. She looked at my balls and touched my cock.

“The bulge in the front of your pants has always troubled me, Billie. I would like you to wear a gaff.”

I did not even know what a gaff was and asked her about it. She handed me a small triangle of pink nylon and lycra with several straps attached.

“It’s also called a dancer’s shield. Male ballet dancers wear gaffs to keep their genitals from showing in their tights. Many businessmen wear them too, to keep them neat.”

She helped me put it on, pushing my balls back inside my body and pulling my cock back between my legs. I admitted that the cut of my pants looked much better like that.

She gave me several gaffs and instructed me to wear one every day. They were uncomfortable, but what my wife wants my wife gets. The next few days were uneventful. I kept house as usual, and had Julie’s drink ready for her arrival home. My cooking was improving and the house was neater and cleaner than ever before. Did I keep it as well as Mrs. Lawrence had done, I wondered. Then one Friday Julie arrived home with a package for me.

“I am tired of seeing my darling housewife in sports shirts. I want to see how he looks in a neat blouse.”

“Did you say ‘housewife?’” I asked.

“Sorry! That was a slip of the tongue. I meant house husband. I still want to see you in a nylon shirt.”

I opened the package and found a white nylon shirt, very sheer, but very simple. The collar had rounded tips and it buttoned down the front, just like the dress shirts I had seen professional men wearing with their suits and ties. It was only when I started to put it on that I realized that the buttons were on the wrong side.

“Hey, Julie! The shop clerk gave you a girl’s blouse instead of a man’s shirt.”

“I’m sorry about that, Billie, but put it on anyway. I want to see you in it.”

She kept me in it all evening.

“Oh, and wear an apron in the kitchen. I don’t want you to get food stains on it.”

The only apron in the kitchen was a frilly white one. Needless to say I wore it.

I began to see how things were developing. Julie really did want a housewife, not a house husband. Well, I would do anything to please her, to keep her. I loved her, a feeling that had been developing ever since she had taken pity on me after the death of my mother. Besides, I had promised to obey her, and to me ‘obey’ meant not just passive obedience but attempting to anticipate her every requirement of me, her every wish, spoken or tacit. I sorted through my mother’s clothes to see if there was anything suitable and found a gray woolen dress that seemed appropriate for house work,

though it had been mom's best go to church dress. The next evening I was wearing it with my full lacy apron over it when Julie arrived home.

"Very good, Billie. I love what you are doing for me."

She kissed me on the tip of my nose. "This weekend we must go shopping for a new wardrobe for you."

That Saturday I wore jeans and a sports shirt for the last time ever, as we shopped for feminine underwear, blouses, skirts, three dresses, pantyhose and shoes. At that time I wore ballet flats for the first time, though that did not last long. We bought a selection of frilly aprons, mostly white, but two were pink - my favorite color, or so Julie insisted. Some were waist aprons, while others were full length, with bibs, lace around the bibs and along the hem.

The next morning I took in Julie's breakfast wearing a gray pleated skirt, pantyhose and blouse over a full slip and white nylon panties. And of course my gaff. She complimented me on my outfit, but suggested that I should add an apron the next day, "A half apron, Billie dear."

That evening she brought home several lacy panty-girdles for me. They presented a spectrum of pastel colors; there were white, pink, yellow, mint green and pale blue.

"These will give you a nice secure feeling and keep you neat and trim."

She raised a pink panty-girdle to my cheek. "Feel how soft and silky it is. You are going to like wearing it. It is so soft and pretty, just like you, Billie, darling. Now give me your drink and then go and put it on."

I started. I was holding her drink without even offering it to her. I handed it over then raced up to my room to put on this new garment. It felt very sexy and lessened the discomfort of the gaff. My prick felt secure under this garment. Nevertheless, I still felt embarrassed wearing it. It was such a feminine garment, more feminine than anything else I had worn, more feminine even than a skirt and panties. But there could be no excuse for not putting it on. I shivered with excitement as I donned it.

The next morning she instructed me to throw out all my masculine clothing. I thought of protesting, but Julie was my wife whom, after all, I had promised to obey. I threw most of them into the garbage and packed the few half decent garments into a package to take to the goodwill.

The next instruction I received was to shave my legs. "You can't show leg hairs through pantyhose, Billie. It's so unladylike."

"But I'm not a lady," I retorted.

Julie turned steely. "You can shave them as soon as I go off to work. The rest of your body too. And don't forget to shave under your arms."

She came home in a good mood that evening.

"You have such sexy legs," she purred. "Most girls would give their virginity for legs like yours. And so smooth, now that you've shaved them!"

I was beginning to realize that Julie had long-range plans for my future. I wondered what would happen next. I decided to preempt anything she might suggest. One even-

ing, after we had dinner, I curled up on the floor at her feet, a position I often adopted, and looked up at her.

“I think it’s time I graduated to stockings with a garter belt instead of pantyhose. And I am beginning to think that I would feel more secure in a bra.”

“Why, Billie, I am glad you suggested that of your own accord. I was beginning to think the same. This Saturday we’ll go shopping together.”

“But I have no clothes to wear!”

“That sounds just like a girl. Girls never have any clothes to wear, even when their closets are full.”

“But I can’t go out dressed like this.”

“Of course you can, Billie. We’ll just have to take care to make you up properly.”

So the next morning I took a bubble bath in the Jacuzzi and dressed as usual before taking in Julie’s breakfast. I scrubbed her back and she threw on her bath robe.

“Come here and let me make you up.”

She sat me down in front of her vanity and put a makeup cape around my shoulders. First liquid foundation fixed with powder, then a light layer of blusher on my cheeks.

“Nothing too much. We want you to look like a young girl with a ‘natural’ makeup. By the way you must take off your wedding ring if you are to appear to be a teenager.”

I took it off and Julie handed me a gold chain onto which she slipped it then hung it around my neck.

Next came light eye makeup, then lipstick for the first time. She found a pair of clip earrings and attached them to my ears.

“Now I must complete my own makeup and get dressed. Watch carefully, Billie, to that you can do it yourself in future.”

I have never felt so embarrassed in my life as I did walking around the mall like that. We saw several of my class mates, both girls and boys, but no-one took any notice, to my relief. Perhaps, I thought, no one recognizes me dressed like this. In the store we bought five sets each consisting of bra, garter belt and bikini briefs, all very lacy, in white, pink, yellow, sky blue and black. The bras were the smallest size possible, a mere 32 with triple A cups. I had a 32 inch chest in those days. Then no less than a dozen pairs of sheer black nylon stockings and six pairs of sturdier stockings. “For doing the housework, Billie,” she said

Then, Julie led me to a beauty salon. What was she up to now? I soon found out. She wanted me as a blonde, and to have my hair styled. While this was all going on a manicurist worked on my nails, attaching long artificial nails, which were then enameled a pale girlish pink.

“Your favorite color,” said Julie.

Melanie, the owner of the salon, said, "Why don't you enroll Billie in a cosmetology course, Julie? I think he will derive great benefit from it." So Melanie had read me as a boy despite how I was dressed.

I came away from the salon with a golden blonde pageboy, with bangs down to my plucked eyebrows, something else that had happened in the salon. I now looked far more girlish than I had before.

Julie followed Melanie's suggestion of enrolling me in a cosmetology course. The local community college was quite near her office building and for the next eight weeks she dropped me off at the school on her way to work and picked me up on the way home. I began to fret that I was neglecting my housework.

"Never mind, Billie dear, you'll soon catch up."

I had to spend my evenings doing housework, instead of curling up at my wife's feet as I preferred. After this course I began to realize that everyone accepted me as a pretty girl now, and I became far less shy about going out dressed as one. I learned the names and uses of all kinds of lotions and cosmetics that I had never heard of before. I learned color coordination, coordinating lipstick with nail varnish and both with outfits and clothing. I learned how to make lips look more kissable, how to make cheeks look thinner and cheekbones higher, how to emphasize the best points of a face and how to hide the defects.

As soon as I had caught up with the housework I half expected that Julie would send me off to learn hairdressing, but no, she introduced me to sewing. I attended sewing classes two evenings a week at the same local community college. Julie drove me there and picked me up after the classes. She often kept me waiting, and I sometimes wondered what she was doing. But it really was no concern of mine; I was just her slave, sworn to obey her. Once more I could curl up at her feet in the evenings, now with some sewing in my lap. She set me to embroidering a rosebud on the left breast of all her camisoles and slips.

I was meticulous about keeping my body and legs shaved, and I began to realize that high heels were surely the next stage. Once more I decided to move first before Julie asked me. I sorted through Julie's own shoes. They were too small for me. Then I remembered my mother's things. I found a rather dowdy pair tucked away with all the memorabilia. That evening I greeted Julie with her usual drink, white frilly apron over my skirt, in two inch heels. Julie said nothing, but the next weekend she took me shopping for heels. I ended up with six pairs of three inch heels in various colors. Julie said that the pink ones were the nicest, but I preferred the black. I wore them the next Monday evening when I greeted Julie at the door with her drink in my hand.

I hated the heels at first, they were so uncomfortable, and I wondered why girls wore them. I did realize that they made my legs look more elegant, and walking in heels made me sway my hips and throw out my butt and chest, so that I began to look as if I really had breasts. But that was not for a couple of weeks. At first I staggered around like a drunk, unsteady on the heels, even though none of them was a stiletto. But I learned that if I swayed my hips more than the heels forced me to I could walk far better.