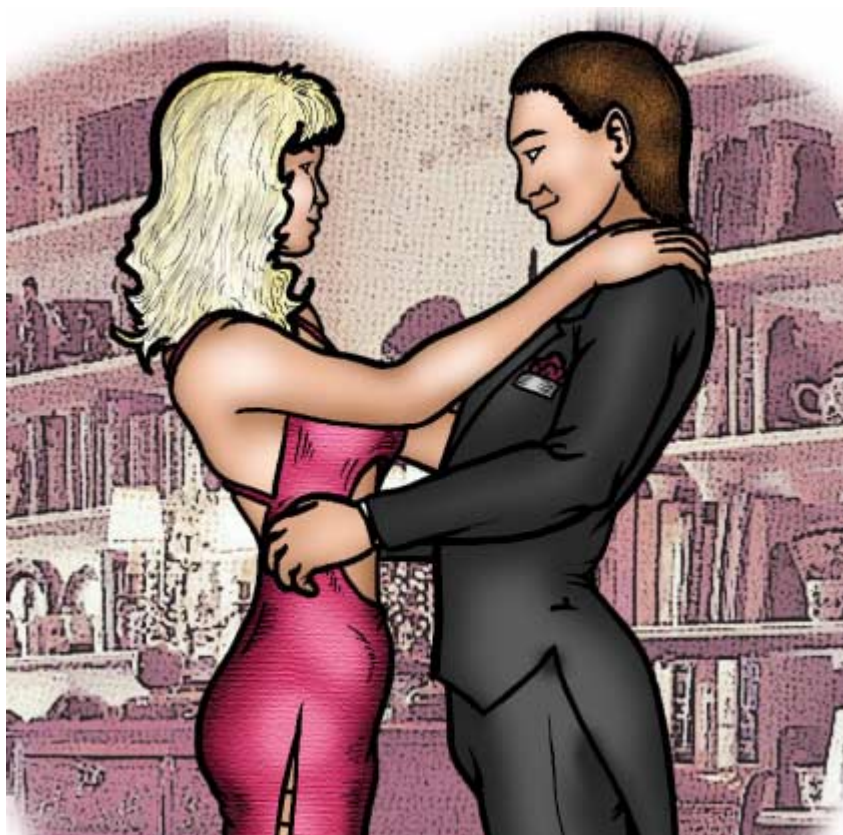




*Reluctant Press*

# Girls Like Us

Laura Sexton



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

---

**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

---

*Copyright © 2003, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved*

## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

## *Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!*

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc, DBA Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Girls Like Us

By Laura Sexton

## BAMBI IT IS

### Getting Ready For the Big Weekend

I have always enjoyed wearing women's clothes. However, being a chicken at heart, I never could bring myself to go out in public, except on Halloween, when I'd tell everyone it was my wife's idea. What would my friends think if they found out the truth?

Inside I was a ball of turmoil. My wife was sympathetic, but even she had her limits. "It makes me feel uncomfortable," she said. "You become another person. Not merely a feminine version of yourself." She was talking about a persona I called Bambi. I had played her for something like twenty years, though originally I went by Trish (The Dish), then Candi, before finally settling on Bambi. My wife hated Bambi. She called her a tramp and never referred to her by name.

"I'm sorry," I said. "I do feel like someone different whenever I dress up. I'll try to keep it out of sight. Is that acceptable?"

"Yes," she said. "Except on Halloween. Halloweens are fun. I was thinking that maybe this year I could go as an executive and you could be my secretary. That way I'd get to pinch your ass and you'd have to fetch me coffee."

Soon after that, I created the persona of Jill, someone whom I wanted my wife to like. Jill showed up whenever I worked at home. She was an auburn-haired administrative assistant who typed, answered mail, worked on spreadsheets and did general office work. Instead of slut clothes, too much makeup, and long finger-

nails, Jill wore suitable office attire, far less makeup, and a little polish on the nails (which I kept as long as I could get away with).

Days spent being Jill were usually boring, but not any worse than being at the office. I did enjoy the little perks: short skirts, heels, silky blouses, checking my makeup regularly. I liked walking to the kitchen for more coffee, smoothing out the skirt when I sat, having the television tuned to the soaps and listening to one of those perky Lite Rock or easy listening radio stations I normally despised. Sometimes I did housework: dishes, laundry, ironing, dusting, and vacuuming. More than once I practiced sewing.

Because the company I worked at was shifting operations to Dallas, I had an excuse for working at home. I had a better computer and I didn't have to wait for the fax machine or printer to be free. I spent three full days a week working at home, coming in only for the Monday morning meeting and stopping by on Thursday or Friday for end-of-the-week reports.

I had recently introduced my wife to Jill, in hopes she would like her better. They spent part of the afternoon drinking coffee and engaging in girl talk. It felt like a big step to me.

"I think Jill is nice," she said. "I think I could be friends with Jill. Too bad you never let her have any fun. She tells me you work her to death. She wants to go shopping some Saturday." We had been engaging in men bashing.

"Do you think that's a good idea?" I said. I wasn't at all sure I could pass in public.

"Maybe we could go away for the weekend. Perhaps visit the townhouse now that the last of the tourists have left for the season."

That was an idea, I thought. Nobody knew us there. "Let me think about it," I said. At the townhouse I wouldn't feel so self conscious, especially with my wife along.

The townhouse in question was a place I had inherited a few years back. It was located in one of those country club communities in a resort town with a big tourist trade in summer and a small one during ski season. Neither of us golfed or played tennis and the town got a too crowded for our tastes during summer, so we so we rented it out by the week and only went up there during the off-season. I used to visit the place whenever I wanted to be Bambi. Going up there as Jill might just provide what I needed.

A couple weeks past Labor Day I knew the end was near. The office had canceled the Monday meeting, which meant we only had weeks before they shut us down. It became much less painful to work from home. The only reason to make an appearance was for interoffice mail. I solved that problem by having a courier drop the packet off at the house in the afternoon and have my wife return it the next morning on her way to work.

I spent most of the week being Jill. Not only did I do my office work, but I cleaned, did laundry, and cooked dinner. My wife was impressed. "I think I'm be-

ginning to like you more than that guy who lives here,” she joked at dinner. “At least you help around the house.”

“I don’t know how you could live with such a slob,” I replied, rolling my eyes.

“And things have gotten interesting again in bed,” she added, smiling.

Things had gotten interesting for me, too. I had been feeling more feminine with each passing day, so much so that I plucked out as much of my eyebrows as I dared. I applied acrylics nails (while longing to visit the salon to have them professionally done). I added more padding. I nipped my waist. I seriously considered meeting the courier guy instead of letting him drop the packet between the doors.

On Thursday, when I wore the short skirt and the four-inch heels, I happened to glance at my reflection in the mirror. I did a double take. Except for the hair, I looked more like Bambi than Jill. Feeling more like her, too. Work had become uninteresting. I felt the urge to put on one of those dance CDs and start dancing in the living room.

It had been a year since I last “did” Bambi. To be honest, I was getting too old. Hell, with my fortieth birthday approaching, I was old enough to be her father. But there was still something appealing about being a beautiful bimbo. I loved the ash blonde shag wig, long fingernails, false eyelashes, gaudy makeup, short skirts, and the four-inch heels. I liked the look of the extra padding in the C cup and the tight corset making my waist oh-so-slim. I enjoyed giggling a lot and repeating phrases like “I don’t know anything about that” and “I don’t get it.” When I was Bambi, I wriggled and wiggled and posed and vamped. I didn’t worry about losing my job. I didn’t worry about mortgages and car payments and credit card bills. I didn’t care.

But now it looked like my future dress-up days were limited. I doubted I’d be given the opportunity to work at home. We discussed it at dinner. “Well, Jill could always work from home. Become a professional typist or consultant. Or start that romance novel you’ve been wanting to write.”

“Oh, you’re just saying that,” I said. “I don’t even know if I can write.”

“You never know unless you try.”

“Why don’t we go to the townhouse this weekend?” I suggested.

She shook her head. “I can’t. I’ve got to work this Saturday.”

“Why don’t we just move there?” I said. “I can be your tenant or we can pretend we’re lesbian lovers.”

“Do you want to dress up full time?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I said. “I think I do. But I’m still afraid,” I sighed. “I don’t know what to do.”

“Why don’t you go to the resort this weekend and sort things out? You can do an inventory of the house while you’re at it, so that when we both go up, we can write it off as business. It’ll just be us girls.” She smiled at me. “I know you’ve had a lot on your mind recently. You’re conflicted, too. I noticed you’re using the same

shade of polish that bitch wears.” She pointed to my fingers. The nails were red. When I had put on the acrylics, I decided not to use the mauve or peach colors Jill usually wore. I thought red would be different.

“Uh yes,” I replied. “I’m trying to integrate.”

“Well it doesn’t go with your hair at all.”

“I was thinking of changing my hair color,” I said.

She just shook her head.

\* \* \*

I decided I would leave Friday night after dinner. It would be dark then, and I would drive up en femme, instead of changing once I got there. It seemed stupid to remove the nails and padding and stuff just to put on a pair of sweats. Besides, I had to see if I could stand being out in public.

I forced bravery on myself. I drank two cups of coffee before I left, virtually guaranteeing I’d have to stop along the way and find a restroom. I would also be taking the red car, which only had a half tank of gas. At most, I’d get a third of the way there before I had to fill up.

However, when I started packing, I discovered to my dismay that Jill didn’t have any party clothes. All she had were suits and business skirt separates. I surely didn’t want to be wearing the rust-colored top and navy skirt to the resort this weekend. Or the peach suit.

However, Bambi had a ton of weekend clothes. I decided Jill would borrow hers. I opened the trunk and took the miniskirts in black leather, vinyl, and satin, the gold mini, the stretchy animal print blouse, the high neck tee, the gold charmeuse long-sleeved blouse, the black satin dress, the other black dress with the flirty skirt, and the gold satin dress. I took my four-inch black patent pumps, the gold pumps, the black platform sandals, and the black satin-covered mules I used with my nightgown. I wanted to be prepared.

In addition, I took pantyhose and stockings in black and nude, the black corset, black bra and waist nipper, panties, a cheesy leopard print jacket, leopard print bra and panties, black purse, black leather gloves, and costume jewelry from the Bambi collection. I also decided to wear an item I hadn’t ever told my wife about: one pair of latex pussy panties with rear padding, hair stitched in, and penis sheath. It also had an opening in the rear, and it didn’t look like it was meant for going to the bathroom. I had no interest in making use of that. To be honest, the thought rather disgusted me.

I decided to wear the gold charmeuse blouse, leather skirt, and black pumps, with the corset and black stockings underneath. I filled the cooler with food and drinks, got out the CD case so I could transfer some of Jill’s favorites to it, and dropped the cell phone in the purse. I put my credit cards and money in the wallet and put the wallet in the purse. I got my makeup bag out, and my bath bag. Jill

didn't have a set of keys, so I used Bambi's since they were already in the purse. I took a look at myself in the mirror.

There was something wrong. My makeup didn't look right. I touched up my face, added another layer of mascara, and decided, what the hell? I got out the false eyelashes and carefully applied them. Better. I added color to the eyelids, and plucked out a bit more of my eyebrows to give me more of an arch. Then I decided that the lipstick didn't really go with the outfit, so I pulled out the red lipstick and put that to my lips. When I finished, I looked much better.

Except...

Except now the hair didn't go with anything. I grabbed the blonde wig and pinned it to my head. There. Now I looked much better.

The car was packed, all I had to do was grab the CD case and my purse and I was ready. I had already said good-bye to my wife before she went to the store. I locked up the house and backed the car out of the garage.

I felt safe in the car, once I had left the neighborhood. I drove through town with both hands on the wheels and listening to Jill's favorite Lite Rock station. I had managed to get out before seven-thirty, so the roads weren't clogged yet. I soon reached the interstate. I had about five hours of driving ahead of me.

As I drove, I recalled those Halloweens when I had been allowed to wear women's clothes. I really did love it when I could play the role of a Fifties hostess or Southern Belle or even the grieving widow (that time my wife went as the corpse; everyone was consoling me and telling me how lifelike "he" looked).

I still remembered the conversation Betty (that was what I named my June Cleaver-type hostess character) had with Sigmund Freud. He had sat down next to me and said, "I zink you have zum issues viss role playing and gender issues, my dear."

"Oh don't be silly," I said, patting him on the leg. "Have a canapé."

Now I was going out in public without any safety net.

\* \* \*

I was still thinking of myself as Jill, but I had changed the music to something Bambi liked and was practicing my girl voice. I was making my statements sound like questions, putting a singsong quality into my voice while I tried to speak from a different place in my throat. After a while, the stress started to hurt my throat, so I rooted around in my purse for a throat lozenge. I also realized I had to pee and I had about an eighth of a tank left.

If I really wanted to be a chicken shit, I could find some place to pull off the highway and hide behind the car, but eventually I would have to get fuel. "Well," I said, finding my voice coming out more breathy than I expected, "I'm certainly running low on gas. Whatever shall I do?" That sounded too contrived.

“Oh my, I need gas bad. Where’s the next town?” That sounded better. I tried to remember what services were at the next exit. I had driven the highway at least twenty times since I acquired the town home, so I knew which exit had the best facilities, lowest gas prices, and largest selection of snacks. I also knew where the three rest areas were. It should have been easy figuring out where I should stop.

But I had the vent blowing across my body, fluttering my blouse against my arms which had been scrubbed clean, their hair having been removed, and softened with bath oils and lotions. The garter straps tugged suggestively at the hosiery, and a breeze was getting up under the skirt. The feel of my shoe with the four-inch heel on the pedal felt odd as well. I felt the hair on my neck, the lipstick on my lips, the long eyelashes as they fluttered. I smelled the perfume. The truth was, it was kind of hard to concentrate.

I decided that the best place would have been the one I had passed just before I realized I needed gas. It usually had reasonable prices, clean restrooms with outside doors you didn’t need to go inside for a key to open. It was well-lighted, but the pumps were spaced far enough apart so as not to invite close inspection. None of the places ahead would work as well as that one. I wasn’t so brave as to want to make more than one stop yet, so I turned around at the next off ramp and drove ten miles back.

When I arrived I noticed the needle was resting on empty. I pulled up to the pump on the side of the store and put on a purplish-colored raincoat my wife had left in the car in order that I might not be so conspicuous. The skirt was kind of short and the raincoat went down to mid-calf. I drew the sash around me for safety.

I pulled out my wallet and slotted the credit card into the reader, then pulled the handle and stuck the nozzle in the tank. I noticed the camera pointing at me. I thought about waving at it. As the tank filled, I daydreamed about the days when attendants would fill up the tank, check the oil, and wipe the windshield. I also wondered what it would be like to be a woman back then. I found the clothes and underwear incredibly sexy, but my wife had told me more than once that I just focused on the good things.

“That’s what fantasies are about,” I replied.

“What about PMS, bleeding, the glass ceiling, and not being taken seriously? Have you ever given a serious thought to how you would be treated if you were female?”

“Yes,” I said. “And it seems a lot better than it used to. I think they’re using the word ‘empowered’.”

I realized life wasn’t fair, even in these enlightened times, but back then women would be expected to sit in the passenger seat, unless it was couples night, and would be relegated to the back seat while the men got the front. Even though it wasn’t fair, I wondered if I would have enjoyed it more.

The pump clicked off and I returned it to its rest, grabbing the receipt and stuffing it in my purse.



It was time for a decision. The restrooms were on this side of the building. There was a car at the pumps in front. In it looked like an older couple. I decided I would take the chance, bright lights, camera and all. It was only about twenty feet. I took a deep breath, locked the car, and told myself to walk straight for the women's room. Go to the icon with the skirt.

My heels clicked on the concrete. I concentrated on taking feminine steps, while I kept my face masked with a kind of pained look. I kept my head slightly bent and looked through my lashes, trying not to look inviting or responsive. I was painfully aware of my Adam's apple, the size of my hands and feet, my shoulders, and my height. I stood a couple inches over six feet with the heels.

It was exciting opening the door with the white stick figure in the skirt. I felt something rustle in my crotch, but my bladder felt full and I went inside, suddenly feeling as though a dam were ready to burst. I went inside and locked the door behind me.

Only after I finished and had pulled out my lipstick, did I hear the rattle of someone trying the doorknob. I called out, "In a second," in my newfound girlie voice, then quickly did the lips and snapped shut the purse. I looked around. I hadn't been able to pee standing up, so the lid was still down. I took a deep breath, grabbed my purse, opened the door, and stepped out into the glare. The woman from the other car was waiting. She looked at me in surprise. By reflex, I made a coughing sound and put my hand over my mouth, which effectively covered the Adam's apple. "Excuse me," I said.

When I was out of sight from her, I began to blush and tremble. That was close. I wondered if she could tell I was a guy, or whether it was just that I was about a foot taller than her. I hurried toward my car and saw a pickup truck stopped at the other pump with one guy at the handle. The other was heading into the mini-mart for a twelve-pack. He looked at me as he passed and remarked, "Whoa, baby."

I kept my head down. Damn, that the filler nozzle was on the same side as the driver. I would have to go to the other side of the car in order to get in. I would only have the pumps separating me from the other guy. Damn this plan, I thought. I heard the guy behind me mutter, "I wouldn't mind climbing that tree."

I thought, "Watch out for stray limbs, buster."

I unlocked the door and got into the car with a wolf whistle coming from my rear as I bent over. I left quickly, embarrassed, heart pounding and breathing hard. It seemed I wasn't ready for a night on the town.

I was thirty-five miles down the road before I realized I wasn't wearing a seat-belt. I was also going eighty-five miles an hour, which was a good ten over the speed limit. And it was a Friday, too. The cops would be out tonight. "Oh my," I said. That was girlie, I thought. Normally I would have cursed. I felt proud of myself. I slowed down and put on the seat belt.

I had been listening to a country station for some unknown reason when I noticed my exit was imminent. I was passing a car, too. I said "Oh gosh," and

stepped on the gas in order to get past the car and move into the off ramp. It was tricky. I had to cross over the solid white lines. In retrospect, it might have been easier, not to mention safer, to brake and exit the highway behind the car I had been trying to pass. But I was singing along to a song I didn't really like.

It was a forty minute drive through the foothills to the resort community, on a winding two-lane highway with occasional passing lanes. I passed the City Limits sign at six minutes to midnight, and entered the community at a quarter after, when that was supposed to be restricted. Fortunately, nobody had put in the gate and guardhouse yet. There were too many renters and summer people for that to be practical.

I parked the car in the carport and unlocked the door leading to the utility room. I unloaded the car, put the groceries away, and dumped the suitcases on the bed in the master bedroom. I turned on the stereo and changed the station to something perkier. I fixed myself a drink.

Here I was, weeks away from being unemployed, nearly forty, married but with no kids, and running around in women's clothing, trying to figure out what I wanted from life. Damn right I needed a drink. This was the perfect place to think and be alone. It was a nice place, furnished, with two bedrooms and two full baths, as well as a small office, breakfast nook, and great room that combined the dining, living, and family rooms in an open floor plan. There was an entertainment center with stereo, full screen TV, VCR, and DVD player, a porch with a barbecue in the back, carport for two cars, a privacy fence in back and an enclosed courtyard in front. There was a bar. The back patio was separated from the seventh fairway by a decorative wrought iron fence that did little to stop errant shots. If I wanted, I could stay there until after Thanksgiving.

In the process of putting my things away I began yawning uncontrollably, so it wasn't long before I pulled out my satin nightgown and went to bed. I fell right asleep and woke up the next morning around ten.

## **Another Saturday Night**

I spent what morning I had left taking inventory of the place. I ate a light breakfast and wandered around in my nightgown and robe. I placed the boobs in the sink and left the wig on the nightstand. I still wore the corset; I figured my waist must really be nipped by now. The stays were starting to hurt.

I had trouble finding something feminine on the television. Most everything was college football, baseball, or high-kicking martial arts-expert mutant chicks solving mysteries and/or crimes. I was waffling between an afternoon of cooking shows on PBS or a movie on the women's channel. I opted for the movie, based solely on the fact that it turned the male part of my stomach.

I decided that I would take a lot of time to prepare Bambi, er, Jill today. I had an adhesive to keep my boobs in place, some goo that kept my hair stuck to my scalp and made it easier to keep the wig affixed, without pins. I had found the

product online and it did wonders. It wasn't harmful to hair or scalp, and washed out easily with shampoo. But the important thing was that the wig stayed on.

I took a leisurely bath and dehaired myself. Someone had left one of those bottled tans in the medicine cabinet, next to foundation two shades darker than mine. I decided that Jill would have gotten a tan during the summer. It was easy to apply. I noticed my eyebrows still looked too thick, so I used the wax stuff to mask them. It was something I did all the time when I was Bambi, and I thought that Jill might like that look. All work and no play could make Jill a dull girl.

When I finished my makeup, I dressed. I chose one of Bambi's favorite outfits, the scoop neck animal print blouse and vinyl skirt and platforms. I exchanged the heavy corset for a lighter waist nipper, as the blouse was kind of clingy and I didn't like having all that texture show through. I wanted smooth. The boobs were dry, and the garters tugged on the nude-colored stockings that made me feel oh-so-sexy.

When I finished, I had red lips and nails, blonde hair, enough makeup to make me look cheap, big tits, a tiny waist, nice butt and long legs. I liberally applied perfume and walked into the kitchen to fix myself a drink. "Jill on the weekend looks like Bambi on the week day," I said as I looked at myself in the mirror. "Not that I mind, but seriously, what would Jill wear on the weekend?" Probably not the platforms. Or the animal print. Or the vinyl. Or that bright red shade on lips and fingernails. With blonde hair, Jill would be more of a pink and fuchsia girl. Oh well.

I took a pen and paper and began making lists. The carpeting needed professional cleaning, and the living room could use some paint. Both bathrooms needed new shower curtains, and what the hell, we might as well get matching wastebaskets and stuff. I went outside and inspected the porch. New lawn furniture for next year, definitely. The patio itself needed repairing. I wrote it all down in as flowery a hand as I could, with big curvy letters and circles above the "I's". I was getting good at writing like a girl.

I wasn't afraid that anyone would see me. Nobody knew me there and, besides, they wouldn't really get a good look, unless they had binoculars. At most, someone might have said that some transvestite used the place for the weekend, and when I found out, I would pretend to be shocked.

The romantic movie ended and I found the beginning of another one. I ended up watching the whole thing, getting up to replenish my drink during commercials. I spent the late afternoon and early evening watching girl shows. It was more interesting than I thought it would be, even though I knew I was posing, with my legs crossed and my back arched as I watched.

It was after nine and my drink little more than ice cubes, when I decided to refresh it and walk onto the porch. It was stuffy in the living room. I opened the sliding glass door and went out to the back.

There was a storm brewing. Lightning flashed in the distance and I saw clouds approaching. I took a sip from my drink and set it down on the table. I started thinking about Jill. I had spent the whole day "being" her, doing exactly the same

things I did when I was home. Nothing had changed. I should have gotten in the car and drove downtown. Maybe shopped, if not for clothes, then household goods. The local K-Mart had do-it-yourself check outs. I knew that Bambi would have found a way to get into mischief. Tried to find a club perhaps. I knew there was a little one that catered to people who dressed up. It was small, but I had driven past it once or twice and wondered what it would be like. Now if I were Bambi...

Suddenly the sky lit up and I heard the loudest boom I ever heard in my life. The lightning and thunder seemed to come from right next to me. I think I screeched, but I couldn't hear it. My hair stood on end and I began shivering. I thought that either I or the house had been hit by lightning. I stood there, unable to move a muscle.

I don't know how long it was before movement returned to my limbs. With shaky hands, I reached with both hands for the glass and drank the booze straight down. I felt the heat as the liquor burned a path down my throat. I giggled.

I turned and walked into the living room and shut the door behind me. I needed another drink. I went to the liquor cabinet. Halfway there, I noticed I was walking funny. In fact, my whole body felt funny. I quickly poured another drink and downed half of it, noticing that my actions seemed quantifiably different. I realized I didn't know what "quantifiably" meant. I said it out loud, listening to my voice. "What does 'quantifiably' mean?" I said. "Well, that's strange. My voice sounds totally different. Oh my gosh," I said, the timbre of my voice falling and rising with each syllable. Suddenly, I was speaking all my thoughts out loud the moment I had them, without pausing to reflect or edit them. "Something is different. I'm going to have to go over to that mirror and have a look." My voice sounded breathy. I walked to the mirror and, as I looked at my reflection, my heart started pounding. I flicked at my hair, pursed my lips, and decided I needed to fix my makeup. "I'll bet that thunder just knocked all those other thoughts right out of my head." I giggled. It was a high-pitched giggle.

Finally it struck me. "Oh my gawd," I said, giggling. "I've turned into Bambi." I felt myself go all shivery the moment I said it. I giggled some more, making my boobs go all jiggly. I struck a pose.

"This is so boring," I said. "I'm just going to have to go out. Now where did I put those keys?" I finished my drink and went for my purse and coat. Even though the rational part of my mind wanted to object, all the impulsiveness I visualized as being part of Bambi's character took over without regard to the consequences. No thoughts about driving under the influence entered my head, nor did I think about not having a license, and I didn't care if people could figure out there was a guy underneath that exterior.

As I retrieved the leopard coat from the bedroom, I found a pack of cigarettes in a cubbyhole, forgotten by some tenant. On impulse, I picked it up. It was a pack of Ladyslims 100 Lights, and there was a red butane lighter next to it. I said, "Well I need a cigarette." Never before had Bambi considered smoking, but now it made

perfect sense. Of course Bambi smoked. It was sexy and she didn't believe smoking was harmful. What did that old surgeon general know anyway? I found myself thinking. He was just against having fun. I opened the pack and left the cellophane and foil on the counter, tapped out a cigarette, and put it between my lips. No warning sirens went off in my head. It was like totally natural. I lit it and took a puff, holding the smoke in my lungs for a few moments, then exhaled. I didn't cough and retch. It felt so natural, it seemed like I had been smoking for a long time. I felt a head rush and giggled again.

As I opened the car door and slid ladylike behind the seat, common sense began making an appearance. What was happening to me? Was I developing a split personality? Why was I letting Bambi do this, smoking in the new car and driving without a license while having been drinking? But even as I was thinking that, my body took another long drag and slowly pulled out of the driveway, fiddling with the radio dial.

"Now, where do I want to go?" I said, tossing the spent butt out the window. Littering too! Was there no end to my naughty behavior? I reached in the purse for another smoke while not paying as much attention to the road as I should. The car swerved. I laughed. The radio was playing a Saturday night party mix and I decided I wanted to talk to the DJ. I reached for the cell phone and a horrible thought popped into my head: *a blonde in a red car talking on a cell phone*. I giggled.

I dialed the phone number of the request line while lighting my cigarette and checking my lips in the rearview mirror as I drove down the road, steering with my knee and working the gas and brake in high heels. I was amazed at how well I did. I hardly swerved at all.

The DJ answered the phone. "Hi there," I said, amazed at how natural and feminine my voice sounded. "You are just playing the *best* music. I could listen to it all night."

"Thank you," he said in that deep professional voice. "What can I do for you?"

"I want to listen to a song. It's a very special song." I quickly tried to think of a song and said the first one that popped into my head. It was one of those bump and grind sex songs.

"Okay," said the DJ. "What makes the song so special?"

I giggled. "Wouldn't you like to know?"

"What's your name?" he said.

"Bambi. What's yours?" In the back of my mind, I knew it was a stupid thing to say because the DJ had been announcing his name every second or third song for the last hour.

"Rick," he said, laughing at me.

"Like duh," I said, making the duh into three syllables. He laughed again.

It was then I noticed I had driven through a red light. I felt my heart beat faster and I looked in the rearview mirror, panicky. I heard a siren.

“Oh shit.”

“What’s the matter?” said Rick.

“I just ran a red light,” I said, seeing red and blue lights flashing behind me. What am I going to do now? I thought, starting to get hysterical. I don’t have my ID, I’m dressed up like a bimbo, I’m driving under the influence, and I’m doing three things at once. I pulled over to the side of the street as the cop car came up behind me. As I waited for the inevitable, the cop car passed by.

Suddenly I realized why there were those who managed to avoid all the tickets, the injuries, the hurts of various sorts experienced by other people. I finally had the answer. Dumb luck. I began to feel horny.

“What’s the matter?” said a voice from far away. “Bambi? Are you all right?” It was Rick. I had dropped the phone. I quickly picked it up.

“The cop drove right by me,” I said, all giggly. “He just drove right past.” Somehow my penis had come out of the sheath and was against the latex panties and causing a bulge in the vinyl skirt. I shifted in the seat. I moaned.

“Hello?” said Rick. It was a different kind of hello.

“I am so wet,” I said. I didn’t know why I said it, but my brain was so disconnected from my mouth by that time that I would say anything that popped into my head. Acting that way made me even hornier.

“Hello baby,” said Rick. “Why don’t you drop by the station? I can tell you’re my kind of girl.”

“I can’t,” I said.

“Why not?”

“I’m about to come.” Saying that brought things on even more and I moaned. I wriggled in the seat and felt the tingling sensation I always got when I was just about to come. I remembered this girl I once went out with who was very expressive in bed; in a flash all her expressions and sounds filled my brain and I knew I could duplicate every sound she made like I was a tape recorder. “Oh yes,” I said. “Oh baby, yes.” I moaned. I giggled. I could hear Rick breathing heavily. “Oh God yes.” I squirmed some more and suddenly I came. I let out a ragged squeal that turned into a moan as I felt jism squirt into the latex. I felt all shivery.

“You gotta come to the station,” Rick pleaded. “I’m as hard as granite. I’m about to spurt all over the CD player.” He paused. I noticed there wasn’t anything coming out over the car speakers. “Oh shit. Dead air.” He threw the phone down and I heard him scramble about before the phone crashed and went dead. The next thing I heard from him was over the car speakers. “Sorry about that,” he said, his voice strained. “Technical problems. Here’s a song by…” he said and I put the car on the road. I lit a cigarette. I would call him back in a couple hours. I knew he would be on the air until four. I grabbed a towel on the floor and put it between my legs. I could feel that my panties (silky ones) were soaked and I felt glad that nothing would show through the vinyl. I would have to get pads of some kind.