

A DIFFERENT GENDER

By Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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by Patricia Smith

Ben was two hours late for work and that was not like him at all. When he finally did show up, he looked like death warmed over. "Geez Ben, what the hell is the matter with you?" I complained to him. "In over four years of driving together, this is the first time you've been late and you couldn't even bother to call?"

"Sorry Terry, Judy dumped me! I was stayin' in a motel and they forgot to wake me. I can't believe that Judy would dump me like that! No notice or nuthin'! I showed up and my key wouldn't work in the lock no more and she threw my stuff out to me and told me to get lost, just like that! She got another man now too!"

"Hey buddy, it happens - get used to it," I told him.

"Oh, you're real sympathetic, aren't you?"

"You want sympathy, you know where to find it. Its in the dictionary, somewhere between shit and syphilis. That's what you told me when Liz left me. Now lets go." I felt sorry for him, but I wasn't about to let him know that. Not after the way he had treated me when Liz decided to leave me.

Judy was just his part-time girlfriend here at home base and he had lots of part-time girlfriends in a dozen states. Liz and I had been married for six years when she left me for another woman!

I tooted the big rig through the deserted streets of town, got us onto the interstate and put her into cruise control. Ben stowed his gear while I drove so I got to thinking about Liz again. There never was any sign that anything was wrong in our marriage. I would come home off the road and we would have a nice romantic dinner together on the first night, then make love for hours before falling asleep together. The first day home and we would go out and do some things together, then have dinner out and see a show or something. Liz and I had married right out of high school and she was the only woman for me.

Liz never wanted to work and with the money I made, she didn't have to. After one year together we bought a house and furniture and I am still paying that off. I bought her the car she wanted and she still has it. Then she wanted a summer place out at the lake so we shopped around for a place, I reworked the finances and got us a nice little cottage on Clear Lake. She had the time to enjoy it all but I had to work steady to pay for it.

I guess the first clue I had that something was wrong in our marriage was when I came up with a case of the clap. I had to see a doctor on the road to get a shot to clear

it up. I never fooled around on Liz, she was the only woman I had ever been with! I had gotten the STD from her! I had to confront her with it when I got home and she openly admitted it to me. She had slept around with about half a dozen guys because she was bored. But she was all through with that now. She had satisfied herself that all guys were basically the same.

We were supposed to see a marriage counselor to try and get our marriage back on track and I took a couple of trips off just to go to them. But then the bills were piling up and I had to go back to work or we would lose everything. She preferred me to work as she didn't want to lose her comfortable lifestyle and promised me that she wouldn't sleep with any man but me from then on. And she didn't sleep with any other guy either, as far as I know anyway. She started sleeping with other women!

I came home from a rough week on the road to find her with her bags packed and she was going out the door. She left me to be with her newest lover, an older, more experienced lesbian who could give her the attention I never could. The two of them showed up together in court for our divorce hearing.

I guess I was lucky to have Judge Thomas on the bench to hear our story. We both told the truth as we understood it to be and the Judge told Liz she could only have the things she had left with. I got everything else, which included a hefty mortgage to go with it. But with what I had invested in it already, it was better for me to keep it and pay it off than it would be to try and sell everything. The Judge actually scolded Liz in court for being a self-centered spoiled woman who took without giving in return. But the Judge could get away with that since she was a woman too. A male Judge would have gotten into trouble for saying the same things.

So I was back to work now, my divorce finalized a month ago and I had a lot of bills to get paid off as soon as possible. And Ben shows up late with his sob story. Sure, I knew what it was like to get dumped, but I wasn't going to feel sorry for him. Knowing Ben the way I did I knew he would have another girl on his next trip home.

"Hey!" he yelled at me from the back bunk. "Stop at Emma's. I need breakfast."

We were late already and I didn't need to stop at Emma's but Ben could turn into a real asshole if he didn't eat. I pulled off the interstate at exit two twelve and parked the rig next to a line of similar big trucks, their drivers in the bunks getting some sleep.

Emma's made the best chili on the road and it was almost a ritual for us to stop in on our way by to have some. I was more ready for lunch than breakfast so while Ben ordered his bacon and eggs with hashbrowns smothered with chili, I had a bowl of chili with toast and ordered my usual large glass of milk. "Milk went sour today, Hon," Clarrisa told me, "I'll bring you a coke instead."

Ben was gripping and complaining about Judy and he had to tell everyone who stopped to say hello all about his latest troubles. It was getting monotonous already. We ate quickly and I got a coffee to go and we were back on the road again. But Ben wasn't tired and couldn't sleep so he sat up in the jump-seat and continued to harass me with his tale of woe. Oh he was hard-done by! Judy was the only girl he ever truly loved! All those other girls meant nothing to him! She was his one true love!

A couple of hours down the road and the chili was working on both of us. Ben started it with his farting so I had to roll down a window to keep from choking on the stench. We had both drunk a coke since there was no milk and the combination was deadly. I got in a few good farts of my own, but the last one sure felt wet to me. Damn!

I pulled off the road into a rest area and went inside to use the john. My shorts were soaked through and I didn't want to drag them around with me like that for the next week or so, so I tossed them into the trash. I had more in my bag in the truck. I cleaned myself up after having a good dump and hoped it wouldn't happen again. No more coke with Emma's chili, that was sure!

Ben was in the next stall over for a dump of his own when I went back to the truck to get another pair of shorts. I searched my whole bag but I couldn't find my spare underwear at all. I still wasn't used to being single so I guess I had forgot to pack them. Liz used to do that chore for me. She made sure I had everything I needed to take on the road with me.

"Damn!" I swore as I put my bag away.

"What's the matter buddy?" Ben asked as he climbed into the truck. "Shit yourself again?"

"No. I forgot to pack extra shorts. Gotta go without till we hit a town and I can buy some. Not used to packing my own bag."

"I got a pair of underwear in my bag that should fit you." he offered. Ben was at least two sizes bigger than I was and I figured there was no way they would fit me.

"Forget it shithead!" I told him. "I don't wear other people's underwear."

"Oh no, these are brand new, never been worn by anyone."

"Take a good look at us Ben. Do you really think your shorts are going to fit me?"

"I bought them as a gift and never got to give them away. They will fit you. But I'll bet you ten bucks that even if they do fit perfectly, you'll never wear them."

"You're on! Brand new never worn gotch! If they fit, I'll wear them till they get holes in them! You must be nuts Ben. That chili is eating through to your brain."

"No it ain't." he said as he climbed into the back. He got out his bag, dug around in it and came out with a little plastic bag. "I bought them for Judy!" he said as he pulled out a lace pair of bright pink panties. "You and her are about the same size so they should fit you. Either put them on or give me my ten bucks!"

Damned but he snookered me good with that one. He had said underwear, not panties! But ten bucks was ten bucks and a dare was a dare. I took the bikini panties from him and looked them over. Yeah, the new label was still on them. I peeled it off and told him to leave so I could put them on and he laughed all the way out to the jump-seat. The panties did fit me perfectly so I left them on as I put on my jeans again, then returned to the driver's seat.

"Got 'em on, kid?" he asked teasingly. "Or you gonna give me ten bucks?"

"I got them on, shithead." He needed proof so I peeled down the waistband of my jeans at the side to show him the flash of pink satin that still girded my hip. He dug

out his wallet and a ten dollar bill which he threw at me. He wasn't at all happy at losing money, especially in any bet with me. I usually took his money when we bet on the football games, too.

"You gotta wear them like you said before Terry," he told me, "till they got holes in them. Man, the other guys are gonna love hearing about this! Terry wears pink lacy panties at work!"

"Hey! The other guys got nuthin' to do with this. This is a bet between you and me! You don't tell them squat or the bets off and I still win."

"Keepin' it a secret was not part of the bet, kiddo. But we can include it in another bet, if you got the guts to go for it."

I sure didn't want the other guys finding out about this so I asked him, "What you got in mind, asshole?"

"Them cute little panties is part of a set I got for Judy. I got her two sets in two colors. You wear both whole sets only for the rest of the month, I keep it a secret and the bet is our month end paychecks. Turn down the bet and I'm gonna tell the guys that you like to wear women's panties. Who's the shithead now asshole?"

Damned if I do and damned if I don't! He was enjoying his laugh. "What's in the set?" I had to ask him.

"Each set comes with a bra, a garter belt and two pairs of panties. One set in pink, the other in yellow. Lots of lace on both of them. Really pretty stuff, too."

"Garter belts hold up stockings Ben, so I can't wear them if I take your bet."

"You can get some in the next town we get to. Its all or nuthin', kid. Take my bet and I'll keep it a secret, win or lose. Refuse the bet and live with everyone knowing that you wear panties to work because you want to."

"You're an asshole Ben, you know that don't you?"

"Yeah, I know, but its so much fun too. What's it gonna be kid?"

I wore the panties for a ten buck bet and they didn't feel all that bad either. I could wear them like any other pair of underwear if only Ben could keep it a secret from the other guys. It would be really hard to stand it if the other guys ever found out about this. And it would be really nice to take Ben's paycheck away from him at the end of the month. How hard could it be to wear a bra and garter belt with stockings under my own clothes for three weeks? Yeah, Ben would want to check to make sure I was living up to the bet, but so what? He would know the truth anyway.

"Okay moron, you're on. I'll get myself some stockings at our first drop. But if you ever mention any of this to anyone, the bet is off and I win."

"Deal! Oh but you're going to look so cute in all the pretty lingerie I have for you."

"Knock it off, asshole. I'll wear them but you don't get to make fun of me for doing it."

"Okay, but I'm still going to enjoy watching you squirm for the next twenty two days."

I knew from living with Liz for so long that one pair of stockings would not be enough to last me for slightly more than three weeks, the duration of the bet. Liz and I had been pretty close to the same size and since I had gone shopping with her on more than one occasion, I had a pretty good idea of what to get. I got myself six pairs of sheer, nude nylon stockings, the same brand and size that Liz used to get.

Ben had to check to make sure I was properly dressed when we left the truck stop. He could see the outline of the pink bra right through my tee shirt when I took off my jacket and I let him see that I wore the panties and garter belt too by rolling down the side of my jeans. I pulled up a pant leg to show him the stockings I had on as well.

“Happy now, asshole?” I asked him.

“Oh yeah! You ain’t gonna last three weeks like this, kid. You’re gonna be signing your paycheck over to me at the end of the month. I’m gonna love this.”

“Don’t go bettin’ the farm on that, jerk-off. I’m bettin’ you can’t keep a secret so I won’t have to wear this stuff the whole three weeks. I’ll win as soon as you tell someone, anyone. Then I can wear my own stuff again and still collect your check too.”

“I ain’t tellin’ a soul. You gotta go the whole three weeks as a pervert.”

“I ain’t no gawd-damned pervert and you know it. And I don’t like being called one either. Its one thing to swear and call each other names, but pervert ain’t part of that.”

“Yeah, you’re right, sorry. It slipped out. Perverts go around messin’ with kids and I know you don’t do that. So for the next three weeks I think I’m gonna call you Queer. Queers like to wear women’s things too, just like you are.”

“Geez, you really *are* an asshole aren’t you, Ben?”

“The biggest and the best kid. You should know that. Hell, I even use toilet paper to wipe my mouth with. And I’ll be smackin’ my lips pretty good when I collect your check.”

Ben was driving and I didn’t need his constant abuse so I climbed into the back, stripped naked and climbed into the bunk. At least I didn’t have to endure him and his smart-assed comments when I was sleeping. And I could sleep naked like I always did anyway.

I woke up as Ben pulled into Bud’s Place where we switched. It was always awkward to get dressed while the truck was moving so I was glad that I had slept all the way in. It was going to be hard enough to put on the women’s undies without rocking back and forth and trying to stay in the back when he hit the brakes.

The panties were a tighter fit than my shorts had been and held my pecker up closer into my crotch. But I found that the smooth satin was cool and comfortable and the lace was just a visual decoration that didn’t affect my wearing them. The bra was a different story since I wasn’t used to wearing a harness across my chest like that, but at least I could be thankful that Judy’d had really small titties. The sheer lace cups sat

flat on my chest and didn't produce any noticeable bulge on my chest. The garter belt was a snug fit too since Judy had a smaller waist than I did. I found it uncomfortable to wear and the stockings were no joy either since they made my legs itch like crazy. Girls had to be crazy to wear this stuff all the time.

I put on my socks and shirt, then my jeans and jacket. I came out of the back to find Ben doing his log book so I caught mine up too. "Hey, Queer!" he said to me. "Hope you're gonna have a shower. You smell like shit!"

"No worse than the asshole you are," I told him. Yeah, I was going to have a shower. I always took a shower at Bud's Place when we drove this route. It was one of the nicer truck stops we had found. I got my bag and shaving kit from the back, then put on my shoes to step out into the warm August sunshine. It was far too warm to be wearing a jacket but I couldn't leave it behind and still keep my secret a secret. Better to suffer a bit than to let everyone know what I had on under my male clothes.

Bud's Place had private shower rooms for each person. Lock the door and no one can get in without a key. I had complete privacy to strip down, shower and shave, then store my undies in a plastic bag in my bag to take out my yellow set and put them on with a new pair of stockings too. Damn! My legs were itching even before I got the damned things on. How did women wear these things in so much comfort? What did Liz do that was different from what I was doing? She shaved her legs! If Ben did keep the secret then I had three weeks to go like this and the itch would drive me crazy long before then. I had to shave my legs!

I took off the stockings again and found that I had put a hole into them at the toes. Brand new stockings and I had to toss them already without even wearing them! But I would have to toss them down the road. I didn't want to be leaving them behind in a shower room I had just used in a place where everyone knew me.

I used four new razor blades to get all the hair off of my legs from toe to hip, then a fifth one for a final scraping of my skin. I would have to get a lady's razor at some place where they didn't know me to do this again, and some more blades for my razor too. But at least I got the job done without any nicks or cuts to worry about. I had been real careful.

Looking down at my feet I saw that my toenails were jagged and rough and that was the reason why I had holes in my stockings. I got out my nail clippers and trimmed them down as far as I could, then used my file to take off the rough edges. I didn't want to be spending Ben's entire paycheck on stockings! With all of that done, I put on another pair of new stockings and found that not only was the itch gone completely but that the stockings actually felt good as they caressed my newly shaved legs. Wow! No wonder women liked to wear them! They were so cool and comfortable now that the hair was gone and I didn't get any holes in them this time! I could last three weeks like this.

Ben was showered and changed and had even eaten by the time I got back to the truck with a coffee to go. "There you are, Queer!" he called to me. "What the fuck took so long?"

"Fuck off, Asshole." I told him with other drivers standing around listening. I got into the truck on the driver's side and put my bag into the back. Ben got in when I re-

leased the air brakes since he knew damned good and well that I would leave him behind if he just stood outside the truck gossiping with the other drivers. They were used to us calling each other names so they didn't notice anything different between us now. They gave us a salute as I drove off.

"Are you wearing your pretty lacy undies, Queer?" he cooed in a soft voice.

"Fuck off, moron. You know I am." I said and took off my jacket once I had the cruise control on. He insisted on checking so I went through the routine of showing him the top edges of my panties and garter belt and the sheer nylon above the top of my socks. "Satisfied asshole?"

"For now, yeah. But I don't want you taking them off once I fall asleep so I'm gonna have to check again every time I come out of the bunk. My check is gonna be about two grand so if I gotta sign it over to you I wanna make damned sure you do what you're supposed to do to earn it."

"I ain't gonna get changed, Ben. Besides, I got nothing else to change into on this trip."

"Yeah well I still gotta check. Hey! Look what I found at the bottom of my bag!" He produced a neatly gift wrapped package and held out the card so I could see it. It said, "To Judy."

"Yeah, so? What do you want, a medal?"

"No. I was thinking of another bet. I can't remember what's in here, but I was only buying lingerie for Judy. Two hundred cash right now says you won't wear this too."

"Lets see what it is." I said. Hell, how bad could it be? More lacy lingerie to hide under my male clothes? I could use the money too.

"Uh uh. This one is pot luck. You only get to see what's in here if you take the bet."

"You sure are in a big hurry to give me your money aren't you?"

"There's a lot of stuff I wouldn't do for any amount of money. I'm just trying to see how far you'll go and if you have the guts to take on a blind bet. I know its lingerie but I don't know exactly what it is. Hell, it might just be another set like what you already have on."

Yeah, it might be at that. At least it was lingerie. It would be different if it was a dress that I would have to wear instead of my jeans and shirts. "I'll take the bet and your money on the condition that whatever it is that's in that package is lingerie. Anything else and I take your money without having to wear whatever is in there. Deal?"

"Yeah, its a deal." He got out his wallet and counted out two hundred dollars and placed it on top of the package on the dash. I pocketed the money first, then began to open the package as I steered the truck down the road.

Damn! It was lingerie too! Red silk and lace nightie set! Crotchless panties with a cutout peek-a-boo nightie. "Hot damn!" Ben exclaimed. "I get to see you in that every time you get into and out of the bunk from now on!"

Shit! At least I had his two hundred bucks in cash up front. It was going to be a bitch to let him see me wearing this, but it would be even worse to give him back his

money along with two hundred of my own hard earned dollars. Fuck him! He wants to see my pecker hanging out through those red lacy crotchless panties then fine, let him look. I needed the money and he could afford it so I may as well take all I could get.

I wrapped everything back into the paper and set it down beside the seat as I concentrated on driving the rig down the road. Ben was laughing as he went into the back to go to sleep. I heard him laughing for almost half an hour before he finally fell asleep.

Hell, I had a big mortgage to pay on both the house and the cottage out at the lake and I needed every cent I could get right now. Besides that, Liz got the car and I would have to buy one for myself now so that I wouldn't have to take a taxi to and from work all the time. I needed a car and all the money I could get. I would probably turn as red as that silk nightie when I had to let Ben see me in it, but it was worth it to me. I was in dire straits financially and it would take me at least a year to pay off my lawyer and get things straightened out again. Fuck him. He could laugh all he wanted to but I really needed the money and at least I didn't have to wear a dress to get it.

Ben almost pissed himself laughing at me the first time he saw me wearing that little red silk peek-a-boo nightie set. But I wore it and turned almost as red as the nightie itself when I had to show him that I had it on. I wore it to bed every time I got into the bunk on that trip and he had a good laugh every time too. But he couldn't keep up laughing as he got used to seeing me in just my lingerie that he had supplied me with. By the end of that trip he was reduced to just a smile.

"I can't be checking on you when you're at home kid, so I'm gonna trust you to wear it all there too. And you gotta wear it for our next two trips as well."

"Yeah, I'll wear it. A deal's a deal. I'll wash it all at home and it'll be clean for our next trip out and I'll wear it for the duration so long as you keep up your end and don't tell anyone."

"Hey! Its worth every cent to me, kid. Its more fun to watch you squirm in this stuff than it was to see Judy wear stuff like that. I barely saw her wear any of the stuff I gave her since as soon as she had it on she had it off so I could screw her."

"You just be ready to sign your check over at the end of the month, Ben."

Damn, it was hot wearing a jacket all the time as I stepped out of the air conditioned truck - but it was better than the alternative. The cab driver thought I was nuts to wear a jacket on such a hot day as he drove me home but I gave him the same excuse I used with everyone else who said I was nuts. I told him I had a rash on my arms that was pretty ugly and wore the jacket to spare everyone having to look at it and to keep from scratching myself too much. Like everyone else, he accepted my story and shut up about it.

It felt good to get into my air conditioned house and take off that jacket. But in having worn the lingerie every day for about a week already, I found that it was fairly comfortable now, too.

The panties had been comfortable to wear from the very first time I had put them on. The bra and garter belt took some getting used to, but I was there already. The stockings were a real bitch until I shaved my legs. Now they were a pleasure to wear all the time. The nightie had been the worst since I had to let Ben see me in it and see my cock hanging out the front but after the first couple of times, he didn't need to see all of me in it. He accepted that I had it all on once he caught a glimpse of me in the nightie part. The truth is that I did wear it all every time I climbed into the bunk since I found that after he had seen me in it that it was comfortable to wear.

I went into my bedroom and stripped naked to put on my bathrobe. Then I gathered up all of my ladies undies and took them to the laundry room to hand wash them as I had seen Liz do on numerous occasions. I hung everything up to dry and realized that I had none of them to wear for now. I wasn't going out so I didn't need to wear underwear, but I didn't like to be without some underwear for lounging about the house either.

Back in my bedroom I gathered up my courage and looked into Liz's closet to see what she might have left behind. Actually, she had left a lot of stuff behind since she couldn't take it all with her on the one trip she had made to move out on me. She had used our credit cards quite regularly and had a full wardrobe all of the time. She left a lot of stuff behind!

The phone rang as I was looking through Liz's closet, so I picked up the bedroom extension. "Hello." I said into the phone.

"Hi, Queer! Whatcha wearin'?" It was Ben.

"Nothing, asshole. I was just heading for a shower."

"Okay. But you can't wear any male underwear at all. Only women's stuff."

"Only women's stuff or only the stuff you gave me?" I asked him.

"Oh you can wear any woman's stuff you want. Why, you got some?"

"Liz left a lot of stuff behind when she moved out. Since all the stuff you gave me has been washed and is drying now I have nothing to wear."

"Okay, you can wear any of Liz's old stuff at home, but you gotta wear the stuff I gave you when you come to work and on the road. That's the deal." I could hear him laughing again.

"Fuck you, jerk-off." I said and hung up on him.

Having lasted the week on the road already and having found a level of comfort in the female undies already, I didn't mind wearing them at home too. Maybe it was the sense of being naughty that attracted me to it, but I didn't feel like putting on any of my own male underwear just then. I had lots of it at my disposal, but no desire to wear it right now. No point getting used to my own things only to have to get used to the ladies stuff all over again.

I took my shower and used my newly acquired lady's razor on my legs for the first time. I don't know what got into me then but I didn't stop there. I used the razor on my chest and on my stomach and even shaved my underarms too. Now I was just as hair-

less as any other woman who had pubic hair. I did leave that on though. Then I used my own razor to shave my face.

I left the bathroom stark naked and walked to my bedroom and straight into Liz's closet where I dug out an old pair of her panties. They weren't as pretty as the ones Ben had supplied me with, but they weren't plain either. They were pink briefs and didn't have as much lace on them and were made of nylon instead of the satin, but they were still a perfect fit and they still felt very comfortable to me when I had them on. She didn't leave any garter belts behind or any of her stockings but I did find some used and washed pantyhose so I put on a pair of them. They weren't as good as my stockings since I couldn't get them to stay taut on my legs but they would have to do for now.

Liz had left a few bras behind so I found one of her sexier lace ones and put it on. It was nowhere near as nice as my other two bras were and Liz had larger titties than Judy had. The lace cups sagged empty on my chest and I found it weirdly disturbing to see them like that. It helped me a lot though when I rolled up some of her old pantyhose and used them to fill out the ample cups of her bra that I wore. I had to use two pair for each cup to fill them out properly.

With the shaving I had done and with what I had on already, complete with the padding, why put on pants and a shirt? I got out a white full slip and pulled it on over my head, then went through the clothes on the hangers to see what else I could wear. A dress? Why not? I was home alone and no one would see me to make fun of me like Ben would have. I could wear whatever I wanted to wear, it was my home.

I found the pink party dress I had bought for Liz and figured, why not? It was pretty and it was feminine and I had already paid for it too. Why not get some use out of it? I undid the back zipper and removed the hanger, then stepped into the dress and pulled it up to put my arms into the long puffy sleeves. I don't know how a woman did it but I had a hell of a time working my arms behind my back to get that damned zipper closed all the way to the top. Women had to be contortionists to do this all the time! But I did it, I had the dress on!

I came out of the closet to stand in front of the dressing mirror to see how I looked in such a pretty party dress as this one was. I looked just like what I was. A man wearing a dress! A man wearing nothing but women's clothes! How I felt was a lot different though. I felt really naughty, like a man wearing nothing but women's clothes! It felt really good to me then.

I went back into the closet and digging around in the bottom, I came up with the pair of light pink shoes that Liz bought to go with the dress. They were open-toed sandal styled with three inch stiletto heels. I wondered what it felt like to wear them and knew that I had to try them to find out. I took them back to the bedroom and sat on my bed to fit them to my feet. Yeah, they fit! And I was able to wear them with the buckles in the same holes that Liz had used too.

Getting them on was one thing, standing up in them was another. I fell back onto the bed the first time I tried to stand in the high heeled shoes, then went a lot slower the second time and had to find my balance to keep from falling over. Even then, walking in them was a job I hadn't thought of. I almost fell over four times just getting back

to the closet. But I was determined to keep them on and learn how to walk in them. I had paid for all of the stuff in here and she had left them behind on purpose so I may as well get some use out of them.

Wearing MY dress and MY high heeled shoes, I went through the rest of MY closet to see what else she had left behind. From what I had seen her wear in the past I deduced that she had left all of her prettier and more feminine things behind. Having discovered women and her new lesbianism, I assumed she no longer had a need for her most feminine clothing. All her dresses appeared to be here, all of her prettier blouses and all of her skirts too. All that was gone was her pants and slacks and the plainer blouses and sweaters, not to mention her plainer undies too. She had taken her flat heeled shoes and left the high heeled ones. I guess that as a lesbian that she no longer had any use for the stuff she left behind.



That was fine with me. I did have a use for it. It wasn't Liz's old stuff anymore. It was all mine now! I had an instant wardrobe of pretty feminine things that fit me and that I could wear anytime I chose to, as long as I was at home. I just had to learn to wear it all.

I spent the rest of the day learning how to walk in my new high-heeled shoes. Learning to move about my house in a fashion much like any woman would who was wearing a pretty dress with the matching heels. I did my housework like that, cleaning and vacuuming, and got my bag packed for my next trip out. Once I got used to the shoes, it felt pretty good to walk around my house in my dress and heels. I took every

opportunity I had to glance in a mirror and look at the way I was dressed and acting. *Very naughty, indeed!*

Studying myself in the mirror in the hallway I decided that it might be a lot of fun to pursue this even further. I had short dark hair that was a striking contrast to the pink of my dress and would probably look a lot more feminine if I let it grow out. Having shaved my face I had no trace of my beard showing and with the right makeup and accessories, I might make a fairly nice looking woman. I had good facial features and full lips which I pursed in front of the mirror. Yeah, they might look more feminine with the right shade of lipstick on them.

I searched the vanity table in my bedroom and found that Liz had taken all of her makeup with her though she had left some of her jewelry behind. It was mine now. I could go to the store tomorrow and purchase a makeup kit to practice with ...no one had to know it was for me.

There were a few other items of femininity I had to buy, too. It was a good thing for me that Ben had made that last wager. I could use the two hundred dollars he gave me to buy all the stuff I now needed. *He would freak if he could see me now.*

I made myself some dinner, then sat at the table with a pen and paper to make a list of all the things I now had to buy for myself as a woman. I generalized makeup into one big lump but I wrote down nailpolish separately. I would have to get the polish remover too, and cotton balls as well. I wrote down a reminder to check out wigs, styles, colors and prices; I could get one later when I got Ben's paycheck to pay for it. Then there were other things like bubble bath, perfume and deodorant too. I would also have to get a new supply of stockings and pantyhose and some more garter belts, panties and bras.

Judy's intended bras were fine for on the road with their smaller cups, but here at home I think I would prefer the fuller cups that Liz had worn. After all, all of the clothes she had left behind had been bought to fit her fuller figure. Then I would have to find something other than the rolled up pantyhose to fill out the cups with. They were fine for a time or two but there had to be something better out there. I just had to do some looking to find it was all.

When my list was complete and dinner was eaten, I cleaned up the kitchen to be just as spotless as Liz had kept it. Being dressed as a woman now allowed me to feel more like a woman, so I didn't object to doing the chores I never did before. Oh, I had helped Liz in the kitchen many times, but it was her domain and she never really liked me being in there. Now I didn't mind doing it all by myself.

Without a thought I finished the cleaning by sweeping the floor and taking out the garbage to the cans at the side of the house. It didn't hit me till I was out the door already and I felt the breeze on my nylon clad legs to remind me that I was not dressed as a man should be. Too late to stop now. I had the garbage in the can and was turning to retrace my steps to the back door when I heard Mrs. Benson exclaiming from her side of the fence, "My, don't you look nice, Terry! Are you having a party?"

I felt the flush hitting my face and just knew that I was as red as my silk nightie that Ben had given to me. "Uh, no Ma'am." I replied. "Just trying to win a bet is all."

“May I ask what the bet is?” Mrs. Benson was a nice older retired lady who lived next door to me with her retired husband. She was small and portly and very polite all the time.

I didn’t think I had anything to lose by telling her since she had caught me outside wearing my dress and high heels anyway. “The bet is for a whole paycheck and I have to wear nothing but women’s underwear for the rest of the month.” I said. It was true too.

“I see.” she answered calmly. “Is the dress part of the bet too?”

“Uh, no Ma’am.” I replied. “But since I was wearing the ladies undies already and since Liz left the dress and shoes behind I thought I may as well see if they fit and if I could wear them at home too. They are all too good to throw out.”

“Yes, Liz had some very nice dresses and other outfits. I’m surprised she didn’t take them with her when she left. Still, I suppose that women like that don’t have much use for the pretty things the rest of us women like.”

I had walked closer to the fence to talk to her so that I didn’t have to shout at her. “Yes, that’s what I thought too. She left all of her dresses and skirts and some of her prettier blouses too. All of her prettier lingerie and all of her high heeled shoes are here too. She and I were about the same size so I figured I could try on her things since she no longer had any use for them.”

“Well, you look very pretty in that dress, dear, but don’t you think you should wear some makeup and do something different with your hair too? I’m afraid that you still look like a man even wearing a party dress with heels.”

“Yes Ma’am, I know. But this is the first time I ever tried anything of hers and she took all of her makeup with her. There’s none in the house at all. The dress is comfortable and I am starting to get the hang of these shoes too so I figure I’ll see if I can’t get myself some makeup and see what I can do with it. I might as well look good if I am going to make use of all the things she left behind.”

“I take it then that this isn’t a one time thing with you, Terry?”

“Why should it be, Mrs. Benson? I have to wear nothing but women’s undies for the rest of the month to win the bet anyway so why not make some use of the clothes that I have already paid for? Women can wear pants anywhere so I think that men should be allowed to wear a dress when they’re at home.”

“I agree completely, dear. You won’t hear any argument from me on that.” Just then Mr. Benson came out and caught me standing there talking to his wife.

“Hi, Terry.Pretty dress.” he said calmly. I was turning red again.

“Terry is winning a bet with someone at work, dear,” his wife explained. “And since Liz’s things fit him so nicely, I think he should make full use of them all. What do you think, George?”

“I couldn’t care less what Terry wears. That’s his business. Its just a shameful waste of a woman to know what Liz has become. But if you’re going to wear dresses and high heels, Terry, you should really wear the makeup to go with it. You know, the whole package!”

“We were just discussing that very thing, dear.”

“Good. I think that if a man wants to wear a dress then he should at least try to make himself into a presentable looking woman. Maybe get a wig too, Terry.”

“Why didn’t I think of that?” I asked seriously.

“Terry is one of those names that works well for both men and women,” Mrs. Benson said. “Terence as a man and Teresa as a woman. T-E-R-R-Y is the male spelling and T-E-R-I is the feminine form. Of course you will have to go to work as a man, won’t you Teri?”

“Yes. Heck, I just dressed up this one time so far. Liz left a lot of her stuff behind so I have a lifetime to try it all, or not. Depends on how I feel, I guess.”

I wore my lingerie on my trips with Ben for the rest of the month, but I also wore my long sleeved work shirts with a light weight vest over them. It was more comfortable than wearing the jacket over my tee shirts all the time. Of course Ben had to check every now and then that I was living up to my end of the agreement. I wore the nightie when I climbed into the bunk to sleep, too. And when I woke up and needed a leak, I wore the nightie into the cab and had Ben pull over on the shoulder where I stood on the top step to relieve my bladder. I didn’t trust him enough to step off the truck completely. He might drive down the road and make me run after him just for a laugh.

But even being as much of an asshole as he was, Ben was a man of his word. I collected his check at the end of the month and the extra two grand really helped me a lot. I got myself a cheap car to run to and from work in.

On the first of September I was back to wearing my normal tee shirts and jeans with socks and sneakers, but I was still wearing my panties too. They were soft and smooth and snug fitting and a lot more comfortable than my jockey shorts ever were. No one knew or needed to know what I wore for underwear. At home, I had a closet full of dresses that I was wearing every day when I was home to see how they fit and what looked good on me and what went with what. I had gotten a complete makeup kit and was practicing with it. Wigs were just too damned expensive and I couldn’t afford one just yet so I practiced trying to style my own short hair like a woman might wear hers.

I was looking at the girls on the road a lot more now — but more to see what they wore, how they wore it, their accessories, makeup and hair styles and trying to decide if they looked as good. Men and women come in all sizes and shapes and I looked at all of them.

As I said, Ben was an asshole. And he was a loudmouthed one. It was two weeks after I had taken his paycheck from him and we were in the driver’s room at home base having just come off of a road trip. There were a lot of drivers in the room as I sat at a table and worked at finishing up my paperwork. Some finishing up their paperwork

too, others waiting for their trip information to go out, some just loitering about the place.

“Hey Terry!” he called to me in a loud voice from the other side of the table. “I think you should consider having a sex change and becoming a woman!”

“What the fuck are you talking about?” I asked him with the other drivers listening in.

“Well, I just think that you would make a really pretty woman is all and it would be a shame not to explore your full potential is all.” The other guys laughed.

“Fuck off, Asshole.” I told him. “See what I have to put up with all the time?” I said to the other drivers.

“No no, I’m serious here Terry. I know I’d like to run down the road with a girl as pretty as you could be beside me. The right clothes, some makeup and jewelry, grow your hair out and you could be a good looking woman, once you changed your sex and became one. Isn’t that right, guys?” he asked them in general. They were enjoying Ben’s attack on me though they were too smart to get involved in it. “Well no, I guess it wouldn’t work after all.” he continued. “As good as you could look as a woman, you just don’t have the guts to dress up and live as one at all.”

I wasn’t about to let him know that I was doing just that every time I was at home alone. I was even getting pretty good at walking in high heeled shoes too. “Give it a rest, Ben,” I said.

“Ya wanna make a bet, Terry?” he asked me loudly so everyone could hear.

“No!” I said flatly.

“I’ll bet a whole month’s wages that you don’t have the guts to dress and live as a woman for one whole month on the job and at home too.” ...The guys were laughing and enjoying this.

“Like I said... fuck off.”

“What’s going on here?” we all heard and looked up to see Bob come into the room. Bob was the Driver Coordinator for the company.

“Ben’s trying to entice Terry into a bet,” one of the guys replied.

“A full month’s wages against Terry dressing and living as a woman for that length of time,” another driver added.

Bob stood across the table from me and beside Ben and said, “Yeah, Terry would make a pretty good looking woman if he did it.” That got the other drivers going enough that they began to egg me on to take Ben’s bet.

“It wouldn’t be worth it,” I finally said to all of them. “I would have to spend a full month’s wages just to get myself the clothes to wear to work. I would be lucky just to break even on a deal like that.”

“Like Hell!” Ben piped up. “You told me yourself that Liz left a lot of stuff behind when she moved out on you. She was about your size so you could wear her things. You wouldn’t have to buy much, if anything at all.”

“No good,” I said. “Liz left dresses and skirts and high heeled shoes. I got it all packed up to go now and there’s no clothes in there I could wear to work. I would have to buy all the clothes I would need to wear to work. I can’t afford it.”

That made Ben look really sad as he tried to think of a way to push me even further. “I may be able to help you there, Terry,” Bob spoke up. “The company has decided to train some drivers as relief dispatchers. You could wear your dresses and skirts and high heels into the office everyday and not have to go on the road for the duration of the bet.”

“Yeah!” Ben added with delight. “No need for pants at all then. But you have to be a girl for a whole month to collect my month’s wages. Miss a day and you lose. And for an added bonus, you can keep on collecting my pay checks for as long as you continue to live and work entirely as a female. What do you say now kiddo?”

He was looking at me expectantly and so was everyone else in the room. They really seemed to want me to do it and to take Ben’s money from him. Hell, he had enough squirreled away in the bank that he could afford it. He bragged about it all the time. He never really thought that I would go for it.

“One condition,” I said then.

“Name it.”

“You can’t be taking off any trips or quit your job to reduce the amount you’ll be paying me. If you do, you pay me from your savings to make up the difference.”

“Its a deal.”

“When do we start this charade?” I asked.

“How about the first of October?” Bob asked. “I have a couple of new drivers coming in then and I can put them with Ben on the road. Terry can come in to the office as a woman from then on for as long as he can stand it.” Everyone laughed.

“How about a name change, too?” Ben offered. “Maybe Alice or Sue?”

“Just leave it as Teri.” I said. “One r and an i at the end instead of the y. Short for Teresa instead of Terence. My pay checks are made out to T. Michaels anyway.”

“Okay, its settled then.” Bob said. “On October first Miss Teri Michaels will arrive for work in the office. To make sure that the terms are met, the company will hold back Ben’s pay for the month and give it to whom ever wins the bet. Alright?”

“And how will I know that Teri is doing her part?” Ben asked.

“You phone in everyday for your check call anyway. Someone can tell you what Teri is wearing that day.”

“If that’s all the assurance that I have, then I want to stipulate that Teri can’t wear any form of pants at all. Skirts and dresses only.”

“Sounds fair to me,” Bob said.

“Okay.”

“And if Teri doesn’t go the whole month, I get his pay checks for the month as well.”

“Nope,” Bob said then. “That was not part of the deal and you can’t add it in as an after thought. It was a one-sided bet that you made and we expect you to live up to the agreement.”

Ben mulled it over but he agreed to it. All he had to gain was to totally embarrass and humiliate me in public. And he intended to take full advantage of that.

The last two weeks of that month on the road with Ben was a living hell at best. Ben made sure to tell everyone that they wouldn’t be seeing me on the road anymore. That I was going to be living and working as a woman in the office and at home too. He was milking it for everything it was worth. And since I was standing right there when he said it and didn’t deny it, it got quite a few laughs. When people asked me if it was true all I could do was say “Yes” and start to turn red.

That was when I realized that not everyone was like Ben in their outlook. A lot of people that we had to deal with wished me luck and told me that I should make a very good looking woman if I worked at it. Both men and women. Ben never saw that part, though. He was too busy laughing and enjoying watching me squirm.

I got home from my last road trip and had three days off before I had to report for work in the office as a female. The first thing I did was to strip naked in my bedroom, then take a long hot bubble bath to shave my legs, underarms and the rest of my unfeminine hair from my body. I was going to enjoy having to live as a woman now, but no one else had to know that.

After my bath I went into my bedroom and put on a clean pair of my pretty pink and lacy bikini panties, pulling them up tight to hold my male member down between my legs. Then I put on the matching C cup bra and filled the cups with my rolled up pantyhose. I slipped into my shortie pink silk robe and took my manicure set and nail-polish to the kitchen where I had better light and could have coffee while I worked on my finger and toenails. I hadn’t done my finger nails before though I had kept my toenails trimmed and filed so as to not put holes into any of my stockings or pantyhose. Doing my fingernails now was a pleasant and pleasing chore for me.

With my nails done and pink and two cups of coffee inside of me, I returned to my bedroom to put on a new pair of black colored pantyhose, then my pink half slip and matching camisole. I liked it that Liz left most of her prettiest and most feminine things behind and that they fit me too.

I chose to wear the semi sheer pink blouse she had hated even when she had bought it. It had long puffed sleeves that ended in tight three-button cuffs and frills down the front to hide the tiny pearl-drop buttons. I was getting used to doing up the backward set of buttons and had them done up in no time. I chose my black pleated skirt and stepped into it tucking in the half slip as I pulled it up into place and fastened the single button behind my back, then slid the zipper closed easily. Black three inch pumps went onto my feet easily before I settled at my vanity table to put on my makeup.