



*Reluctant Press*

# Firm Footing

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# Firm Footing

by Patricia Smith

## CHAPTER 1

When you're a kid the future looks rosy all the time. You've got a lot to look forward to in this life: finishing high school, going to college, meeting girls, getting laid. Getting laid was the big one for me and the guys I hung around with in high school. We weren't the jocks, but we weren't the nerds either. No taped-up glasses and pocket savers for us. But too few girls cared to hang around with us so most of us were still alone and still virgins. The future had to be better than the present.

I finished high school at eighteen and my next stop was college where I took Journalism. I learned the ability to put my thoughts into words and the words onto paper or on a computer screen. I wasn't at the top of my class, but I wasn't at the bottom either. Middle of the road was where I was. The story of my life.

It was at college that I met Marilyn. Nice girl, tall, a bit on the heavy side but still good-looking and she had a pleasant personality. I guess the thing that attracted me to her the most was the fact that she would talk to me and was willing to be seen with me. I asked her out and we dated for a while to get to know each other.

Then came that fateful day when she took my virginity from me. We had been out for dinner and some dancing and I took her back to her place where we got into it. It started off with just some kissing and light petting on her couch and before I knew what was happening, she wasn't resisting and was letting me remove her clothes. I got her blouse off and her pants undone and she let me take her bra off too. I had her large bare breasts in my hand and I felt her nipples getting hard as I played with them. She helped me out of my sweater and had my pants undone, so we stood up and stripped.

Marilyn was the first girl I had ever seen naked and she was beautiful to me. Yeah, I had a hard-on as she led me from her living room to her bedroom where we fell onto her bed for a bout of sex. I managed to get her hot and horny and her pussy was wet when I finally lined myself up atop her and, slowly, entered her. It was a good fit as I

forced my hard cock all the way inside of her and she moaned softly as she writhed her hips a bit.

I was going slowly at first as I had heard that was the way to do it. I was enjoying the feel of my length inside her snug, warm and wet pussy; she seemed to be enjoying it as well. Ever so slowly, I built up speed and I heard her moans turn to groans and a bit of crying as she had a few orgasms. I was still quite a way away from my own orgasm when she took my head and held it up to look me in the eye and she asked me to stop. She had used up her own natural lubrication and her pussy was dry, causing her a lot of pain. She had a jar of jelly and applied a coating of it to my hard-on for me, then let me continue to fuck her again.

By the time the jelly wore off, she had her own lubrication back for a short time and I was able to keep pumping my still unsatisfied cock in and out of her. She had a few more orgasms but I never did cum inside her. She wanted me to have an orgasm too but she was sore down there so she took my hard cock into her hands and mouth to work on me. After about half an hour, she gave up. Her jaw was sore and she couldn't continue to suck me. Sex with Marilyn was very unsatisfactory to me that first time. She fell asleep while I showered, dressed in my clothes and left her place.

Marilyn and I continued to date for a few more months and we attempted sex every few days. She had quite a few orgasms each and every time we climbed into her bed together. I never did get to have an orgasm with her. She was the one to break it off. I guess she just got tired of not being able to make me cum.

Edith was the next girl I dated. She was a lot shorter than Marilyn and a bit rounder too. But she was cute and more than willing to climb into a bed with me. She liked to fuck and to be fucked but when I dried her out, she refused to use a lubricating jelly. She worked on me with her mouth and hands until her own supply of juices had built up again; then I could get my cock back inside her tight pussy and continue to screw her again. There just wasn't enough stimulation for me to get my rocks off with either girl. Sure, they came and came and came when I did them orally and manually and when I was screwing them, but I never once came with either girl. I was the one to break it off with Edith.

Kate was my next girlfriend. Kind of in-between Marilyn and Edith in height. But she had a nicer figure than either girl and was a lot shyer when it came to having sex. She tried to play the virgin with me and I played along, knowing full well that she had slept with at least one other guy before me. Maybe I needed these games before I could finally have what I needed from a girl.

So we dated and had a good time together; it was the second date before I got to kiss her. It was about a month after that when she let me touch her through her clothes but she still refused to let me undress her. I was patient and played according to her rules. We went out and had a really good time together. Kate and I became really good friends long before we ever became lovers. She was one of the better-looking girls in school and I was the envy of a lot of guys because I was dating her.

We were having a nice day together: horseback riding in the afternoon, a nice dinner with some wine and a movie afterwards. I took her back to her apartment where she made us some coffee and we just relaxed beside each other on the couch. She

started it. That was one of her rules, too. She had to start anything that happened between us. We started off just holding hands as we sipped our coffee and talked about the day we'd had together. Then she wanted to kiss, so I played along and kissed her all she wanted. She took my hand from her waist and moved it to one of her breasts so I cupped it for her and played my thumb over her nipple. Suddenly, she was a lot hotter than she'd ever been before.

I got her blouse undone and peeled it off of her, her bra was undone and removed as well. She had nice tits and I got to see and play with both of them before I got down to kissing, licking and sucking her fully erect nipples. I got her pants undone and she lifted her hips so I could slide them down with her panties. She was naked while I was still dressed. She let me see her that way before I pulled her legs apart. I gave her a smile as I knelt between her spread legs and moved in to begin giving her some oral pleasure.

Kate was a hot one. I have to give her that. When I finally got her undressed and her legs spread, she was hornier than any girl I had been with so far. I just can't figure out why it took so long for her to come around to letting me into her. Anyway, I started kissing her inner thighs and worked my way to her slash where I took my time as her heat built higher and hotter. I glanced up at her face and saw between her tits that she had her eyes closed and was really enjoying what I was doing to her. So while I took my time and licked her slowly to build up her pleasure, I got undressed too. I was naked when I finally made her cum; it was a long orgasm that she really enjoyed.

I kissed my way back up her body, pausing at her tits to give her nipples a bit more of my attention before I moved up to kiss her on the lips again. She pulled me close as she just had to have my mouth on hers, my tongue in her mouth. My cock starting to enter her still wet pussy. I figured she would fight that, but she didn't. She reached down to guide my hard cock to the lips of her pussy, then thrust her hips forward to take the head inside of her. With both of us thrusting our hips forward, it didn't take much 'til I was in to the hilt. She pulled her knees up and wrapped her legs around my back and held me there for a bit as we got accustomed to the fit. I moved her to the side. We were both on the couch; there was a pillow under her head and she released her grip on me enough that I could begin to stroke in and out of her tight pussy.

Kate really did like to fuck, but she didn't want to appear to be too easy or too eager which is why it took so long before I got myself into this position with her. If a guy couldn't be patient and play her way, he could go and look elsewhere. I had played her way and had endured, so now we were both reaping the rewards. I gave Kate the screwing of her life. She just started to cum and kept right on cumming 'til she ran out of juices and begged me to stop. I didn't want to hurt her, so I did as she requested me to.

After she had come down from the afterglow of her multiple orgasms, she realized that I was still hard and unsatisfied. She got to work on me with her hands and mouth; she had a very talented mouth when it came to cock sucking. But even with her talented mouth working on me, she couldn't make me cum. She had to give up about an hour later.

“You’ve got a serious problem there, Vic,” she said to me. “Ever see a doctor about it?”

“Nope,” I replied simply.

“You should. A doctor may be able to help you.”

Kate and I continued to date and have some good times together. We attempted to have sex a couple of times a week and I was at least happy that I was able to make her cum so many times before I left her, my cock still hard. Five minutes alone in the bathroom with my right hand and I would shoot my load into a handful of tissues. I could cum alright, just not with any girl I had been with so far.

Kate and I stayed together till the end of college. The sex wasn’t that wonderful for me, but she was enjoying what I could do for her and we did have a lot of good times together. After college, we went our separate ways.

I worked at various jobs and had two more girlfriends during that time. The results were about the same as with my first two girlfriends. Kate had been the best so far but I was still a long way away from having an orgasm with anyone. I missed the fun she and I’d had together and the sex, too. Even if I couldn’t cum with her, I sure enjoyed making *her* cum as often as she had. These other two were your basic ice-queens and only came two or three times before they made me stop screwing them.

Girls just weren’t doing it for me. Maybe what I needed was a guy?

## CHAPTER 2

I was writing the hot spot reviews for the local paper then. I got free meals in the best restaurants in the city as I reported on the quality of the food, the service and the atmosphere. Every place in town wanted me as their guest so they could get free publicity in the paper. The column was syndicated, too, so whatever I wrote went into about a dozen other papers as well. But it was my paper that decided where I went as they made the reservations for me. Two places a week was what I did back then.

All too soon I ran out of places to go and I decided that I could redo the ones I had given poor reviews to; kind of a second chance, if you will. But my boss had other ideas. “I have a few more places that need a first review before you get to do second reviews, Victor,” he said to me.

“Where?” I asked as I took the chair he indicated for me to sit in.

“The first place is Michael’s, over on Broadway,” he told me.

“That’s a gay restaurant,” I said.

“Gay-oriented, sure. But they serve heterosexuals, too. You got a problem going to a gay restaurant, Victor?”

“I don’t know. I’ve never been in one before.”

“Well, you get your chance tonight. You have a reservation for seven o’clock.”

“Sure. I’ll try it.”

“I want an honest review though, Vic. No biases just because it’s a gay-oriented establishment. It’s a restaurant and deserves an honest rating on all aspects of its operation.”

“I’ve never had any problems with the gay community, Mr. Harmon. I don’t have any bias toward them. As you said, it’s a restaurant and that’s why I’m going there.”

“Just remember that when you write your review. I don’t want words like ‘queer’ and ‘faggot’ used.”

“Is it okay to mention that it is a gay establishment?” I asked him.

“‘Gay’ is fine since that is how these people refer to themselves. No other word to describe them, though. I don’t need a lawsuit.”

“Have I ever let you down, Mr. Harmon?” I asked him.

“Not so far, kid. I just don’t want this to be the first time. Who knows? You might even get lucky tonight.”

“I doubt I’m going to meet a girl there, Mr. Harmon. At least not a straight one.”

“I thought you weren’t biased?”

“I’m not. But I am heterosexual. At least, I believe that I am.”

“Well, all I want is for you to give the restaurant a fair chance based on its merits, not on the clientele that may be in there. The clientele will undoubtedly be gay. Don’t let the other people there color your story for you.”

“I always ignore the clientele when I do a review, Mr. Harmon. I don’t write about the bums on the street or the hookers at the bar. Atmosphere, service and the quality of the fare are what I’m there to write about.”

“I know, and you’ve done a great job so far. I’ve done a follow-up on your bad reviews and some of your good ones, too. You were right on the mark on all of them. We always heard from the bad ones and printed their remarks. But I went and found that some of them were even worse than you reported.”

“Yeah, well, some places clean up their acts if they know I’m coming. I not only look at the service that I get, I look at the service that others around me get, too. I look at who complains and why they’re complaining and compare it to what I am getting. It’s the total experience that I look at, not just what they do for me.”

“That’s good, Victor. That’s what’s needed. Michael’s is a new place and needs a good review based on what they can do. I’m not trying to color your review before you go. I just want to make sure that it’s a fair review.”

“I think I can be as fair and impartial as I have been elsewhere. Besides, now I have a chance to see how other people live. A chance I wouldn’t get otherwise. When I’m paying for a meal, I tend to go to places that are straight. Maybe a gay-oriented restaurant is better than some of the straight ones?”

“Whatever. The owner’s name is Michael and he is expecting you at seven.”

“I’ll be there.”

I didn’t have any expectations as I arrived at Michael’s at seven o’clock sharp. I was there to do my job and that was all I was there for. I was between girlfriends at the time, so I went alone and was met at the door by Michael himself. He was the maitre’d and we shook hands before he showed me to my table.

Being fair, it was a nice atmosphere. Nicely-lit and well-decorated; I made notes in my notebook on that. Michael took my drink order and left me with a menu and a waiter brought my drink over to me. I told him I wanted a few minutes to decide on my meal so he left me alone. I tasted the drink and looked at the menu. The Margarita had been made properly and was just as a proper Margarita should be. A taste is all I took, though, since I didn’t drink on the job. The service was good, but the place was far from being full. Only a few tables were in use. A few male couples and one female couple. The service they got seemed to be the same as I experienced.

I ordered the veal cutlet meal and had it served properly. I actually enjoyed that meal more than some I’d had at some of the finer restaurants. I had coffee and desert after the meal and I was allowed to relax and enjoy myself. I found that if I ordered expensive meals that I got exceptional service. What I wanted was the kind of meal that the average person might order. That gave me a better idea of the quality of food that the restaurant served. Other than the men holding hands with other men and the two women sitting close to each other, there was no way to tell that the restaurant was gay-oriented.

I left a tip for my waiter though I was not given a bill. I spoke to Michael as I went to leave and he answered a few questions for me. Yes, he wanted the restaurant to be billed as gay-oriented. He wanted more gay customers though he was certainly not going to turn away straight customers, either. He promised equal service to anyone, no matter what their sexual orientation happened to be. After all, it was a restaurant first. Michael and his staff and his current clientele just happened to be gay.

The way I saw it, people were people and their sexual orientation was their business. I was in the business of providing an honest perspective to our readers so they could make an informed decision on where they should go for their dining pleasure. Michael’s passed the tests and I gave it an honest and favorable review. But I also promised myself to do a follow-up on it in a few weeks just to make sure that it remained acceptable. After all, it was nearly empty this time. I wanted to be there when they were a lot busier and see if the service remained the same.

Mr. Harmon was pleased that I had given Michael’s such a favorable review and he got me reservations at several gay-oriented restaurants and nightclubs. I reviewed them based on their merit, not on the orientation of their clientele. Yes, if it was a gay establishment, that was noted. But there are a lot of straight people who don’t object to visiting a gay restaurant just as a lot of gays go into straight places.

Sure, being a single guy in a gay establishment meant that I had guys trying to pick me up, but they left me alone once I told them I was straight. Some of the guys wondered why a single straight man was in a gay restaurant so I told them who I was and what I was doing there. Most of them had read my column and accepted that I had to try a place before I could write about it. Some of them had suggestions for other places



I could go to as well. I told them to forward their suggestions to the paper since I went where I was told to go.

I did my second review of Michael's and it was every bit as favorable as the first review had been, even though I made my own reservation and had to pay for the meal. It was worth the price and no one recognized me, so it was more of an honest review than the first one had been. At least I thought so. I did my second reviews of the places I had previously knocked and went in on the sly with them as well. Some of them were worse, some of them had improved. I tried to be as honest and unbiased as I could be with every review I wrote.

### CHAPTER 3

To be absolutely honest, I'd had some good times in the gay bars and restaurants I had been to so I went back to some of them again and again on my own. It didn't bother me at all that men were with other men or that women preferred to be with women. I got to meet some really interesting people. Mostly other men of course, but I did get to meet some women, too. All I did was talk to them, have a few drinks with them and get to know them as people first. After all, that's what they were.

Then I met David. He was a nice young man about my own age, strictly gay. He had never been with a woman and never wanted to. He wasn't pushy and he wasn't shy either. He knew what he wanted and from whom and he would get it, too. I just didn't think he would get it from me. I wasn't gay, or so I thought. David and I did a lot of talking about him and his lifestyle. In a way, it did appeal to me, on some level.

We met often, had drinks and talked and sort of became friends. He wasn't hitting on me the way a lot of the other guys were. He was much too subtle for that. I listened to him about his previous boyfriends and he listened to me about my girlfriends, though I didn't tell him every single little detail. But we did form a fairly good friendship first.

I wasn't ready for it when he asked me to dance with him. I had never danced with a man before and the music was all slow stuff. "C'mon, Victor. You do know how to dance, don't you?" he challenged me.

"Sure, with girls. I've never danced with a guy before."

"Its not much different," he said. "I'll lead and you follow."

"Why don't I lead and *you* follow?" I asked him.

"Because I'm bigger than you are. Besides, I've never followed before."

"Me neither. I don't think I would care to dance, David."

"Chicken?" he asked me.

"I just don't feel like dancing," I told him.

"I know what it is. You're afraid you'll like dancing with a man."

“No. I’m afraid I’m going to hate it.”

“Try it. I know you’ll like it.”

I didn’t know whether I’d like it or not, but I would never know until I did give it a try. I liked to dance with girls. Could I like dancing a waltz with a guy? I hoped not, but that was being biased. So what? I still thought I was straight, even though I did like going to gay places and talking to men like David. Yeah, I’d dance with him. Then I’d have the experience and I would know that I still preferred to dance with girls.

He led me out to the dance floor. It was weird for me to put my left hand on his shoulder and let him hold my right hand as he lead me around the dance floor. Now that he had me up there, he kept me dancing with him through three songs before we returned to our table, a rest and another drink. “Was it all that bad, Victor?” he asked me.

I had to be honest with him and with myself. “No, it wasn’t as bad as I thought it would be,” I told him. It wasn’t either.

“Want to try again?”

Yeah, I did. Dancing with a man and letting him lead wasn’t bad at all. David and I had quite a few dances together, then the dance floor got more crowded and we didn’t have the room to stand so far apart. I had both hands on his shoulders; he had both his hands on my back and he held me up close to him as we swayed slowly to the music. It was too crowded on the dance floor so we returned to our seats.

“Tell me you didn’t enjoy dancing with me,” he dared me.

“Okay. I didn’t enjoy dancing with you at all,” I said.

“You’re lying and you know it.”

“Of course I’m lying. I just told you what you wanted me to tell you.” He laughed.

“Okay. Now I’m going to kiss you and I want your honest opinion on whether it’s as good as the kisses girls give you.”

“Wait a minute here. I don’t know that I’m ready for that.”

“Of course you’re ready, Victor. You weren’t ready to dance with a man, but you did it and you liked it. Now I am going to kiss you right on the mouth. Here it comes.”

He leaned in, and with a hand to hold my head in place, he planted his lips on mine and held the kiss for a lot longer than I expected. I was terrified but I didn’t fight him. Soon I found that the kiss wasn’t all that bad either, not even with his tongue inside my mouth. A kiss was a kiss was a kiss, especially with my eyes closed so I couldn’t see who it was that I was kissing.

“Be honest, Victor,” he said to me. “Good or bad?”

“I couldn’t tell,” I said. “I had my fears and inhibitions in the way.”

“Are they out of the way now?”

“I don’t know. Why?”

“Because I’m going to kiss you again and again until I can get your honest opinion.”

David did kiss me again and I still felt my inhibitions getting in the way of my judging his kiss on its own merit. He was a man and I was a man and I was a straight man, wasn't I? I had always thought of myself as a straight man, anyway. It was about the fourth long kiss that I got from him before I was able to respond and I discovered that kissing a man was every bit as enjoyable as it ever had been with a woman. Why was that? Was I really gay inside? I know I didn't mind being in a gay establishment. I didn't mind having gay friends. Could it be that I should be gay, too?

"Your honest opinion, Victor," he said to me.

"Its too early to tell," I told him as I put my arms around his neck and pulled him in for another kiss. It was too early to tell for sure. I needed a lot more kissing before I could say that it was better with a man than it had been with women. David didn't mind kissing me and I kissed him in return, until I felt his hand on my crotch. "Hey!" I said as I pushed him away from me. "Keep it clean, fella."

"Lets get out of here," he suggested. I thought that was a good idea, too. David didn't have a car, so I gave him a ride back to his place. "C'mon inside, Victor. I want to show you something."

"I've used that line myself a few times, David," I said to him with a laugh.

"Afraid you would like it?" he asked me.

"Yeah, very afraid."

"Don't be. We'll only go as far as you're willing to venture. But we'll go as far as you want. We can stop any time you say so. It hasn't hurt you yet, has it?"

I knew I shouldn't, but I was curious. I liked David as a person and I respected him, too. I had enjoyed dancing with him and I could honestly say that kissing him had been nice as well. I just didn't know that I could do anything more but I would never know until I tried. At least I *did* like him before I parked my car and followed him into his apartment.

It was seduction, plain and simple. Much the same method as I had used with girls in the past, only now it was being used on me. This didn't hurt and that didn't hurt and tell me when it gets too painful. Of course there wasn't any pain at all as we sat on the couch and hugged as we kissed and I had his tongue inside my mouth once more. It didn't hurt when I felt his hand slide from my back to my waist and around to the front where he got my pants undone. It didn't hurt as he got his hand inside my shorts and pulled out my hard cock. Of course I was excited. Kissing did that to me. It didn't hurt at all as David worked to get both of us undressed.

I didn't feel any pain whatsoever as he took my erect cock in his hand and guided it to his waiting mouth. After half an hour of sucking on me without any results, he gave up and stood so I could take his hard-on in my hands and explore it myself. I guess I was ready as I opened my mouth and experienced the taste of a man's hard cock. It wasn't a bad taste and I didn't throw up as I thought I might. I did to him what he had done to me and he shot his load of cum into my mouth making me swallow most of it. The sperm that leaked out of my mouth, he licked up and drank down himself. We kissed some more and he sucked me again and even though I was hard all the time, I never came at all.

David got it up a second time and put on a condom. He turned me over and was gentle as he entered my asshole. It was no great pleasure for me to be fucked in the ass but it wasn't half as bad as I had anticipated either. He came, but with the condom on, I never knew it 'til he withdrew his limp penis from within me. He tried to get me to cum with another sucking but I still wasn't ready. He fit me with a condom then and had me enter him. After a half hour, he had me pull out and he removed the rubber from my still-hard cock.

"I don't think you're gay, Victor," he told me. "A gay man would have cum a few times already with all the stimulation you've had."

"Don't fret about it, David. I might be gay after all. I've never cum with a woman either."

"Never?" he asked with some shock.

"Never. It might be a medical problem. I guess I'll just have to see a doctor to find out why I can't have an orgasm during sex."

"That might be a good idea, if that is the truth."

"Why would I lie about it?"

"I don't know. You've always been honest about everything before."

"Dancing with a man is different than dancing with a woman. Not better and not worse, just different. The same goes for kissing. It's different. Still enjoyable but still different. The same can be said for the sex. It's different since a woman doesn't have the same anatomy that a man has. You can't compare apples to oranges. You can like them both, but you can't compare them. Sorry."

"Don't be. I haven't turned you off men, have I?"

"No. I think you and I can be good friends, but I doubt if it would ever really work for us to be lovers."

"Yeah, that's what I think. Lets get dressed, friend."

## CHAPTER 4

David and I remained friends from then on, much the same as Kate and I. We seldom saw much of each other but when we did, we could still have a good time together. We just couldn't be lovers.

I did go to a doctor about my problem. Several of them, in fact, but there was nothing wrong with me physically. I was told that my problem was psychological and that a medical doctor couldn't help me with it. I needed a psychiatrist. So I tried a few of them, too, the last being a woman doctor. She had more to say than any of the men before her. She wanted to know what I dreamed about at night and what thoughts went through my head when I masturbated and made myself cum so fast. "Girls," I told her. "All I dream about is girls. I think about them when I masturbate, too."

“Thinking about men doesn’t do it for you?”

“I never tried thinking about men before.”

“Try it and see if it works, too.”

I tried what she told me to a few times and it didn’t work for me. Imagining myself with a man just didn’t make me hard. Imagining myself with a woman like Kate did. Once I was hard, I tried to imagine myself with David again and I lost my erection. I imagined myself with Kate and got hard again. I kept the image in my mind as I made myself cum. Nope. Men didn’t do it for me.

I reported the results of the experiment to my doctor and she told me to try something else. She told me to imagine myself as a woman with a man and to see if that worked.

It was just imagination, so I gave it a try. I tried to imagine myself as a woman like Kate and I got hard. Real hard. I imagined myself as this woman with Kate and I stayed hard, though I wasn’t cumming as fast as I did before. I imagined myself as this woman with a man and I had a wonderful orgasm.

I reported the results of that experiment to my doctor and she told me that I should try something new. “Like what?” I asked her.

“Ever try dressing up as a woman?” she asked me.

“No. Never gave it a thought before.”

“Not even at Halloween?” she asked.

“No. I had other things to go as without being in drag.”

“I think you need to try drag. To get all dressed up as a woman and experience some of what women experience.”

I had a better idea than trying drag. I found another doctor.

I went through all of it with a male doctor and he came to the same conclusion that the female doctor had. He thought that I should at least give it a try before I dismissed it. I thought I needed another opinion so I tried yet another doctor. Every doctor I told the honest truth to had the same opinion as the first one. Try dressing up as a woman to have sex with either a woman or a man. The partner didn’t matter as much as the way I was dressed did. I had to be dressed as a female in order to have sex with anyone. Only then might I be able to have an orgasm during sexual intercourse.

Well, they all couldn’t be wrong, could they? So how does a man go about getting clothes of the opposite sex to try on himself? He gets someone to help him, that’s how. I needed the help of a woman to get me the right clothes and to get them on right. What woman in her right mind is going to help a guy get dressed up as a girl? A friend, that’s who. Kate was the only female friend I had at the time, but I didn’t know that she would be willing to help me with this. I wouldn’t know ‘til I asked her.

I called Kate up out of the blue and asked her if we could get together for a private little dinner. She agreed and invited me to her place where she was willing to cook for us. She and I were still good friends and neither of us was seeing anyone else at the moment.

We had a nice meal together on a Sunday evening at her place. “Okay, Vic. What’s up?” she asked me. “You didn’t just suddenly want to see me because you missed me, did you?”

“Hey, we’re still friends, aren’t we?”

“Yeah. We always will be too, I hope. So what’s up?”

“I took your advice finally,” I told her.

“Good. Which advice was that?”

“To see a doctor about my sexual problems.”

“Great! What’s the verdict?”

“I’m not all that comfortable with what I’ve been told.”

“C’mon, Vic. You and I have been through a lot together. You even told me about having sex with a man. How much worse can this be?”

“I’ve been to see a lot of different doctors and when I tell them all the absolute truth, they all tell me the same thing.”

“What? C’mon Vic, spit it out.”

“They all tell me that I have to get dressed up as a woman and have sex with either a woman or a man. I have to be dressed as a woman, or I’ll never have an orgasm during sex.”

“You’re joking, right Vic?”

“Nope. That’s what they all told me.”

“Okay. So what do you need from me?”

“Help. I don’t know anything about wearing women’s clothes. I’ve never done it before and the closest I’ve ever gotten to women’s things was when I was with a woman and undressed her. I don’t have a clue as to how to go about getting myself women’s things to wear, what to get or where I could even get it. I need help from a woman and you’re the only friend I have who is a woman.”

“Let me get this straight. You want me to help you get women’s clothes that you can wear and to teach you how to wear them?”

“I think ‘try’ is a better word. I’ve never had a conscious desire to dress up as a woman but the dozen or so doctors I’ve seen tell me that it’s more of an unconscious desire. I never even did it for Halloween when I was a kid. But they all tell me the same thing. I have to dress up as a woman and play the passive role during intercourse. They are all positive that I will have an orgasm that way.”

“With a man, right?”

“Or with a woman. Doesn’t matter which sex I’m with. I have to be dressed femininely and acting passively or I can forget it.”

“Okay Vic. I’ll help you. On one condition. That is that I am the first one who gets to screw you when you’re all dolled up like a woman.”

“Hell! I was hoping you’d say that!”

“You want me to screw you?”

“I’d rather be able to get my rocks off with a woman than with a man. You’re better woman than any of the women I’ve ever met. Yeah, I’d like it if you and I could enjoy each other that way.”

“Okay. I know its not romantic but come into my bedroom and strip. I’m going to try a few of my things on you right now.”

“Kate! You’re smaller than I am. Your things won’t fit me.”

“I know. But this way I can see how much smaller than you I am and get you things that will fit you properly. I don’t have a tape measure here so this is the next best thing. I’m going shopping tomorrow anyway, so I’ll get you a few things then, too. We can try them tomorrow night when you come over again, right?”

“If you say so.”

“I say so. Lets go, girlie.”

I did what Kate told me to and stripped in the middle of her bedroom. It wasn’t sexual but I still had a hard-on for it. She tried a bra on me and saw how much too small it was, then tried a pair of her old panties on me, too. They ripped and she figured out what size I would need. Then she tried a slip and saw where it didn’t fit and figured out what size would be better. Then she tried one of her little babydoll nighties on me and it did fit. It was big and loose on her and a bit tighter on me, but I didn’t rip it when I had it on. The panty was a loose fit on her and a tighter fit on me, but I got it on, too, without any ripping.

She pushed me onto her bed and stripped off her clothes to climb on top of me. I let her pin me down though I could have gotten up with ease. She began to treat me as though I were the woman in this situation. She mounted me as I was still hard and screwed me. Since she was on top and I was wearing her nightie, I came at the same time she had her second orgasm. It was the most wonderful orgasm of my life.

“Okay. That settles it for me, Missy. You’re going to learn to be a real girl if it kills you. I’m going to have you in skirts and dresses and high-heeled shoes complete with hair and makeup and you’re going to love it. Nighties are for night and you’re going to love being a woman for the daytime, too. That’s a promise.”

Kate got off of me and tucked my flaccid penis into the tight panty I still had on and gave it a little pat. She made me keep on her nightie while she walked around her apartment in the nude. She had me help her cleanup from the dinner. When everything was done, she took me back to her bedroom and put me on my back on her bed. She took my cock out of the top of the panty and got me hard once more. Then she mounted me again and we were able to enjoy another mutually-attained orgasm.

“Who’d have thought it?” she asked aloud.

“Thought what?” I asked her.

“That Victor should really be Victoria instead,” she said.

“I don’t think that I would want to be a Victoria,” I told her. “Too close to my own name.”