



*Reluctant Press*

# First Lady

Audrey Taylor



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# First Lady

**Audrey Taylor**

He was attending his third dance as Mary, his current image bearing little resemblance to the bright young lawyer who worked days at Peabody, Kramer and Golden. The medium sized legal firm located in the heart of the nation's capital required their young associates to dress smartly when handling the firm's extensive litigation work but the image of Mary would have floored the partners while they wondered when such a lovely lady had become part of their staff.

A major turning point in his life was fast approaching but he was blissfully unaware its close proximity. His experience as a lawyer would be of little use. His growing interest in ladies-wear was about to reveal an exciting new aspect to his otherwise mundane existence.

Stacy, his roommate of the past four months is the main reason for Mary's existence. Of course she's off dancing in Tim's arms, which left Mary to sway to the music alone on the sidelines.

Mary's face broke into a smile when she recalled Stacy's enthusiasm, watching how she follows Tim's direction so adeptly. She could feel a similar response in herself, lurking just beneath the surface and begging for release.

She was wearing a new lavender dress purchased on a recent shopping trip, unaware that her stunning appearance was actually a detriment to the men itching for a chance to meet her. Their wistful looks moved elsewhere whenever her eyes traveled hopefully around the room.

She remembered the excitement of trying on the dresses '*in the ladies changing room*' before selecting this one style and another that was hanging in her closet for another evening. At this rate she'd probably return it, seeing as nobody really cared to meet her anyway.

Stacy had insisted that this particular style would make her look elegant and never realized it would make any suitors hesitant in the presence of such beauty. The prettier the woman, the more difficult she is to approach.

The lacy hemline rubbed against the nylons clinging to her smooth thighs and calves. She could feel the hot pink corset squeezing her loose flesh upward into the padded cups even while it created the perfect waistline for a man's hand. She'd been dieting too (at Stacy's insistence) and was pleased that the corset was able to generate such a luscious image of enticing femininity.

It's amazing how the simple act of looking good had become so important, how easily she adapted to the shallow breathing it required, remaining acutely aware of the risk of fainting dead away if the dance was too fast.

He gazed idly down to his shaven legs, realizing yet again that his swimming and racket-ball days were temporarily on hold unless he participated as a woman. Maybe he would do just that, give Mary the opportunity to take advantage of the club's facilities. Now that would stir some fantasies.

His hair-free body was testimony to Stacy's insistence on authenticity from the skin out.

Stacy seems to love spreading the depilatory cream into every nook and cranny of his body, showing a surprising familiarity, which initially shocked him till he got more used to it. Their developing intimacy was truly amazing, just like two real women living together, totally disregarding their true genders except during daylight hours when the means of earning a living was forced on them.

Stacy's commitment to Mary's evolving image is 100%.

Their crazy adventure seems to know no end.

Still I wonder how Stan knew about my inner desires, when I never had a clue.

Was it because we're both short? Do all short men have a hidden desire to look like a woman?

Watching Stan at work, in his dark blue suit and tie, confident and in control when dealing with clients and attorneys alike, makes me wonder how he manages to become the sweet and demure Stacy with such ease.

She just seems to magically appear with almost no effort every evening as soon as the apartment door closes behind the two of us.

I keep wondering where I'd be if I hadn't accepted his spur-of-the-moment dinner invitation that Thursday afternoon? I certainly wouldn't be in this dance hall waiting for a 'man' to ask me to dance.

## **Where It Began**

"I need something to eat before I collapse," Stan's suggestion punctured my conscious mind like a balloon, both of us late at work in the law library, deeply entrenched in a hit-and-run case that was scheduled for trial in two days.

The gnawing in my belly was hard to ignore as I gazed up from my research book, realizing lunchtime had long gone and the evening shadows were almost upon us. “Me too,” my robot-like voice sounded odd, showing the effects of a long day and very much aware of the many hours still ahead of us.

“Why don’t we retire to my place and work in comfort,” that idea sounded a little too good, “and grab some Chinese on the way?” Even better. “There’s a great place just around the corner from me.”

‘That sounds great,’ his friendly gesture really hit the spot. We’d been out to lunch several times over the past two weeks but the conversation was stilted and far from personal. Dinner and working at his ‘home’ was certainly an unexpected gesture.

“Well, what do you say?” he was already packing his files and trying to pull me out of my revelry.

“If it’s not too much trouble,” there was hesitancy about removing office files. “Food sounds awfully good,” my mind was screaming for a break.

“Don’t sweat it, everyone takes them home,” it was the first time I felt he could read minds, a quality that was to show up with regularity from that moment on. “They can’t expect us to work nights and weekends in this stuffy place. We can bend the rules as long as everything’s back in the morning. Come on, get packed up,” he was already reaching for his jacket.

Quickly I followed suit trailing behind him to the parking lot while lugging the bulky files.

“We’ll take my car and I’ll drop you back later?” his car trunk was open and he was gesturing me to dump my work alongside his. “If it gets too late you can sack out by me and borrow a shirt in the morning. We’re probably the same size,” he was smiling while he eyed my body.

Again I felt hesitant yet pleased with the friendly offer, “We’ll see how it goes.” There’s nothing like the comfort of my own bed and the offer of someone else’s didn’t quite sit right. His place could be a disaster zone. Some guys were total slobes although he didn’t seem the type. But you never knew.

Soon we were lugging the food and files up three flights of stairs (the elevator was out of service) before settling in with Pork and Chinese vegetables and a steaming dish of Shrimp & Broccoli in a delicious cream sauce, our shoes off and jackets hanging over chairs.

It was actually a nice apartment, two roomy bedrooms and a nice sized living room to go with an eat-in kitchen and a full sized bathroom, all in spotless condition. I was right; he wasn’t a slob.

But he did talk almost non-stop as we ate, touching on personal matters as never before. He was obviously feeling more secure in the cozy confines of his own home and didn’t mind revealing some of his personal life.

He’d grown up on a farm in Indiana and had somehow managed to avoid following in his father’s footsteps as a farmer. His two older brothers being 6’4” and

6'1" easily fit the role, much to his Dad's liking, which allowed Stan the leeway to explore his own interests. Being the runt of the litter at barely 5'2", he went away to college and then decided on law school, which left him burdened with extensive loans by the time he graduated. He was diligently paying them off like the rest of us.

It was almost funny how our 'inadequate' heights were so closely matched. I was a hair over 5'1" and kind of enjoyed being around someone my own size.

It's strange how the old 'misery loves company' adage can be stumbled upon when you least expect it.

Soon it was my turn to open up and I was relating my loneliness as an only child and how my mother pretty much brought me up single-handedly once my father left when I turned five. It wasn't till much later that we heard he had moved south with another woman, when a sudden Christmas card appeared and became a regular occurrence each year, which was never reciprocated.

Finally the topic was girlfriends and that's when his anger surfaced, how his height put him at such a disadvantage, especially with the opposite sex. Not that I wasn't sympathetic having experienced the exact same feelings throughout most my teenage years.

Finally he looked me in the eye and dropped a bombshell, "In fact," his voice grew low and mysterious, "I'm really more interested in looking like them than asking them out."

As if that weren't enough, he suddenly disappeared into the bathroom only to return a few minutes later decked out in a full-length, pale-green nightgown and matching robe with obvious assistance in the bust area more suited to the female gender.

"Now this is what I call comfort," satisfaction was oozing from his voice.

I just sat there stunned, at a total loss for words, which is certainly a rarity for an attorney, slowly examining his image and trying not to show my astonishment.

"Don't get all crazy," he touched my shoulder, "I really don't bite," his smile was a little forced but had a calming effect on me. It's not like he's making a pass or anything, although I wasn't sure that wasn't next. This was brand new territory for me. I've heard of homosexuals but always managed to avoid the occasional incident during my adolescent years.

As we finished eating the strangeness began to wear off. After all, he was wearing clothes that made him comfortable, even if they were more suited to a woman. My gut was starting to relax, accepting his behavior as harmless and not an issue.

When he cleaned the kitchen I noticed the high-heeled slippers, which made him taller. Settling into the living room couch I resumed my research and lost all awareness of him even when he settled down next to me with his own files.

Occasionally I glanced over to study his image momentarily, noting the dark eye shadow and light pink lipstick and how the shape of his hair was so feminine.

I couldn't keep from smiling. Don't we all have some inner dream or fantasy? As long as it doesn't bother anyone did it really matter?

By sharing this fetish he was showing his trust in me, which made me feel good. Silently I swore to myself that his secret would always be safe with me.

By 11:30 my eyes were closing and suddenly I remembered where my car was.

"I've had enough," my throat felt dry. "I'll catch a cab and see you in the morning," I began to close my files.

"No, no," his voice sounded almost girlish. "You'll never find a cab at this hour and besides it'll take you hours to get home. Use the guest room," he pointed to the doorway, "and you can still get your beauty sleep," he smiled at me sweetly, "you've earned it." He jumped up and quickly left the room, causing me to hesitate.

I was finished packing by the time he returned, "I left you something to sleep in," again he indicated the side room. "I'll find you some fresh underwear and a shirt and socks in the morning," he was hanging my coat in the closet and turning off the lights in the hallway and living room.

Reluctantly my files remained on the cadenza, as the thought of a cozy mattress was hard to resist. Reaching for my shoes I moved lethargically towards the guest room thankful that the two-hour trip home was taken care of. His warm and caring attitude penetrated my defenses in spite of his unusual getup.

There was a fresh towel next to a pink object on the bed.

"Don't make a big deal about the nightie," his head peaked through the doorway, reading my mind for the second time that day, "its all I ever sleep in. They're really comfortable if you give them half a chance and there's a fresh toothbrush in the cup. Guests first," he nodded towards the bathroom.

Quickly I grabbed the towel and gown and closed the bathroom door securely. Did he really expect me to wear this nightgown to bed? Pink no less. Just because he's a nut doesn't mean I have to follow. My briefs would do just fine. Then their heaviness hit me and made me realize the long day just spent in them.

After washing I looked at my weary image momentarily imagining Stan's laughter at seeing me in his nightgown.

I wonder if it even fits.

It fell easily over my head and down my body, reaching close to the floor, giving me goose bumps all over. His high-pitched voice called pleasantly through the door, "Come on sweetheart, my bed is calling me."

"Hold your horses," my gaze caught the snugness at the waistline even as a strange arousal held me in its grip. My briefs quickly joined the laundry pile before moving to the door, the sleek material caressing my body and beginning to create arousal.

Sudden panic hit as I stepped through the doorway, my gut tightening as I waited for his appraisal.

“Fits pretty good,” he playfully poked at my belly as we passed, “except here of course.”

Thanks for noticing the extra ten pounds put on during my stay in D.C. All that junk food and lack of gym time was having an affect.

It took all of 30 seconds to turn out the lights and find my way into bed. It was good, a definite plus over my lumpy mattress and reminded me yet again of the need for a new one.

It was probably my exhausted state but I never heard Stan leave the bathroom.



The morning brought further research, spending almost an hour on files before Stan even stirred. The matching robe I found on the chair kept the morning chill at bay and added to a newfound comfort, although it was hard to admit. Still there was a new understanding of why women preferred lounging around the house in these flowing wisps of material.

He smiled when he saw me and leaned down to kiss my cheek, showing a familiarity that was startling.

“That’s how girlfriend’s greet each other in the morning,” he cooed and went to put up coffee.

“Speak for yourself, Stan,” I counted, not at all ready to concede a girlfriend identity, even with my feminine attire.

“Stacy please, when I’m like this,” he was quick to remind me.

It was hard to think of him as Stacy, much less call him that although his image bore little resemblance to the Stanley I knew.

“I’ll get you some fresh clothes while you shower,” he took my book away and moved me towards the bathroom.

Surprisingly there was reluctance when I removed the robe and gown before stepping under the refreshing water.

I was ready for a new day pleased with having slept so well after accepting his offer. A mattress without lumps was certainly preferred. I had to take care of that this weekend, well maybe next weekend since the case would be occupy my thoughts tomorrow and Sunday.

I made use of his razor before wrapping a towel around my waist and returning to the guestroom.

The bed held a clean white shirt next to a pair of pink underwear. Doesn’t he own any briefs? Why such a feminine color? White would work just as well.

I could hear the shower going and rather than wait I slid the skimpy panties up my legs and enjoyed the strange snugness around my genitals. Beggars can’t be choosy and this really wasn’t difficult to take. Everything fit well, confirming



our closeness in size. The shirt was a bit tight in the shoulders but the silk socks and camisole were quite comfortable.

All day long the panties kept reminding me of their slick confinement.

'He probably wears them all the time' I thought to myself, wondering what other feminine apparel were underneath his suit.



That was only the beginning.

The hit-and-run trial went off without a hitch and soon we were teaming up on other assignments, management noting our easy compatibility and success rate. They should only know the extent of our familiarity, but that was still 'in the discovery stage' as we began to spend more free time together as well. Being teamed up on so many projects meant more time at his apartment, including full weekends on several occasions when extensive preparation was needed for Monday morning trials.

Slowly my feminine side came to the fore. One evening he suggested a bra when he noticed me staring at his bust-line. "You can look this delicious too," his lecherous smile accompanied the black lacy brassiere dangling from his fingers. "It's amazing what the right undergarment can accomplish."

The tight confinement took some getting used to but the new authenticity to my female shape made it easy to live with.

Then one Saturday morning after another late night, he insisted on my wearing a blouse, skirt and heels and glossy pantyhose around the apartment. The two-inch heels were plenty for me to handle. When he added light makeup I was astonished by my reflection, very much aware of my growing womanly image and the comfort it brought me.

I was hooked, studying my front protuberances as I strolled past the many mirrors. Funny how I had previously missed the many mirrors strategically placed in all the rooms.

Over the next several months more and more weekends were spent in dresses, my excitement and contentment growing in direct proportion to my improving womanly image.

At my home there are nightgowns for around the house and panties are now my underwear of choice. Of course Stacy's birthday present of a dozen multicolored briefs made it easier to discard my cotton briefs and a slew of other clothes that were banished to the upper tiers of my closet. There was a desperate need for more room for my rapidly expanding feminine wardrobe.

One weekend Stacy stopped by unexpectedly and caught me dressed, in a figure hugging housedress with yellow flowers and some light makeup. She easily extracted an embarrassing confession of my growing affinity for feminine attire.

“There’s no need for secrets between us,” she assured me. “If it pleases you than that’s reality and to be accepted. I can certainly understand your feelings,” she smiled, sounding just like a real woman.

It wasn’t long before we were out on the streets together spending much of our free time as ‘girlfriends’. My initial fears subsided and turned to joy as I gloried in the acceptance of ‘Mary’, suppressing thoughts of how close my image paralleled Stacy’s. Weekends seemed to fly by and all too soon I was hiding Mary away so Marty could make a living.

Then one Sunday morning my landlord pulled a surprise visit almost causing me apoplexy. His appearance at the door around 11:30 forced me to move like a gazelle, scrambling for loose garments to disguise my slinky underwear. Dressed in baggy warm-ups and pocketing my breast pads I approached the front door glad I had not yet added makeup.

Opening the door I invited him in for coffee feeling like a fraud.

He almost made me choke when he announced the 20% rent increase effective the first of the following month. “Your lease expired in July (it was now December), so you’ve been month to month since then. With the new carpeting and furniture in the vestibule (not something I needed) it has to come from somewhere,” was the extent of his justification.

Ten minutes later he headed out the door needing an answer by Christmas Day. What a marvelous Christmas present.

When Stan heard about it he was astounded, instantly suggesting we go to court (the old knee-jerk attorney response to everything). “He can’t raise your rent without notice,” he exclaimed in Stacy’s higher tones. “There must be a law about such short notice and such a steep increase.”

I of course agreed, not really sure if there was any merit at all to what he was saying.

During most of our lunch hour he was unusually quiet and thoughtful, but with dessert before us he gazed at me and sighed, “Of course, we could simply forget the whole court scene and let you use my guest room instead. It’s been such fun having you over I’ve actually been thinking of asking you to live with me anyway.” And here fate stepped in and gave him a push.

“I hope you won’t think I put your landlord up to this. Just think, we could tinker in lady-land to our hearts content without anyone disturbing us.”

My mind was swirling as she continued, “Listen, you don’t have to make a commitment now, just think on it. You have no competition. You’re the only one in the race and you can always try it and see if you like it and then make a decision. It will certainly give you more time to find a place of your own if that’s what you want.”

‘Did I want a roommate?’ was the first thought to pop into my head followed closely by ‘Do I really want to live with this lunatic?’

He wasn't finished, "I promise, I won't be offended if you decide against me. I'll only scratch your eyes out," he smiled and spooned some melting ice cream into his mouth.

I didn't know what to say and just sat there watching him delight in his desert.

"And another thing" he added as we started back to the office. "Splitting the rent will leave more money in both our pocketbooks," that thought was certainly acceptable. "You know there's a new exercise place just opened around the corner. We could both join. They're having a promotion, two for one, and we both know how much we need exercise. The more I think about it the better it sounds," he was still smiling at me, "and you know how much I adore Mary's company," he squeezed my hand for emphasis.

I took a few days to consider all my options. It felt like I was only postponing the inevitable. Stan's invitation would give me time to think (it was only two weeks to new years) and find a more suitable place if being around him whacked me out too much.

Right before New Years we moved all my stuff and settled me into the guest room. He made space in the coat closet and removed most of his things from the guestroom closet.

If it didn't work out I'd simply look for my own place. In the meantime it was a roof over my head and a big reduction in rent money. With all my clothes purchases over Christmas my savings account was dwindling rapidly. Hopefully I'd learn to control this new shopping urge before I ended up in bankruptcy court.

On a more positive note the two of us were walking past the Pearl Street Club on the first Saturday in January, just two girls checking out the neighborhood when Stacy suggested we check out membership, reminding me of our need for exercise especially with the snows limiting our outdoor activities. My reluctance had to do with lack of 'Mary' ID and the idea of committing to being her whenever I wanted to exercise.

But you know Stacy, how persistent she can be when she has her mind set on something. The 40% discount offered for two memberships was certainly difficult to pass up. Soon we were shopping for leotards and tights, which led to my introduction to 'the gaff', a must have if my tights were to show a demure crotch line.

We began aerobics class the following Wednesday morning, from 6 to 7 am, and laughed afterwards as we dragged our bodies back to the apartment to resume our male identities for the workday ahead. We signed up for three days a week and could show up Sunday if we wanted. The weight loss of ten pounds would make me feel better, even though the shape I presented was that of a woman.

With us naturally spending so much time together at the office our new living arrangement went unnoticed. A newly opened PO Box helped me avoid unnecessary questions about a change of residence.

Stan, in the meantime, had launched a full-fledged attack on my masculinity, making Marty shiver at having to be around Stacy so much of the time.

### **Full Speed Ahead**

His attack actually began on the day of my move.

Even before our new exercise duds he slyly purchased several bra and panty sets with two truly realistic falsies as a ‘welcome home, Mary’ gift, insisting they be used around the house ‘so Mary will get accustomed to them’. He also had me speaking in higher tones whenever the front door closed on our return home from the office, wanting our conversations to become totally natural for any outdoor excursions we might make.

A definite need to be taken for girlfriends, which of course called for sounding like them at all times.

“Try these and see how they feel,” the heels were 3 inches and replaced my slippers for around the apartment. Blouses, light sweaters and skirts were now my normal leisurewear. My favorite pale-green silk blouse and black wraparound skirt needed only a panty girdle to display a rather attractive feminine figure. The weighty falsies were already beginning to feel natural. She would not let me go anywhere without them.

With each passing week it grew more intense.

Our exercise regimen has many of the guys goggle-eying us as we pound the treadmills and grind the stationary bikes. There’s real excitement at being exposed in our skintight outfits and sensing the eyes watching our every move. My falsies get serious consideration as they shift to my every move and cause my cheeks to redden every time I see some guy staring at them. It’s bad enough revealing so much of my body but the skintight leotards seem to intensify my self-consciousness, which needs no further provocation. At least my muscle tone and stamina are back even if Mary gets the benefit of them.

It’s getting more and more difficult to reach across the widening gap to Marty’s image on Monday mornings. Just disguising my feminine hairdo and lowering my voice has become a major challenge.

When I forget Marty’s voice ‘Stan’ can’t help but chuckle at Mary’s emergence. He adores my newfound shyness, even though my womanly confidence has gained significantly as Mary becomes more commonplace during all my free time. It’s amazing what practice can accomplish.

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So here I stand in my 4” heels on the rim of the dance floor, gazing out at the couples swaying to the music, wishing I swaying right along with them in my partner’s arms.

That’s quite a stretch from only four months ago when I first moved in.

The high heels no longer faze me. In fact I'm acutely aware of the tightness to my skirts and how they add to my sex appeal when I pass a guy, adding to my confidence as their eyes follow along. This new perspective is gaining ground on my regular existence.

We spend just about every waking moment away from the office as girlfriends.

With Stacy always hocking me it's almost impossible to bring Marty back. It's like going against 'Mother Nature', Stacy says.

If it weren't for her, where would Mary be? She gets most of the credit and yet there's this queasy feeling when I'm around her, seeing her loveliness and yearning to be just like her. She's so beautiful when she does herself up and seems impossible to emulate. Then the inadequacy feelings hit and won't leave me in peace, as I chase around trying to make myself more beautiful, just like her. I have no control over this urge. Her compliments make no difference, sensing her need for my companionship compels her to encourage me regardless of how I look.

Would this dance turn into another Arthur's, where I stood around most of the evening watching everyone having a good time? I recall how I shifted from foot to foot until I couldn't take it any more and insisted Stacy leave early and end my nerve-wracking disappointment. Yet just a single week later I was again on the sidelines looking in. There's no doubt about it, I'm a definite glutton for punishment.

The third song started and still no one approached. I was getting antsy and growing more annoyed with Stacy's insistence on my company. She could have left me home with the TV and a good book and did her own thing? Why do girls always have to do things in pairs?

Suddenly a well-dressed man was standing in front of me and caused a quick flutter in my tummy. Hopefully it would disappear and not cause me any embarrassment.

"Don't I know you," his voice had a deep resonance that sounded familiar and caused me to focus on his face.

My jaw muscles tightened involuntarily.

Is this really Senator Cummings?

My God, what was he doing here?

This couldn't be happening, not to Mary. A deep hole was my instant wish, preferably in a deserted part of town. He would spot my disguise and make me the laughing stock of the firm.

My head began shaking of its own accord, "I don't think so." Phew, Mary was talking. All that practice was paying off. My anxiety was so severe I could hardly think.

"I'm Peter," he smiled and some of the tightness began to recede.

I was passing.

He didn't really know who I was.