

NEW BASIC INSTINCTS

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A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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NEW BASIC INSTINCTS

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

“Johnny, you’re eighteen now,” Mom told me as I entered the kitchen for a glass of water before leaving for school. “Graduation is Friday, tomorrow, the dance is on Saturday and I have a date that night. I expect you’ll stay out all night too.”

“I’m not going to the dance Mom,” I told her blankly.

“I really don’t care where you go. I have a date and I don’t want you home until noon on Sunday at the earliest. On Monday I want you to go out looking for a job. When you get your first paycheck, you can move out on your own. This place is too small for the both of us and I can’t afford to continue supporting you and me both. You’re an adult now and its time for you to take responsibility for your own life. Now get to school.”

I left. We had been just scraping by for years now but I figured we were doing okay. I had no idea that this was coming. Mom had never been very loving or attentive towards me like some of the other Moms I had seen were with their kids. She said what was on her mind and today, all she had on her mind was her date. She wanted to get laid and didn’t want me in our small apartment to get in the way of her fun. Okay then. I would go out on Saturday and not return until Sunday noon at the earliest.

My arms were laden with all of my school text books as I walked down the street in the direction of my high school. We had to return them or be charged for them and I couldn’t afford to pay for them. I was half a block from home, still six blocks from school, when Tommy Linn drove up in his new red Camaro convertible.

“Hey John-Boy!” he called to me. “C’mon. I’ll give you a lift.”

Tommy and I had met in our first year of high school and had been pretty close friends ever since. He was about the only friend I had. Together, he and I were the school rejects. We were both small in size and from the poorest families and it showed in the clothes we had to wear and the lunches we didn’t have to eat.

“Nice wheels kiddo,” I said as I slid onto the front seat and put my books between us. “Where did you steal it?”

“You know I don’t steal Johnny,” he said seriously. “I worked two years to save for this car and my new apartment too.”

“Yeah, I know you did Tommy, just joking.”

“I know you were but I don’t joke about being honest, with anyone. Too many of my fellow immigrants like to steal to get ahead and I don’t ever want to be catalogued with them, not even in fun. Its okay from you this time but from anyone else, I would have kicked their teeth down their throats. I hate dishonesty Johnny.”

“Yeah, me too,” I said. Tommy took a great deal of pride in being honest so I shouldn’t have said what I did. It was one of the things we had in common. No matter how bad things got, we never lied and we never stole from anyone.

“You’re looking pretty low John-Boy. What’s up?” he asked me.

Tommy and I never kept anything from each other so I told him what Mom had said to me that very morning. “I gotta start looking for a job on Monday,” I told him.

“No problem John-Boy. The only apartment I could find close to work was a two bedroom. You can move in with me and when you get a job, you can start to pay me for room and board. I might even be able to get you a job at the family restaurant where I work.”

“Waiting tables? What does that pay, Tommy?”

“Six and a half bucks an hour. My wages go to my mother to help her raise the rest of my family. I live and get ahead on my tips.”

“Tips are that good!?” I asked with surprise as he pulled into the student parking lot.

“If I tell you a secret Johnny, can you keep it a secret?”

“Who would I tell?” I asked in reply.

“I need your word that you would never tell anyone about any of this before I tell you.”

I was curious now. “Okay Tommy. You have my word that I will never tell a soul about anything you are about to tell me.”

“Good. You know that I have been waiting tables in the restaurant for over two years now. What you didn’t know is that I am not a waiter. I work as a waitress!”

“Tommy, boys are waiters and girls are waitresses. That’s the way it is.”

“Yeah, I know. So I put on a dress and high heeled shoes and makeup, do up my hair and go to work as a waitress. A pretty waitress makes a lot more money than an ugly one and waiters too. And I make a pretty good looking girl when I’m all dressed up as one. Its the only way I had to get ahead as I have. Its what has paid for this car and my apartment and all of my new clothes.”

“Wow! Does your family know about this too?”

“Oh sure. Its a family restaurant owned by my Uncle Lee. My mother supplied me with my first set of girls clothes and taught me how to look and act like a girl for work. Twenty-five percent of my tips goes to the cooks and busboys but I keep the rest. My

cousin Jimmy works as a waiter there too and he makes about ten dollars a night in tips. As a girl and a waitress and nowhere near as fast as Jimmy is, I make about two hundred dollars a night in tips. There just aren't enough real girls in our family to work as waitresses and so far, I am the only boy willing to do so. The money makes it worth the effort too."

"I don't know, Tommy. Its pretty hard for me to picture you dressed up as a girl. Do you like boys, too?"

"You mean, am I gay? No, I still like girls. But it just so happens that I can make more money dressed as a girl than I can dressed as a guy. Oh sure, there is a certain amount of touching that goes on but you get used to it."

"What do you mean by touching?"

"Oh, some guy will grab my ass when I walk by or try to cop a feel of my legs. They try to look down the front of my dress when I bend over too. I just smile and ask them not to touch and move away from them. If they get too aggressive, Uncle Lee will ask them to leave. But even the ones who were asked to leave always left me a big tip too. Uncle Lee is not very big, none of us in my family are. But one time he had to physically throw out a big man and he can do it thanks to our knowledge of the martial arts. The guy came right back in again, but not to fight. He knew he didn't stand a chance. He apologized to me and left the biggest tip I have ever gotten from one person. And he never came back either."

"So you're safe at work as a girl then. And I know you can take care of yourself. I saw you kick the crap out of Bob Newton and his cohorts that one time last year, all by yourself too. Thanks to you, they don't bother us anymore. Do you dress up as a girl any other time?"

"Only if I have to. There's no place to change at work and I'm the only guy doing this anyway. I have to get dressed at home and stay that way until I get home again after work. I go out shopping as a girl once in a while when I need some new clothes, but the rest of the time I am dressed as a guy. The way I look at it, clothes are clothes. So what if I wear girls clothes to do a job? No one outside of my family is the wiser, no one gets hurt and everyone gets ahead."

"So why are you telling me all this now Tommy?"

"Because I have offered to let you live in my apartment with me. If you do move in with me, you would have to see me dressed for work. I think its better to let you know up front rather than to surprise you with it later on."

"Thanks, Tommy. I still can't picture you as a girl, though."

That made him laugh. "Tell you what Johnny. Why don't you meet me at the Donut Hut tomorrow night at one in the morning and I'll show you what I look like as a girl. I'll be finished work then and I'll have three days off. We can have coffee, then go up to my place and you can see it all for yourself before you decide. But my offer still stands. You can move in with me, find any job you want and pay me when you can afford it. Its the least I can do for my best friend."

Tommy and I gathered up our books and made it to homeroom just as the bell rang. We went through the process of role-call, then took our turns checking in our books. After that, all we had to do was clean out our lockers and turn in the locks with their combinations. Then school was dismissed for the day. Tommy gave me a ride home, then went to do whatever it was he had to do himself.

What kind of work could I do? I was eighteen years old. Five feet tall and weighed a mere ninety pounds. I had longish sandy brown hair, a lot shorter than most of the guys in school and still a lot longer than the way some of the girls wore theirs. I was graduating high school the next day about middle of my class. Nothing exceptional to work with there. But the big thing on my mind was Mom's ultimatum. Get a job and get out, the sooner the better. Tommy's offer was sounding better and better the more I thought about it. So what if he dressed up as a girl to go to work? At least he didn't seem to be in a rush for rent money. Maybe I could find a good job if I wasn't being rushed into anything?

CHAPTER 2

Graduation was nothing special for me. Put on the cap and gown, wait in line and follow my classmates into the auditorium. Go up and receive my diploma when my name was called, then go and sit down again. It was all done by noon, caps and gowns returned, and I went home. I didn't see Tommy there so I guessed he had more important things to do.

Mom was at work when I got home early again so I grabbed the newspaper and looked through the want-ads for some kind of job that I could do. The fast food places were hiring summer staff, but that was only five bucks an hour and only part-time too. Telemarketing was hiring too but that was also minimum wage and long hours and nothing while being trained. There really wasn't a lot of jobs available for a guy just out of high school with no experience. Most of the places wanted a few years experience at the very least. Nothing!

As usual, Mom went out after work for drinks with the other women she worked with and wouldn't be home until late. I left her a note saying I was checking out a late shift job and would be home when I could. It wasn't a lie since Tommy did say he might be able to get me a job at the family owned restaurant. I was meeting him for coffee and I hoped that he did look like a real girl. The last thing I needed was to be seen sitting and having coffee with a guy wearing a dress who looked like a guy wearing a dress.

The Donut Hut was not very busy yet when I walked in at ten minutes before one. I got myself a cup of coffee and took it to a corner table, away from the counter where the regulars sat. I checked the clock every minute or so and was disappointed when no one came in at one o'clock in the morning. About five minutes later a very pretty Vietnamese looking girl came in, got herself a cup of coffee at the counter, then came over to where I was sitting.

“Hi Johnny!” she said to me in a soft voice and a big smile on her pretty face. “Sorry I’m late but things were a bit hectic at the restaurant tonight.”

It was *Tommy!*

“Wow! You’re beautiful!” I said as she sat down across from me.

“No I’m not. I’m pretty and passable but a long ways from being beautiful. By the way, my name is Tonya when I am a girl.”

“Okay Tonya. Didn’t see you at school today.”

“Uncle Lee knew I was getting out early and wanted me to start work early. I had some shopping to do and had to skip school to do it. They’ll mail me my diploma. Ready to go up to my place John-Boy or do you want to have another cup of coffee?”

“Uh no, lets get out of here.”

Tommy, as Tonya, moved like a real girl in her high heeled shoes, her minidress coming to about mid thigh showed off a lot of nylon covered leg, the vee neck hinted at cleavage I knew she didn’t have naturally. Her jet black hair was fluffed up high with wispy bangs down to her overly made up eyes and she looked more like a hooker in the bright lights of the Donut Hut. But outside, on the darkened streets, she looked and moved like a real girl. I was surprised.

“Don’t let the heavy makeup give you the wrong impression Johnny,” I heard the soft voice say to me as we walked side by side. “The restaurant is dimly lit and all girls have to wear a bit more to stand out in there. It only looks awful in bright lights.”

“I guess,” I replied. “You move and sound just like a real girl Tonya.”

“Takes practice. I’ve done this for more than two years already so its no big deal for me anymore. How do you feel about walking with me now?”

“I don’t know. I guess I feel like a guy who is out walking with a girl. But I’ve never been out walking with a girl before so I don’t know for sure. Is it far to your place?”

“Another block. There’s the restaurant across the street. They close up before the bars close since they don’t want all the drunks coming in and destroying the place. We serve alcohol with meals, not by itself. You want a drink with a meal, come on in. You want to drink without eating, go to a bar. There’s my place.” I followed the bare out-stretched arm to the delicate hand and the pointing finger with the manicured and painted nail, then beyond to the high-rise building it indicated. “Suite ten-O-four.”

Tonya took a key from her purse and used it to unlock the outer door and we were in a spacious and well decorated lobby. It was a short walk across to some steps, then around a corner to the bank of elevators. I watched her manicured hand reach out to press the call button and the doors to an elevator opened immediately. I could smell her perfume even more once we were in the confined space and I had to remind myself that this pretty girl I was with was really Tommy, my best friend from school, a guy! Tonya and Tommy were nothing alike.

I followed her down the hall and got a good view of her butt as it wiggled from side to side with every step she took. She stopped in front of a door and taking her keys in hand once more, unlocked it and let herself in. “C’mon in Johnny, make yourself at

home,” she said to me as she kicked off her shoes and into the entrance closet. “I’ll put on the coffee and you can watch it while I get changed into something less comfortable.”

“What do you mean less comfortable?” I asked with a nervous laugh.

“Heck, I’m a guy, Johnny. We both know that. But girls clothes are softer and smoother and a lot more comfortable than jeans and a tee shirt ever could be. Yeah, I am a guy and I don’t want to be a girl, but I do like to dress up as one to go to work. I don’t mind dressing as a guy the rest of the time although I will dress as a girl once in a while too.”

“Heck, its your place, Tonya. You dress the way you want to.”

“But are you comfortable with it? Can you be comfortable if I don’t change right away?”

“You’re a good looking girl Tonya. I guess that if you stay looking and acting like a girl that I can get used to it. It would be different if you looked and acted like a guy while dressed as a girl, but you don’t.”

“Thanks Johnny. My mother taught me that I have to play the part of the person I am dressed as. People can accept a girl wearing boys clothes if she still looks and acts like a girl. They can accept a boy dressed as a girl if he can look and act like a girl too. But people tend to get a bit upset when an obvious girl dresses as a boy and tries to act as one or if a boy dresses as a girl and still acts like a boy. Anytime I wear any girls clothes I try to look and act like a real girl would in the same situation. Want to see the spare bedroom?”

Tonya had the coffee on before she showed me around her apartment. Her living room alone was larger than the apartment that Mom and I now shared. She had a separate dining room and two huge bedrooms, completely furnished, a huge bathroom and an in-suite storage/laundry room. It was far too big for just one person and she was inviting me to live with her/him.

“Did you mean what Tommy said yesterday, Tonya? Do you really want me to move in here with you?”

“Of course I meant it Johnny. You’re my best friend and I want to help you. The biggest obstacle I can see is that I have to be two people to live here, but I have to be a girl most of the time. I work anywhere from eight to fourteen hours a day as a girl, five days a week. Some of my off time is as a girl too since I can’t go shopping and trying on girls clothes as a guy. But I can’t go out on a date with a girl as a girl and I do like the girls too. The big question is, can you accept me as I am?”

“I don’t see any problems there Tonya. Tommy and I have always gotten along great, I don’t see why you and I can’t get along too. But jobs are pretty scarce these days. I don’t know when I would be able to start paying you back. Can you afford to support me like that?”

“Don’t worry about that yet Johnny. This is what friends are for. To help each other in times of need. You need help and I can afford it so don’t worry about it.”

“I do worry. I don’t want to take advantage of you. You said you might be able to get me a job at your family’s restaurant? Can you?”

“I talked to Uncle Lee about it today. He says he has more than enough waiters and busboys and dishwashers and cooks too. But he is willing to hire an outsider as a waitress since he doesn’t have enough girls working there. But he wants a pretty girl to help bring in the business.”

“Thanks for asking Tonya. I guess I’ll have to keep on looking.”

“Not necessarily Johnny. Uncle Lee said any pretty girl, even one like me. I think you would make an even prettier girl than I do.”

“Oh I don’t know about that Tonya. I’ve never worn a dress, I’ve never worn any girls clothes, I’ve never even thought about it. I doubt I would make a very convincing girl the way you do. I certainly doubt I could look half as good as you do.”

“Think about it Johnny. I never wore any girls clothes until the first time either. I never had any idea that I could look like a girl until I tried it. I didn’t even want to do it, but we needed the money and it was all I had to get it. After two years, its not so bad to be seen as a girl most of the time. I still get to be a guy anytime I want to. Its just an option for you and there’s no pressure to make you do it. But if you want to try it, I’ll help you do it right. You can practice being a girl here at home and take the job when you’re ready. Or you can take your time and look for any other job you want. Do you want to move in with me?”

“Yeah, I do want to move in. When is it good for you?”

“Any time you’re ready. My car is in the underground parking lot. How about in the morning? We can go and get your stuff anytime you want. You can even sleep in your new bedroom tonight.”

“I don’t have any pajamas with me Tonya.”

“Sleep in your shorts then, or I can lend you a nightie if you want?” she said with a huge grin on her face.

“You wear nighties too!” I was more than a little surprised at that.

“Sure, why not? Girls wear them all the time at night! I still try to act like a girl when I wear my nighties but I probably look more like a guy since I don’t wear the makeup and jewelry and my hair is down then too. Of course I can’t wear the foundation garments when I go to bed but I still like to feel feminine when I crawl between the sheets. Care to try a nightie then?”

“Uh, no thanks Tonya. I can sleep in my shorts tonight.”

“Chicken. Okay. You know where the towels are. Go have a shower and I’ll put a spare bathrobe on your bed. Don’t worry. It won’t be a feminine one. I’ll get changed and have my shower after you and we can have some cocoa before bed. Then I’ll get you a set of keys so you can come and go as you please.”

I had the shower and wore the towel over my shorts as I carried my clothes back to my new bedroom to find the promised male bathrobe laying across the made-up bed. I hung up my clothes, then tossed the towel aside to put on the seemingly new robe and

it fit. There was a pair of men's slippers on the floor and they fit my feet too when I tried them on. Then I went out to the kitchen and began to make the cocoa Tonya wanted. I wasn't used to having anything before bed but wouldn't mind a cup of cocoa.

Tonya was gone now as it was a recognizable Tommy who entered the kitchen wearing a powder blue babydoll nightie set. The pretty nightie was so short I could see the panties he had on though I was thankful that I couldn't see what he kept inside them. The matching jacket he had on over the nightie was totally sheer and didn't hide a thing although the shirred lace bodice was able to hide most of his hairless chest. He wore a pair of matching fluffy slippers on his feet and though he still had his polished fingernails, he looked exactly like what he was. A guy I had known for years as a guy wearing a girl's nightie set.

"You don't like it?" he scowled at me then.

"I guess its pretty. Before you looked like a real girl. Now you look like my old friend Tommy. I guess its just strange to see you wearing a nightie is all. I'll get used to it."

"Thanks Johnny. I don't even have pajamas and that is the only male robe I have."

"You don't mind being seen like this Tommy?"

"Actually, you're the first person to see me in one of my nighties Johnny. I bought them after I moved in here. My mother used to lend me her night gowns when I had to work as a girl all day the next day, but they were all long and made of cotton and I didn't feel pretty in them. I wore them just to stay in character as a girl when she and I went to bed together."

"You slept with your mother!?"

"Don't get the wrong idea John-Boy. Mom and I were the only girls in our family back then. No father and six little brothers. I couldn't very well be a girl and sleep with the boys so I slept in the same bed as my mother did. We were kinda cramped for space."

"I know what its like to be cramped for space and I don't have any brothers or sisters. It was just me and Mom and no room to turn around in."

Tommy poured us each a cup of cocoa and we took them to the dining room table. He produced a set of keys which he gave to me and explained what each key was for. Then he gave me another set of keys and they were to his car. "I walk to and from work John-Boy. The car just sits there. If you need it to find a job, use it. Its cheaper and easier than the buses and a lot faster too. I know you're a good driver since we took driver's Ed together. With my family, they won't come to visit me at all until after I am married and only then with advance warning. I don't have many friends so no one should be knocking on our door at all hours of the day and night. Besides, they have to buzz from downstairs before they can get into the building. Any questions?"

I didn't have any so we turned off the lights on our way to our respective bedrooms and said good-night to each other. It was easy to fall asleep in a real bed rather than on the hide-a-bed I always slept on before. Yeah, I could enjoy living here with Tommy/Tonya. But could I find a job and start working to earn my own way? That was my big question as I fell asleep.

CHAPTER 3

I woke up early so I had another shower before I got dressed, then was in the kitchen making a pot of coffee when I heard a thump at the apartment door. Upon investigation I found that a newspaper had been delivered right to the door so I brought it in, took it to the dining room table and turned to the classified section to begin looking for a job. When the coffee was ready I poured myself a cup and heard the shower running. Tommy was up too.

It was about an hour later that Tonya came into the dining room to join me for a cup of the coffee I had made. She was dressed in a pink blouse with a navy blue skirt and lower heeled shoes than she had worn the night before. Her hair was done and her makeup was light, nowhere near as garish as she had it yesterday. She was a very pretty girl this way.

“Hope you don’t mind me going through your newspaper Tonya,” I said to her as she sat down across the table from me.

“Not at all John-Boy. Help yourself. All I ever read are the headlines, the comics and the store ads. I like to see what’s on sale. Anything interesting in there?”

“Nothing by the looks of it. Unless you count the part-time minimum wage jobs at the fast-food joints. Everything else requires years of experience.”

“Well, don’t give up John-Boy. Eventually you’ll find something you can do.”

“How much rent do you pay on this place Tonya? How much do you pay for utilities?”

“Why?” she asked me with a grin.

“I want to figure out what my share of the bills are so I can start adding it up. Then I can pay you back when I do get a job.”

“Well, this is my place whether you’re here or not. Half is not fair to you. I figure I can charge you room and board of about five hundred a month, okay?”

“How much would half work out to?”

“Half would be over a thousand a month. This is a luxury apartment you know.”

“I know. You sure that five hundred is enough?”

“I feel guilty charging you that much. After all, we are friends, aren’t we?”

“Yeah, we’re friends. You’re about the only friend I’ve ever had. Can I ask you a personal question Tonya?”

“Shoot.”

“Doesn’t it bother you at all to be seen wearing nothing but girls clothes?”

She laughed then and it was a real laugh too. “I was pretty shy about it when I first began but I got over it fast enough once I realized that people thought of me as a real

girl. Then I found that it was fun to act like a real girl and add to the illusion. Now, I just enjoy dressing up and wearing the clothes whenever I can. I can do it more here in my own place than I could at home with my family. I think that by living and working as a girl that I have found a deeper understanding of the feminine mind. I seem to know what the girls I date are thinking and can make them even happier to be with me. That's a bonus these days."

"Yeah, I guess. Look, don't get me wrong but, is there any chance you can get me some girls things to try? I figure that if you can do this that maybe I should give it a try, if only to find out what its like. Who knows, maybe I can do what you do? I won't know until I try though."

"No problem Johnny. We're about the same size so I'll get you some things today. You take the car and go get your stuff from your mother's apartment and I'll go walking to shop for us both. Not only is this apartment close to work, its close to the stores and all the action too. When I get home we'll see what you look like as a girl."

I did what Tonya suggested and took her car back to Mom's apartment. Mom had already left for work so I got some plastic grocery bags from the kitchen and began to fill them with all of my clothes and things. It didn't take me half an hour to pack up all my stuff and take it out to the car. Then I drove over to Lorraine's Beauty Salon where Mom worked and walked inside.

The receptionist glowered at me, a boy daring to enter a women only establishment. It was rare that I ever went near the place so she didn't know me and I had to ask to speak to my mother, Linda Emerson. She went to get Mom and Mom showed up in a few minutes looking very annoyed with me. "I'm busy, John. What the hell do you want?"

"Sorry Mom but I found a place to live so I got my stuff out of your place. I just came by to give you my keys." I set them on the counter in front of her and she snatched them up.

"Good," she said, turning to head back to what she had been doing. "Call me sometime and let me know how you're doing." She was gone! Didn't even want to know where I was going to be living! Didn't care either.

It hurt a bit to realize that Mom cared so little about me. Tommy/Tonya cared a lot more about what happened to me than my own mother did. Tommy and I had always been like brothers so I guess that made Tonya my sister. But it was better than no family at all. The big question now was, could I be a sister to Tonya? I really didn't know the answer to that.

I parked the Camaro back in its slot and got everything up to the apartment in just two trips. Then I got it all unpacked, hung up in the closet or put away in the dresser drawers. I had just finished tucking the plastic bags into a kitchen drawer when Tonya came bursting through the front door and full of girlish excitement.

"Wait till you see what I got for you, Johnny!" she exclaimed as she dropped the bags from her arms to the floor.

"Whoa there girl," I said to her. "You were supposed to get me a few things, not buy out the stores."

“Maybe I went a little overboard, but everything was on sale! It was all so cheap! They were practically giving it away today! And I got some things for me too, okay?”

“Okay. Just so long as all that stuff isn’t just for me. I don’t even know if I can do this so there’s no point spending a lot of money I don’t even have yet.”

“Ah, you can do it Johnny. You have the finer features and clear complexion and you’ll make a prettier girl than I do. Just think of it as Halloween all over again.” She picked up a pair of bags and left the rest for me to carry through to my bedroom. She began to lay out the delicate underthings that only girls wore as she told me to strip.

I knew that Tonya was really Tommy, a boy. But that didn’t make taking off my clothes in front of her any easier. She was just too much of a girl when she was dressed as one. I got down to just my pants and shorts and stopped undressing.

“What’s the matter Johnny? Take it all off!”

“What’s the matter is that though I know you’re a guy too, you look and act so damned much like a real girl that I don’t want to get naked in front of you. That’s what’s the matter.”

“Ha!” she laughed. “Okay shy one. This is a G-string,” and she held up a little triangle piece of white satin trimmed with lace and little strings running from the points. She showed me the front and said, “Once you do get naked, put this on. It’ll be tight but its supposed to be that way. Tuck your male parts down and into the crotch, then pull the side strings up and over your hips. The back string goes right into the crack of your butt. When you have it on, give me a call and I’ll help you with the rest of it.”

Tonya left the room then and I picked up the G-string she had left laying on the bed. It was really tiny in my hand and I had to wonder if it would fit me. I stripped off my jeans and shorts and picked up the tiny garment to turn it around in my hands and step into it. It was tight as I pulled it up my legs but I kept at it and got it up to my groin area. I tucked in my small cock and balls just as she had told me to, then began to pull it up even higher. Once I got the strings in place, the fit was better though it was still tight. I caught a glimpse of myself in the full-length mirror on the sliding closet doors and realized that I appeared to be somewhat sexless now. That could be a good thing, considering what I was about to let myself in for.

Tonya was waiting outside my bedroom door as I opened it and after giving me a once over inspection, she bounced through into the room. “Relax Johnny,” she told me. “Try to think of this as fun rather than as a chore. An experiment in pleasurable sensations.”

“It may be fun for you Tonya, you’re a girl. I’m a guy and this is the first time I have ever put on anything that wasn’t designed for a male.”

“Well, its easy Johnny and I’m here to help you. Now that you’re properly confined and slightly covered we can start with the fun stuff. Relax girl, the worst is over. I have decided that we should start you off with a garter belt and a pair of real silk stockings.”

“Silk!? What happened to nylon?”

“Nylon is nice enough, but silk is so much more luxurious. I want you to enjoy this so you’ll do it all the time and come to work with me. Now, its fun time for you.”

She picked up a white satin garter belt trimmed with white lace and wrapped it around my waist, stepped behind me to pull the ends tightly and do up the catches. “Its tight,” I complained.

“Its perfect!” she exclaimed.

She had me sit on the edge of the chair to the vanity table as she opened the package of silk stockings. “I got you beige ones to show off your legs better,” she told me. She took the time to show me how to roll them up, place them over my foot, pull them past my heels and unroll them up my legs. A single garter tab was attached while I was seated. Then I had to stand and she instructed me on how to grasp my ankle, slide my hands up my leg to the top pulling the sheer silk tautly over my skin and attach all three garter tabs to the vamp at the top. Then she twisted her hands over my leg to get the seam straight up the back. Then the other leg the same way.

“Now don’t tell me that doesn’t feel good,” she dared me.

“Damned! I never felt anything like this before!” I told her making her laugh again.

“Of course not! This is the domain of girls only. And to think, girls these days don’t appreciate the luxury that only they are supposed to experience! And there’s more too. I got you a pair of bikini panties to wear. All your undies match.”

“Isn’t the G-string supposed to take the place of panties?” I asked.

“On a real girl, sure. Not for us though. We use the G-string to hide our unfeminine parts and keep them unnoticeable. Panties are just in case someone gets a look up our skirts and besides, they’re luxurious too.”

She held the panties out to me and I turned them around in my hands so that I had the label to the back and the wide lace band to the front. She stood back and watched as I stepped into the tiny undergarment and began to pull it up my legs, over the silk stockings. The sensation it gave me was unlike anything else I could have imagined. Silk sliding over silk that was tautly stretched over my legs was heavenly, almost orgasmic. I knew then that without the G-string holding my male parts down I would have an erection and an orgasm without a single stroke of my hand. It felt that good to me. I could tell from the grin on her face that Tonya knew what I was feeling. She had been here herself and had enjoyed it as much as I was right now. I got the panties all the way up to my hips and she helped me arrange them properly.

“Time for your bra now,” she said. “On real girls, a bra holds their titties from bouncing around all over the place. On us, it gives the impression that we have real titties too. I got you the same size that I wear. 28AA fully padded. I don’t use any extra padding inside the cups and can use the empty space for storing the bills I get for tips until the end of my shift. When I get too many small bills I trade them in for larger ones. The change goes into a cup behind the counter and I trade it in for bills too.”

Tonya held out the harness like garment for me to slide my hands and arms into the straps that went over my shoulders. Then she went behind my back to pull the ends together and do up the clasps. She made a few adjustments to the straps, then

stood in front of me to inspect how I looked. How I looked was like a guy wearing girls undies. I could see that in the mirror myself. How I felt was something entirely different! I was dizzy with constrained excitement.

“I got you your own makeup case,” she said as she pulled it out of a bag. “Its not wise to share makeup too much and being Vietnamese, my makeup has to be different than yours. Turn the chair around so your back is to the table and I’ll put some on you. If you like, I’ll teach you what I know some other time. Right now I just want to do it.” I did as she said and she placed the case onto the table, then pulled up a chair so she was facing the table and had me on her right side so she could work on me with her right hand.

She explained what she was doing to me and I could feel her doing it but I couldn’t see it for myself. The worst part was when she had to reshape my ragged eyebrows. It hurt a lot every time she pulled out another hair with her tweezers, well, my tweezers now. But she got them cleaned up in short order and continued to get me made-up as much like a real girl as she could.

When she was done with the makeup, she wouldn’t let me turn around and look. She got out a comb and a brush and began working at my longish light brown hair with them, and a pair of scissors too. “You ever notice the one major difference that girls have in their hairstyles and boys don’t Johnny?” she asked me.

“Nope,” I replied. “I never looked for it.”

“Most girls, not all, have bangs. Boys never do unless they’re really young boys. Older women mostly have bangs too.” I saw the hair fall down over my eyes as she brushed it there, then she took up the scissors and trimmed the front of my hair into bangs. “Girls also give their hair volume and that is done by teasing the hair, or back-combing it.” I could feel her working at my hair up there and when she was all done she used hairspray to hold it all in place. “Don’t look yet Johnny. I want to finish getting you dressed before you see how beautiful you are now.”

I refrained from looking in the mirrors as I stood up and turned to face the curtained window of my new bedroom. Tonya had a full slip all rolled up and placed it gently over my head, had me put my arms into the holes, then unraveled it down my body. The smooth silk caressed my body everywhere it touched me and I felt it hugging me from my shoulders down past my hips. The bodice had a lace overlay and there was a wide band of lace at the hemline which came to a few inches above my knees.

The blouse she pulled out of the bag and removed the tags from was exceptionally feminine in its appearance. It was quite sheer all over which explained the need for a full slip in the summertime. I knew that Mom only wore a full slip in the summer if she wore something that could be seen through, like this blouse was. My blouse had short and sheer puffed sleeves and was trimmed with lace at the cuffs. It too was made of white silk and I was dying to try it on. Yes, I was really anxious to get it on and see if it felt as heavenly as everything else I was wearing at the moment. Tonya finished with the tags and helped me put it on, the small pearl buttons going to the back. She stepped behind me to do them up for me and all I could do was enjoy the wonderful sensations coursing through me at that time.