



Reluctant Press

Carlene's Replacement

Gayle Roberts



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Carlene's Replacement

By Gayle Roberts

Chapter 1 – A Waitress

The waitress was wearing a pink silk blouse that stretched across her breasts, a short, tight, flowered miniskirt that ended 6 inches above her knees, and 3-inch high heels. She had on pink lipstick that exactly matched her blouse. Her long black hair swung loosely. Big, gold hoops dangled from her pierced ears. As she walked away from the table after taking their orders, the two men were leering at her. I guessed that she was used to men drooling over her breasts, legs and ass like they couldn't wait to get their hands all over her and their hot rods inside of her.

I was with Darcy but I was covertly watching as well. The waitress stopped at our table and took our orders. As she walked away, I stole a look at her sexy walk.

She's really hot, I thought.

Darcy interrupted my thoughts, "I hope you've had a good look because I've decided that I'm tired of your sexist behavior. That's going to change. You're about to get a whole different perspective on women. You're going to learn what a woman's life is like. You'll soon learn to appreciate women more."

"What do you mean?" I asked. "I appreciate women."

"I believe you do," she answered, "but your behavior is reprehensible. I understand that may be a cover up to hide your feminine side. However, I cannot tolerate it and I've decided to do something about it."

"What are you going to do?" I asked, slightly worried about what was coming because Darcy had always controlled our relationship.

"That waitress that you can't take your eyes off is leaving town at the end of the month and I've arranged for you to take her place. You have 3 weeks to get ready."

"What are you talking about? I'm not interested in waiting tables."

"I don't care what you're interested in. You do nothing to earn your keep. You live on my money and waste all your time every day. You're going to start being productive or you will have no more money and no more sex."

I knew I had gotten lazy, letting Darcy support me and take care of my sexual desires. But I didn't realize that she would finally demand that I change.

I tried again, "Please, Darcy. Don't make me wait tables. I'll find a better job."

"No! I've given this a lot of thought and you're not only going to wait tables, you are going to become incredibly good at it."

"But I don't want to be a waiter."

"Don't worry, Sweetheart. You're not going to be."

My relief at this statement, however, was short lived. Darcy's next declaration was startling.

"You're going to be a waitress."

"What are you talking about?" I asked, not believing what I heard.

"I'm tired of you leering at those waitresses. And they are, too. Bill, the owner here, is a friend of mine and tells me that his waitresses are sick of men who behave as you do. He's agreed to let you take over the job as waitress. You're going to find out what it's like when men treat you like a piece of meat."

"But I can't look like a woman," I argued.

As I said this, I recognized that the thought of dressing like a woman intrigued me. I always seemed to notice things about women that the other guys didn't. Oh, sure, I loved their legs, asses and breasts as much as the next guy but I also admired their makeup, jewelry, hairstyles, and clothes. I always notice what a woman is wearing including details like her shoes, jewelry, lipstick and eye shadow.

"You can and you will. Not only will you look like a woman, you will learn to act like one. In fact, you had better work awfully hard at becoming a convincing woman or the men might get real upset with you and kick your butt. And you only have three weeks before your first 'public appearance' so you'd better learn fast."

"But how would I do it?" I asked, getting very excited but also very scared.

"With my help and your extreme cooperation. Remember, you will have no money and no sex unless you work hard at learning to be a waitress. Furthermore, even if you work hard and cooperate, you might still end up getting punched out if you don't pass as a woman."

"But people will know me," I continued arguing. "I couldn't face anyone I knew if I did something like that."

“If you do it right, no one will know except Bill and the waitresses here. And they’re all for the idea. They think it’s great that you want to experience how women are treated. They’re willing to help you and, if you do a good job, they’ll keep your secret.”

I was afraid to say that I wouldn’t do it and I was afraid to say that I would. The idea of posing as a woman excited me but I wouldn’t want Darcy to know that. The idea of posing as a woman also scared me but I wouldn’t want Darcy to know that either.

“What would I have to do?” I asked meekly.

“That’s a good girl. We’ll start right away.”

We got into Darcy’s car. She drove, as usual. The car was as sexy as she was – a red Mustang convertible. When she has the top down, guys in other cars honk and yell to her but she never responds. In fact, she never showed interest in any guy but me. I never understood that and was always worried she’d drop me.

Darcy drove to the local mall. I was excited and apprehensive. I was afraid to get out of the car. I had no idea what was going to happen. She led me into a woman’s clothing store called “Style Bug.” I hung back, anxious and nervous. A salesgirl was folding blouses. She had short blonde hair and was wearing a blue dress that clung to her curves. She was beautifully made up with smoky eyelids, dark liner and coral lipstick. I couldn’t help admiring her.

Darcy picked up a pink silk blouse like the one the waitress wore. She held it up in front of me. I stepped away, embarrassed. The salesgirl came over and asked if she could help. Darcy explained that she was looking for a blouse for her friend.

“What size does your friend wear?” the girl asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe you can help. This is my friend,” Darcy said, grabbing my arm and pulling me towards the salesgirl.

I wanted to run away but I also wanted a pretty blouse. I stood there, nervous and thrilled, trying not to show either emotion.

“But this is a woman’s blouse,” the girl explained.

“I know that,” Darcy responded. “My friend is going to be a waitress and needs women’s clothes so he can dress the part.”

Why did Darcy have to say I was going to be a waitress? That made me more uncomfortable. Couldn’t she just say it was for a joke of some kind? What could this woman think about me going to be a waitress?

“Wow. I’ve never fitted a man for a blouse. What about the fact that he’s flat chested?”

“We’ll have to get him falsies.”

“Well,” the salesgirl said, “it would help if he wore a bra and padding to be fitted correctly.”

“Good idea,” Darcy answered. “Do you sell them?”

"I'm afraid not," the girl said. "You should take him to Veronica's Secret. It's a store right here in the mall. Just make a left out of here and it's on the right about 10 stores down," she said, pointing. "They specialize in sexy undergarments and brag they can fit all women. They should have no trouble getting your friend into a nice sexy stuffed bra. After that, bring him back here and I'll get him all set up with a beautiful blouse. We also have skirts that will go with whatever blouse he picks. He can also get a dress. I'd love to show you all the wonderful clothes we have that he could wear."

"Thank you very much," Darcy said. "He'll need your help when we come back"

The salesgirl smiled at Darcy, then looked at me, giggled, and said, "Please ask for Carol."

The whole ordeal was upsetting. They talked about me like I wasn't even there. At the same time, it was exciting. The salesgirl made me feel okay about buying women's clothes. She even seemed to want to sell them to me. Now that it was over, I was relieved that it went so well and sorry that I didn't get a blouse. I was looking forward to coming back and buying one, especially from this woman.

I followed Darcy out of the store. She was heading in the direction Carol had pointed. I knew we were going to a woman's lingerie store and I started getting nervous. I walked slowly, falling behind. Darcy stopped in front of a store called Icing and waited for me to catch up with an impatient look on her face.

When I got next to her she said, "Let's go in here first. They sell inexpensive jewelry. You'll need some earrings. I can lend you all the jewelry you'll need except earrings because all my earrings are for pierced ears."

"Why don't I just wait here while you go buy what you think I need?" I asked.

"Don't give me a hard time," she responded. "I expect you to cooperate. If you don't, I'm going to embarrass you."

I followed her into the store, trying to look like I was waiting for her to do her shopping. The store was crowded. It seemed to be filled with teenage girls. Darcy found a display of clip-on earrings and spent some time selecting a pair. Finally, she told me to come over to see what she picked out. She held up a pair of gold colored hoops that clipped on but looked like they pierced the ear.

"Let's try these on," she said, coming at me with them.

I backed away.

"Don't call attention to yourself," she whispered.

I stood there while she put them on me.

"See how they look," she said, turning me towards a mirror.

A salesgirl came over and said to me, "We have a much bigger selection for pierced ears, and if you buy them from us we offer free ear piercing,"

"No, thanks," I stammered, turning red.

“Don’t be embarrassed, lots of men have pierced ears today,” she told me. “But I think you’ll want a different style. The ones you picked are much too feminine.”

Two girls standing nearby turned to look at me. I quickly pulled the earrings off.

Darcy stepped forward.

“I picked them. He needs girl’s earrings for a role he’ll be playing,” she explained.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t understand. But I’m here to help. What kind of role?” the salesgirl asked.

“A waitress,” Darcy answered.

The salesgirl smiled, “Well, these should work just fine, then. Can I help you with anything else? Will he need any other jewelry?”

“No, just earrings. He can borrow some of my jewelry but I only have earrings for pierced ears.”

“Okay, but let’s try some more on him just to be sure.”

Two more girls joined the first two. The four of them stood around watching me.

“That’s okay,” I said. “I only need one pair.”

Darcy said, “No. That’s a good idea. He’ll need several sets for different occasions.” She turned to me and said, “I told you to cooperate. Don’t waste this woman’s time. She has other customers to help. I’m sure these young ladies don’t want to wait all day while you argue.”

One of the girls giggled, “Go ahead. We’ll wait. A girl has to try on lots of earrings so she knows she’s made the right decision.”

Darcy had made good on her threat. She embarrassed me further as soon as I didn’t cooperate. I got the message.

I said, “All right. I’ll try on whatever ones you suggest.”

I put on a few more pairs. I said each pair was “nice.” Then one of the girls showed me a pair with silver colored disks that had 5 strands of purple and silver beads hanging down about 4 inches.

“They’re called ‘shoulder dusters,’” she said. “You’ll love them. They swing when you walk and make little jingling noises near your ear.”

The salesgirl put them on me. Darcy said they were adorable and told me to check them out in the mirror. I said I thought they were a little much. Darcy told me that I had no taste; that they were just perfect and it was especially nice of this young lady to help me.

Having learned my lesson, I turned to the girl and smiled, “I guess you know better than I do. Thanks for your help.”

Then another girl handed me a pair of lady’s sunglasses. They had silver rims and purple lenses.

“These will go perfect with the earrings,” she grinned. “Besides, when you wear sunglasses, you won’t have to bother with eye makeup.”

With that, all of the girls laughed.

“In that case, I guess I had better buy them,” I said, forcing a laugh.

I ended up with the big hoops, the shoulder dusters, a pair of diamond looking studs that were held onto my earlobes with magnets giving the appearance of pierced ears, and the sunglasses. The salesgirl thanked me and said I should come again. Fat chance, I thought. The girls were all smiling and giggling as we left.

“Now that wasn’t so bad was it?” Darcy asked me.

I didn’t know how to answer. Now that it was over, my nervousness subsided. Apparently, my fears were unfounded. In fact, I realized that I enjoyed it – a lot. Nothing bad happened. The salesgirl didn’t throw me out; she waited on me. Oh, yes, some girls teased me but it seemed to be in good fun and I liked being the center of their attention.

“Well, I guess it worked out all right but it certainly was uncomfortable,” I answered. “We’re not going to do anything like that again, are we?” I asked, suspecting the answer and excited by it.

“How do you expect to get the other things you’ll need?”

“I thought you could just buy them for me.”

“Perhaps I could, but I’m not going to. I want you to experience what women go through and that includes shopping.”

“Yes, but I’m not a woman. Authentic women don’t have to be teased or snickered at or I don’t know what else might happen. And anyway, I have no idea what to buy.”

“Don’t you worry your pretty little head about it,” Darcy said. “Just leave everything to me.”

“But I’m uncomfortable buying women’s things from women who know I’m going to wear them.”

“You’ll get used to it,” she assured me. “Now let’s go. We have lots of shopping to do.”

Anxious – and excited – I followed her.

....

I first saw Darcy at the beginning of my junior year in college. She was in my marketing class. Her beauty stunned me. She had long, light brown hair with so many blonde streaks that it could have been described as blonde hair. She had firm, prominent breasts. They were not large but she always managed to wear something just tight enough to call attention to them. She dressed tastefully, just on the edge of sexy. Her heels were 3 inches high, her skirts ended just above her

knees, her jewelry was expensive but not gaudy, and she was always carefully made up. She had big green eyes surrounded by long lashes, which she accentuated with mascara, eyeliner, and eye shadow. She had full lips that were always covered in a pale lipstick.

I wasn't the only guy who was hot for her. All the guys talked about her. They said they never saw her with any men but that she hung out a lot with a woman with long black hair. A few of the jocks asked her out but she turned them down. She was never seen with any guys. I didn't have the nerve to try to date her. I didn't even have the nerve to try to talk to her.

Chapter 2 – Busted!

Darcy took me by the hand and led me to “Veronica’s Secret.” It was a huge store. There were whole areas just displaying brassieres. Other parts were devoted to nightgowns, camisoles, panties or slips. There were also sections dedicated to sets of matching underwear. The store looked like a boudoir – none of the clothes were designed to be worn in public.

Darcy told me to wait while she went to get help. I felt like I was in the dressing room of the world’s largest sorority house. I was the only man. I stood nervous, embarrassed and alone with my hands in my pockets while dozens of women were shopping for bras all around me.

Darcy came back with a salesgirl. She was as tall as Darcy, with long brown hair tied on a ponytail high on the back of her head. She wore 2-inch heels, black slacks, and a gray blouse. She had on very little makeup – just a light colored lipstick and subtle eye shadow. She seemed sure of herself. She looked me over, then gave a long look at my chest. It felt weird. I started to understand what woman felt like when men looked them over and then stared at their breasts.

“This is Michelle,” said Darcy. “She specializes in brassieres,” Darcy explained. “I told her that you need help buying a bra for yourself.”

Hearing that, a number of women nearby turned to look at me. I felt my face redden. Most of the women turned away but a few continued to stare while Michelle told me that she would have to measure me without my shirt on. She told me she could take me into a private dressing room while she fitted me so I wouldn't have to be embarrassed as I bought myself a nice new bra.

Of course, she said that in front of the women who were still watching me so I didn't see how I could be any more embarrassed.

I soon saw how.

Darcy called out, “You won't need me. Michelle will take care of you. Just go into the dressing room and she'll bring you some bras to try on.”

I followed Michelle with my head down. My face was burning. I believed everyone in the place was looking at me.

Michelle took me into a dressing room and told me to take my shirt off and give it to her. I didn't understand why I had to give her my shirt but I figured I'd better do as she said. She left with my shirt and came back with a tape measure and a notepad. She took a lot of measurements of my chest, writing after each one. When she happened to rub my nipples with the tape, I felt myself getting an erection. Michelle noticed it.

She said, "I guess you're getting all excited about your new role. Darcy told me all about it. I think it's wonderful that you want to be 'one of the girls.'"

That upset me. Why did Darcy tell Michelle that I desired this? Why didn't Darcy explain that it was her idea?

Michelle then called Darcy in and said she was ready to discuss my breasts. I didn't know what she meant. Michelle explained to Darcy that there were several kinds of falsies. There were foam pads as well as bras with built in padding. But the best were silicon, which were expensive but would move like real breasts. They could be worn just by inserting them into a bra or they could be applied with glue, which would make them feel natural because they would bounce around and pull on my chest. They could even be worn without a bra and I would look like I really had breasts.

Darcy got tremendously excited by that and agreed to buy them. She said she wanted the glue as well. Michelle explained that she would have to glue them on for me the first time so I would learn how to do it.

Darcy was all for that and said, "Good, let's do it right now."

I didn't like that idea.

"How will I get them off?" I asked.

"Don't you worry your pretty little head about it," Michelle told me. "They come with an adhesive remover so you can take them off whenever you want to."

Darcy then told me to stop asking so many questions; she would decide what I needed. She told Michelle to go to work.

Michelle smoothed some paste over my chest. Then she positioned the silicon breasts, wiping away the excess glue. She told me to hold them in place while the glue set. She said it would take ten minutes but that I should give it fifteen to be safe. I stood there holding my "breasts" while Michelle brought in a variety of bras for me to try on when I was "set." I felt cold and uncomfortable standing half naked in a women's dressing room holding what felt like authentic breasts on my chest, waiting to try on bras, yet, somehow, I was relaxed. Michelle was friendly and enthusiastic about helping me appear to be a woman and that made me feel better about doing it. I was starting to enjoy the situation.

Darcy asked Michelle what size I would be. Michelle explained that she had fitted me with slightly oversized "C" breasts. That way I would have to be conscious of my breasts being too big for my bra and always be aware of them. Darcy said that was great. I didn't say anything but I thought that was great, too. The idea of having breasts and wearing bras was getting me turned on.

Finally, Michelle told me I could let go of the breasts. I did and they fell forward, pulling on my chest. When I moved, they moved in different directions. They bounced around uncontrollably and uncomfortably.

Darcy laughed, "That's why you need a bra."

"Look in the mirror," Michelle told me.

I was amazed. The breasts looked so real! They even matched my skin color. They had dark nipples that I realized would always be sticking out. As I felt "my" large, heavy breasts pulling on me and responding to my movements, I started to feel feminine.

Michelle said to Darcy, "You should have him wear these for a couple of days without a bra. That way, he'll appreciate the need for a bra even more. You should even make him sleep in them. If you do that for two days, he'll be begging for a bra. You could bring him back then."

Darcy loved that idea. I pretended to be upset about that suggestion but I was really excited. I didn't want to take the breasts off but I wasn't going to say so. Darcy thanked Michelle and promised she would bring me back in two days and that I would buy all of my "girlie" underwear from her. I asked about the adhesive remover. Darcy told Michelle that she should hang onto it to insure that I would be happy to come back.

Michelle went to get my shirt. The women both watched me putting my shirt on and buttoning it over my new breasts. I found the experience arousing and I felt myself stiffen again. Michelle noticed that I had another erection and nudged Darcy, telling her that that had happened earlier.

Darcy looked annoyed. She asked Michelle to excuse herself.

When Michelle left the dressing room, Darcy turned to me.

"You had better learn to control yourself," she warned me. "I don't want to see you with a hard on in public. You're going to be with lots of pretty women and they won't all be as understanding as Michelle. One of them could call a cop. You'd better forget about your little thingy until we're home and I decide that you have a use for it. And if you don't behave, that will be a long time from now."

I stood there, staring at her in disbelief. Did she think I could keep myself from getting an erection?

"Do you understand me?" she asked.

"Yes," I answered. "I'm sorry. I'll try to control myself."

She was obviously determined that I obey her. I promised again that I would do my best to keep from getting excited even though I had no idea how to do it.

Darcy and I left the dressing room. I now had "C" cup breasts. My shirt was loose but my breasts still protruded. I hunched forward slightly to disguise them. Darcy told me to wait while she said good-bye to Michelle and arrange to meet her again. I stood in front of a large display of bras. Once again, I was the only man. Once again, I stood nervous, embarrassed and alone with my hands in my pock-

ets while dozens of women were shopping for bras all around me. But now I, too, needed a bra.

Darcy returned with Michelle. Michelle gave me a package and explained that it was something to help me with “my little problem.” She told me to go back into the dressing room and take off my pants.

How is this going to help me not get hard?” I wondered, hanging my pants on a hook. Just the anticipation of Michelle coming in and seeing me without my pants was getting me aroused.

But Michelle didn't come in, Darcy did. She had me take my underpants off and put on the underpants in the package. They turned out to be pink Lycra Spandex panties. She told me they were “special.” They had an elastic strip running straight down the back with pads on both sides of the strip to give me a sexy looking, feminine behind. She pushed my penis straight down and between my legs so that it had nowhere to go even if I did get excited; the panties were so tight that it would stay in place. She pulled them as far up as she could. She told me that I would have to wear them from now on so I wouldn't embarrass myself any more.

“But having my genitals held tightly in place is uncomfortable,” I complained.

“You'll get used to it,” she assured me.

I looked at myself in the full-length mirror. I ran my hands over my new breasts and my new ass. I was starting to look like a female. That excited me and I could feel my penis straining against my panties but it stayed in place. I noticed Darcy smiling as she watched me and quickly stopped admiring myself. I re-dressed and walked out of the dressing room.

Darcy told me to find Michelle and thank her for helping me with my “problem.” Darcy explained that Michelle had given me the panties as a gift because she was enthusiastic about my project and wanted to help me.

“Why did you let Michelle think it was my idea? You're the one who insisted that I do this.”

“I figured she would be more responsive if she thought you wanted her assistance than if she thought you were resistant to it.” Darcy answered.

I wasn't happy with that answer. It implied she was going to tell others the same thing. It was at least excusable that I *had* to be a girl but what kind of man *wanted* to be one? What would all these women think of me?

I wandered around until I saw Michelle but she appeared to be helping another customer. I stood nearby to wait until she was through but she saw me and waved me over. She introduced me to the woman she was with. Her name was Sara. She had flowing red hair. She was wearing black slacks and a gray blouse similar to Michelle's. She also wore understated makeup. She had flat shoes on but she was still an inch or so taller than Michelle. Michelle explained that Sara was another salesgirl, not a customer. Sara got all excited and asked if I was the guy that Michelle had just sold a new pair of breasts.

“Of course he is. You can see them, can’t you? How many guys have breasts like that?” Michelle asked Sara.

Sara took a good look at my breasts. Embarrassed, I hunched over even more. Sara said to me that she couldn’t believe I was trying to hide them. She said that I should be proud of having such beautiful breasts and that I should stand up straight.

“What good is having such a nice rack if you don’t show it off?” Sara asked. “Besides, you will ruin your posture standing that way.”

Turning to Michelle, she said, “He should wear high heeled shoes. That would make him stand up and stick out the way a sexy woman should.”

Just then Darcy came over. She introduced herself to Sara. She told Sara that she overheard her and that high heels were a marvelous idea. Sara said she was sorry they didn’t sell shoes because she would love to see me walking like a lady. I put on a face that said that I would hate it but knew I would love it too. Sara said we should go to a store called “Hot Foot” that sold only women’s shoes and was in the same mall. She said she would be glad to call and tell them we were on our way over. She knew one of the salesgirls there and would tell her to take good care of me. We should ask for Cindy. Darcy said that was great, that we’d head right over there.

As instructed, I thanked Michelle for her gift and her help.

She put her hands on my cheeks, looked down into my eyes, smiled and said, “You’re welcome, Dearie, I hope you enjoy it.” She leaned closer and whispered, “And them.”

I felt my face burning.

As we left, Darcy promised Sara that she would soon get to see me walking around in spiked heels.

....

One day, Darcy walked over to me after class and said, without any greeting, “There’s a lecture tonight that augments this class. It will be good for us to go to it. I’ll pick you up right in front of this building at 6:30.”

Those were the first words she ever said to me. I was completely surprised. Was this beautiful girl talking to me? I looked around to see if she might be talking to someone else. There was no one around and when I turned back, she had walked away.

At 6:15 I was already standing in front of the building. I still didn’t believe that she was going to show up or that I was the one she expected. Although 6:30 came and went I still stood there, extremely disappointed but not wanting to leave in case she was still coming.

At 6:50 she pulled up. She had the top down on her car and I saw a couple of nearby guys elbowing each other to look at her. I stood there staring.

“Get in,” she said. “What’s the matter with you? It’s late.”

The drive was only a few minutes so we were on time. She was not talkative and I was too intimidated by her to try to start a conversation. After the lecture, I got up my nerve and asked her if she would like to get a cup of coffee.

“No,” she said, “I’ll just drop you off.”

Too bad, I thought. I wondered if I had done something wrong. I had hoped for more time with her. I guessed that she just wanted to hear the lecture and thought she’d do a favor for a classmate since she was driving anyway. She pulled to the curb at the same spot she had picked me up.

“Here you are,” she said.

“Thank you,” I replied.

I was trying to think of something else to say but she pulled away.

The next day several guys said they saw me with Darcy and asked if we were dating. They wanted to know more about her. I could see they were jealous. I told everyone that there was nothing to tell. I was not about to make it sound like there was anything between Darcy and me because I had no idea if we were ever going to do anything together again.

My lack of responsiveness made the guys think that there was something hot and heavy going on. They were impressed.

Chapter 3 – Higher and Deeper

Still walking hunched over, I followed Darcy through the mall. She came to Hot Foot and went in. I stood outside because I really didn’t want to be humiliated any further and Darcy did not tell me to come in.

Soon, a cute girl with short brown hair, dangling earrings, a low cut black tank top that showed 3 inches of her cleavage, skin tight black Capri pants and black boots with 4 inch heels came out of the store and walked over to me. She had long fingernails with bright red polish and she wore matching lipstick.

She gave me a big smile and said, “I’m happy to meet you. I’m Cindy. Come on in. Sara told me what you need and I’m going to take good care of you.”

I followed Cindy into the store where Darcy was waiting. Most of the shoe styles seemed to have extremely high heels and a sexy look. Cindy told me to sit down in a chair that was right near the entrance. She told me to take my shoes off and she would measure my feet. I asked if we could move towards the back of the store. She said we couldn’t because this was her station.

“What’s the difference?” Darcy asked. “You’re going to have to wear women’s shoes in public soon so you might as well start getting comfortable with it.”

She said that loud enough for nearby customers to turn and look. I realized that the less I said, the less humiliation I would have to endure and resolved to keep my mouth shut as much as possible.

Darcy said she was leaving and would be back later. She handed Cindy a credit card.

“If you finish with him before I return, just put everything on this. He’ll wait here for me.”

Darcy spoke as if I were not capable of being let loose in the mall alone.

Cindy said, “Terrific. Let’s get started.”

She had me sit down and take off my shoes and socks. She measured my feet then slipped some peds on them. She put a pair of shoes on me with heels that were 4 inches high and told me to stand. I stood up but could barely balance.

“How do they fit?” Cindy asked me.

I stood there with my legs wobbling and my breasts bobbing. Actually, the size seemed okay but I was afraid to take a step. Cindy had me sit down and try another pair. This pair had only! 3-inch heels. She made me take a few steps. It was awkward but I managed to walk around a little. By this time, people were noticing the guy trying on women’s shoes. I could feel my cheeks coloring. A couple of women were looking my way covertly. One woman was whispering to the man she was with. The worst was when two teenage girls just stood there giggling, not making any attempt to hide their amusement.

Finally, Cindy put a pair of shoes with 2-inch heels on me and I could walk fine. With these heels I was the same height as Cindy.

She stood right in front of me, looked me in the eyes, and said, “Okay, now I want you to walk with your chest up and shoulders back. Take small steps and put one foot right in front of the other.”

I did as I was told. My breasts pushed out against my shirt. Now *all* the customers were looking at me. But I was getting accustomed to being embarrassed. I just ignored everyone except Cindy. After I walked around for a while, she told me it was time to pick out some styles.

She saw that the peds were awkward as they kept coming off every time she took off the shoes. She said she’d solve the problem. She went away and came back with a package of stockings.

“These will work much better,” she said.

She rolled up my pants legs to just above my knees. Then she carefully rolled the stockings up my legs. Her hands were warm and my legs tingled where she touched me. The stockings felt smooth and sexy. They reached just below my knees where an elastic strip held them.

I started to roll my pants down but she stopped me.

“You need to see how the shoes will look with your legs showing,” she told me.

I spent the next half hour trying on shoes. I wore many styles including boots, “sling back pumps” and “strappy heels.” Each time, Cindy had me walk over to a mirror to see how I looked. She kept reminding me to hold my shoulders back and take small steps. By this time, a group of women were watching. They started making comments. With every pair I tried, someone would remark that they were just my style or that I should buy them. One woman said I had great legs. I recognized that I was really enjoying all the attention, especially the remarks about how feminine my legs looked and how I was a natural in heels. I loved it when I overheard whispers about the fact that I had breasts. I could feel my penis straining against my panties. Thanks again, Michelle, I thought, I *am* enjoying it. And them.

Cindy made up my mind for me. She told me I wanted a pair with 2-inch heels for most of the time, especially till I got good at walking in heels. She picked a dark blue pair with little gold medallions on the front and chunky heels. She asked me if I liked them.

I was embarrassed to say that I did but didn't want to say no and encourage further conversation about them so I said, “They're fine.”

The next pair she said I needed had 3-inch heels. These heels were tapered, making them look longer and sexier but also harder to walk in, Cindy explained. She said I shouldn't worry, though. She promised that I would learn to love these and they would become my favorite style. The color of this pair was what she called “bone” but I would call beige. They had no trim. She said it was a classic style and that the store carried all colors so I could get more whenever I wanted or needed any. I was thinking about how long it would take me to develop a really feminine walk. I figured I would have to wear the shoes a lot. That was an exciting thought.

Finally, Cindy brought me a pair of red patent leather shoes that had 4-inch spiked heels and ankle straps. She said these were “must have” shoes that I would need for “special occasions.” When I asked her what kind of special occasion would make me want to try to balance on those things she told me I would just have to “wait and see.” She told me to put them on so I could be wearing them when Darcy returned. I said they were too high and that I thought I'd be better off waiting to wear them until I had more experience.

“Couldn't I just wear the lower heels?” I asked.

“Go for it, Girl. You can do it,” one of the teenage girls shouted.

A few of the other woman also encouraged me to stick with them. It was so exciting to be talked to as if I were a woman even though I knew everybody was making fun of me. I was happy that they encouraged me to wear the sexiest shoes because I definitely wanted to wear them but I didn't want to admit it. This way, I could act like I didn't like them but still get to keep them on in public.

Cindy put the other shoes in their boxes and rang up the charges on Darcy's card. I sat there with my pants rolled up, wearing 4-inch high heels and jutting breasts, pretending I was unhappy but secretly incredibly excited.

Darcy was overjoyed when she saw me. She made me get up and walk around for her. By now I was actually able to walk in my “must have” shoes. Cindy explained to Darcy which shoes she had selected for me and told her that she didn’t have to buy any that she was not happy with.

One of the nearby women said, “I think he made a great selection. He’ll be very happy prancing around in his new shoes.”

Darcy looked over the charge slip. She asked Cindy why there was no charge for the knee-high stockings.

Cindy said, “Oh, that’s okay. That’s my gift to her.”

I asked Darcy if I could take the shoes off now. Cindy told Darcy that the shoes made me stand up straight so that my breasts stood out nicely and maybe I should keep wearing them.

Darcy turned to me and said, “I’ll let you change back into the men’s shoes, but you’d better walk with good posture and your breasts sticking out proudly or you’ll find yourself walking around this mall in spike heels and a halter top.”

I wasn’t even sure what a halter top was, but I swore to Darcy that, if she would just let me wear my regular shoes, I would walk the way she wanted me to. She told me that I was wearing what would become my “regular” shoes but that, for now, I could take them off.

I did want to take the shoes off. The thought of walking through the mall in those shoes scared me. I was afraid that I wasn’t steady enough to walk on the slippery mall floor. I was also afraid that the fun, cute game of trying on women’s shoes that worked so well in the Hot Foot store might get me into trouble walking into other stores.

When I started to take off the stockings Darcy said, “You can leave those on.”

I rolled down my pants and put my old shoes on.

The experiences of acquiring breasts and publicly trying on women’s shoes had me exhausted so I asked Darcy if we could go home. She agreed, acknowledging that I had behaved well enough for my “first time.”

“But before we leave, I want you to thank Cindy for her help and her gift,” she lectured me in front of Cindy and the remaining women who were still watching my ordeal. “And,” she went on, “I’m getting tired of having to tell you to thank the salesgirls every time they wait on you. I want you to remember to thank any woman who provides any service for you whether or not she is being paid. Women are not your servants. You are to be courteous to them at all times. Even if you are not happy having to do things like wear women’s shoes in public, you are to thank the woman who helped you. Even if you do not like the remarks that women are making about you, you are to be polite to the women who make them. Do you understand?”

It was mortifying to be talked to like that. A couple of the women applauded Darcy.

“Yes,” I answered sheepishly. “I’ll do my best.”

I smiled at the other women and said, "I'm sorry I wasn't more gracious. I know you were only teasing me and I should have been nicer about it."

One of the women said, "Don't you worry your pretty little head about it. You're a good sport. Let me know if you ever need to borrow my lipstick."

I forced myself to laugh and said that I would be sure to do so.

One of the teenagers said, "We have a prom coming up. If you learn to dance in those shoes, I can get you a date."

Her girlfriend giggled.

I forced another laugh, "Thanks, I'll start practicing."

I turned to Cindy and said, "Thank you very much, Cindy. I appreciate the stockings and all the trouble you took with me. I'm sure I'll be happy with the shoes you helped me find."

She handed me a large, bright pink plastic bag with the Hot Foot name in big black letters. This bag could be seen a mile away, I thought.

"Here's your new shoes," she said with a big smile.

"I hope you won't forget me," she called as we left.

Remembering Darcy's admonition, I turned, smiled, waved and called back that I wouldn't.

Ever, I thought.

"I'll certainly be glad to get out of this mall," I told Darcy.

She agreed that it had been a long day.

"I just have to make a quick stop," she told me.

"Please," I begged. "Couldn't it wait?"

"It won't take long," she told me. "Don't give me a hard time now after all I've done for you today."

I couldn't believe she was taking credit for everything I had just endured. I started to get angry.

When she saw my reaction she said, "You'd better control your temper. I'll leave you right here in the mall with those big boobs sticking out and no way to get home."

I forced myself to calm down and followed Darcy into a store, remembering to walk with my shoulders back and my breasts jutting out. I noticed some heads turning but no one said anything.

Darcy stopped at a counter that had a variety of cosmetics on display. There was a lone salesgirl in a red sweater. She had streaked blonde hair pulled over to one side. She was wearing a lot of makeup but it looked attractive.

I stood back, waiting for Darcy to buy whatever she wanted.

"Come ever here *now*," Darcy commanded.