



Reluctant Press presents:

Honor The Clothes

Rosie



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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Honor the Clothes

By Rosie

That day the heat wasn't so bad and I could do some work on the fence. Normally, I'm not a manual worker but I do what needs to be done. I saw my fiancée signaling to me that lunch was ready. About time. The work was fairly easy, still I was ready to take a break - I felt a little uncomfortable because my fiancée's panties were a little tight around my private parts. Probably my fault, I should have worn the ones she had offered. They were nice, loose, full-cut. But they were also made of red satin, lavishly trimmed with black lace. Gratefully, I had rejected them and dug out a pair of plain, white cotton panties instead.

The reason I was wearing her panties was that I was out of my own underwear. My fiancée, Helen, had inherited a house, quite far away from where either of us lived. We were going to take things slow, work on the house on weekends, then marry and move in when the house was ready. This was supposed to be the last of those weekends. Helen had just finished moving her stuff and we were going to get mine after the weekend. At that moment, I didn't have a job; Helen had applied for one in the area and left her present work, so we had some time on our hands.

That was usually comfortable, because we never had to make any firm plans about coming or going, except for this time. I had expected we wouldn't stay long, so I gave in to my great desire to travel light and packed clothes for only a few days. The weather was OK and the work was going along fine, so we decided to stay a bit longer. We had also just installed a washing machine so clothes shouldn't be a problem. Note "shouldn't be" and not "weren't." I forgot to turn on the water so the first load, our underwear, got completely ruined.

For Helen, that wasn't such a problem, she lost only two pairs of panties and by then she had already moved all of her belongings to the house. As for me, bef-

ore I pushed the “start” button, I put in the shorts I was wearing at the time. Needless to say, all of my stuff was still in my apartment. But okay, that wasn't such a tragedy, we decided to go get my stuff the next day or so. Hence my discomfort in her underwear.

“Hey,” she called out from the kitchen when I entered the house, “how's the fence coming along?”

“Fine,” I replied, “just about done, as a matter of fact. All I have to do is to paint it. I even have the gate almost working.”

She came into the dining room, carrying a pot steam was coming out of.

“Smells good,” I said.

“Why thank you,” she responded, “now go wash your hands.”

We washed the dishes together.

“How are you enjoying your panties?” she teased me when we finished.

I felt a little awkward.

“Fine, I guess,” I answered, wiping my hands in a tea towel, “a little tight, though.”

“Oh, that's a shame,” she pouted, “are the mean panties squeezing your poor little willie?”

I felt myself blushing.

“What are we going to do about it?” She approached seductively.

I shrugged.

“Maybe I should put the other ones on.”

“You could do that,” she purred, “or we could simply empty them a bit.”

“Huh?”

She stuck her hand into my panties, groping my balls. I gulped.

“Not much. Just so they'll fit.”

I smiled, felt myself growing in her hands. I pulled her closer and kissed her. Then she pulled my pants and we staggered to the living room, discarding the occasional item of clothing. We stumbled on a couch and proceeded to empty my panties as much as we could.

“Okay now, enough lounging around, you've got work to do,” she said when I was just about to fall asleep on the couch, lying beside her.

Grumbling, I got up, looked around for my panties, pulled them on. I went to search for my pants, as she stopped me.

“Let's see how good a job we've done,” she said as I stood before her, wearing only a T-shirt and the panties.

“Hmm, I don't know, I can see your balls; they're all being squeezed out at the edges. Maybe you really should put the other ones on.”

I decided it was embarrassing enough as it was.

“I should get back to work if I want to get the gate finished before dark,” I said. I pulled on my pants and rushed out.

I was regretting it after a dozen steps, but not enough to go change.

The dusk was just about through turning into darkness when I finished the work. I was pretty satisfied with what I had done with the gate, a little less satisfied with what I had managed to do to my clothes. Both the T-shirt and the pants were practically ripped to shreds. At first it was just a little tear in the T-shirt, but after further close contact with sharp edges (and falling down once or twice), the clothes were as good as gone. No real harm, just an old T-shirt and a track suit bottom, but as my stuff was back home, I didn't have much left to choose from. I should have considered myself lucky that I broke no bones.

Helen couldn't believe her eyes when I walked through the living room.

“What the hell happened out there, Ian? Did you get in a fight?”

“Kind of,” I replied, “that gate just wouldn't understand. You should see it now.”

“Oh,” she said, evidently relieved, “you OK?”

“I need a shower, but other than that, just Hunky Dory.”

Saying that, I left the living room and headed to the bedroom. I always lay out my clothes before I take a shower, the underwear at least. For a moment I was going to lay my pants on the bed, but then I remembered the state they were in and just threw them in a corner, along with the T-shirt. I tossed my jeans on the bed (my only pants left) and the better one of the two T-shirts. Before leaving for the bathroom, I flung my panties beside them.

When I returned, I noticed that my clothes were spread out nicely and that the panties I had worn were replaced by the red, frilly ones.

Oh, what the hell, I thought and put them on. Except for the crotch (that was still pushing my balls forward a little) they sure were more comfortable than the last ones. They did look stupid, but the feel of cool satin against my buttocks and my privates... Dismissing the feelings of indulgence, I finished dressing myself. Just in time, as Helen came in.

“That gate sure did a number on your clothes,” she said coming through the door, “I guess we'd better go get your stuff tomorrow.”

“Are you really sure it'll all fit in your car?” I asked anxiously.

“Look, we've been through this a million times. Yes, I'm sure. And even if it doesn't, I'll personally drive down there as many times as necessary to get all your belongings. If I can't make it by the end of the month, I'll pay you the extra rent. It'll still be cheaper than calling the movers. You've seen how effective they are.” She pointed at her outfit.

That shut me up. Helen hired a moving company which managed to displace a few of her boxes, containing, among other things, her “comfortable” clothes,

meaning clothes she usually wore at home: track suits, jeans and sneakers. They assured her they'd bring them as soon as they'd find them, at no additional cost (well, duh!), but in the meantime she had to work around the house in pantsuits and court shoes. She did look good in them, but that was hardly a substitute for lost convenience.

As for my worries, I didn't own a lot of things, just the clothes, bunch of CDs, an obsolete computer, some books and a small box of odd thingies, souvenirs and such. She drove one of those big Volvos that have a lot of space inside. And about who was going to drive - well, obviously her, since I didn't drive. I was going to get a permit at the time I met her, but seeing her drive discouraged me a great deal. I knew I could never muster the confidence she was radiating behind the wheel. Call me selfish, but I grew to enjoy being driven by her. Her driving skills seemed almost erotic to me.

"You're right, dear, sorry," I apologized, "want some tea?"

"Sure," she smiled.

Soon, I put down the tray on the coffee table in the living room and poured the tea.

"Mmm," she hummed after the first sip, "now undo your pants."

"Wha... why?"

"You know," she mused, "let's see your new panties."

"Look, they're the ones you laid out for me," I said dismissively, "Can I just sit down and drink the tea, please?"

"By all means," she replied, "no need to get excited."

"Oh, I don't know about that," I grinned mischievously.

"Just what do you have in mind?" She pretended to be shocked. "Does wearing frilly panties excite you?"

I tried to object, but she kept going.

"Are you some kind of a sissy?"

She moved from her couch to the sofa I was sitting on, leaving me barely enough time to put my teacup down before she jumped me.

"Let's just see exactly how excited you are," she said as she started tickling me.

We struggled, giggling, for a few minutes, then I allowed her to finally pull my jeans down.

These games usually made me excited and this time was no different. Quite the opposite, actually, as my fully erect penis was poking out from the elastic waistband.

"Oh my God," she gasped. "You really are some kind of panty fetishist."

"Please, Helen," I said, "stop it, it's embarrassing."

She didn't let go.

“Embarrassing? *I'm* the one who's embarrassed, I've just found out my man is a pervert who gets his rock off wearing sissy panties.”

“Come on, you know it's not the panties I'm excited about,” I whined.

“I know, I know,” she said soothingly. “I'm just teasing you.”

“Good,” I said, cupping her breast.

She lowered herself on me.

“All I wanted to say is that it's nice to see you're enjoying your panties so much, sissy.”

“I'll show you who's a sissy,” I said and another struggle broke out. After some time and a little help from her (her zipper was on the side, for crying out loud), I managed to get her pants off.

“Well look here,” I panted, pointing to the damp patch on her panties, “looks like men in panties turn you on; I guess it's *you* who's the pervert here.”

“Oh shut up, you sissy,” she said.

“Why don't you make me, you dyke,” I replied, poking some more into her crotch.

After yet more tickling and giggling, we ended up lying face to face, naked from our waists down. Slowly, I slid into her.

The tea got cold before I could even drink the first cup. Reluctantly, I got up to take the tray back to the kitchen.

“See,” I said, pulling on my panties, “no excitement here.”

She gently felt my flaccid organ.

“It's limp all right”, she said, “limp as your wrist, sissy!” and playfully slapped my bottom.

I rolled my eyes theatrically and took the tray, not bothering to put on my pants. When I returned, she was talking on her cell phone, walking around, as she usually did during phone talks.

“Well yes, I suppose I could... if it's really urgent...”

She trailed out off my earshot.

“Honey, I've got some news,” she said, coming back.

“Good news or bad news?” I asked.

“Depends,” she shrugged. “A bit of both.”

I shot her an interrogating look.

“They want me to come to work tomorrow,” she said.

“Tomorrow? But you weren't supposed to start till next week!” I cried. “What did you tell them?”

“I said I'd be there,” she replied. “What else could I do? They wouldn't call me unless it was urgent. They'll pay me plenty.”

“But what about...” I started.

“I know, your stuff. It'll just have to wait, I'm sorry.”

“It's easy for you,” I whined, “but I'm all out of clothes. I'm wearing your underwear, for Christ's sake!”

“Just calm down, I'll try to get you some new clothes in town. We'll go to your place as soon as we can, I promise.”

I sat down on the couch, silently.

She sat next to me. She put her hand around my shoulders.

“Look. I know that this isn't easy on you, but for what it's worth, I really appreciate your efforts and your patience.”

I felt a warm glow inside of me.

“Yeah well, I do what I can,” I shrugged.

“Besides, I can't see what you're complaining about,” she said, “my panties look great on you.”

She was considerate enough not to wake me up as she left and I slept well into the late morning. Work kept me busy and I almost didn't notice how night fell. I whipped up a nice dinner but it got cold before she came home. When she did, she was dead on her feet. I'd never seen her so exhausted before, so I didn't even bother asking if she bought me anything.

“Boy, they really meant it when they said it was urgent,” she said, eating the reheated food. “I'm sorry honey, but I just couldn't get out of there before the shops closed. It's like a mad house at the company.”

“It's all right,” I comforted her, “maybe I could go to town myself tomorrow?”

“Don't be silly. We live in the middle of nowhere. I drive almost an hour to get there. Even if I dropped you off on my way to work, you'd waste the whole day to get back.”

“I guess you're right,” I admitted. “I should probably paint the fence while the weather's dry.”

“There you go, I know I can always reason with you,” she smiled. “Can I ask you one little favor?”

“Sure,” I said. “Shoot.”

“Run me a bath, then be a doll and get some clothes out of the boxes. I'm far too tired for that and if I leave it for the morning, I'll be late again.”

“Anything special?” I asked her.

“Something in blue, preferably darkish. Pants, skirt - doesn't matter, as long as it's suitable for the office and doesn't clash with these shoes. Keep it simple with the rest, white blouse, white undies. And pick a pair of panties for you, too,” she said.

After saying that, she waited until her bath was ready, then she plunged into water at the perfectly right temperature. After washing the dishes, I started my search for her clothes. She had a heap of them. Without exaggeration, her clothes made up for more than half of the load on the moving company trucks. Since we were busy with other things, they were still in boxes. As I found out minutes later, the boxes weren't particularly organized. Each box contained every kind of item.. A little lingerie, some shoes, some blouses, some suits... In fact, she had put her casual clothes all in one box, and that had proved bad judgment as it got lost and so she was completely without them.

I found a nice navy blue suit with a skirt that didn't seem too short (I was a bit jealous), a plain silk blouse and some white lingerie. Not really knowing what she'd want to put on, I just took it all with me to our bedroom (the boxes were in the numerous rooms that we kept as temporary storage rooms. It was a big house.

"Found anything?" she called out of the bathroom.

"Yeah," I answered, popping my head through the door. "Wanna see?"

"Sure."

"Very good," she said when I showed her my pickings. "You did fine, sweetie. Let's see the undies."

I held out the lingerie.

"Well, I couldn't decide, so here's what I found in white."

"How do you expect me to make out anything of it, Ian?" she said, sounding aggravated. "Show me each article separately."

"Sorry, dear," I apologized and began the exhibition. Along with showing her the lingerie, she made sure I learned and remembered the names of each article. I had made a mistake bringing her so much - it took her ten minutes just to pick a pair of panties!

"I don't know, let me see the teddies again," she instructed.

I put away the merry widow corselette and held out the teddies. Again.

"What do you think, dear?" she asked me.

"I think the teddies are OK," I replied, tired of the whole business.

"Yes, I suppose they are," she began, "but only if I'm wearing pantyhose, which I'd rather not. Here's what we'll do. I'll wear the merry widow and you'll fetch me some white stockings."

I groaned.

"But you've got five pairs of nylons here."

"These are pantyhose, Ian," she answered impatiently, "which I don't want to wear for a whole day again as it's a bit warm in the office. That's why I need the stockings."

"OK." I gave up. "I'll just take the clothes to the bedroom."

“Wait,” she said, “one more thing.”

“Yes?” I asked, turning around.

“What did you pick out for yourself?” she grinned.

“Nothing really,” I shrugged, “I figured I'd wear something out of what I've shown you.”

“I'm not sure I want you wearing white tomorrow,” she frowned, “why don't you go find yourself something in, say, green? Or perhaps black? But not white.”

I couldn't believe my ears. What in the world did it matter to her what color the panties I was going to wear were?

“You're kidding, right?” I asked.

“Not at all,” she said seriously.

I sighed. I figured I'd give in to her strange whim. Since I was already going to look for the stockings, I'd surely bump into some suitable panties.

“Oh Ian?” she stopped me again.

“Yes dear?” I replied, with my arms full of her clothes.

“Could you please iron the suit and the blouse?”

“What? Why?”

“Because they're creased, that's why,” she answered, impatient again. “You've just taken them out of the box, what else did you expect?”

“But what's the point?” I persisted. “You'll be wearing them forty-five minutes in the car before you even enter the building. They'll be creased anyway.”

“Ian? Just do as I say, please,” she ordered. “I think there's an ironing board somewhere in the room on the left of the hall.”

“Yes, dear,” I capitulated, “but I'm not looking for any green panties,” I added, turning on my heel.

“Make sure you don't burn the blouse,” she called out as I carefully closed the door behind me.

She was sound asleep, of course, by the time I had finished with her clothes. I had put the lingerie she was going to wear on a chair (crammed the rest in a drawer) and after I had ironed them, I hung out the clothes carefully in a closet, leaving the door open, making sure she'd find them the next morning and not wake me up for such trivial things. It turned out even if I hadn't done it, it wouldn't have mattered.

I woke to the sound of my buzzer (we each had our own alarm clock, with distinctive sound). My first thought was that she took mine, but slowly I realized that the clock was still on my side of the bed. Warily, I opened my eyes, turned the alarm off and felt a piece of paper under my fingers. A note from Helen.

“Honey, I please be a dear - start the coffee maker for me and make me some breakfast. Eggs, toast, nothing much. I'll find it most helpful. Kisses, H.”

Kisses indeed. I looked at her and she was still blissfully asleep. In a hostile mood, I got up, got dressed, cursing the panties under my breath (though enjoying their soft touch nonetheless) and went to do her bidding. Stumbling through the kitchen, I absent-mindedly worked on a short speech of discontentment I'd deliver to her when she'd wake up.

"Still not finished?" she asked when she finally came to the dining room.

"Just about," I called out from the kitchen.

"Well if I'd known you'd take this long, I'd have set your timer for ten minutes earlier," she said.

"Sorry dear," I apologized, bringing her coffee.

"Mmmm. Never mind, you'll do better next time, I'm sure," she replied.

After she left, I decided to catch up some sleep. I woke up a bit too late again, so I hurried off to paint the fence. It was a good day for doing so and I didn't want to let it go to waste. The weather hadn't proved itself reliable in the past and without the commodity of television or even a radio to follow the forecasts, my guess about the next day's weather was as good as anyone's.

Helen called me late in the afternoon.

"Hi, honey, how you're doing?"

"Fine. Painted the fence," I boasted.

"Really? That's great. Maybe I'll bring you something special," she said.

"Oh my God!" I exclaimed, "You're getting me clothes."

"No, sorry, not this time, I'm stuck here for two more hours at least."

My hopes sank.

"Oh."

"Anything special you need from the store, groceries-wise?"

"Huh? I thought you said you weren't leaving."

"I'm not. One of the couriers is being nice and offered to hop downstairs for me."

"Could you get her to hop and get me some shorts?" I asked.

"Stop it, Ian, please," she silenced me, "firstly, it's a he. And I can't take advantage of him like that. The grocery store is just around the corner whereas the mall is quite far away. So. What do we need?"

"Nothing special," I said, "the usual. We're out of eggs, and all the other stuff is running short, too. Everything, I guess."

"Okay. I'll try to get home sooner than yesterday, but don't bother with anything fancy for dinner."

"I Won't. Bye, dear."

"Bye, honey. See you."

Just when I put down the phone, I noticed a strange sensation on my legs. I had an itch on my left thigh that day so I didn't pay any attention until it was too late. Cleaning the brushes, I had managed to sprinkle what turned out to be a very aggressive paint thinner all over myself. By the time I noticed it, it had eaten through my jeans and was beginning to irritate my skin. In a one swift move, I ripped (quite literally) the clothes off and ran to the shower. Miraculously, again, my skin was more or less OK, but the clothes were ruined.

The jeans were eaten through and torn at the crotch; the T-shirt was in a similar state. The sneakers, which weren't exactly in mint condition to begin with, had received their final blow, taking with them my socks. The only thing left undamaged were the white satin panties I had put on that morning. Sighing, I put them on and went to the storage room.

I found a dark gray pair of her pants that fit me OK. Maybe a bit long, but the zipper was in the front, so I decided to wear them for what was left of the day. Helen and I were almost the same size. Usually she appeared taller on account of the high heels, but without them, I think I had a good quarter of an inch on her. Not really believing any of her shoes would fit me, I rolled up the pant legs and went barefoot to our bedroom to put on my T-shirt, my only article of clothing left. Fortunately, the fence was the last of the work outside the house.

Even though almost no-one passed by, I wouldn't feel comfortable being seen wearing women's pants. Not to mention I had no shoes. I poured myself a drink and sat down for a while to gather my thoughts. Nothing tragic, I thought, since Helen was going to the shops any day now; she'd just pick up a pair of jeans along with the other clothes and by the end of the week, we'd go to my place and get all of my stuff. Feeling better, I went on with my chores.

I was folding up the lingerie I had dumped in the drawer the night before, so I didn't hear her come in. She startled me in the bedroom.

"Hello!" she yelled happily.

"Oh, hi," I said, walking towards her, "you scared me."

We kissed and hugged. With me walking barefoot and her in her shoes, she stood two inches taller.

"What gives, shorty?" she teased me, "why are you wearing my pants?"

I explained to her what had happened. She looked worried.

"Show me your legs," she said.

I dropped my (or her) pants. I hadn't noticed them before, but I had plenty of red stains where the thinner had eaten through the jeans, some on my belly, too, plus the rash from before.

"Oh dear. Maybe I should get you to a hospital?"

"I don't think so," I replied, "I don't even feel them. Maybe we should wait at least until tomorrow."

“Maybe,” she said, but she didn't seem convinced. I didn't want to admit it, but I really didn't feel like seeing a doctor, wearing women's pants and panties. I decided to change the subject.

“You hungry? I made some sandwiches, if you want them,” I offered.

“Sure,” she replied and we went downstairs.

Despite the simplicity, the meal turned out an all-around success - she found the sandwiches delicious and there weren't any pots and pans for me to wash up.

“You know, you should dig out some aprons from the boxes,” she said after we had finished eating, “I don't want you ruining my clothes like you do yours.”

“I guess,” I shrugged, “but I'm not wearing your clothes for much longer, am I?”

She looked at me with an apologetic expression.

“Sorry honey, but I can't really say. I asked around today, the mall is almost as far away from the company as our house and all the other shops in town, which aren't in the immediate vicinity either, close early. Like I said, I will try to do it as soon as possible, but I can't say when that'll be.”

That didn't sound so great to me, but I didn't want to burden her. I felt she had enough worries as it was.

“Eh, don't worry about it,” I waved dismissingly, “I'm fine. I mean, all the work outside the house is done, I guess I can wear your pants around the house, nobody will see me.”

“That's sweet, honey, thanks for being so reasonable,” she cooed.

“Hey, no problem,” I replied as modestly as I could, hurrying to pick up the plates. I think I felt myself blushing.

“Come here,” she said when I came back, “let's see how those pants fit you.”

“They're OK,” I said.

“Hmm, I don't like you stepping over them,” she muttered looking at my feet. They just wouldn't keep rolled up.

“Maybe I could hold them in place with a couple of clothespins,” I proposed.

“Don't be silly,” she rejected my idea, “they're only maybe half an inch too long. You just need some shoes.”

“I don't have any shoes here,” I blurted out.

“I know, I was thinking of my shoes.”

“Huh?” I thought for a second she was joking, but then realized she wasn't, “I can't wear your shoes.”

“Why not?” she asked.

“Well for one thing, they probably won't fit me. And even if they did, I suppose I could wear the shoes like the movers lost, but not like these,” I said, pointing at her shoes.

“Don't worry about the size,” she replied, “I'm sure my shoes will fit you.”

“What makes you so sure?” I asked.

“I know we have the same size. I've worn yours a couple of times.”

“Like when?”

“When you weren't looking. Now, if you need further proof,” she took off her shoe and put it on my foot. “See. A perfect fit.”

I couldn't deny. The shoe really did fit me perfectly. I expected to be at least a bit too narrow, if it had to be long enough, but no. It was as if it was my own.

“Aren't you glad for once you have dainty feet?” she asked.

“I'll show you dainty feet!” I said, hoping to sound threatening.

“You already have,” she responded calmly. “Give me the other foot.”

I stood before her in her shoes. The heels made it a strange experience. I felt somewhat embarrassed. On the other hand, it felt nice to be two inches taller.

“See?” She pointed at the hem of the pants. “Not stepping over them at all.”

“I'm not sure I can walk in them ,” I complained.

“Don't underestimate yourself. But anyway, let's go find you some flats.”

I wobbled beside her as we walked to the storage rooms. Well, wobbled may not be the best word. I did have difficulty walking, almost tripped a few times at first, but after I mastered the stairs (walking only on the tips of my feet) I gained some confidence and paced on with a fair rate and stability.

“See, you're getting the hang of it,” she said, opening the door, and added quietly, “sissy.”

“I heard that,” I said.

“Heard what?”

She opened one box and rummaged through it.

“Hmmm, no, no, not quite. How about these?”

She pulled out a pair of burgundy red patent leather with three-inch spiked heels.

“You've got to be joking,” I said.

“Never satisfied. Fine, I'll wear them then. Along with these.”

She handed me a bunch of black fabric (a pantsuit, as I realized while holding it out) and moments later a red blouse. She kept quietly digging until she found something.

“Perfect,” she said, “I want you to wear these tomorrow.”

She flung a pair of purple satin panties at me and returned to her search.

I used the time to examine my lingerie for the next day. Although I'd never have thought it possible, they were even frillier than the red ones I'd worn before. They had elasticized leg openings (lined with ridiculous amounts of lace, natu-

rally). I sighed loudly enough so that she'd hear, but I knew I'd enjoy wearing them very much.

“Oh, here we are,” she said finally. She straightened up and showed me a pair of beige court shoes. She put them on.

“What do you think?” she said, clicking her heels. They seemed OK to me, no high heel at all, maybe just over half an inch.

“Fine, I guess, but isn't it me that's supposed to be wearing them?”

“Well, you've already got some shoes, but OK, if you want to...”

“Just hand 'em over,” I said, taking off my shoes.

“Here.”

I put them on and she put on the ones I'd worn.

“You could use another half an inch of heel, but I suppose they'll do,” she said after inspecting the hem of my pants. “That is if you really want them.”

“Why not?” I asked.

“I thought maybe you'd to use the opportunity to be finally taller than me,” she replied.

“What are you talking about, I *am* taller than you.”

“Oh yeah?” she asked, stepping in front of me.

“Yeah,” I retorted, “you're just cheating with the shoes.”

“Silly.” She kissed me on the forehead. I hugged her.

“Well, if you really want to remain short, it's your choice, I guess,” she said. “I'm just not too happy about the color.”

“They'll do,” I assured her.

“If you say so. Let's go to bed.”

“Don't you want me to iron your clothes?” I asked, biting my tongue a moment later.

“Nah,” she said, “it's fine. Just hang them out like you did yesterday.”

I hung her clothes, and folded some lingerie she had also given me, this time black. I was still dressed when she came out from the shower.

“I forgot to tell you,” she said, discarding her towel and revealing her gorgeous body to me. She opened the lingerie drawer and took out a pair of black nylon stockings. Wear these with the shoes.”

I was aware that my attire was as masculine as it would get for some time, still I didn't think I needed to overdo on the femininity.

“Do I need to? It's not cold, I can go without. I mean, I was barefoot today and it was fine.”

“It's not a matter of warmth but of hygiene,” she replied.

“Can't I at least wear cotton socks?” I asked.

“You think, for the past week, that I'd be wearing nylons if I had cotton socks?” she said. “They're in the lost boxes.”

“But I've seen *you* wear shoes without them,” I complained.

“Those were sandals,” she replied patiently. “If you think you can find any, good luck. Most of them are with the cotton socks; those that are in the house, I don't think you'll enjoy, seeing how you avoid high heels.”

“Okay,” I gave in.

“Come on, it's not so bad,” she comforted me. “Take off your shoes, I'll show you how to put them on.”

“I think I know how to dress myself,” I protested, but did what she said anyway.

“Sure you do,” she said, “now look. You gather the stocking in your palm like this, and then you just roll it up your leg. If you pull it on, you'll cause a run in it. Now you try.”

Although lacking the practice she had, I managed to do a decent job. The stockings proved to be only knee-high, which she pointed out immediately.

“See, they're not even full-length. And if they still bother you, you can let them slide down to your ankles,” she said.

Unrolling my pant legs, I decided she was right about not being so bad. I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. She was in bed when I returned, and not naked anymore, as I was disappointed to find out. Still, I tried to instigate a little lovemaking by groping her behind. She replied with a smothering hug that pushed me off her.

“Not tonight, honey, we've got to get up early tomorrow,” she said. “Goodnight.”

“Goodnight,” I replied, wondering what she meant by “we.” I remembered moments before falling asleep.

My T-shirt was, as I said, well-worn and sported a few stains that had refused to come out during the last few washes. On top of all that, I was a little clumsy frying Helen's — mine as well — eggs and added some oil stains into the already rich collection.

“Seriously, Ian, you should put on an apron, I don't want you ruining my clothes like you do yours,” she said.

“I thought they were in the lost boxes,” I protested.

“Only the normal ones,” she replied, “I packed the frilly stuff among my clothes.”

“Thought you hated them.”

“I do. But I didn't want to leave them behind for my mother to find out. I don't really think she thinks I wear them, but not taking them with me would really set her off. Good thing I did, though.”