



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Whatever Makes You Happy

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

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**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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# Whatever Makes You Happy!

by Patricia Smith

## CHAPTER 1

Dad was a self-made man and was damned proud of it too! He boasted about it all the time to just about anyone who would listen to him. Okay, it was an accomplishment that anyone could be proud of, but he didn't have to drill it into everyone he met. He had started with nothing to learn all he could, then build up his retail businesses to where he was a millionaire and didn't have to worry about anything.

Mom had married Dad when he had nothing and helped him on his rise to greatness. She had married for love but wasn't about to say no to the riches that followed. Who could blame her for that? They were set for life.

I was the last child in a family of five kids. Mary was born first and named after Mom. Then came two more girls, Elizabeth and Ruth. Then came Daniel Jr., named after Dad. I was the last one, a boy and the baby of the family, and I was named Judas because Dad liked the name. With such a notorious name from the Bible, I was called Jude for short by most everyone. My siblings preferred to call me Judy whenever they could get away with it.

Growing up the baby of my family was no easy feat. Dad had the same distinction in his family and just look at where it got him! He was going to treat me the same way he had been treated all his life. I learned early that I had to fight to survive or end up with everyone else's scraps. Being the smallest and the thinnest I had to learn to use my brain to outwit those that I would defeat. I didn't have size

or muscle or speed to help me so I had to think my way through life and make the most of what I got.

Education was the big thing in my family. Demonstrated abilities in academic pursuits. I had, by the age of ten, discovered that showing how smart I was got me nothing at all. None of the little extras that the others got. So I had to prove to myself that I was even smarter than they were. I learned even more.

With a name like mine, I didn't have any friends. I didn't need them, yet. Friends were a tool that I had to learn to use to my own advantage. They would come in time.

So Mary finished high school and Dad paid her way through college. Elizabeth and Ruth followed at their own pace. All three girls still lived at home when they weren't off at school so I had to put up with them often enough. Dan 'the two' finished high school and went off to Harvard to learn law while Dad paid.

Then I finished high school. I knew all the answers on all the tests but knew that proving it wouldn't get me a thing. It would work to my advantage not to be perfect. I purposely made enough wrong answers to get and maintain a B-plus average right through high school.

"No!" Dad told me. "I'm not made out of money! I'm paying for four high priced college tuitions as it is and I'm not going to waste any more money on you. You can work for a year or two, save up your own money and put yourself through college, if you're smart enough."

Dad had the money and I knew it. I had broken into his desk and gone over his accounts and I saw for myself that he had a seven figured savings account and an eight figured checking account, and those figures were to the left of the decimal point. Then he had his stocks and bonds and his offshore accounts too. Dad had lots of money, he just wasn't willing to share it with me.

I had found myself a part-time job while I had been in high school. Pumping gas at a service station. I saved every cent I got and never told Dad about it. The job went full time in the summers and for other holidays when I wasn't in school and it went full time again now that I was finished with high school. I had saved up a nice little nest egg though I wasn't ready to use it just yet. I had to wait for my eighteenth birthday when I became a legal adult and could make my own decisions stick for myself.

I worked and I saved and finally my birthday arrived on my day off. Dad was at his office, Mom had gone out to one of her many charity meetings and the rest of my siblings were away at school. I packed my things into my suitcases, then packed a few extra things I stole from my missing siblings' rooms and moved out into my own little apartment closer to where I worked and spent most of my time.

It was a furnished one room apartment, but it had a good lock on the door. The building was three stories high and I was on the top floor in the back. The bathroom was down the hall and it had to be shared with other tenants on this floor.

My moving out of the family home was not an unexpected event. Actually, both Mom and Dad had expected me to do this since they had been mentioning the

idea to me more often lately. You see, my parents had this archaic belief that girls were weak and needed to be protected at all costs. Dad paid for their college not for the hope that they would become successful in their chosen careers, but so that they could meet and marry the right kind of man. Dan 'the two' got sent to college because he was expected, as the eldest son, to take over the family business one day and to manage the family fortune. I was expected to make it on my own without any help from anyone since that is the way I was raised.

So I survived and I worked and I contacted my family by phone once in a while to let them know I was still alive and to wish them well on various occasions. I never told them where I was and they never asked. Nor did they ask what I was doing or how I was living. It was enough for them that I was alive and out of their hair for good now.

## CHAPTER 2

All of my life I had to make my own fun. I didn't have any friends and I didn't want or need any just yet. I was working to secure my future first. But I had learned a long time ago to take my pleasures any way I could find them. As a mere child I discovered a great joy that came from doing something really bad, so I did it just as often as I could get away with it undetected.

I stole various items of underwear from my sisters and I wore them myself! That was my one great passion and the only real vice that I had. I learned to love dressing myself up in nylon and lace panties with matching bras and garter belts and sheer nylon stockings to put on a full slip or even a half slip with a matching camisole. As often as I could I would dress up in these items while alone in my room and feel really good for as long as I wore them. I would get a pail of hot water from the bathroom and hand wash my stolen undies and hang them to dry in my room and took the best care I could of the items I could no longer steal from my sisters.

I lived a meager existence as I saved my money and planned my future. I had my fun when I was all alone in my private room though I had dreams of better things to come. When I turned nineteen and had been away from home for one full year, I went out and bought myself the one treat I needed the most. A new identity!

It didn't cost a lot of money. A hundred dollars at the Bureau of Records where I filled in the form and turned in my old birth certificate since I no longer needed my old name. I had to have a new one, and one of my own choosing for my new life. But I didn't tell anyone what I had just done either. Everyone I knew now had no place in the life I was planning to make for myself. I had to wait two weeks before I got my new birth certificate in the mail and I was finally ready to continue with my plan.

I went to the social insurance department and got a new social insurance number to go with my new name on my new birth certificate. That was all the identification I needed for now.

I continued to work and to save and to live my meager life as I began going out and buying a lot of gifts for my girlfriends. In a lingerie store I bought pretty panties with matching bras and garter belts. In another I picked up some full slips and half slips with the matching camisoles too. Then I found an out of the way dress shop that was never very busy that was run by a helpful older lady. I had to get my girlfriend a couple of dresses for her birthday and this store had on display the kinds of dresses my girlfriend liked.

“What size is she?” the woman asked me.

“I don’t know,” I replied. “If I ask her she’ll know something is up and it has to be a surprise. Can I guess and give her the dresses, then let her exchange them if they aren’t right?”

“No. All of our sales are final. We don’t do refunds or exchanges,” she told me. “How tall is she?”

“My height, give or take a bit,” I said.

“Weight?”

“Maybe a few pounds heavier,” I answered. “I guess.”

“Hmm. Your height and your weight, why don’t you try on the dress and if its a bit loose in the chest and hips, it should fit her.”

“You’d actually let a guy try on a dress?!” I asked with amazement.

“Oh sure. Its no big deal. Show me the styles she likes and I’ll help you try them on in sizes that should fit you and therefore, her too.”

So I picked out three dresses in conservative working girl fashions which I could easily afford with the cash that I carried in my wallet. The woman was beside me as I made my choices and she held each dress up to me to get a rough idea of the fit. Then she took me to the back dressing room where she watched me strip down to just my undershorts before she helped me into each of the dresses in turn. All three fit me fairly well so they should fit my girlfriend even better. The woman took the dresses to the counter to add up the bill while I got dressed in my own male clothes again.

“Care to purchase a lottery ticket too?” she asked me.

“No thanks,” I replied. “I don’t gamble.”

“Of course you do, dear boy. Life itself is a gamble. Buying these dresses for your girl this way is a gamble too. If you can spend over two hundred dollars on dresses you can’t return with no guarantee they will fit the girl, surely you can spend one dollar on a chance to win over a hundred million dollars.”

“Well, since you put it that way, I guess I am a gambler. Okay. One ticket then.”

“Cash option?” she asked. “That way you get the money all at once though you’ll lose forty percent off the top for taxes. I believe the cash payout is seventy two million.”

“Fine,” I said. “Do I have to pick the numbers?”

“Not if you don’t want to. The computer can pick them for you.”

So I got a ticket and stuck it into my wallet with my change and the receipt and took the bag containing the dresses to go home and put them into my room. Then I had to go out and do some more shopping. I found a shoe store that wasn’t too busy and that had women working in it. This would be easier to do with women than with men.

“Can I help you, Sir?” a younger salesgirl asked me when I walked inside the store.

“Uh yeah, I hope so,” I said. “I just bought my girlfriend a dress for her birthday and now I find that I have to get her a pair of shoes too.”

“No problem. Just describe the dress to me and I’ll help you pick out a pair of shoes to go with it.” So I described the red dress I had just bought and the girl helped me find a pair of high heeled shoes that would go perfectly with it. “What size does she wear?”

“Are women’s shoes sized the same as men’s shoes?” I asked.

“No, they aren’t,” she replied. “They’re about two sizes different. Why?”

“I don’t know her size but she can wear my shoes easily enough so I figure we have feet about the same size.”

“Okay, that makes it a lot easier. Come over here and sit down. Take off your shoes and socks and I’ll measure your foot.”

“Why socks too?” I asked as I complied with her request.

“Because girls wear stockings inside shoes like these ones. Socks are much heavier than stockings are, even the thin dress socks like yours. I have a pair of knee high stockings you can try on for trying on the shoes.”

“I have to try on the shoes too?”

“Oh sure. But don’t worry, you don’t have to walk in them. I just have to make sure you can get them on.”

So I put on the knee high stockings and she measured my foot, then disappeared into the back to come out with several boxes of shoes for me to try on. It was a strange experience for me to have a pair of girls shoes fitted onto my feet by an attractive young girl such as this one, but I chose the pair that fit the easiest and that buckled onto my foot nicely. I knew there was no way I could stand in them so I didn’t even try.

I just took off the stockings to put my socks and shoes back on, then met the girl at the sales counter where she rang up the bill for me. “Care to try your luck on a lottery ticket?” she asked me.