

# FINAL CLEARANCE

*By Audrey Taylor*



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## FINAL CLEARANCE

by Audrey Taylor

It's unnerving having to listen to the grating sounds coming from my wife's mouth just because the waistband of my new pants won't close.

"Don't think they can go back," she was furious. "They were 'final clearance', you know. No returns, period! End of discussion. Since when did 34's stop fitting you?" her incredulous resonance sliced through my body like a knife.

My ongoing silence only seemed to add to her frustration. "What's the use? Its all that beer drinking," she threw the other two 'clearance pants' down on the bed, disgusted with everything about me. "It's surprising you fit into anything." She stared at the pants on the bed, "Well, that's all there is to wear. You can wear your old pants or go bare-assed for all I care."

Not much of a choice between my threadbare pants that I struggled into each morning (thanks to my recent weight gain) and my boxer shorts.

She hesitated at the dresser, thoughtful a moment before rummaging through a lower drawer even as my mind continued to search vacantly for a solution.

I'd been bugging her for new pants lately with the threat of my only pair of pants unraveling in front of all my coworkers hanging over my head.

I hated the idea of receiving negative comments from Katie, my boss. Like a few months ago when my shirt seam split at the armpit during a stagehands meeting. "Freddie," I could still hear her patronizing voice, "Don't you think it's time for some new threads?" Her knowing smile stung me deeply as I sensed the others struggling to contain their snickers, without much success.

With my salary being on the low end of the scale, Sue struggles to cover to the needs of our two daughters and the regular household expenses. My needs hardly matter at all.

And so each day I carried around this inordinate fear of coming to Katie's attention and becoming the laughing stock of the group, yet again.

"Maybe this will help Freddie." Sue's dripping sarcasm was felt as she tossed something pink on the bed and headed towards the door. "It works for me," her smirk only added to my growing frustration. Even though I knew the extra weight was my fault it didn't negate the fact that she hadn't checked with me before buying the new pants.

I was happy she was gone. I gazed down at the well-worn panty girdle next to me on the bed, in light pink no less, and laughed out-loud at her outrageous suggestion. She's off her rocker.

Standing once more I strained to close the waistline. But the two sides wouldn't meet. Short by a good two inches.

Maybe another pair would be cut differently. I grabbed one from the bed but they too refused to close no matter how I struggled, even when I tried lifting the zipper before closing the top button.

I had no idea what to do. My drinking habits and lack of exercise had taken a severe toll on my midsection.

The pink contraption caught my eye. Was this a short-term solution? Would it even get up my legs? It seemed almost fragile and insignificant which I was about to discover had nothing to do with reality. Fragile and panty girdles were at opposite ends of the spectrum.

I tried stretching it out, feeling it strain my arm muscles as it fought to regain its shape. It just might work. There was no way these new pants were closing without some outside assistance. I couldn't deal with the gnawing anxiety at work anymore. My added weight actually increased the possibility of a seam parting when I strained with some of the larger props.

There wasn't a ghost of a chance of losing enough weight by Monday to make a difference. Just the thought of starving myself made my stomach growl. This month's clothes budget was probably exhausted. I didn't have the nerve to broach the subject with Sue. There was probably no availability for months. She wasn't about to spend more on me; not with three new pair of pants hanging in my closet.

'What the heck' the pants fell to the floor so I could try her pink contraption. I aimed a foot at the pink leg opening and then balanced precariously as my second foot searched for the other opening. Lifting it over my calves it dawned on me that it would never fit over my boxer shorts if I managed to get it that far. This was getting more complicated.

What to do for underwear? I didn't own a pair of briefs. Even my bathing suits were trunks. Briefs had always chafed me and given me cramped feelings.

I still didn't know if this girdle would make a difference. I could worry about underwear once that question was answered. The whole thing would be moot if the pants didn't close.

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Down came the girdle, off flew my briefs and once again my feet found each of the openings to the pink compression chamber. It took several moments and a lot of tugging but finally it was positioned over my hips, where I hesitated a moment to position myself downward and out of the way to avoid unnecessary crunching if at all possible. Slowly I released the sides and felt it encase my midsection from just above my waist to the tops of my thighs.

The extra effort to breathe was quickly noted. The firm grip on my thighs made it more cumbersome to move as I approached the wall mirror. The flattened crotch was quite obvious, like my penis was on holiday, leaving only a slight bulge in the crotch. The flesh at my thighs bulged way out. I had to laugh at my odd image.

'Let's see if it makes a difference,' I reached for the nearest pair of pants. Stepping into them was an effort but once they were in place the zipper closed, smooth as silk. I was stunned by how easy it was. 'It works.' My mind struggled to absorb the fact and what it meant. Suddenly my mood soared as I hastily checked the mirror before rushing into the kitchen to share my success with my wife. Even though the pants were closed there was little leeway except near my ankles. The upper portion clung tightly to my hips and thighs, almost like a glove, but I was too exuberant to care. The zipper was closed and my lower extremities were closed. I could throw away my old pants.

"It works," I announced triumphantly, moving somewhat like a robot in the tight confinement of the girdle and the snug pants.

Sue hesitantly pulled her attention from the stove to examine me. "Why shouldn't it?" Her matter-of-fact tone conveyed the old 'told you' message. "It's worked for me for years."

Her logic left me strangely appeased. I remembered her concern with her midsection after each birth.

"I guess you'll be sharing girdles for the time being. At least until you lose some weight. I'll see what I can find for you to change off to. You can't wear the same pair every day." That seemed logical to my already overloaded brain.

"I'll have to keep an eye out for more clearance sales I'm glad we found a solution."

Her relief matched mine perfectly.

"Whatever you say." This kind of stuff was her bailiwick anyway. Much of her mumbling was lost to the cooking noises from the stove. Relief had invaded my system even though this strange new restriction would be mine for the foreseeable future. At least my new pants weren't wasted. It was nice that Susan's anger had dissipated as we discussed the rest of her day. Lately she's been so antsy and moody, leaving me with a feeling of walking on eggshells whenever I was around her.

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It must be the girls and all the energy they take and probably the frustrations of dealing with the mundane household chores and not being out in the business world. Certainly an adjustment from being an ad hoc reporter when we met. It amazes me how she accepts my using her girdle without a single wise-ass comment. It isn't hard to imagine how other wives would make their husband's grovel at their feet before sharing their undies with them. But not my Sue. She was one of a kind.

In fact later that evening she set aside some panties for me. "You need something under the girdle. Your briefs will hardly work. You can use these for now. It's a good thing I picked up an extra dozen last week at the flea market," she was still mumbling to herself. "Like a little birdie had whispered in my ear they would be needed," she turned directly towards me. "I hope this acts as a wake up call. That you'll cut out the beer and lose some weight."

Always the practical one, my wife. I guess caring for two daughters under the age of five left her little choice.

I don't know why, but it seems whenever we even think about messing around her belly starts to expand with new life. I never realized how prolific I was before we were married. It's gotten so I sense her tightening up whenever I even get close to her in bed. She's lost all confidence in the various birth control methods currently available to us. Witness our two failures sleeping in the bedroom down the hall. Both girls were unplanned, making her intensely gun-shy as you might imagine. She manages okay with them but carries this crushing fear deep in her gut of repeating the process yet again. All she knows is her career is on hold until both girls are in school, full-time. Then she intends to make up for lost time. She was on a fast track at the Daily Mirror when Rochelle was conceived.

It's certainly not much fun for me, either. With all our money pressures a second paycheck would be gladly accepted. And the lack of bedroom activity has me down in the doldrums and is a prime contributor to the increase in my alcohol consumption.

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All day long I tried getting comfortable with the tight confinement. By bedtime the relief was enormous when the girdle finally moved down my legs like it hated to leave. Left behind were a whole bunch of indents, which Sue assured me, would be gone by morning.

'Well that's great' I casually rubbed at the areas to restore circulation.

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The torturous garment mysteriously found its way into my drawer for Monday morning. "You don't think anyone will notice?" My concern remained.

"What's to notice?" She remained so matter-of-fact. "I watched you all day long and all I saw was a guy in good shape. What's wrong with that?" Her words helped soothe my lingering doubts.

She's right. What's wrong with being in shape? I felt good when she mentioned my 'good shape'. It never occurred to me that I was sharing what many females before me had experienced when they endured the unforgiving firmness of a girdle for the first time. This might have been the first shared experience but was by no means the last.

I remained blissfully unaware of the new direction my life was taking.

If anyone at work said anything I'd simply smile and thank my diet plan. I'd have to pick one so I could relate all the gory details, if they inquired.

## 2 New Pants to Work

Other than the restriction on my breathing, my improved shape didn't cause any earth-shattering problems on Monday. Some minor to-dos, but nothing that couldn't be handled.

When I came out of the shower I accepted Sue's pink panties without comment knowing it was the only thing available for under the girdle. They felt kind of slinky, the nylon fitting snugly around my genitals and the lace trim at the legs hugging my thighs almost sensually. None of the restricting sensations I remembered from the past. My instant arousal surprised me and almost made me drop the whole experiment. I couldn't walk around in a state of arousal all day. But I grabbed the girdle and distracted myself with getting it into place, finding it harder to reposition an aroused penis, but finally accomplishing the task.

I would have to ask Sue if she had any cotton briefs. This nylon stuff was unnerving. As the unrelenting lycra settled into place, the confinement already felt less troubling than yesterday, giving me added confidence that my prison sentence would end quickly once my diet got going. I only had a few pounds to lose, maybe ten or so. Then I could happily return Sue's frilly undies and return to my boxer shorts. I felt the strain of my testicles and penis being pinned in place by the crushing front panel. This design was not meant for male equipment. Before long I lost awareness of it as my testicles moved into their body cavities and relieved some of the pressure. This happened yesterday and after a while hadn't really bothered me.

I remained blissfully unaware of how feminine I looked down there. Much too absorbed with my new pants and confident that the underlying girdle would remain a mystery to the outside world. No one would ever know about Sue's undies.

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The morning went by fairly smoothly with but a single comment from Katie, which did stop me dead in my tracks momentarily.

"Fred, did you go to a fat farm over the weekend?" her perplexed expression was glued to my bottom when she entered the changing room. "It almost looks like you're wearing a girdle." My gut acids churned in full force.

Why would she say that? Was it that obvious? My head was in a cloud.

"Ha," I tried desperately to keep the strain from my voice, "very funny," panic threatened to seize my entire body. "My wife got me these new pants over the weekend but they're a size smaller than I usually wear," like nobody had noticed my weight gain. "We weren't able to exchange them. Are they that tight?" I watched her eyes trying to penetrate my crotch, praying my inner tension would remain undetected.

"They look like they're painted on," she was thankfully moving towards the door. "Freddie dear, you can wear whatever you like. It's certainly an improvement from your last pair. Compliment your wife on her good taste," she smiled and left me alone with my anxiety.

Suddenly the tightness seemed to crowd in on me. I had to lose weight soon, regardless of the girdle. I could feel it straining to contain the bulge of my rear end and belly every time I leaned over for some prop material.

It took a while for my blood pressure to return to normal.

Even knowing how important weight loss had become I couldn't resist the two beers at lunch, needing to chase away the lingering anxiety from my Katie encounter.

When Phil (Phyllis) said something while we were moving one of the backdrops during afternoon rehearsal I almost bit his head off. Being a confirmed transsexual he's always wearing some form fitting tights and loose tops. Everyone refers to him as Phyllis, which only encourages his effeminate behavior and attitudes.

Her snide remark still echoed in my ears, "Freddie, look at all that weight loss." Somehow it didn't feel like a compliment.

"I think she's discovered Playtex," her buddy Marcel quickly piped in.

So maybe I wasn't totally unnoticed.

I never did find my diet explanation, wishing instead for a hole to pop into, remaining stoically silent as we moved the props into place.

The rest of the day dragged by, relief hitting hard when Katie finally let us go, making yet another fleeting comment about my improved appearance.

I did catch several women on the bus looking away abruptly when I glanced at them but heard nothing more. They must have thought me weird, a man of thirty wearing such a confining pair of pants. Tomorrow I would wear a jacket or sweater to cover the upper portion of the jeans and hide the girdle's obvious contribution.

Of course my flattened crotch would continue to send out mixed signals to the public at large but I remained preoccupied with food decisions and weight loss to notice. I simply tuned them all out, secure in the knowledge that my odd appearance was only temporary and would soon be history.

These pants would be fine once the ten pounds were gone. Even without the girdle people would envy my trim shape.

A smiling Sue greeted me at the door and announced that supper was ready, requesting I wash up quickly and come in while everything was hot, affording me no time to change into something more comfortable. The girls were already seated and gave me bright hellos as I kissed each of them before sitting at my customary position by the refrigerator.

"Those pants look great," Sue couldn't help praising me as she watched me sit across from her. "Any comments at work?"

"Nothing much," I shrugged it off, eager to avoid further talk in front of the girls. There was certainly no need to discuss the wondrous x-ray vision capabilities of my fellow employees. "Everything went fine," I thought of Katie's earlier praise and how it matched Sue's compliment. I certainly didn't mind getting positive attention.

I was eager to move the conversation away from me and delved into Sue's day with the kids. It was bad enough dealing with the girdle all day long, I didn't need it hogging



the dinner conversation too. Besides, our kids were going through their impressionable years and didn't need to hear the nitty gritty details of their father's unusual underwear collection.

There had to be something else going on in the world, but Sue just wasn't ready to acknowledge it, "I'm glad it went well. I managed to locate two more girdles at a basement sale at Sloans," did she get pleasure from seeing me squirm?

Wasn't this just what I needed, a supply of my own? What budget did this come from?

She was looking at me across the table; "I also put a supply of panties in your drawer so you won't have to disturb my stuff in the morning. Should carry you through the week."

And now the girls knew about their daddy's panty supply.

'Thanks' just didn't come to mind. I only hoped the girls weren't paying attention to all this 'adult talk', although I could see Shelly, our five-year-old looking at me shyly.

You would think Katie would have more sense than to talk about this subject in front of them. I don't care if they're only five and three. They're not total idiots.

"Watch the portions," Sue's final comment caused new annoyance. It's not enough she openly discusses my using her underwear but now she's dictating my food consumption. She seems to be enjoying this whole scene.

I try to ignore my feelings as I dig into my food. I'm really starved.

Sue has no idea how impossible it is to satisfy my appetite when my stomach is so constricted. After only a few bites I start to feel bloated. Exactly like lunch. Girdles had to belong to some medieval torture collections.

"You should wear your girdle to all meals," Sue was already clearing away the dishes and I watched her retrieve my half-full plate. I couldn't take another bite.

Thankfully the girls were upstairs watching television. "You'll be trim in no time." 'Ha, ha, great joke,' I thought to myself.

Then again maybe she had a point.

Later when the strangling garment lay at my feet the relief was almost to die for. My flesh screamed, 'Never again,' rejoicing at the air contact with a newborn appreciation for freedom. My body indentations seemed even worse than yesterday.

This had to end soon.

Losing my ability to eat should make a difference.

I could sense the end in sight.

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But that wasn't the case. By week's end I hardly knew the girdle was on. Sue kept insisting it remain during the evening, much to my chagrin. She began to serve me smaller portions and still I had trouble finishing everything on my plate.

She even had me taking a mysterious diet pill that a friend had recommended, saying it would help free me from the girdles that much sooner.

She got no argument from me as I gladly took one tablet before each meal.

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She never did explain the convoluted story that came with these mysterious diet pills. How her pharmaceutical buddy, Denise Turner, who worked over at the research center on the other end of town, was trying to help out a friend with a remedy that was not yet on the market, in some advanced experimental phase just prior to FDA approval.

When Denise had heard Sue's story about a 'neighbor' squeezing into a girdle to get her new pants to fit she naturally assumed it was a fellow member of the female gender. That this conclusion might be wrong never entered her mind.

She just couldn't imagine a man using a girdle so he could wear a pair of pants. It was too preposterous.

When she finally did discover the true recipient of her diet plan a whole slew of new factors were in the picture, which contributed to her ongoing silence.

Sue giggled throughout the story telling, telling how her (lady) friend looked so ridiculous (Denise pictured this grossly overweight blonde housewife) struggling into the borrowed girdle. And how pleased her friend was when the waistband on her 'clearance sale' pants finally closed. Denise joined Sue's laughter even as her mind contemplated a more lasting solution.

Why shouldn't she help out a friend of her buddy? FDA approval was just around the corner. The stringent testing protocol had proven its potency. It was expected to be the most exciting weight loss program to ever hit the market.

The unfortunate drawback was its specific design for women. But that certainly wasn't a problem in this situation.

Her mind wandered to all those unfortunate ladies (grouping the blonde housewife right in with them) who had such difficulty pushing away the dinner plate or resisting the dessert platter.

'Why make a 'friend' wait?' Denise kept asking herself, having access to limited test quantities that would easily cover the situation. Not in her wildest dreams did she imagine Fred as the recipient.

And it would further ingratiate her with Sue, whom she had a growing craving for in recent days. It was getting ever harder to keep her hands to herself.

That she was about to initiate a major overhaul in Fred's image (not just a weight loss) never entered her mind. She was not to know that he would soon resemble the blonde housewife in her mind, only a slimmed down version, of course.

Sue, in the meantime, wasn't about to reveal the true hero(ine) of her story. It was nobody's business that her husband needed her girdles. It was bad enough she had to deal with it. It didn't need advertising around the country. She was just too embarrassed to share it, even with her closest friend. Hopefully the ordeal would end soon and they could all share a good laugh about it then.

This diet plan seemed a God-sent.

Denise skipped past the formula's underlying principle, failing to explain how it altered a woman's hormonal levels so she could gain satisfaction from limited food intake. Whenever she would consume food, bloating sensations would immediately build up within, quite similar to the early signs of her menstrual cycle. Certainly made it easy for a woman to push away the plate, desperate to avoid these uncomfortable feelings.

There was uniform elation with the results from just about every test subject. They raved about their weight loss and hardly mentioned the side effects that were tolerated in light of the benefits gained.

Denise didn't bother mentioning that the company was working on a comparable formula for men, a detail that had no bearing on the current situation.

Sue was impressed with the test results and gave little significance to the test subjects being women. Even when Denise mentioned the possible side effects; the notable bloating of the breasts and soreness in the tummy; the intermittent leg cramps and back pains and headaches; it only made Sue smile, figuring that Fred would have little to worry about from these classical female maladies.

She was keyed in on the weight loss, period. And the fact that Fred would certainly be pleased to return her girdles sooner than expected.

Denise did discuss the proper dosage before swearing Sue to secrecy; noting that the source of the formula had to remain strictly between the two of them under threat of immediate annihilation. "If this should leak out I could get in serious trouble. Maybe we should just forget it," she was already having second thoughts about the consequences.

"Don't be silly," Sue was quick to distract Denise, already picturing a slimmed down Fred in her mind. "Who can you trust if you can't trust your best friend? My lips are sealed forever."

Denise felt reassured by her friend's commitment.

And her hug and thank you kiss sealed the deal, giving sheer delight in the warmth of her lips, causing the alluring excitement from their college days to resurface. Sue had only meant to show her gratitude and was somewhat shocked at the intensity of her arousal. They shared knowing smiles as their lips separated; unaware that their relationship was destined for something wonderful that neither would be able to resist.

Sue couldn't stop thinking about Denise's 'rapid results' even as she clung to the warmth of Denise's embrace, surprised at her sudden flush while chalking it up to pent-up desires that were kind of suspended in midair from the lack of lovemaking at home.

"I owe you big time," Sue finally left with an initial three-month supply in her bag. Fred probably won't need a month's worth, she thought to herself, as she carried the warmth of their parting hug. A picture of his slimmed down torso popped into her head, remembering his pleasing physique when they first met.

Wasn't it annoying how people changed after they were married? She had not the slightest concept of the dramatic changes still to come.

'He'll be pleased,' she thought to herself, picturing her borrowed clothes returning to her drawers and the broad smile on his face.

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It's only been a week and already I see changes.

Fred is more accepting of his restricted diet and has stopped complaining about the girdle, making me offer silent thanks to Denise. I'm not really sure whether the girdle or the diet pills deserve the credit. Does it really matter? The weight loss is there. He barely consumes half of what he used to.

It shouldn't be much longer.

What with the money I'm saving on food and beer my budget is doing well, relieving some of the pressure I contend with on an everyday basis.

And his persistent grouchiness seems to have vanished as well.

I really like him like this. Those 'clearance sale' pants have certainly been a blessing in disguise, a real positive turning point in our relationship. Now if my birth control will work maybe we can get some loving in without getting into trouble again. Denise really tapped into my latent desires just waiting to surface. He's really beginning to look yummy.

Had she even an inkling of the dramatic changes their relationship was about to encounter she might have fainted dead away on the spot. Probably would have run back to the store and left the 'clearance pants' on the 'return counter' without a single thought to a refund.

### 3 End of Week Two

With Sue insisting on the girdle for weekends it's really impossible to consume much of anything even when I'm relaxing in front of the TV for a Sunday baseball game. Thank goodness the initial queasiness in my stomach is gone and I can relax in peace. Those cramps got really intense that first week and the sudden headaches must have come from the lack of nutrients and minerals. Finally my body has adjusted to my new levels of food intake.

*Little did I know what else it was adapting to.*

The extra room in my pants feels great, although it still feels a bit tight in the hips. At least they no longer have that 'glued on' look. I'm still apprehensive about eating like a pig once the girdle is gone.

Just a few more days. I don't ever want to go through this again.

Now that I'm past the initial discomfort I hardly know it's on. It's amazing what a body can get used to.

There's a lull in the action as they change pitchers and my mind travels back once again to last night's evening out, just the two of us, kind of.

It was fun wearing the matching yellow girdle and panties when we went to the movies. Sue managed to locate a baby-sitter from the across the street so we could have some free time together. I'm accustomed to the constricting garments and people gazing at me, wondering about me. My lightweight baggy shirt and the customary rubber band in my ponytail give off an androgynous message that hardly fazes me in the least. They can think what they like. I like my trim appearance and being out with my wife.

Does it really matter what strangers think?

All those men with their extended paunches competing with their pregnant wives. Gives me the creeps. How could they let themselves go like that?

Certainly accents the importance of maintaining a trim figure. My girdle has become an afterthought, something that I no longer notice. It aids my image so it remains.

Getting popcorn and settling into our seats (it was crowded and we were stuck in the third row) we snuggled close to await the new Die Hard flick that was beginning shortly.

The weird tugging in my crotch was exacerbated when I scrunched down in the seat to give my knees access to the back of the seat in front. Nothing I can't handle, feeling my penis strain against the rigid material as the movie darkens and the screen jumps to life. Something I've gotten used to over the past two weeks.

The hand on my leg in the middle of the initial chase scene took a moment to register, sudden realization dawning on me that it couldn't be Sue's. Looking at this big hulking shadow on my other side, his straight-ahead stare causing me to smile, knowing his attention was hardly centered there. A strange involuntary tingle traveled through my body, sensing his interest and tangy body odor. I was hesitant to reach

down and disengage his probing fingers (something I'm still pondering), enjoying the sensations on my knee and thigh as he gently rubbed the area. Momentarily I found myself identifying with females who enjoyed this sort of attention on a regular basis I imagined (another feeling that would baffle me later). He must be fooled by my ponytail.

For the life of me I don't know why I delayed but something inside me was craving the contact. My sudden erection strained within its prison, desperately searching for full expression. A strange excitement was welling up inside me even as a strange passivity overtook me, along with a sudden need to avoid an unpleasant scene at all costs. Somehow he was mistaking me for a woman and would probably faint dead away when he discovered my true gender.

Glancing surreptitiously at Sue I could see she was locked in on Bruce Willis and his current confrontation with the bad guys, remaining blissfully unaware of my nagging neighbor which I intended to keep that way.

Maybe it was my tight pants that confused him when I sat down, marking me as a female to toy with in the darkened theater. Meanwhile his gentle caresses continued, making it difficult to contain my growing excitement even as I searched for an answer.

Finally I casually reached down to remove his hand, knowing I couldn't stand much more without exploding, very much aware of his hairy hand as I tried to lift it away. It was time to stop this silly game and avoid any embarrassing scenes.

That he quickly grabbed my hand and moved it towards him, forced me to reconsider the whole situation even as I vainly tried to disengage my trapped fingers, always conscious of shielding any movement from Sue.

His strength was far superior to mine and his persistence was starting to get just a little bit annoying. Then I realized my palm was resting on a distinctive bump in his lap. His hand had tightly encircled my wrist as we both watched the robbers making their escape on the darkened screen. I felt an urgent need to stow away in their back seat to escape my own predicament.

Boy this guy was pushy, his huge shoulders even more apparent as I turned towards him hoping to cause him some discomfort so he would release me and end this silly game. I tried shuffling in my seat while straining to loosen his grip, still hoping to avoid discovery, even as my own arousal competed with the bulge beneath my sweating palm. Somehow this attention was arousing me.

Then he gently rotated my palm over his swelling as he readjusted his coat to cover our interplay. You didn't have to be rocket scientist to know what was wanted. I could feel him lift towards my palm, almost begging for positive acknowledgment.

At least my pants weren't bulging out like his. Maybe I should offer him a girdle so this whole scene would simply disappear into thin air.

I glanced over at Sue, somewhat surprised and deeply relieved that she remained unaware of the live performance occurring right next to her, competing with the action on screen.

A deep embarrassment hit my gut (I could feel the warm intensity of my rosy cheeks) as the flesh of his pulsating manhood met my hand. Somehow his zipper had opened and his manhood had surfaced beneath his coat. I was making direct contact with another man's penis and my wrist was hurting from the pressure he was exerting. I was desperately afraid of Sue's reaction if she knew what was happening. This kind of froze me in place, a deadly fear overwhelming me of being caught groping another man in the movies.

Suddenly I decided that a quick ending offered the swiftest reprieve. With that in mind I grabbed him firmly, feeling the heat penetrating my hand as I started moving firmly up and down, hoping he might ease the pressure on my wrist so I could pull free. But his hand remained viselike and my squeezing fingers warmed to the task at hand. He was strongly aroused and my own erection threatened to break from its tight confinement.

This couldn't really be happening. Not while Bruce baby was reloading his weapon and getting ready to deal with a whole mess of bad guys in the next room.

His penis seemed to grow even larger and my hand had trouble holding on.

There was no mistaking this for a hot dog. It was the real thing and I was pumping it quickly now, trying desperately not to be noticed. Why wasn't this more offensive? Fear of discovery kept my eyes riveted to the screen even as my extraordinary actions crowded all other thoughts from my mind. It felt like I was playing with a giant pickle. That was getting ready to burst.

His heat seemed to penetrate my body, causing an intensive buildup inside my girle as I loosened and tightened my hold and felt his jerky response. Sue had left me high and dry for too long. I could feel my intense need for relief.

Suddenly he was squirming in his seat, his grip tightening as he lifted slightly towards my squeezing hand. A stickiness filled my palm and fingers and his covering jacket. My body strained to contain its movement as my juices spurted into their nylon barriers in unison with my surging partner. I struggled against the lifting urge; my eyes closing as the explosion pierced my brain and flashing lights popped in my head.

Sue sat up from her slouched position, nudging me if anything was wrong. I quickly slouched back down, gazing through dazed eyes in her direction, thankful for the darkness that hid my excitement. I whispered everything was fine even as I felt my sticky fingers finally being released. Fortunately her eyes were immediately back to the action in front and left me time to gather my composure from the more immediate action.

My own orgasm had been super intense and still had me in its grip. I fought several more jerking sensations as I slowly slid back to earth. It was shocking how his excitement had literally transmitted itself to my body. It still lingered in my loins, remnants of those fiery sensations clinging madly to my loins.

My mind cleared as I realized the stickiness in my panties had to be dealt with.

I rubbed gently at my sore wrist and unobtrusively smelled his strong aroma on my fingers. Rather than bothering me it seemed to arouse me even more. An odd sense of

wonderment at having shared this brief but heated intimacy with a complete stranger, a man at that.

Then I was moving past Sue in search of the men's room. She had a strong nose and I didn't need her catching his scent or my own for that matter.

Short of screaming and making a scene my troubled mind still could not find an acceptable alternative to my compromising situation. Thankfully no harm had come of it. Somehow we had escaped detection. After I patted my panties dry I washed his discharge off my hand under the cold water.

Hesitantly I returned to my seat and leaned close to Sue, trying to put the unusual episode behind me. My neighbor who I glimpsed as I sat down ignored me completely and seemed closely engaged with his partner. Imagine that, he was with someone too.

It was almost impossible to believe the whole thing had really happened and then I smelled my fingers and knew the truth. My damp panties were also a reminder. It was hard to believe the whole episode had occurred in the presence of both our female companions. Goes to show you what can go unnoticed in a darkened theater during an action thriller.

My attention finally focused on Bruce baby who was jumping from a speeding train onto a car full of killers who were, of course, emptying their Uzis in his direction.

It was hard to erase my recent activities even as my brain searched for a reasonable explanation. It left me struggling.

Sue checked on the kids as soon as we got in the house while I disappeared into the bathroom. It took several minutes of scrubbing with a strong soap to eliminate the odor. I was actually disappointed when the smell was no longer there.

Sue smiled at me as the two of us pulled down our girdles, asking how I was holding up after two weeks.

"At first it was hell," it felt good to be sharing my feelings with her, "but the past week or so I hardly know it's on. It's amazing what a body can get used to."

She nodded her agreement.

"It's really cut down my appetite," I wasn't too sure how it did that, but knew my discomfort level was intense whenever I ate too much. "I'd like to keep them for a while longer unless you need them back. I'd hate to loss my new figure," that came out before I could censor it. I saw the odd expression on Sue's face before she told me I could keep them for as long as I liked. "I have plenty of others," she didn't really use them very often.

That gave me a real lift. Took off some of the pressure of having to leave them home. Why was I so troubled at not wearing a girdle? Was I getting addicted?

It was like I never wanted to say good-bye to them, in this or any other life.

'They were mine', kept running through my head, 'two had been bought expressly for me. Why should I have to return them?' I kept thinking to myself.