

ONLY ONE TIME

By Bea Bunny



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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By Bea Bunny

Pat Briggs was tired. It seemed like he had been in college forever, but this was only the first semester of his junior year. The worst part of the semester was coming up. He just hoped that he could make it two more weeks to Thanksgiving break.

On the other hand, he was fortunate to be in college at all. His mother had died when he was born and his father had passed away from cancer when he was twelve. Thus he received no financial support.

He lived with his grandmother after his father died, but she passed away during his freshman year. Then all his normal family emotional support was gone. He did have an older sister, but she was married and had two kids. She lived on the East coast and Pat saw her only a couple times a year.

It was fortunate that he got a scholarship to this small liberal arts school in Indiana, about two hours from Chicago. A summer job working fifty hours a week allowed Pat to have just enough money to attend the private school. He could not work during the school year, because his modest academic skills required him to study constantly to keep his Grade Point Average high enough for his scholarship. He usually took Saturday morning off, but pretty much studied the rest of the time. This left little time for friends and socializing, so he was often quite lonely.

This routine for two and a half years had worn Pat down. One Friday night he was relaxing on his bed. There was homework for the next week that needed to be started, but he could not convince himself to get up and start working. There was a knock on the door.

“Come in!”

Ron Bixby came through the door. He was a sophomore from down the hall. He was about Pat’s height, 5’8” and probably weighed about one hundred and fifty pounds. He wore wire rim glasses and had shoulder length hair. Everyone said Ron was an enterprising guy with some project or scam going all the time. There were even rumors that he had connections with some shady characters from Chicago! Pat put little stock in rumors. He had only talked to Ron a few times, so Pat was surprised to see him.

“What’s up Ron?”

“I was going to run into Chicago for some party time. Nobody else is around. Do you want go with me?”

“I have to study, man.”

“You’re always studying. Everybody needs to take a break sometime.”

“I need to study to keep my scholarship!”

“Look, sometimes a little break allows you to get more done when you do study!”

Pat's body seemed agreed with Ron. It had refused to do anything all evening. Pat wondered if he was going to get anything done even if he stayed.

“Maybe you're right. I can probably afford to take one night off, but I need to be back tomorrow.”

“It will be late, maybe 4 o'clock in the morning, but I was coming back tonight.”

“Okay, let's do it.”

Ron's car was a 1990 Chevy. He managed to keep it at 80 mph most of the way to Chicago. Pat had hoped to nap, but Ron talked constantly about everything from girls and sports to philosophy. Pat finally decided that he should join the conversation.

“So where are we going?”

“I know this guy, Hank Grimes. He has a party at his house every Friday night. Usually there is everything that you need to have fun.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh, there are girls, alcohol, girls, music, drugs. Did I mention girls?”

“I don't know if I'm up for a wild party...”

“No! It's not like that. There's no loud music. There are several quiet rooms where you can take a girl to get to know her better, if you know what I mean.”

“I don't get out with girls much.”

“Relax, you'll have a good time!”

The neighborhood in Chicago that Ron drove through looked pretty seedy. Several of the houses had broken windows. The small house where the car stopped had all its windows, but definitely could use a paint job. It was already dark, so Pat could not see well, and he was feeling very uncomfortable.

They went up and knocked on the door. It was opened almost immediately by a man who looked to be in his forties. His hairline was receding and his teeth had not been cared for. He obviously knew Ron and greeted them warmly.

“Haven't seen you in a while, Ron. Who's your friend?”

“This is Pat Briggs. Pat, this is Hank Grimes.”

“Hi, Hank!”

“Hello, Pat. I hope that you have a good time tonight.”

He led them into a room at the front of the house. Pat looked around as the other two men talked. It was sparsely furnished but did have three old couches along the walls and several old armchairs. There was an old TV in the corner with a VCR on top. There were two men on one of the couches who appeared to be asleep. They looked to be in their twenties.

Pat's thoughts were interrupted by Hank's question, “Do you want some?”

Pat was startled. “What?”

“Do you want some acid?”

“I don't take drugs, man.”

“You ought to try it! The first batch is free.”

“I don't think so.”

Ron joined the conversation, “I have used it and it makes you feel good. You'll really be ready to work tomorrow.”

Pat had never even considered taking drugs, but on this night in his fatigued condition it didn't seem like it could hurt to try it once. He reluctantly took the pill offered and Hank gave him some beer to wash it down.

Hank continue to talk to Pat. “So Pat, how's school going?”

“Pretty well! I always get tired this time of year, but I'm getting by.”

“What are you majoring in?”

“Sociology. I hope to be a social worker.”

After a short while Pat started to feel warm and dizzy. Hank led him to a chair and he sat by himself for a few minutes. The room seemed to be spinning.

The door opened and three young ladies walked in. Pat could not believe his eyes. They were dressed in short nightgowns that barely covered their matching panties. The plunging necklines showed ample cleavage, and he could clearly see nipples peaking through the sheer nylon. One was a stunning blonde, who had on a pink outfit. The other two had brown hair and were dressed in powder blue and black. Their makeup was well done, highlighting their beautiful eyes. He could not keep himself from gaping.

They went over and talked to Hank for a few minutes and then headed over to his chair. Pat's heart was racing as they stood right next to his chair. Hank introduced them, “This is Betty, Ann and Sara. Girls, this is Pat.”

“Hi, Pat!” they said in unison.

In his dazed state Pat could not help himself, he stroked the smooth nylon against Betty's soft thigh. Rather than protest, she just smiled.

Hank suggested, “Why don't you girls take Pat upstairs and help him get comfortable?”

The girls led Pat out of the room and up a short flight of stairs. He was wobbly, so they had to take his arms. In high school Pat had been sexually active with several girls. In college he never had the time. Nothing in his experience was anything like this.

At the top of the stairs, the girls led him into a small room. There was a big bed. Along one of the walls there was a dresser with a mirror and a small bench sitting in front. On the other side of the room was a small closet and a door leading to what look like a bathroom.

Pat did not have time to take notice of anything else; the girls were very distracting. Betty kissed him on lips and then began unbuttoning his shirt. Ann undid his belt and

slid his jeans down. Sara had taken care of his shoes and socks. Soon he was on his back on the bed wearing only his shorts.

Betty was kissing his mouth. Ann was licking his nipples which were surprisingly sensitive. Sara had his shorts down and was fondling his organ. When Sara progressed to using her tongue on the head of his penis, it was a matter of moments before Pat was totally spent and sound asleep.

After several hours Pat awakened. Betty, still in her pretty pink nightgown, was lying beside him. He started stroking the nylon again. Her eyes opened.

“You know, that nightgown really feels nice.”

“You want to try it on?”

“No! I meant that it feels good on you.”

“You ought to try it! It feels good to wear nylon. You might not get a better chance.”

The drugs were still clouding his thinking, but Pat had thought before about what it would be like to wear women's clothing. In his usual reserved manner he would never act, but he was still under the influence of the drug.

“Okay, I'll try.”

“Good! I don't want you messing up my clothes. Let's take a shower first.”

She led him into the bathroom which had a small shower. She immediately removed her nightgown. Pat was completely mesmerized by her beautiful body, but after the earlier activities his organ was not ready to respond. She started to spread a foul smelling pink lotion over his body.

“What's this?”

“I want to make sure that you don't ruin my nightie!”

She continued to talk, and Pat lost track of time. He could not believe how nice her breasts looked. He wondered how it would feel to have tits. She led him into the shower. After rinsing off the lotion with a wash cloth, she washed him down with a nylon ball which had a sweet smelling foam coming from it. Pat could not remember feeling so good, until he noticed that all his body hair was coming off. His muddled mind did not know how to respond.

After toweling him off, Betty left the room. When she returned she wore a terrycloth robe, much to Pat's disappointment. She helped him pull a pair of pink nylon panties up his legs. His balls were pushed up and his still limp penis was held back between legs by the panties. The nylon nightgown was lowered over his head.

Pat's heart was racing again. Indeed the nylon did feel great against his hairless skin. The feeling was unlike any previous experience.

“Let's try some makeup.”

Pat was beyond resisting at this point. Betty led him to the dresser and applied some makeup. She started with a cream foundation. A black mascara with blue eyeshadow highlighted his eyes. A peach blush highlighted his cheeks. A bright red lip-

stick provided the final touch. With a brush his moderately long hair, still wet from the shower, was transformed into a more feminine hair style.

Pat looked in the mirror. He never imagined that he could look so much like a girl. Ann had returned with a camera.

“Let’s take some pictures of this sexy momma!”

Pat knew that he should protest, but he was flattered by the attention. Still under the drug influence, they had Pat posing in all sorts of seductive positions. After a half hour, he was exhausted. He fell into a deep sleep, this time for the duration.

As he woke up, Pat's head was pounding. He had never felt so bad. A fuzzy dream of lingerie filled his brain. As his eyes slowly began to focus, he noticed that he still wore the frilly pink nightgown. Maybe it wasn't a dream. He swore that he would never take drugs again.

From the light coming in the window he figured that it was pretty late. He needed to get back to school and his studies. He managed to get himself up and moving and began to look for his clothes. They were nowhere to be found. He looked in the closet and only found a few dresses, blouses and skirts. The dresser revealed panties, bras, slippers and nylons. Not only were his clothes missing, but there was not a stitch of male clothing anywhere. He could feel a sense of panic rising in his stomach.

He slowly opened the door and hearing nothing crept to check the other rooms upstairs. There were two other bedrooms which were furnished similarly to the first. No male clothing to be found. Finding that no one seemed to be around, Pat relaxed a little.

He went downstairs and checked the rooms that he had not seen the night before. He found a small kitchen with a coffee pot and some bags of chips but not much else. The other rooms were empty. He finally returned to the room where everything had started last night.

As he entered he almost bolted back out the door as he saw Betty sitting and reading in one of the armchairs. She stopped him in his tracks.

“After last night you needn't be so shy.”

Regaining some composure, he asked, “Where are my clothes?”

“You're a big boy. I have better things to do than keep track of your clothes.”

Pat did not know whether he was more upset by having her see him in the nightgown or by her cold manner after last night.

“What time is it?”

Betty looked at her watch. “About 4:30.”

“Oh man, I'm supposed to be back at school!”

Betty did not look up from her reading. Pat sat and fidgeted for a few minutes. “Look, I don't know what to do. I need your help.”

She gave him a disgusted look but finally relented. "Okay. I have to wait until six to see if Hank has any work for me this evening. I'll help you get dressed, and if he doesn't call, you can come home with me tonight. Hank is suppose to be here tomorrow morning around eleven. You can talk to him then."

"I could only find woman's clothing upstairs."

"Then that will have to do."

Betty led him back upstairs to the bedroom. She had him take off the nightgown and panties. She gave him a clean pair of panties and showed him how to put on a pair of sheer black pantyhose. The smooth nylon against his hairless legs felt very stimulating. A black bra followed. Pat started to protest, but a stern look from Betty told him that he had better be quiet.

After filling the bra cups with Kleenex she sat him down at the dresser. "We had better put on some makeup so you don't get caught dressing like this."

She repeated the application of makeup that they had gone through the night before. This time the blush and eyeshadow were a little thicker than before, along with an extra coat of mascara. She went to the closet and brought out a frilly, low cut red blouse. A short black leather skirt completed the outfit.

Pat looked at himself in the mirror. A very feminine person stared back at him. There was a slight telltale sign of his maleness at the adam's apple, and his hair was unruly. But the blouse and skirt definitely said female.

"Don't you think this skirt is a little short?"

"Sorry, that's what Hank is looking for. There's nothing longer, not even the dresses. Sit down again and I'll try to do something with your hair."

She worked for ten minutes before finally giving up. It was definitely more feminine and no longer made his sex obvious, but she could only do so much.

"As long as they don't look too close, people should assume that you are female. There's a pair of boots in the closet."

With that last comment Betty swept out of the room. Pat went over to the closet and found a pair of fashion boots. They had two inch heels. They came up to his mid-calves and zipped up the side. They were a little tight, but he figured that his complaints were better left unspoken.

Pat was almost excited by the clothes that he was wearing, but his overriding feeling was fear. How long would he have to remain dressed like a whore and who would see him? He was still worried about not getting back to school and falling behind in his studies.

He slowly negotiated the stairs. Walking in high heels required some getting use to. The elevated heel made his ankles feel different. He managed to return to the front room. Betty was again reading in the armchair.

With everything else he had not taken notice to how she was dressed. She wore a short red dress that rode high as she sat. She had expertly crossed her legs so he could not see anything that he shouldn't. Sheer black nylons made her legs look soft

and smooth. Her face had heavy makeup which made it glow, and her eyes were gorgeous. Her blonde hair was a mass of feminine curls.

There was a magazine next to her chair, so Pat reached down to pick it up. He quickly realized that he had better bend his knees. Another armchair was across the room so he went over and sat down, crossing his legs like Betty. It was a fashion magazine which did not hold his interest very well. The time seemed to creep by. He even read a couple of articles on makeup ideas.

“Well, it's past six. I guess that I'm not working tonight, I'd better go home.”

Betty got up and headed for the door. This startled Pat, since she made no mention of him coming along. He quickly moved to try to catch up. In high heels it took all his concentration.

She took a leather coat out of a closet in the hall and put it on. She handed him a nylon coat with furry lining and a very feminine collar. He put it on without comment, knowing that the weather would be cold outside.

He followed Betty out the front door. In his hurry he did not have time to think that they were going outside. Within a half of block he became very self-conscious.

“How far do we have to go?”

“My apartment is about four blocks. You had better slow down and put some wiggle in your walk, or someone's going to notice that you're male.”

Pat stopped for a moment and then continued. He tried to imitate her walk. He almost envied her undulating hips. Everything went fine for two and a half blocks. The few people out were nowhere near them.

Suddenly the door of an apartment building opened just in front of them. Three men came out and started down the stairs. They quickly noticed the women.

“Hey, babes. Looking for some action tonight? You look hot to trot.”

“We're taking the night off, Charlie, so keep your pants zipped!”

The men came up close to Betty and Pat. They were so close that Pat could feel the breath of one of them on his neck.

“So whose your friend, Betty?”

“This is Patty!”

“Well hello, Patty.”

Pat froze and it took a moment before he croaked out a “hello”.

Betty saved the day. “You'll have to excuse Patty. She has a really bad cold.”

“I saw a really great movie the other night. You ought to let me take you girls to see it some time.”

Betty answered, “I don't think so, Hal!”

As they talked, Pat felt the hand of the third man on his rear end slowly rubbing his cheek through the skirt. Not knowing what else to do, Pat tried to move away, but the

man moved with him. Not wanting to draw attention to himself, he let the man fondled his butt and hoped that they would leave soon. Thankfully Betty was ready to get going too.

“We’ll see you guys later. We need to go get some sleep!”

“We can keep your bed warm!”

“In your dreams, Charlie.”

Soon they approached an apartment building where they climbed the steps and entered. Pat's heart rate was finally returning to normal.

“How do you handle men so easily? Those guys could have forced themselves on you.”

“You're lucky. I know those guys and they're nice. Some guys, even if they don't know you, will have their hands all over you. You learn to deal with it.”

“It was a very confusing encounter. I felt someone’s hand on my rear end.”

“Believe me, they could have been a lot more aggressive. I noticed that you were pretty quiet.”

“Well, I certainly don't want to be discovered.”

“Your voice isn't very deep. Just speak softly and you should be okay. When I don't work I usually just have a salad. I think that I have enough for two.”

“Anything would suit me right now.”

Pat realized that he had not eaten anything all day. He went and helped prepare the salad and set the small kitchen table. Although not as friendly as last night, Betty had softened her attitude. Pat was almost starting to feel relaxed. Although he would die if anyone he knew saw him, he had to admit that women's clothing could be very sensual. The one thing that nagged him was that he had no idea how he was going to get out of this situation.

Betty did not have a television, so after they cleaned up the dishes she suggested that they play gin rummy. That was fine with Pat. He could not remember the last time he had taken a Saturday night off to play cards. He had fun and the game went on until close to 12:30.

As they got ready for bed, Betty helped Pat clean off his makeup. Of course she only had nightgowns, so once again he found himself in a slinky nylon nightgown. Tonight he was sleeping on the couch. His mind raced as the events of the past two days flashed through his memory. He could not believe that he had gotten himself into this situation. He also had no idea what tomorrow would bring. How would he be able to get to back to college and his normal life? Finally he fell into a troubled sleep.

The next morning Pat was still tired when Betty woke him up at 9:00. He had not slept well. He got up quickly because he needed her help and wanted to do anything that would keep himself on her good side.

Betty fixed a breakfast of bacon and eggs and once again helped Pat into the clothes that he had worn the day before. He had pleaded for some pants, but Betty firmly insisted that he would not wear any of her clothes. She was smaller than Pat, so he could not argue. She also applied some light makeup to his face.

About 10:30, they started the walk back to Hank's house. Being Sunday morning there was little traffic, and those people out were absorbed in their own activities. The walk was fortunately uneventful.

When they got back to the house, Hank was in the front room reading a Sunday paper on one of the couches. Pat immediately started to berate him.

"What happen to my clothes and wallet? How could you just leave me in woman's clothes?"

Hank immediately got up and slapped Pat across the face. Being considerably bigger than Pat, he soon had the smaller man cowering in one of the armchairs.

"Now you listen to me. I am not responsible for what happens after I give someone drugs. I did not make you put on frilly clothes and parade around. Get a hold of yourself."

Pat was speechless. Everything Hank said was correct, so he just sat there. After a few minutes Hank's mood changed and he was friendly again.

"Look, I didn't mean to hit you but I have a temper. You have to agree that nothing that happened to you after you left this room was my fault."

"I suppose that you are right."

"Besides, you look mighty sexy in that miniskirt. You could turn on some johns pretty easy."

Pat blushed at this sudden turn of tone. He had to admit that the clothes did make him feel sexy, but someone else stating that fact was too much.

Hank continued, "I tell you what. If you're interested, I could get you some work on the weekends."

Not even wanting to imagine what kind of work was implied, Pat blurted out his reply: "No way!"

"I have some pictures that you might want to look at before you decide."

Hank went over to the television and picked up a packet of photos. He handed them to Pat, who slowly thumbed through them. They were from Friday night. Pat was clearly recognizable in the frilly pink nightgown.

"As I said, you are really sexy. Some of my customers would love you. They don't mind a little extra equipment down below. In fact, they prefer it. If you're not interested, I'm sure that there are some people on your college campus who would love to see those pictures."

"You wouldn't..."

Pat knew of course that Hank would use the photographs and anything else that worked. Yet what was being asked of him was beyond anything that he could bring

himself to do. He tried to reason with Hank. "I really can't. I have to study hard to keep up in school. I can't afford to take the time off."

"Suit yourself. I will give you a couple weeks to think about it. Then the pictures go to someone appropriate. I'll be in touch."

Hank picked up his newspaper and the pictures and was out the door. As the door closed, Pat realized that Betty had left too. He was suddenly all alone in a frilly red blouse and tight miniskirt.

Pat sat for several minutes thinking about what Hank had said, but the more immediate problem of what to do now caused him to focus. He went on one more futile search of the house. As he moved through the rooms the trials and tribulations of the weekend were starting to wear on him.

In a more stable frame of mind Pat might have been able to think of a better alternative, but the only thing that he could think of was to hitchhike back to college. He knew that he could not afford to miss classes on Monday. As it was, he would never be able to finish his homework. He was in the mood to do something.

The entrance to the interstate which went most of the way to Chicago was only two blocks away from Hank's house. Pat managed to negotiate the first block without much notice, but as he approached the entrance ramp he heard a wolf whistle. Startled, he noticed a young teenage boy across the street who was even smaller than Pat and did not appear to be a threat. Fortunately, as he continued toward the ramp, the boy seemed to lose interest.

Pat had never hitchhiked before and was worried that no one would stop. If he had thought about how he was dressed, he would have known that almost certainly somebody would pick him up. He should have worried about who stopped. He held his thumb out on the entrance ramp to the interstate.

Within fifteen minutes a late model Ford pulled over. As he walked toward the car, Pat noticed that the driver appeared to be a man in his sixties and appeared harmless enough. Thank god, Pat thought, maybe my luck is changing.

As Pat opened the door the old man introduced himself. "My name is Mark Tresher. What's yours?"

Saying the first name that popped into his head, Pat replied, "Patty Parker! I'm heading back to school."

"That is a little out of my way. What the heck, I am not doing anything today. I'll give you a ride all the way!"

Pat hopped into the front seat forgetting that he was wearing the skirt. A good portion of his panties were visible and he could see the old man's eyes bulge. Pat pulled the skirt down.

As he pulled the car onto the interstate, the old man began to talk. "You know, a pretty young thing like you ought be careful about hitchhiking! I might be a monster."