



Reluctant Press

Hopeless

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C, PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Hopeless

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

Friends! Everybody needs them and everybody has at least one somewhere. Some friends are just temporary and don't last for long. Others are permanent and can last a lifetime. Friends are those rare people you can get along with well enough to trust with your most intimate secrets and who share theirs with you as well. You're always willing to help a friend and your friends will help you when you need it.

That's what I thought anyway. George, Jerry, Mike and Don were my best friends from grade school. My name is Tracy. We were inseparable most of the time and did everything together. We trusted each other completely. Sure, we had other friends too, but the five of us stuck together like glue.

In junior high Kathy, Leigh and Mary joined our group since they liked George, Mike and Don. A bit later we added Tammy and Sally as me and Jerry had girlfriends too. Now it was the ten of us and we all thought we would be friends for life. The friendships lasted through high school, good times and bad, dating and dances and graduation.

Then came the split. We all had different goals in life and so we all decided on different colleges to complete our educations. I was interested in electronics so I was going to go to the City College where Sally, Kathy and Leigh were going. They promised Tammy, my girlfriend, they would take good care of me and make sure I didn't fool around with other girls. Like that was a problem? I was in love with

Tammy and I was pretty sure she was in love with me so fooling around was not something I had even thought of doing.

We had a week yet before Tammy had to leave for her college and the other girls had worked her into lather about her not being able to trust me while she was gone. We were at my house, in the living room and sitting on the couch together with my mother in the room too. Mom was trying to help me calm her fears and telling Tammy that she would keep a close eye on me and make sure I didn't try fooling around with any other girls.

"What about when you're not there Mrs. Richards?" Tammy asked Mom. "You're not going to go to school with him, are you?"

"No, I'm not going to school with him," Mom admitted.

"How can I trust him there then?"

"You'll have Kathy, Leigh and Sally there to keep an eye on me," I told her. "Besides, I love you so I don't want any other girls. You'll just have to trust me Tammy, like I trust you."

"I do trust you Tracy, but I'm still not sure," she said. "I have a hard time trusting anyone."

"I know a sure-fire way that you can trust him Tammy," Mom said then.

"How?" she wanted to know immediately. Mom took Tammy into another room for a private talk with her while I stayed on the couch. I heard Tammy giggling from the kitchen, then both of them laughing and that was all I heard. I wasn't eavesdropping on them; their laughter was just loud. It had been awhile since I had heard Tammy laugh and it was nice to hear it again. Whatever Mom was saying it sure loosened Tammy up. Whatever it was though couldn't be too good for me. Two women having a good laugh about something that concerned me could never be good for me. Tammy came back alone to join me on the couch again and she snuggled up close to me.

"Do you love me Tracy?" she asked me sweetly.

"You know I do," I told her.

"Will you love me forever?" she asked me.

"You already know that too," I replied.

"Are you willing to do anything I need you to do for me?"

"Like what?" I asked her suspiciously.

"Like whatever it is that I need you to do for me. I NEED you to do it for me Tracy and if you really do love me I know that you will do it. It won't hurt you and only you, your Mom and me will ever have to know about it, but I need you to do it so I can go away to college and trust you implicitly. Please say you will do it?"

"Do what?" I asked again.

"I guess you don't love me then," she began to pout. "If you loved me you would agree to do it without having to know what it was."

“I do love you Tammy, but lets be fair here. How can I agree to do something when I don’t know what it is? What if I agree to do it but it turns out to be impossible for me to do? I have to know what it is before I can do it?”

“You will know what it is before you do it but if you can’t trust me to act in our best interests then I know that you don’t love me and you don’t trust me.”

I was between a rock and a hard place now. What could it be that she couldn’t tell me what it was first and then let me decide if I could do it? Mom had planted the seed in her mind and had helped her hatch this scheme and I figured that my own mother would never suggest anything that could hurt me. Still, a happy Tammy was far better than the one I’d had for the past few days. I could agree to it now and let it slide later when it no longer mattered as much. “Okay Tammy. I love you and I trust you and I will do whatever it is that you need me to do for you. Happy?”

“Yes! Very! Your Mom and I have to do a bit of shopping now. You stay here and we’ll be back in a few hours. Then you can do what I need you to do.”

“What is it you need me to do Tammy?”

“You’ll find out when we get back. Just be here and alone when we do. We don’t want to share this with the world.”

CHAPTER 2

Tammy was my kind of girl. I had been dating her for four years now and as far as I knew, we were both still virgins. I was in love with her and since she was my best friend as well, I did respect her too. It was her wish to remain a virgin until she got married and I respected that. Sure, we did a lot of necking and a lot of touching each other and I’m pretty sure I made her cream her panties a few times more than she made me cum in my shorts, but neither of us had seen the other naked and we hadn’t done the deed together.

At five foot ten inches she was a couple of inches taller than I was. Probably weighed a bit more than I did too. But she was still one sexy babe. She had such a perfect face that she kept framed with her dark hair, beautiful green eyes, a cute little nose and those full and kissable lips of hers. She had a pair of nice and firm tits and I liked them as large as they were. It was fun for both of us when she let me play with them, more so when I got her bra off and could pay close attention to her nipples that got hard and erect as I licked and sucked on them. I had seen her in different bathing suits and bikinis so I knew what the rest of her body looked like though I still had to imagine what her muff was like. No meant no so I respected her choice and never tried to push her beyond what she would allow me to do.

As far as I knew, Tammy and I were the only virgins in our graduating class. The other guys liked to brag about what they had accomplished with their girl-

friends and how often they did it. The five of us didn't need to brag. We knew what we had or hadn't done and we didn't have to tell the world. I was pretty sure that the other guys had been dipping their wicks with their girls but it wasn't a topic we discussed as much as the other guys in our classes. It was no one else's business really. I didn't mind being a virgin just as long as Tammy was one too. Marriage was out for us until both of us had finished college but I felt as though she was the only girl for me. I hoped I was the only guy for her.

The thing is, I trusted her to go away and remain faithful to me. I thought that she should trust me too since I would never do anything like she imagined I would. It was just that the other girls had teased her in private. Both about being a virgin and about leaving a stud like me behind for the four years of college that she had ahead of her. It was good-natured teasing amongst close friends, but it had struck a chord inside Tammy and she just couldn't trust any guy now. I was myself, not the other guys. Tammy was everything to me. The other guys might fool around on their girls and the girls might fool around on the guys as well, but that didn't mean that I was going to do that to her. She just couldn't see it though and needed assurances. I would have to do whatever it was that she wanted me to do. I wondered if they still made chastity belts?

It was Monday and Mom's regular day off from the beauty salon where she worked. No big deal for her to spend it out with Tammy. The two of them always had gotten along great together. I had met Tammy after Dad had died so she never had met him. We had enough inheritance that Mom didn't have to work to put me through college. She worked at the salon because she didn't want to sit around doing nothing all of the time. I could understand that.

I heard Mom's car pull into the driveway and looked at my watch. It had been a couple of hours already! Where had the time gone? I hadn't done anything in the time they were gone except sit and think about the girl I loved, the things we'd done together and the things we were going to do when we were finally able to get married. If love was a disease, I had the incurable kind.

They came into the house together, Tammy carrying one small bag, Mom with a larger one. I was there and alone as specified and my girl came to me to give me a big hug and a tender kiss that Mom ignored. Mom never cared what Tammy and I did together, so long as we didn't make her into a grandmother too soon. No fear of that.

"I have a surprise for you Tracy," she told me as she waved the little bag in front of my face.

"What is it?" I asked her as I tried to sound as enthusiastic as she was. I wasn't.

"It's a brand new style of men's bathing suit from Europe. Gizelle's has them in stock now and they cost a pretty penny too but when I saw them, I knew I wanted to see you in one so I got it for you. I want you to go up to your room, put it on and come down to show me how it looks on you. Please honey?"

She was using that pleading tone of hers so I knew that she did want me to do this. A man's bathing suit? I could do that. No big deal really. She had seen me in

my bathing suit before. We stood up together and she opened the bag to remove the tiny garment and hold it up for me to see. It was really tiny! Smaller than what some girls wore on the beaches these days! “C’mon Tammy!” I said. “That thing is pretty small! You expect me to wear it?”

“You said you would so I bought it for you. Your mother said it’s your size and she should know. It’s a thong bikini that the men in Europe are wearing in public now. I’m not asking you to do that. Just in private for your mother and me. All that it’s designed to cover is your manhood. Please honey?” she begged me again.

I had agreed to do it so I took the little black bit of nothing from her and she gave me a happy kiss on the cheek as she sent me off to put it on. It really was small as I tossed it onto my bed and looked at it as I began to undress. Damned thing was probably way too small for me but I did have to do as I promised. I stripped naked and picked it up to locate the front and the back and step into it. It stretched a bit as I pulled it up my legs and it was really tight as I barely got it up high enough that I could say I had it on. It didn’t fit like any other bathing suit I had ever worn. Damned guys in Europe liked to walk around naked too. They could keep their styles there and leave America with its own. Just then Mom came into my room and she saw me trying to adjust the tiny thing for some measure of comfort.

“I think it’s wonderful that you love her so much that you’re willing to do this for her Tracy,” she said to me. “She really needs all the reassurances that we can give her.”

“Damned thing is too small Mom,” I complained.

“Nonsense dear. You just have to wear it right.” She came around in front of me and stuck her long nailed fingers inside a leg opening and adjusted my cock down and back so it was holding my balls back too. Then she pulled what I thought was the waistband up at the sides and the back and it made the front dip even lower as I felt the thin strap slide into the crack of my ass. “There!” she said with a satisfying smile on her face. “Almost like the pictures we saw in the store.”

“Almost?” I asked her.

“Tammy really loves you Tracy. I know this for a fact. Whether you realize it or not, girls will consider you to be a handsome young stud and a lot of them are going to be throwing themselves at you. They will try to get pregnant with you so you will have to marry them and that is what they want. Tammy needs her education so she can have her career so she has to leave you to get it. In her place I know I would feel exactly the same. She loves you and doesn’t want to lose you to another girl. I know you love her and I feel very strongly about her myself. I want both of you to be very happy together. You can be if you do as we tell you to. It may hurt your pride but that’s about all and you will get it all back later. Trust me. This is the best thing for both of you.”

“This thing really hurts, Mom. How long do I have to wear it?”

“Not long really. Just a couple of hours or so, once a month.”

“Once a month? What for?”

“You’ll see. Tammy is going to tell you all about it. As I said Tracy, the only thing that may hurt is your pride. But if you can give that to her willingly, she can save herself for you and that is a really hard thing for any girl to do these days. All this is to her is absolute proof that you do love her. Argue or resist too much and you just might lose her. Your choice.”

“I do love her, Mom and I don’t want any other girl.”

“Prove it, dear. Do what she wants without a fight and you will have her love forever.”

“This was your idea, wasn’t it, Mom?”

“Part of it. I’ve seen some of it before. She never has. Part of it was her idea as well. She has thought it through and we have discussed it and worked out the kinks. She can love you forever but she needs the proof that you love her too. Only a woman who really loves you can ask you to do what she is going to ask of you. Remember that. But also remember that the more you argue about it the less she is going to believe in your love for her.”

“That’s crazy, Mom.”

“You’re going to find that girls and women are fickle that way dear. We each have our own ideas and we have to believe in ourselves if in no one else. I believed in your father and you know how we both found out after he was gone about all of the girlfriends he had on the side. I trusted him and he betrayed me. I think that Tammy has been betrayed before too. I doubt it was with a boyfriend but it may have been with a trust of a friend, a cousin or her father. A trust that is betrayed once can never fully be trusted again.”

I believed Mom. Dad hadn’t been a faithful husband to her. That fact hurt her and me too. But I also knew that I wasn’t like my father in that regard. I saw lots of other women and I never wanted them as much as I wanted Tammy. I’d be a liar if I said I never looked at other girls and more of a liar if I said I didn’t have some lust for them too. But just a thought of Tammy was enough to wipe away that lust in me and there was no girl I wanted but Tammy.

I felt pretty exposed and naked as I walked down the stairs to find Tammy sitting on the couch and waiting for me. I had a lustful stirring in my groin as I entered the living room but with such a tight thing as I had on it was impossible to show. She jumped to her feet in surprise when she saw me and the look on her face slowly changed to a wide grin. She came to me for another hug and kiss and I felt her hands roam down my bare back to my bare butt where she grabbed me like never before.

“Happy now?” I asked her though I knew that this was just a start for her.

“Happier than I was a few minutes ago, Tracy,” she said. “But that doesn’t mean that I trust you all alone for months at a time.”

“What’s it going to take Tammy?”

“Just a bit of your masculine pride. Can you give me that?”

“How?”

“Your mother is a beautician.”

“I know that.”

“She has things ready in the spare bedroom.”

“What things?”

“I want to see you with all of your masculine body hair below the neck removed completely.”

“What?”

“What do you need it for Tracy? To show you’re a man? To whom? I know you can grow it and I can see it all right now. What I need to see is you without all that hair. A man without any body hair at all is going to be less attractive to a woman who has never seen him with it. You don’t need to impress me with it and if you do love me and only me, you don’t need to impress anyone else with it either. Do you?”

Mom was right. This was going to hurt my pride. But which did I need more? My pride or my girl? The answer to that was easy for me. I needed my girl. “So lets go upstairs and you can watch Mom work her magic and remove the hair.”

“Watch? Heck Tracy, I’m going to help her do it! Aren’t you going to argue, fight and complain about doing this for me?”

I smiled then and it was a real and honest smile. “You are the only person I ever needed to impress Tammy. If this is what you believe you need then I can do it for you without a fight.”

“It’s going to be a bit painful Tracy.”

“I doubt it can hurt any more than losing you would. Besides, it’ll all grow back later on.”

“Sure. When I’m finished college and we can be together all the time. Your mother has agreed to do this for us once a month, just like I and most other girls get it done to ourselves. Most men don’t like to see body hair on girls and most girls love to see it on men. I don’t ever want to see body hair on you for the next four years at least.”

“Take a good look now then. Its the last you’ll see of it for that long a time.”

Mom was a good beautician. She knew her job and she knew the best way to remove the body hair that I had and that now had to go. Shaving would just make me itch like crazy as it began to grow back. The depilatories were messy and smelly and had to be done once a week. Waxing was the best method for hair removal since it pulled the hair out and it took a month for regrowth to begin to show. I lay on my back on the plastic sheet that was draped over the bed and let the two of them work on my front first. Sure it hurt and I even yelled a lot every now and then, but they were keeping it as painless as possible for me.

They did my arms first, then my underarms as they worked their way down to my waist. Then they moved down to my toes and started there to work their way up. As a last effort on my front they used scissors to trim down my exposed pubic

hair, then waxed away the stubble that remained. Every hair that they could see below my neck was completely removed with the wax job they gave me. Then I rolled onto my stomach so the process could be repeated on my back. It didn't hurt as much when they worked on my back so I wasn't screaming at all now. But my masculine pride was dented even more when I felt the thong being pulled down so they could wax between my pulled apart ass cheeks. The only hair I had now was that which I knew had grown on my scrotum. That and my cock were the only parts of me they didn't see so they didn't try to wax them as well. The thong was pulled back up so I could stand and let them inspect me without my male parts showing.

"You need a shower now Tracy," Mom told me. She led me to the bathroom where I had to hand out the thong before I locked the door. I could wear a towel back to my room after my shower.

The hot spray of the shower felt nice and soothing on my pulled-at skin now so I enjoyed the time I had just letting it hit me. I washed my hair first, and then used the soap on my body. Without my body hair I had a hard time getting any lather out of the soap. I was smooth and slippery all over and the soap refused to lather on me anywhere. I just had to make do with what I could for now.

With just Mom in the house I could have walked naked back to my bedroom since she and I did it often enough anyway. But with Tammy in the house too I had to wear a towel around my waist as I made the short walk up the hallway and into my bedroom. I was quite surprised to find both of them in there and apparently waiting for me. "What is this?" I asked as I stood there in my towel.

"This is you proving that you love me." Tammy said. "You do love me don't you Tracy?"

"I thought I'd proved that already."

"Part way anyway. This is the last step that I need, to know that you will be true to me."

"What's that?" I asked her. "You need to see me naked?"

"No. I would like that but I don't need that right now. What I need is for you to wear the underwear that is laid out on your bed," she told me.

I looked at my bed and what I saw there surprised me. Pink panties, pink bra, pink garter belt and a new pair of nylon stockings. Girls' underwear! "You want me to wear girls' underwear?" I gasped.

"Yes. From now on, until I am finished college. The prettier and more feminine it is, the better."

"Why?" I had to ask her. "Why can't you just trust me? Like I trust you?"

"Because I know what the other girls around here are like. I know that as soon as I am gone they are going to try and get close to you. You are a very handsome man Tracy and you present a challenge to every girl out there. I know you will probably try very hard to remain true to me but they are going to work extra hard to break that commitment. I don't expect you to be a hermit and never see or talk

to another girl or stay at home all the time. I just want to make certain you won't ever want to let anyone see you change or getting undressed. Except for me of course."

"Tammy! I already let you pull out all my body hair! Isn't that enough?"

"No. A man without body hair is too easy to explain away. Genetics, an illness or maybe just a competition swimmer who needed extra speed. A man who wears women's underwear all of the time is a lot harder to explain away. Besides which, most of the girls will refuse to have anything to do with a man who likes to wear women's underwear."

I just stared at Tammy for a few seconds. Then I turned to Mom and she just gave me a silent half-hearted smile and a slight nod of her head. I couldn't fault the logic though. I might be able to explain away why I was suddenly without body hair but I could never explain away why I was wearing women's underwear. No man in his right mind would ever do that! Gay men were suspected of doing it, never a straight man! If anyone ever found out that I did this, I would never be able to show my face again. I would be the laughing-stock of the entire college, of the entire city! The butt of every joke. But they would never know if I took great care and pains to make sure that they never found out.

I was screwed and I knew it. Both of them were watching me and waiting for me to do something. If I simply refused to do it Tammy might begin to believe it was because I didn't love her enough and then I might lose her. I didn't want that. I did love her. Mom, being a part of this, meant that she approved it and that she wanted me to do this too. So what? I could do what she wanted for the week she was in town, then go back to my own things when she was gone. No one would ever know the difference.

"Okay," I said to them and expected them to leave me alone so I could get dressed. They stayed.

"You can put the panties on without removing the towel Tracy." Tammy told me. "Then we will help you with the rest of it. Its not easy if you haven't done it before."

Mom moved over to the bed and picked up the panties to hand them to me, then half shielded me from Tammy's view so I could get them on. This was the most embarrassing thing that had ever happened to me. But I was glad that Mom was there. If it was just Tammy I knew that I would have a hard on that would never go away on its own. For some reason though, I never got an erection when Mom was around. I found the front of the panty and turned them around in my hands as I turned my back to both of them and stepped into the smooth ladies undergarment. I pulled it up my legs, keeping the towel on, and got the panty to about where it belonged on me. I made sure my pecker was pointed down and back so it would make less of a bulge in the front. Mom or not, I still might get a hard on from this. I had them on so I turned to face them.

Tammy was happy and smiling and she stayed where she was in the chair and watched as Mom got the bra and helped me into it. She pulled the ends together behind my back and fastened them there, then made some adjustments to the

straps. “We’re not trying to make you into a girl Tracy,” Mom told me as she turned me to face her. “The bra has no padding in it so it will not make a bulge under your outerwear. None of these things can be seen through your regular male clothing. The only thing the female underwear does is increase your need to not allow anyone other than us to know you’re wearing it.”

“You got that right,” I told her. Tammy laughed then.

“That is all I want Tracy,” she told me.

“I feel foolish,” I told them.

“Don’t,” Mom said. “This isn’t your idea. It’s Tammy’s. With us, you have nothing to feel foolish or sorry about. I am very proud that you are willing to prove your love to her in this manner. It proves to me that you do love her more than anything else in this world. That is wonderful to me.” Tammy agreed. Mom picked up the garter belt then and looked at me. “The towel has to come off now dear,” she said.

It had to happen sooner or later. I now had to let them see me in just the bra and panties as I was helped into the garter belt and stockings. I removed the towel and threw it over beside the door and Mom moved in to wrap the garter belt around me and do it up behind my back. Tammy wasn’t laughing now, or even smiling as Mom pulled out the panty to drop the garter tabs inside the waistband and pull them out the leg openings. I sat on my bed as Mom directed me to while she opened the package of nylon stockings and prepared one to put onto me. I did as I was told and soon I had both stockings on my legs. Then I had to stand up and Mom smoothed them up my legs to attach the garter tabs tautly. It was done, I was done.

CHAPTER 3

“I am a lot like most other girls Tracy.” Tammy said as she stepped up to me and gave me a kiss on the lips. “I don’t like to see my man wearing girls’ underwear. But right now I need it and I am thrilled silly that you love me enough to do this for me. Will you promise me that you will only wear girls’ underwear until I come back to stay forever?”

“Yes, I promise. Will you promise to never tell anyone about this?”

“I promise.”

“Not your parents or your friends or even your priest?”

“I said I promise and I do. Only the three of us will ever know about this. I do love you Tracy.”

Mom stayed while Tammy and I kissed so I still didn’t get a hard on. They watched as I put on a pair of socks, a shirt and my pants, then Mom got me a sweater to wear. The outline of my bra could be seen right through my shirt. I

would have to be extra careful now about what I did and did not wear when I left the house.

Wearing feminine underwear was not my choice and I would never have chosen to do so on my own. Never in a million years. But I did it for Tammy and it made her happy and it made Mom even happier to know that I wasn't at all like my father had been. I would never cheat on Tammy and she knew it, now.

All I could do was sit and watch as Mom and Tammy gathered up all of my male underwear and packed them into plastic bags. They were going into the garbage because I no longer had a use for them and in four years time, they wouldn't fit me anyway. Socks were all I was allowed to keep since they could still be seen if I had to remove my shoes or when I sat down and my pant legs rode up a bit.

I only had the one set of feminine undies for now. If I had refused to wear them there was no point in having a huge supply of them. But the one set was enough to get me through today and tomorrow and it was tomorrow that Mom and Tammy were taking me shopping for a larger supply of feminine underwear. I had to go because I had to pay for whatever it was we got for me and to see all there was to see. Mom had to go because she knew what sizes I needed in everything. Tammy had to go because she was the one who had to approve or disapprove anything that was bought for me.

Needless to say, I didn't feel like going out that day. It was going to take a lot for me to get used to wearing the tight fitting bra and garter belt so I could function properly again. Mom and Tammy made us dinner while I sat in the living room by myself. The panties weren't bad since they were a good fit, soft and smooth though I wasn't fond of seeing myself in so much lace as what they had. Pink really wasn't my color either. I was extremely conscious of the harness-like effect of the bra that I wore now and felt the empty lace cups scratching against my hairless chest. The tight fit of the garter belt sort of just blended in with the tight waistband of my pants and the belt that I had cinched closed snugly. Not all that noticeable right now. The biggest surprise to me was that the nylon stockings felt really nice on my legs and just the slightest touch or movement gave me a tiny thrill I didn't know existed. If my cock wasn't tucked down and back as it was I knew that I could get a hard on just from touching my legs. I had to survive four years of this so I had to get as used to it as I could. The sooner the better.

After dinner we stayed in and watched television together. There wasn't much on that was any good or worth watching, but all three of us had to get used to the situation that I had now. They knew what I wore even though they couldn't see it so they had to get comfortable with the idea that I would only wear those things from now on. They couldn't feel what I felt and I had to get used to what I felt. The bra was still the worst part of it. It had underwires that dug into my skin and it was very uncomfortable. Girls got used to them because they had the breasts to fill out the cups that sagged against my chest. The bras were going to be the hardest part about doing this for Tammy.

It was with a great deal of caution on my part that I walked Tammy home. She only lived a couple of blocks over so we walked rather than taking the car as I had

wanted to. “No one can see, no one else can know or suspect a thing Tracy,” she told me as we walked down the street. “I know yet I can’t see and I can’t even feel it when I touch you. But I do know and I love you even more because of it.”

“I feel so self-conscious now Tammy,” I said. “Its like everyone can see right through my clothes and they all know what underwear I have on, that they’re laughing at me to themselves. I don’t feel good about this and I don’t like being out in public like this either.”

“You’ll get used to it honey. We’re going shopping bright and early tomorrow so after a full day of being out and about in public you will learn that no one can see or suspect a thing. After the shopping is all done, you and I are going out together and we will spend a lot of time in public. The more we do now the easier it will be for you when you have to go out alone. Trust me Tracy.”

That was my problem. I did trust her. I loved her and I trusted her. I saw her to her door but I didn’t go in tonight. We kissed on the steps and she walked inside alone. Then I had to walk home and alone in the dark and wearing my feminine underwear with my male clothes over top. We hadn’t seen anyone else on our walk to her house. On my walk home I ran into a number of people that I did know and in talking to them politely I discovered that none of them knew of my new secret. It was a secret that the three of us shared and I hoped that no one else ever found out about it. I just wanted to get home and out of these things as soon as I could.

Mom had waited up for me though she had changed and was wearing her nightgown, bathrobe and slippers as she locked up the house behind me. She turned off the downstairs lights as she followed me up the stairs and into my bedroom. “I thought you would need help to get undressed tonight,” she said to me.

“Thanks Mom. I probably do. What part of this was your idea?” I asked her.

She cocked her head to one side as she looked at me. “The hair removal and a pair of panties,” she told me. “I know women now who do it to their husbands to keep them from fooling around on them. I should have done it to your father, but I trusted him. Tammy agreed to my idea and when we were out and getting what you needed, she expanded on the idea and insisted on the bra, garter belt and stockings too.”

“Why do men have to fool around on women they say they love?” I asked as I removed my shirt.

“Love is different things to different people. Most men will say they love a girl so they can have sex with her. Some men say they love a girl and mean it. Its almost impossible to tell the two apart.”

“Almost? So how do you tell them apart then?”

“With a hairless body and a pair of panties of course. Any man who will do that for a woman is indeed truly and deeply in love with her. I know that Tammy is in love with you and I know that she hates to see you wearing girls’ underwear, but at the same time she is thrilled that you would do it for her.” I took off my shoes, pants and socks. “Tammy came to feel that just a pair of panties wasn’t enough.

That was enough for a man who was already married and committed to a woman. But you two aren't married yet and so the public commitment isn't there yet. That is why she specified nothing but feminine underwear for you from now on. If it's made for a woman, you can have it. If it's made for a man, it has to be outerwear."

Mom supervised as I removed my nylon stockings and laid them out on the bed. She watched and gave me directions as I took off the garter belt and draped it over the chair beside my bed. She tried to direct me on how to properly remove my own bra but my arms and hands weren't used to working like that behind my back so she told me about the shortcut. Slip the straps off my shoulders and arms, pull it down to my waist and turn it around so I could undo it in front of myself. The bra landed on the bed with the stockings, then I removed the panties. I put on my pajama pants and tied the waist string loosely. Mom continued to supervise me as I had to carry my feminine undies to the bathroom, hand wash them and hang them to dry so I could wear them in the morning. Then, for the first time in about a dozen years, she tucked me into bed before going to bed herself.

I woke up to the sound of the front doorbell ringing. I looked at the clock beside my bed and saw that it was only six in the morning. Who would be here and disturbing us this early? I got out of bed and put on my bathrobe and slippers to check on Mom. She was a sound sleeper and still asleep so I ran down the stairs and to the door so I could stop the doorbell from waking her. It was Tammy!

"What are you doing here so early?" I asked her as I opened the door wider to let her inside.

"I couldn't sleep," she said as she embraced me. "I also couldn't stop thinking about you either." I closed the door and led her to the kitchen where I put on the coffee.

"If it helps, I think of you all the time too."

"It helps. Years ago I promised my parents and my priest that I would stay a virgin until after I was married. I keep my promises Tracy. A person who can't is pretty useless. I need people to trust me."

"I know you keep your promises Tammy because you're still a virgin, and I do trust you. You made a promise to me too so I know you will keep it."

"A year before we moved here Tracy, before I met you, I had another boyfriend. I liked him and I trusted him and we did all the things that kids do. We kissed when we were alone and held hands in public and it was sort of dangerous and exciting for me then. I even let him touch my breasts. Then he went and told everyone that we'd had sex together too. I had to see a doctor who examined me to prove that I was still a virgin and that he was a liar. No one would believe me. No one would trust me without me seeing the doctor and having it proven. They took his word over mine. I hated it and I lost all trust in all males."

"I can understand that Tammy. Trust me though. The only thing anyone else knows about us is what they see us doing in public. I never talk about you behind your back and what we do when we're alone is strictly our business."

“I’m sure I can trust you Tracy, but I still have doubts.”

“Even now? Even after yesterday?”

“A bit. It’s not your fault Tracy. It’s other men. It’s other women. I got home last night and found out that my parents are getting a divorce. My father has a girlfriend and has been cheating on my mother! Of all the men in the world I thought I could trust my own father! Now I find out that he can’t be trusted either. Do you blame me for having doubts about you?”

“No,” I said. “I guess I can’t blame you at all. But I don’t know what I can do about it.”

“I don’t know what anyone can do about it. I just know that we did the right thing yesterday. As a start anyway. The more unattractive I can make you to another woman, the better I will feel. I don’t need to see you in feminine underwear; I just need to know that you’re wearing it. But I would feel a whole lot better if you would also agree to wear bright pink toenail polish too. It’s a feminine thing, I know, but so is the removal of the hair. Please Tracy? Can you do this for me too?”

She couldn’t trust any guy now, not even me. A liar for a previous boyfriend and now her own father proving that he couldn’t be trusted either. It was no wonder that she couldn’t trust me. Toenail polish on me would never be seen anyway since I was going to be wearing the nylon stockings under my male socks and shoes so why not? “We can buy some when we go out later,” I told her.

“I just happen to have a bottle of it in my purse,” she said with a grin.

“Imagine that!” I said contritely.

I poured both of us a cup of coffee and we got them fixed the way we liked them. Sitting sideways at the kitchen table I slipped off a slipper to put my bare foot on her lap so she could paint my toenails for me in the color of her choice. Bright pink it was. She did a coat on the five nails and held my foot till it was mostly dry, then let me put it down to finish drying while she did the other five nails on the other foot. She was on the second coat on my second foot when Mom came into the kitchen and saw us.

“That’s pretty too,” Mom said. “I don’t know why I didn’t think of it.” She got herself a cup of coffee and joined us at the table. “Why?” she asked. Tammy explained her reasoning. “It makes sense then that you would want to be extra sure about Tracy then,” Mom agreed.

“Can you do electrolysis Mrs. Richards?” Tammy asked Mom.

“Sure. Why?”

“Tracy doesn’t have much for facial hair yet and I want to keep him looking just as he is. Can you do it on him?”

“Sure. But electrolysis isn’t a permanent solution to the problem of male facial hair Tammy. It has to be done extensively over and over before it’s removed permanently.”