

Ladies Night Out



Gabrielle Johnson



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LADIES NIGHT OUT

THE CHAPTER INSISTS

By Gabrielle Johnson

Marian's voice on the telephone was frantic. "It's cops!" she trilled. "They're pulling us over! They've stopped Delores and Renee as well! They're all around us! They're searching Delores!"

"Hey!" I yelled to the girls at the door, smiling and doing kissy-kissy goodbyes to Julia and her wife who'd hosted our Chapter meeting. "Don't go out there! Stop anyone who's driving!"

"That's Melanie leaving," said Susan, in her baritone voice. She didn't try at all to be feminine in speaking like the rest of us. "You want me to call back Judy and her wife?"

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"Yes!" I screamed at her.

Susan smiled at my voice. Yes, I know I sounded like a woman in distress. Well, I should as I'd practiced long enough at sounding the way that I do.

Susan bellowed, "Judy! Judy! Judy!" then, in a bass voice that probably woke up half of the distant neighborhood.

"Cops!" I said urgently, and was rewarded with horrified looks from the Chapter 'girls' gathered in Julia's foyer. "They've got some kind of checkstop set up, I think. They've stopped Delores, and are frisking her, Marian says. She and Linda are stopped and Renee as well. She said there's lots of cops. I think one of them took her phone and cut us off!"

"Oh, gods and goddesses," said Carlie, putting her lovely manicured fingernails onto her red, lipsticked mouth in fright. She's always like that, I thought sourly. Even seeing a field mouse outside had made her go all girlie-girlie 'shocked' and mock-fearful as she loved to do. She'd admit it was an act on some rare occasion when she was 'teaching' some of us how to be 'extra' girlie when we went out with her, downtown, to a club that accepted t-girls like us.

"Marian's being stopped by the police?" Julia asked me, taking out her own phone and calling Marian, I was sure. "She should be all right. Linda was driving, wasn't she? Her driving license ..."

"Yes," said Margaret, always Margaret, never Maggie or Meg. "But what about the others? They're in drag! And Renee and Delores were driving their own cars! Are they being arrested?"

"Marian's not answering her phone," said Julia, the shock and fear on her face mirroring that on her wife's, and on everyone else's face who hadn't yet left the Chapter meeting to head home.

"Oh, why oh why, tonight of all night's, when we had this 'Come as you are' meeting, does this have to happen?" asked Carlie, shivering in the lovely, burnt orange, cocktail dress that made her look as gorgeously womanly as she always did.

"Let's get everyone back in," snapped Julia, taking charge as she often did. We all told her that she really was a woman when she started behaving like that, bossing everyone. "We might have to call for cabs ..."

"Or call your wives and girl friends to come and get you," said Julia's wife, Cecilia, so small and dainty beside her fashion model husband, Julia in four-inch heels.

"The police have set up a trap for us?" asked Brenda as she came swishing back into the house, her high heels clattering sharply. "Why would they do that? We're no bother to anyone. This is a harmless hobby ..."

I was looking at Cecilia as Brenda said that. The look on her face told me that there was one wife in our group that wouldn't have agreed with what Brenda said.

Our group of male transvestites and their wives met regularly, once a month, though it seemed lately that there was always something going on in the weeks in between. But there was one regular meeting, however, where we had to be completely clothed as women in order to keep our membership in the group, or so Julia or Marian would remind us when they called with details of the next Chapter meeting.

When we met at Brenda's or Marian's, in the inner city, we'd have had to walk through the neighborhood in our dresses, wigs and makeup, if those girls hadn't had rooms and space for us all to change into our girl-ish finery whenever we got to their places. But, for the Chapter meeting at Julia's, we could all change at

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home, drive up to Julia's massive estate house, and park in the driveway or next door on the vacant lot. Then, we could get out of our cars in ladylike fashion and swish or sway, high heels clicking wonderfully, dresses swirling about us, up to Julia's house, sited well away from anyone else's.

Or, we girls could wiggle straight to the back deck and join the growing party out there. Oh, it was so wonderful to feel the air around our stockings and in our long hair, breezes whipping our dresses about us as well. All the girlish chatter and smiles and hugs as we arrived, clicking in our high heels onto the deck or patio, was so femininely wonderful. And the compliments on our femininity, from the few wives who showed, was always an added spark to a lovely, femmy evening with tranny friends.

"We should be allowed to get licenses for our feminine sides," I heard Betty saying to Julia. "And then this wouldn't happen!"

"Twenty men driving around in girlie costumes all over the city, at least once a month, means that someone is going to attract the attention of the police once in a while," said Margaret reasonably. She looked really female and professional in her tight skirt and shorter, pinned hair.

I wasn't the only one who shuddered at that. Oh, what the heck had I been thinking! "Come as you are!" Julia had begged me. "I love it when I drive into town, totally en femme, with Cecilia. You should get Judy and her wife to pick you up, Alison. You live close to them, don't you?"

But Judy and her wife were at their cottage on the lake. Oh, yes, they were going to be at the 'Come as you are' party at Julia's. "I've got this lovely new dress I have to show off to everyone," Judy had said in Ron's voice as we spoke on the phone. "You can walk right

into the parking structure from your apartment, can't you, Alison? Ooo, think how it will feel to be in a really swishy dress and walking out from your apartment in high heels and a lovely wig! If anyone you know sees you, I'll bet they'll be wondering who that lovely woman is getting into Conrad's car."

Well, it was wonderful. I took the whole afternoon to get my makeup perfectly right. Oh, in my ash-blond wig, I could 'pass', I was sure of it. We talked about that often, we girls, as we called ourselves when we were dressed. Oh, we were feminine enough to pass, weren't we?

Sometimes, I noticed looks that the wives who attended our functions gave us as we eagerly chatted about passing on the street. From those looks, I guessed that we 'girls' weren't as pretty or as feminine as we thought that we were.

But I really did try hard to be as female as I could be to 'Come as you are'. I'd used my lotions religiously every night, Neet on my legs and so forth. I plucked my eyebrows and got rid of 'strays' that interfered with my girlish 'look'. I taped between my legs before I put on tape and two pairs of skimpy panties. I knew I looked really flat, girlish, in front.

My breasts were bouncy in the treasure chest I stuck to my skin. Oh, in my tight bra, and the taping beneath, I looked 'real', I thought. A little light brushing of makeup and I was a babe, I'd told myself, as I enjoyed swaying and swishing in front of my dressing mirror, my hair and earrings swirling so beautifully, my eyes so vivid and my mouth so pretty and kissable with pink, glossy lipstick.

Of course, I wore a garter belt. You can't feel really girly, in my opinion, unless you do, wearing stockings to mid-thigh, of course. Oh yes, I really was a woman, I told myself, as I quivered, fixing the last of my garters



to myself. Oh, if Julia phoned now, I'd laughed at myself, at the woman I was pretending to be, I'd be a sensation, wouldn't I, if I came as I was, right then.

So, I put on a frilly slip and a swishy dress, fairly low-cut. I wore my open-toed, red high heels that complimented the red flowers of my summery dress. I did think, as I put my driving license, credit cards and extra makeup in my purse, that Alison was going to have to drive very carefully out to Julia's.

Oh, but it was so exciting to finally go out as a girl. Yes, there were people in the distance getting into their car, but they didn't seem to notice me at all, the woman in the red, swishy dress and short, jacket top, with a superb woman's figure and silhouette. Somewhat of a letdown, actually, I said smugly to my girlie self.

Still, the guy who stopped and watched me drive out of the parking garage did smile and nod to me. And someone did beep me, I'm sure, because he, the driver, admired the pretty woman he saw driving by herself. It was him, I was sure, with his friend, in the blue BMW, both grinning at me as I turned onto the ramp for the freeway and out of town. They beeped me again as I drove away, shivering at the memory of the driver of the other car, making as if to kiss me, finally blowing me a kiss and waving, his horn beeping as I sped away.

It was all so perfect at Julia's party. All of the girls of Victoria's Secret Chapter, as we'd chosen to call our little group, had seemed to make an extra special effort to be really feminine for the party. Even Susan had been to the hairdresser and beautician Julia had an arrangement with. At the party, Susan had whispered, sort of femininely, apologizing for 'losing' her voice, actually sounding so much better than she normally did.

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And then this phone call. "Stop what you're doing, lady!" I'd heard a gruff male voice shouting before Marian's phone had gone dead.

"Oh, there's a police car in the lot next door!" shrieked Carlie, sashaying back into the main room and hallway where we were all sort of assembling. "I think they're writing down our licence plate numbers!"

"And there's a police car in your driveway, Julia, Cecilia," called Judy, hastily closing the front door.

"What are we going to do?" shrilled Carlie, still using her lovely female voice, and swirling her cocktail dress, prettily and femininely, I noted.

"You can get into my clothes," Julia said firmly. "Up the stairs, Carlie, and into the first room on the left."

"Dick, that's my room, too," protested Julia's wife. Oh, yes, Dick Merovitch, that was Julia's real name. I'd have been hard pressed to answer any question about 'real names', particularly having been in such marvellous company, feminine company, all evening.

A ringing doorbell led to a flood of swishing, swirling dresses flowing up the stairs. Can you call an upward surge a 'flood'? I might have joined them but for Julia and Judy, Brenda and Susan, and their wives, standing there, arguing about whether to open the doors or not.

"Susan!" said Julia's wife, Cecilia, suddenly. "You can't be here!"

"But I can't get in Dick's clothes," Susan said, swinging her dark hair over her beefy shoulders. Well, there were big women these days in the world, weren't there? Susan could have passed, I thought, sort of.

"Then hide up there," said the stocky woman, his wife, who'd been having a really great time at the

party. I thought she was drunk, after several of the things she'd said to men in dresses, most of us being prettier and more shapely than she was. Now, she'd sobered up very quickly and just wanted, it seemed, her husband out of harm's way.

Not only did the cops ring on the doorbell, they hammered on the door. We could hear boots stomping along the front, empty deck. Probably, they were heading to the back of the house where the evidence of our party was assembled. Julia hadn't wanted us to do any tidying up as she had a catering company, one she owned, coming in the following day. They'd take the dishes and stuff away as well as restore the back deck and pool area to what it had been. Yes, some of the girls had changed into bathing suits, Carlie in a bikini, but no-one actually went swimming in the pool. That didn't last long. No, bathing suits just revealed us 'girls' at our worst.

Cecilia almost ran off with Susan and her wife, "to show them where to go."

"Might as well let them in," said Brenda, one of the prime movers of our group, as were Julia and Marian.

"We might need a lawyer," said Judy, stroking her, his, wife's arm. "Are you up for this, darling?"

I hadn't known that Emily Ross was a lawyer. "I don't think making a will and processing real estate is the best training for this, darling," said the smaller woman. "But you should open that door, sooner rather than later, and take whatever's coming down on us all!"

Julia hesitated as the heavy pounding started again. I did the only thing I could for the group, as I saw it. I moved forward, ignoring Julia and Brenda calling to me to wait, and opened the door.

The two guys standing there looked me up and down slowly, before one of them, a smirk on his face,

pushed the door all the way open, saying, "The lady of the house?" to me.

"She's run away up the stairs," I said to the burly man standing there. "She's afraid of men with guns and home invasions. I'm her friend. I trust you're the police, who can prove and identify that you are."

Afterwards, Julia and Judy each told me that they couldn't believe how I, Alison, confronted the men at the door in such womanly fashion. Not only did I sound very feminine, they said, but the way that I spoke was just so perfect, putting the policemen on the defensive right away. Oh yes, in that lovely blondish wig, Judy gushed at me, I looked so pretty. I definitely 'passed'. The detectives must have thought I was a woman, like Emily.

I didn't see it that way. The first man put out an arm as if he was going to shove me back but the second, older man stopped him. He even put his arm across the other's body.

"Take out your ID, Kurt," he told his companion. "I trust you'll agree that the uniformed cops are cops, ma'am. And this," his badge and ID followed, "shows you that I'm Detective-Lieutenant Morrow. This is my partner, Garrison. May we have your permission to enter the house, ma'am?"

"Do you need it?" I asked. "With all the cars and frightening messages we've been receiving from our friends, do you have probable cause for this raid on a private house?"

There was a crunching then on the path as a uniformed cop came round from the visit he must have made to the back of the house. "A barbecue," he said in disgust, a note in his hand. "Lois's Complete Catering. Kitchen has all kinds of dishes stacked, just like my wife does them when she has a meeting. Didn't think it

worth busting in without more cause than what I saw."

"You send out a squad of uniformed cops and detectives to a wild party of middle-aged ladies?" I asked the first cop, silently apologizing to all the really nice, middle-aged women whom I was trying to look like. "Or are you acting on a tip? What are you looking for? Drugs, alcohol, sexual perversions?"

The uniformed cop grinned at me as he went down the driveway, signalling to some others that this raid was a washout, I think.

"The last one, perversions, men in dresses," snarled the first detective, Garrison, pushing into the room as my friends, two male and one female, but all very femininely dressed figures, as I was, backed away timidly from such aggressive, masculine speech and behaviour.

"We asked them not to drive off alone," I said with a sigh. "What are you charging Julia's guests with? It must be a driving offence as dressing in clothes of the opposite gender for a party isn't against the law in this state, is it? It's not what the law calls a sexual perversion."

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the older cop, stopping some fierce, angry retort that the younger man was about to make. "If we could just go through the house and verify that there are no illegal drugs present ..."

"You can do that without a full team to look in every nook and cranny?" I asked, looking to Julia. She'd lost some of her usual ebullience as I'd been talking to the policemen. Yes, I'd felt them studying me, studying all of us, in fact, ready to arrest us on the spot, I think, if any of us had showed any male characteristics they could point to.

"I, I own the house," Julia said, lilting femininely as she can. "I, I also own Lois's Complete Catering. My

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staff will be here tomorrow to clean up after the barbecue, costume party and get-together, we had tonight."

"Yes, ma'am," said Morrow, the older detective, casually inspecting all of our group again. "We won't get in the way, I assure you, of your," he hesitated and smiled at me, making me tense and shudder inside myself, "your, costume party."

The detective pair were quick and competent. We girls all remembered to cross our legs and keep our arms in as we sat in Julia's armchairs and tried to chat about nothing at all. But when they went upstairs, I think all of our temperatures began to soar.

They were back down within minutes and heading for the door. "Our apologies, ladies," said the older detective. "We were misled, I do believe. But, in future, ladies, when you have one of these get-togethers, all of you looking so pretty and feminine, I suggest that one of you gentlemen phone Detective Garrison or myself that you are having a wild costume party," Morrow smiled at me again as he said that, making me shiver all over, "and, please, no driving while you're in drag, as we call it, all right? Let's go, Kurt."

Some of our friends did look so silly as they came downstairs half-dressed in Dick's clothing, most still in wigs and heavy makeup.

"What was that all about, do you think?" asked Margaret, unchanged, still looking like she was one of the wives. 'She' wasn't. Margaret was one of the unattached 'girls', like me.