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Practical Lee

A Woman

by January Snowden

Troy Tyler grew up to be God's gift to women. He grew up next door to Lee Wells, yet another "golden god". Without vanity, both were literally almost "too good to be true" gorgeous males. From irresistibly darling babies to full-grown "chick magnets". Being next door to one another already put in noticeable proximity to each other and they became friends even before pre-school. Being in the same school district put them together in all twelve grades, if not the same class. And as fate would have it, once puberty hit, females virtually threw themselves at the great-looking duo, separate or double-dating. Troy and Lee had dates effortlessly. Yet, while similar in attractiveness, there were some radical differences that set them apart.

Like their female counterparts of whom there were indeed none too few, Troy's muscled physique grew naturally. The only true exercise he got was from playing sports literally. On the other hand, Lee did not bulk up like his buddy. The only sport exercise he received was playing them via video games. Yet again, like their above-mentioned 'flip-sides', no matter what they ate or otherwise did, the pals' physique remained unique and yet desirable. While the blue-eyed, blond physical hunk Troy was the exertive skirt-chaser that won his women, it was the hazel-eyed, brunet-haired Lee's inner charisma that had females effortlessly flocking to him.

Troy finally settled down and married the only woman that would not have sex with him before marriage, Anne Victor. Troy had been chasing after her ever since she began working at his father's construction company as a secretary. Only a couple years older, Anne was impressed with Troy but was immune to a lot of his swagger. On the other hand, she was not the first "older woman" Troy would have 'enjoyed'. However, when

Anne met Troy's best friend Lee, she seemed entranced by him. But Troy had long confided in his buddy about her, as "the one that got away" and the one he still wanted. Therefore, Lee respecting his buddy, he did nothing to purposely lead Anne away. All the same, knowing all about Anne, when they finally met, Lee saw that she was everything as Troy had advertised.

Anne had a bubbly, effervescent personality. She was a playful tease as she loved to flirt. But as she knew where to draw the line from being mean, so did every guy around her. On and off the job. Tall, barefoot at 5' 10", she was beauty personified. With a face that almost always showed a big, bright smile, it brought out deep dimples that went with a slight cleft chin. Her rich auburn hair fell in lazy bangs that covered her brow, otherwise traveling to below her shoulder blades in casual waves. Occasionally, if it was a sunny day, her tresses would seem to glow red like burnished copper.

Anne did not have a true hourglass figure. Although growing up a tomboy, she still grew up with somewhat slinky body curves all the same. Only almost broad-shouldered, she had a hint of semi-hard muscle tone in both arms and legs, from her earlier boyish lifestyle that did not fade into soft tissue. Simply put, she looked like a woman who could handle herself in a physical altercation.

Her rear was pear-shaped full, complete with its own set of deep dimples. Because of her unique bone structure, her bosom truly only seemed vast and although a C-cup, she loved to show cleavage, more often than not going braless in form-fitting tops, and was personally tickled as she overheard men presume her bust to be a D or even larger. With thick, pudgy nipples, her breasts were almost completely round, with a bit of a gap between them. After her breasts matured, because of the roomy gap in between and the perfect spheres they became, one guy said that they looked fake. Honestly, on perhaps another female, they might have been. But Anne's were natural. She took umbrage at the comment and took the guy out...with her fist. She was not being sensitive. He had gone from being suave to crude after being turned down and Anne thought that a sock instead of a slap would be more appreciated about how he should speak about ladies. In any event, unless she was braless and wore something loose, the gap would disappear and then look like mere expansive cleavage; her breasts then pressed together in a bra or noted snug top. And even in a bra, she wore it loose enough for her whole bosom to bounce at once when she walked.

Needless to say, her playful antics drove the men at the construction site crazy. Come payday, no one minded the long line for their money. Payday was also "braless-but-tight-top" day. Everyone knew that the one at the head was getting his jollies standing in front of her desk as she sat, searching his name for his check. The longer she had to look for it, the longer they got to look down her blouse. The only ones that felt cheated were the last few in line, as there were fewer checks to look for. Yet even then, these men could see her from a distance for that cleavage as they got closer in turn. Being the playful sprite that she was, fully aware what was going on, Anne purposely wore her lowest cut blouses on payday so that no one would be left out. Some warm days, like the guys, it would even be a mere tank top.

Troy was forever trying to get her into bed. But knowing guys like him, Anne was not just a fuck to be conquered. A mixture of modern woman with old-fashioned ideals, she



definitely wanted sex, but only under the right conditions. Anne wanted a ring on her finger before she intended to perform every position of the Kama-Sutra at least twice before she would even think of being tired of fucking. Most importantly, she wanted to be pregnant and have as many children as she could handle. But Anne vowed not be an unwed mother. Anne was a virgin into adulthood, while teen girls were losing their innocence like a bad cold.

As did all of the men that wanted to get to know her, Troy knew all of her rules. As his best friend, so did Lee. But despite Lee loyally deferring to his pal regarding Anne, Troy was too used to playing the field. He wanted Anne, and every other looker with a slit between her legs, at the same time. Troy wanted it all. Loving sex way too much, there were occasions when Anne would rebuff him for the umpteenth time, and if he could not find a hooker fast enough for his liking, he was even desperate enough to go to an area where there were “glory holes”.

A glory hole was a simple hole in a bathroom stall or compartment where one could stick his dick through it and someone would suck

you off. The stories mostly told of people going there to do the sucking; a few even managed to get fucked through that hole. Sometimes it was a woman. Sometimes it was a man. Troy always went to be the receiver; never the giver. He was not ignorant; most times it was men who blew him and he knew it. Yet it was always anonymous sex. The only thing that ever met was mouth and cock. No one saw each other face-to-face. Due to the wall between them, for Troy, in his mind, it was always Anne giving him the blowjob.

Therefore, with all of this availability, Troy never masturbated. He always “had” Anne one way, making him determined to have her all ways, always. Being that drastic, he told his life-long buddy everything...except the glory holes. They were very open friends but Troy did not reveal everything about himself, unlike Lee. Despite Lee’s sexual success,

Troy's boastfulness impressed him deeply. So when Troy would brag — to anyone — so would Lee, but only to him. Troy might even exaggerate, while Lee, taking him at his word, did not. It was enough for Lee to respect his friend and never accept Anne's subtle teases.

Not that she hated Troy or loved his buddy more, as far as he knew. While he was getting rebuffed, he saw the way she looked at Lee when Lee was around. Troy knew that she liked Lee as a nice guy and seeing nothing else, he even tried to use him to get to Anne. Anne would eventually go out with Troy, but only if Lee was there, too. Troy understood it as Anne 'needing' a chaperone. He would even devise schemes where he had Lee forget an appointment or had a sudden emergency. But Anne saw through them all. If Lee could not stay, the "date" would be over. She was determined not to be in a compromising position with any man alone. That included Troy.

Anne knew that they were close friends and liked both men, even if only one would pursue her. They both knew what she wanted out of life and Lee refused to stand in his friend's way. Ultimately, Troy got her the only way he could; he married Anne and Lee was his best man.

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Meanwhile, before and after the wedding, Troy had worked for his father's construction company; part-time and then full-time when he finished school. Being pals, Lee was almost a fixture around the mobile office. As a result, everyone associated with Tyler Constructs well knew Lee. The time spent was not inordinate so as to presume any other kind of relationship with his buddy, and after all, Troy was the boss' son. You did not make fun of Gus Tyler's son even if there was something going on. Macho men, one and all — a number of them married but still the loudest hoot-callers of the beautiful passersby at lunch — nothing but true friendship ever entered the mind of the workforce. As time passed, they would prove that despite their he-man exterior, their stereotypical chauvinistic exterior was just that. A front.

Still, there did come a time shortly after Troy's marriage that Lee was around the main office a little more than usual. If he was not around Troy or the guys, he was hanging around Anne. Mostly around Anne as a surrogate buddy, since her husband was his pal and Troy was either busy or away. Otherwise, nothing untoward either was presumed with him being around his best friend's wife. While Anne and Troy were a legal couple, indeed, the three of them were still close-knit friends. Besides, Anne being in the office alone most of the day, she welcomed his company. As there were precious few secrets between the trio, Anne was often Lee's sounding board since they became friends when Troy was not available, and today he was not around. It was one of these latter visits that he had a long face and this day she did not have to try very hard to get it out of him what had him down.

"Hi, Anne," said Lee. "Is Troy around?"

"Nah," she replied. "Ever since Gus' beam incident, he turned over the reins to Troy. Since then, Troy's been touring all our sites, making sure everything's up to code and that

there are no slackers for a repeat performance to what happened to his dad, or worse. Gus could've been killed. Troy's making sure that it doesn't happen to anyone else. Himself, mostly," she giggled.

"Anyway, ever since he graduated from school, Marie's been pressuring her hubby to turn the job to his son, as he had been promising since Troy was in his teens. It finally took an I-beam to pry Gus outta here. Why? What's up?"

Hesitant for a moment, it was not like Lee did not know the story Anne just relayed. For no particular reason, Anne just felt like re-telling it. Tyler Constructs was Gus' baby before Troy was born. Typically, when Troy was a teenager, he got the "One Day This Will All Be Yours" speech from his dad, more than once. It's been a few years since the guys' graduation, and with her husband not getting any younger, his mom, Marie, grew increasingly fearful of Gus going up higher than the second floor of a new project's framework; afraid any slip would break his neck.

Ironically, Gus was on the ground when a heavy steel I-beam that makes up a building's skeleton slipped its moorings and just missed him. It did clip his foot, but it was minor, having him limp for a while with a cane he hated. Cursing at the walking stick one day — Gus never got an ordinary cane; it was too much a reminder of being seen as an invalid — got Marie to curse at him, saying that he would still have his "perfect accident-free record" if he had kept his promise to his son. That he did well but it was a young man's job. That did it. Gus retired and Troy became the new boss.

The company had several contracts and the mobile office was always on one of them. As everybody knew Troy and Anne, and even Lee, as they all came from their locations to get paid or otherwise see the boss, all of the men — even Anne in this group setting — even hung out after work sometimes for a beer or a bite. It was now Troy's job to also go to conventions to learn about new construction materials, as well as new construction bids to keep the company going. Everyone was now happy. That is, everyone but Anne and Lee.

Even though Anne might dress reasonably sexy for work and was a brazen tease, all the guys respected her, even as they boldly flirted back. At her desk come payday, while they could look down her blouse, she was eye level to many a hard, denim-covered bulge that no guy tried to hide. Seeing bulge after bulge in her face, one right after the other, and knowing exactly what it was, Anne was not immune. After just so many — even the fact that it was payday and expecting to see all those big covered cocks — it was a turn-on. Yet she stood her ground before marriage — masturbating alone — and after marriage, paydays were some of the best sex Troy ever had. She never confessed this to Troy, and although it was with regularity, they having had sex otherwise, he was oblivious to her intensity during these days.

Again, Anne did have old-fashioned ideals. Just as she did not let Troy in her pants before marriage, she wanted a family. Indeed, it was why she abstained from sex with a partner before marriage. Although then married, the job gave her something to do, at first. Then, it seemed to wear her and Troy out emotionally and physically after certain busy days. Still, they were never too tired most of the time for sex. As far as Anne was concerned, fucking was two-fold; the physical thrill and the desire for babies. Yet she could not conceive. Both checked by doctors, nothing wrong was found. All in all, the moment Anne got pregnant, she would welcome being a housewife and mother.

Lee's problem was different. Lee finally got to answer Anne's question, with a question. He said, "Ever hear of the saying, 'Lucky at cards, unlucky in love'?"

That made Anne snicker without thinking. Maybe Lee was not as buff as Troy but he had no trouble getting women. While Troy was very muscular, Lee was slender. While Troy was ruggedly handsome, Lee was drop-dead cute. Emphasis on "cute", but not opposed to handsome. Both were excellent lovers, having had many girls to practice sexual techniques on over the years to perfect. And Anne knew this; most times overhearing the buddies' conversation over certain sexual exploits — mostly her husband's — that abruptly ended when she entered the room.

After marriage, she once deliberately sneaked behind them and encouraged them to finish. It never bothered her to hear Troy boast. Anne felt secure in their marriage. Afterwards, occasionally talking openly in front of her, as it did the first time, it even made for a good turn-on for her with Troy later. She even wondered how Lee would be in bed, having seen him in a bikini Speedo or two at the beach over the years. But as very close as they were, Lee never made a pass at her and she knew why. The bond of friendship; that Troy had "claimed" her first.

Presently, Anne's giggle perked Lee up a little, as he caught on to what she was thinking. "No, you dirty-minded girl! I was trying to coin a phrase, replacing a couple words. It's just that what with today's economy, even rock-solid companies that may not fold, still merge with others to insure solvency. Sure, the company doesn't go down the tubes, but there's often job redundancy. Too many people doing the same job.

"Long story short to tie in with my phrase, I've been lucky enough to get jobs at stable companies, and I work hard at my duties. But because I didn't go to college, wasn't there long enough — you name it — the 'miracle merger' happens, and I'm let go."

Then, Lee had to chuckle himself. "To be honest, Anne, my last boss was a beautiful woman. After she fired me, she told me that since I couldn't claim sexual harassment, she was seducing me before letting leave her office."

"No! She didn't!" Anne gasped with a smile, even as her eyes dropped to Lee's crotch. There was nothing notable to see but the way many men wear their clothes, his unexcited 'package' was evident if one knew where to look.

Oblivious to her slight action, Lee said, "Yup! She started to shake my hand goodbye, then she used it to yank me to her body, and frenched me fiercely while unzipping my fly. Next thing I knew, my pants was unzipped, my cock was out and she was on her knees blowing me!"

"And you just let this happen?" Anne replied with a raised eyebrow.

"Hell yeah! She was a looker, and what were they gonna do? Fire me?"

"I soon took charge and we ended up naked on her carpeted floor, fucking our brains out! When it was all over, she even gave me her number, asking me to call her. But Anne, I mean, really? She just fired me. At best, what was I gonna be? Her kept man, being given an allowance? There was no future there any more than the company I just got canned from!"

“Yeah. I see your point,” she said, again glancing at his middle, making her remark a ubiquitous double entendre.

But then, out of nowhere, Anne just happened to see Lee as if in a different light. Going with the perspective, she impulsively decided to run with it, as she said, “Too bad you aren’t a woman. It might sound stereotypical but it still happens: fuck redundancy! Even brainless bimbos that can’t do shit are kept on, simply for eye candy...if not for ‘other’ stuff, if she’s willing.” This came out of nowhere but catching her train of thought, while Lee might have changed his boss’ mind for this exact same reason — on the job and not her home, as he thought — Anne gets an idea, as she continues. “With your slight frame, I can see cute looks easily comparable to a woman’s, what with a little makeup. Hmmm. Bet you’d make a sexy woman.

“Hey! Y’know what? I’ve got a wig I wear for bad hair days. I’m a big girl. You could fit into all of my things easy!”

Lee looks at Anne incredulously. “Anne, are you insane? I’ve never worn women’s clothes in my life! And to get a job?

“You know me. I’m not vain. Let’s say you’re right; that I do fool people. Eventually, someone’s gonna make a pass at me, get all handsy. Next thing, I’m not only canned, I’m canned in a dress! Not to mention, a whole lotta other bad shit that could happen!”

Anne just grins, “So far, I didn’t hear ‘no’.”

That took Lee by surprise. Did not what he just said meant ‘no’? But what Anne just said opened the door to intrigue. Lee now does recall spending a lot of time in mirrors and otherwise trying to always look his best; to complement and compliment what he had naturally. While the thought had never entered his mind before, his face has been in enough mirrors that, in retrospect, could show a transition into something that could be possibly considered feminine.

‘But no!’ he now thought. ‘I just called Anne nuts. Am I bonkers for entertaining this myself?!’

Anne now has a plan, and every moment, it is getting increasingly fertilized in her mind. “Tell you what. Come over for dinner tonight. We’ll make a game of it.”

“Whoa! I can’t believe I’m thinking of going along with this,” Lee says, despite being unexplainably piqued now at how well he could look in Anne’s things, “but won’t Troy be right there, too?”

“Who’s only been your best friend since forever,” Anne counters, now undeterred. “Look. It’s perfect. If he does laugh, even though he knows you, the experiment is off. It goes nowhere and he knows I’ll kill ‘im if I ever hear him tease you about it later.”

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“Wow,” Lee softly gasps, “my folks would shit their pants to see me now ‘Though Mom might’ve accepted this, just to throw it in Dad’s face!”

Lee tasted the red glossy wax upon his lips, unwittingly performing a sexual teasing action of sexual hunger. By his remark, though, it is an atypical experience that he undergoes as does any other man that crossdresses, as he admires 'her' very passable mirrored image. From their first time and yet their hundredth time. No one seriously, deliberately sets out to make themselves an ugly woman; and that certainly includes those genetically born. Yet the surprise of beauty is almost always expiated when it is successfully achieved. As Lee amazes 'herself', it is one of assured gratification.

"That voice's perfect!" Anne exclaims, caught off guard by the timbre. Then, in correction, "Well, while it's not really perfect, it'll certainly do as a surprisingly good start."

She is also thrilled about Lee's physical transformation. Purely going on a hunch that a cute guy could make a cute girl, after having Lee completely strip, Anne could not believe his slender body. It was indeed perfect to her plan, even though he would obviously need help in the chest.

Purposely demanding to be the one to not only dress him up and to let her first strip him down, she could not believe how soft his skin is. Lee is dark-haired but from a distance, he does appear hairless everywhere below his pate. Though dark, the hair is very thin and downy on his face, arms and legs; truly hairless all over his torso. 'Now here's a man who knows how to take care of his body,' she thinks. 'I don't think it'll be a problem for him to do so, only this time using feminine ablutions instead of masculine.'

As she worked on feminizing him, Anne got so giddy at how well Lee was progressing as she worked on 'her', what was meant to be a simple trimming of the eyebrows, Anne had inadvertently went too far and thinned them too much. She is very relieved that Lee accepts 'her new self', as there was nothing she could do about this error.

Lee then faces away Anne's full-length mirror to look at her. "What're you talking about? I was joking about my parents, despite the hole they left me in. When they left each other, except for one provision they didn't have to do, I've had no contact with either of them, going on years now."

"No, no. I would never tease you about that, baby." Anne knew about the Wells' ugly divorce a few years ago. It took everyone by surprise, particularly their close neighbors next door, the Tylers, who thought they knew them as well as they knew Lee as a second son.

While neither cheated on the other, Jocelyn and Craig Wells just fell out of love with each other. It took everybody by surprise. Still, in retrospect, even their son did not get any affection as he grew older. Yet Lee was blind to it all, having virtually spent all of his time with Troy, over his house; then, having grown to adulthood, moving out altogether. He being ignorant to any family trouble, the only thing his parents agreed on was divorce by irreconcilable differences.

As an adult, Lee received no child support. Already on his own in an apartment, they sold everything, including the house. Barely saying goodbye to him, he did get a substantial lump sum payment that he barely touched as if it was the last piece of his parents he owned. That is, until his last job left him with no prospects and he began to pinch off it to pay the bills and eat. Unsure of when he would work again.