



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Garage Sale

Bibi Dorb



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI*

---

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

---

*Copyright © 2005, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved*

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# Garage Sale

By Bibi Dorb

“How much does this cost?” I asked.

“\$20!”

I stood there thinking. She looked at me, trying to decide if I would really buy.

“I don't know. What if it is not the right size?”

“If you take it now and it's not the right size, bring it back today and I'll return your money.”

“I'm not sure she's coming home before about seven this evening. Let me just look around. Maybe I'll get the courage to decide.”

She left me alone to take care of other potential customers.

I walked up and down the row of clothing. I told her that it was for my girlfriend. She didn't normally wear suits but needed one for a special occasion. I was taking a chance by trying to save money.

The owner of the house and manager of the garage sale seemed to accept the story or else just not care. It was slow most of the time and I was left to walk alone. Occasionally people came by, looked, and then disappeared. I stood there for a long time. Finally, Jill, the owner, came back and asked if I made up my mind.

“No, I just can't decide.”

“Look, nothing personal, but would you like to try it on?”

“What do you mean?”

"I am guessing but you look as though you could wear a size 14 dress, the same size you are looking at. The suit looks about the right size for you. If your girl is that same size, or, if you just want to try it on for yourself, that's OK."

I started to object. My heart was pumping as I felt she understood my secret. I never accumulated much clothing. Most of what I have is from rare visits to discount stores. I never bought anything of a size that would hint that it was for me. She didn't seem all that concerned that it might be, though.

"Look, if you like the suit, you might as well try it on. If you keep hesitating, it'll be gone before you get a chance to come back. Then you'll regret that you couldn't make up your mind."

She was right of course. It was just very hard for me to admit it, in front of strangers, or anybody else for that matter.

Taking me by one hand and holding the hanger with the suit on it with the other, she led me to the entrance of the house. "Look, take this into the house. On the right as you enter is a bathroom with a mirror. Try it on, look at it or just come right out. Whatever you want. Nobody will see you, nobody will know."

I didn't say much. I just took the hanger from her and walked into the house, then turned right into the bathroom. Looking back, I saw she was already busy taking care of someone else.

The bathroom had a full-length mirror and was large enough for me to walk away from and see myself from head to toe. I hung the suit on the back of the bathroom door and stood about five feet away, trying to decide if I really wanted to do this. On the other end of the bathroom was a window. Looking out the window, I could see Jill helping other would-be buyers make up their minds. It was true what she said; if I didn't buy it now, it would be gone very soon.

In the bathroom I was really alone. Everyone was busy outside. I stood in front of the mirror trying to get up enough courage to try the suit on. I was nervous. It bothered me to think that she "made" me so quickly. The more I thought of putting on the suit, the more nervous I became. Holding the suit between the mirror and myself, I imagined how it would look on me.

It became a matter of doing it now or forever knowing that I failed to do what I wanted to do. Putting all uncertainty aside, I stripped to my underwear. I looked foolish standing in front of the mirror with only underpants on. I looked out the window and everyone was still busy. How long would it take me to make up my mind?

I still did not quite have the courage to put the suit on. I was in a stranger's house and that made me all the more uncomfortable. I knew she would be asking about me shortly. It was now or never.

At 5'7", I was the perfect height for the clothes. My feet were only slightly larger than my mother's so I knew that I would easily be able to find women's shoes that fit me. My slight frame allowed me to fit in almost any dress. Padding was always my problem, though. I can only imagine the guys who are too large. Finding

clothes for them has got to be a real chore. My soft facial features coupled with lack of beard made it that much easier for me to feel that I could “pass.”

Holding the suit on the hanger in front of me, it looked like it was the right size. Everything was very quiet except for the noise coming from the driveway. I slid the blouse and jacket off the hanger and put them on the side.

Taking the skirt off the hanger, I held it in front of me. With the hanger on the floor, I slid the zipper down while holding the skirt in the other hand. Standing on my left foot I placed my right foot into the open skirt. Standing on my right foot, I brought my left foot into the skirt opening. With both feet together, I slid the skirt up my legs and secured it around my waist. The waist fit although the hip area of the skirt was loose as it flared out around my waist.

Quickly walking over to the window, I saw that everyone was still busy.

Picking up the blouse, I slid it gently over my head and down my sides. It was a stretch but I was able to close the buttons in the rear. It fit. Then I tucked the blouse into the skirt and smoothed it out. Next came the jacket. The jacket fit tightly as it hugged my waist, then flared out below. Although I still looked like a guy, the suit fit well. I wondered why her aunt was giving up the clothing.

I walked back and forth, looking at myself as best I could. The tight skirt restrained each step. I felt a little restrained in a feminine way as I rushed over to the window to check on the garage sale outside. Seeing that everyone was busy, I began imagining myself in the living room fully dressed. A pair of heels would have helped complete the picture.

Somehow I forgot the time while daydreaming. I must have been in the bathroom a long time. Suddenly there was a knock on the door.

“You OK?”

“Yes.”

“I hope you are not getting the clothing dirty?”

“No, just trying to make up my mind.”

There was silence for a short time then Jill said, “I don't mean to push you, but maybe if I came, in I could help.”

“Huh?”

“Look, I'm not passing judgment. But I do this all the time. Maybe all you need is a slight adjustment.”

“Huh?”

“There is nobody else here now. I have the time to help. What do you say?”

I would never see her again after today. So what if I admitted liking to wear women's clothes?

“After today we'll probably never see each other again, so what have you to lose?”

What is the worst she could do? I unlocked the door and opened it a crack.  
“You won't laugh?”

“Absolutely not.”

She came in. She looked at me as I stood in front of her with my bare legs jutting out from under the skirt.

“What do you think?”

“It is definitely the correct size. It looks a little awkward because of the way you are standing and your lack of figure. Suppose I give you a pair of shoes and something to fill in the other areas?”

“I guess so.”

She left the room and shortly returned with a pair of 3" heels and padded panties. I sat on the closed toilet seat as I slid the panties up my legs. Standing up, I pulled them up to my waist, under the skirt, in a typically feminine way. Sitting on the toilet, I tried putting on the right shoe as a man does, lifting my leg to do it. The skirt was too restrictive. With the shoe in my left hand, I slipped my left foot into it. I did the same with the right shoe.

“You do that very well,” Jill commented. “Just like I would.”

Standing in front of me, she placed tissues into my breast pockets, to give me more shape. She then stood back and looked at me. We were about the same height. It must run in the family.

“That looks a lot better. Actually you could make a fairly convincing woman with a little work.”

“Look I don't want you to think I do this all the time. It's, just that sometimes I get this urge...”

“I am not passing judgment. I'm just giving you my opinion. If you are still unsure, we could do a little more work to get a more realistic picture.”

“Maybe I should just forget this.”

“Why? You're embarrassed in front of me? This is your chance. Most probably you'll never see me again. This is the perfect situation to go for it. I'm not judging your life style. Live any way you want. I have my own fetishes. When you leave, the most I will remember is that I sold my clothing.”

With a heavy sigh I said, “OK let's go for it.”

Let's go upstairs. Don't worry, there is no one else at home now.”

My clothes remained in the bathroom. There was no one else in the house.

Dressed in the suit with 3" heels, I followed her out of the bathroom and down the hall to the foot of the stairs. I had never walked up stairs in heels before. It was an unusual feeling. I needed to lift a leg for each step, but the skirt was too tight.

As she started climbing the stairs, I hesitated. She looked back and saw me taking off the shoes. “Don't do that, you can do it, come on.” I put the shoes back

on and, while holding onto the railing, took a step up, slowly. “Try standing to the side and lifting your leg,” Jill suggested. It worked.

Taking one step at a time, I followed her up the stairs. Then with small steps, I followed her down the hallway.

“See, I told you you could do it.”

I smiled weakly as she led me into a bedroom on the right. It obviously had not been used in a long time.

“This was my aunt's bedroom. She died about a year ago. It's her clothes we're selling.”

I felt a little awkward wearing a dead women's clothes. Then again, she wouldn't need them.

“What happened to her?”

“Died of breast cancer. It spread throughout her body. It was a good thing she died. She was suffering terribly. At least she has peace now. It took me a long time to agree to sell her things. But life continues.”

She was so right.

Jill gave me a variety of underwear to put on. She turned her back to me as I undressed. Standing in my underwear, I couldn't decide how to proceed with her there.

“Is there a problem?”

“Don't know. I don't feel right undressing in front of you.”

“I promise I won't look. Besides, you'll need me to help you. Don't worry so much, everything will be fine.”

I took the jacket off and Jill helped unbutton the blouse in the back. I took the blouse off. Jill turned around as I took off the skirt, padded panties and under-pants. When the new set of panties were on, Jill turned around to help me with the rest.

She gave me another pair of padded panties. They were padded on the rear as well as the sides. As I slid them up my legs, Jill said, “You'll have to do something about that bulge.”

Snaking my hand under the panties, I pushed my manhood back between my legs. With the “flat” look in place I pulled up the padded panties. They were tight in the waist and padded in the rear and hips. Under these conditions, there was no chance of an erection.

“I got the panties on.”

Jill looked at me. She took a bra from the bed, without allowing me a chance to react; she slipped my arms through the straps and closed the clasp in back. From the closet she brought out a package and took out two realistic-looking breasts forms.

“These belonged to Auntie. We gave her everything we could so that could look in the mirror and see herself as she had once been. By the time she finished dressing in the morning, you could not tell there was anything different from how she had always been. They should fit you,” she said as she slid the prosthetics into the bra cups.

I could feel the weight of the forms hang on my chest. I moved from the left to the right, shaking my new chest. It was an odd feeling. You have very little control over their movement. They appear to move independently.

In the mirror I could see my body taking on the female shape. Standing to the side, my chest protruded as my ass did in the opposite direction. I stood straight, looking into the mirror to see wide hips that obstructed my arms from hanging straight down.

Before I realized it, Jill motioned me to put my arms through the slip straps. Jill then placed the slip over my head and pulled it down. It was a tight fit as the slip had to be helped over my bosom. Soon the slip flowed down my body. In the mirror I could now see a slim female figure.

It was awkward sitting on the edge of the bed, rolling pantyhose up my legs as my “breasts” jiggled in front of me.

I stood up and asked, “Now what?”

Jill smiled and handed me the blouse. I put it on. She helped with the button on the back. Then I put on the skirt. Lastly, I put the jacket on.

Soon I was standing in front of the mirror, wearing the suit. Before I knew it, she was bending down to slip my feet into the 3" heels as I continued looking at myself in the mirror. Unlike before, the skirt fit loosely around my waist. My broad hips now held the skirt securely up.

“Auntie Jan was very vain. She lost a lot of weight because of the sickness. But when she went out, she insisted on looking her best. Toward the end, we bought her padded underwear to fill in the places where she lost weight. Since her breasts were removed, she used prosthetics.”

There was a noise from downstairs. “Wait for me,” she said to me as she left the room to go downstairs.”

I heard some talking. It sounded as though there were a few people. Finally, I heard her come back up the stairs.

“Just my husband and friends from next door. Nothing to get upset about. I told them about you. They only asked if you were going to buy. I hope so. Well, lets take a look at you.”

She walked me up to the mirror as we stood side by side. I was a little taller then she. What we saw were two women standing side by side. Up to the neck, that is.

“Well, what do you think?”

“I think it looks very good.”



“You know, you really do look good. You're really in luck. You're the same size as my auntie. Her shoes even fit you. With a little work, you could really pass as a woman. Tell you what I'll do. Suppose you help with the sale. Afterwards, you can take all my auntie's clothes that are left over for \$100! That includes her shoes, underwear, everything. It's a bargain you'll never see again.”

“What will I do with all of it?”

“Do what you want, give it to charity. It's your business, just so long as you take it out of here.”

At that moment there were footsteps coming down the hall and a head popped into the room.

“Jill, Oh, hello there. Hey, you're looking real good. That outfit really fits you. We'll be glad to get rid of it. Jill, look, we don't want to hang around while you're having this sale. Suppose we come back later? OK with you?”

“Sure, I think I just got somebody to help me with the rest of the day. Yes?”

“Yes,” I said, as I looked back at her.

“OK, see you guys later.”

With that, the footsteps went down and out of the house.

I started to undress to get into my guy clothes when Jill stopped me.

“I want you to help me, but dressed as you are.”

“You're kidding, aren't you? I thought you wouldn't make fun of me?”

“I have no intention of making fun of you. I want you to let me fix you up, all the way. If you think someone will make you out as a guy, then dress as one and help me. Otherwise, stay dressed 'til the end of the sale, take all the things and leave.”

“Look, from the neck down I may look OK, but from the neck up I look like a guy.”

“Just agree, and I will take care of everything. OK?”

“OK.”

Jill was calm and never pushed me. We crossed the hall into her bedroom. I sat at her vanity as she applied foundation make-up and everything else. Soon I looked like a “butch.” Next, she opened the closet and pulled out a wig.

“This also belonged to auntie. With all that therapy, she also lost her hair.”

Jill fitted the wig on me. With pins, she secured it to my own hair.

I stood up and walked in front of the mirror. This woman whom I just met made me into a woman. There were very few traces of my man self. Shaved legs, nail polish and a few more touches here and there would have made me perfect. Then again, I was being super-critical. No one had ever seen me dressed up before.

“You really think I can pass?”

“Most assuredly. Come, we've spent enough time playing around. God know how many customers came by and walked away because no one was there.”

I followed Jill out the door from her room. It was apparent that things were different. The wide hips interfered with my normal gait. It was easier holding my hand in front of me to avoid the conflict. Jill was dressed casually while I was dressed up. This made my situation all the more obvious. She walked casually while I had to walk delicately. She started down the stair without a thought, while I froze at the top concerned about what to do.

As we were headed downstairs, I felt the restrictions of the clothing as I moved towards the edge of the stairs. Looking down the stairs, I felt as though I was standing on stilts. Everything was so much different then walking around in my own apartment dressed in the few women's clothes I had.

Jill saw me hesitate as I stood, wondering how to negotiate the stairs. “One foot at a time, honey. Step sideways so the dress doesn't restrict your movements.

With one hand on the rail, I took a step. The heels wobbled as I looked for a secure footing. My “breasts” bulged in front of me as I looked down. Sudden movements caused them to jiggle on each step. Jill gave me her hand to help steady me. I felt vulnerable negotiating the stairs. It added to my “feminine” feelings of the moment.

At the bottom opposite the stairs was a mirror. I could see as my legs came into view. It was obvious that a nice piece of ass was coming into view. Shortly the tip of the skirt appeared. I could tell she was walking downstairs sideways. The skirt was too tight to walk straight down. When the hips came into view, I know this was a girl I wanted to meet.

My eyes fixed on the bouncing breasts in the white blouse that peeped from in between the folds of the jacket. I was getting hot looking at this creature coming into view.

The ruby red lips made me think that she “wanted it” more then anything. The cascading hair that touched her shoulders said purity. At the bottom of the stairs, she stopped and looked at herself. Her hands pulled down on the jacket as they slid down her curvy sides to straighten out the skirt. Vulnerability and femininity were what she displayed. I was feeling both.

My body tingled as I watched this display of womanhood. But when she opened her mouth to speak, it was me speaking. When she placed her hand on her chest in mock surprise, it was me moving. When she came closer to the mirror for a better look, it was me. Yes, I looked like the girl of my dreams.

“Any questions?”

“Not so far.”

“Jill...” It was her husband again. “Forgot my keys. Hey, you look real good. My wife really has the touch, don't you think?”

“I guess so.” I was not sure how to react. I began to stammer.

“Don't worry. I'm not criticizing you. I really mean it. You really look great. I don't know what you looked like before but you should stay the way you are. Us guys need something good to look at. And you ARE good looking.”

I think I stammered something like “thank you.”

“No compliments, just the truth. Maybe you'll stay and we'll talk later?”

“Maybe.”

“Gotta run now. See you later.”

“That is your husband, isn't he?”

“Yes.”

“And this doesn't bother him?”

“Nope. It's one of the things that make it easy to live with him. He just accepts things as they are.”

“I should only find somebody like that.”

“You will. You just need patience.”

“So now what?”

Jill led me outside. It was slightly cool as we walked out of the house. I felt the cool breeze on my exposed legs. Jill was dressed for a garage sale; I was dressed for work at a law firm. I was out of place.

We were alone as Jill walked over to two chairs.

“First time outdoors?” she said as she sat on one of the chairs.

“First time for anybody to see me.”

We were alone as I sat down beside her. Further conversation avoided my particular situation. Soon we were discussing subjects in depth, as I got excited and forgot about how I looked. An occasional passerby walked in the driveway look at us then walked out. I looked up to acknowledge them, and then continued my discussion with Jill.

Occasionally Jill mentioned my posture or sitting position. With a skirt and heels, it was easier to place my legs to the side of the chair. Jill was being helpful.

Aside from the occasional comment about me, Jill was interested only in the garage sale. She showed no particular interest in my life style or me. The fact that I was a man dressed as a woman helping with her sale made no difference. She was on a mission to sell.

I was to see that no one took anything without paying. On the back of each piece was a code that indicated the bottom price she would accept. I could negotiate down to that price.

By all appearances, we were two girls talking. Even Jill seemed to forget that I was a man. The conversation drifted to what the right things were to wear. She asked my opinion on different color combinations and the line of clothing hanging on the rack.

I asked several questions about her aunt. She was only 37 when she died. She never married. At one time, she was an executive with a large firm. She made good money and spent it on herself lavishly. That explained the large and expensive assortment of clothing.

Jill never asked my name. At one point she asked if I minded being called Sue. I didn't object.

People came and went. Sometimes they got out of the car to take a closer look. Other times they drove by.

At one point there were so many people, there wasn't time to think about my special situation. Jill was busy helping others. New arrivees approached me. I did my best to sell what I could. I could tell Jill watched as I helped to sell clothes from the line I would inherit if no one else bought them.

While Jill was casually dressed in skirt and low heels, I looked overdressed for the event. My excuse was that I was a friend visiting, roped into helping her. Everyone accepted the explanation.

As the afternoon wore on, I became more at ease with my new self. I found new ways of moving to fit the restrictions of clothing and heels. My "breasts" kept nagging me. They were always in front of me. Every time I looked down, their evidence protruded. Every time I moved too fast, they jiggled. Every time a man came near me, he looked at them first.

Being busy was the best therapy. There was no time to feel insecure, things had to be done. There was no corner to crawl into. There was nowhere to hide. There was nothing I could do but be the woman I was supposed to be.

Everything I was going through was restrictive. I moved to accommodate the restrictions. Men that came by appreciated the way I moved. My chest made first contact with their eyes. Soon, I accepted their attention as natural. The repercussions of what I was doing never entered my mind. I was too busy with other things.

At 5 o'clock, the sale was over and we started wrapping up. Jill let me pack the clothes I was taking.

That required that I walk back and forth from the driveway into the garage, taking clothes off the racks and putting them into boxes.

Very few people were interested in the clothes. Maybe it was just my luck.

Walking back and forth from the driveway in and out of the garage was wearing on me. My feet were killing me and my back began to feel sore from the weights on my chest. A few times, I almost lost my balance because I was not paying enough attention to my situation.

Carrying loads against my chest was another new experience. The restrictive clothing coupled with balancing the weight I carried added a new element to my vulnerability. My breasts had to be adjusted each time I took a new load. My hair was constantly blowing into my eyes. The skirt forced me to keep my legs to-

gether, creating balance problems when bending over, sitting or walking up or down stairs.

Each new trip in and out was less troublesome. With each trip, I began to adjust my movements to make things easier.

When I began wearing heels, I instinctively used a hunched position to help my balance. Over time I began straightening up as I became more secure. Each step was easier to negotiate if I allowed my ass to protrude out. This resulted in swinging my hips more. At least that is the way it felt.

I found that it was easy to walk if I stopped resisting the natural position my body assumed when wearing the heels. By the time I finished carrying all the clothes inside, I was feeling at ease in my new encasement. Strangely enough, the heels were not bothering me any more. Jill's aunt must have stretched the shoes out already.

It took almost an hour to clear out the garage sale. "My" clothes were packed in boxes and I was ready to go. I was about to walk upstairs to change into in my male clothing when Jill asked if I would like something to drink. "That would be nice," I said.

As we sat in the kitchen drinking coffee, she pulled out my wallet and keys and gave them to me. "Don't worry, I didn't take anything out of it. Just didn't want you to forget it here. I put your clothes in one of the boxes so you wouldn't miss them."

Now it occurred to me that I saw them but was so busy packing that I just shoved them inside with the other clothing.

"Don't you remember which box they were in?"

Shaking my head I said, "No."

"Well, there are too many boxes and it's too late for you to start opening each one to find them. You'll find them when you get home." She looked intently at me to get my reaction. "You're not afraid somebody will make you, are you?"

"I guess not."

She handed me a pocketbook for my wallet and keys, then said, "You owe me \$100."

I took \$100 out of my wallet and paid her.

We talked some more, and then went into the garage to move my boxes to the car.

"Why not back the car up to the garage so we can just lift the boxes in?"

I stood there pondering what this would entail. Up 'til now I was in a different world totally separated from reality. Getting into my car was like making a connection with reality.

"Some problem?"

"No. I don't think so. It's just that..."

“Look, don't worry. You've been fully accepted. Driving the car backwards is nothing after what you have been through today. Go ahead, I'm waiting.”

I looked at her, took my pocketbook and walked down the driveway to my car.

Standing in front of the door, trying to position the key in the lock, I felt vulnerable. I began teetering on my heels as I got nervous. Finally, the key went in and the door opened.

Realizing I couldn't extend my right leg into the car as I did with pants on, I turned my back to the car and sat ass first into the seat. Then I swiveled my legs in.

It was hard finding the gas pedal. The heels required that I extend the tips of my toes all the way before engaging the gas pedal. It was easier with the brake. There was no floor next to the brake for the heel of my shoe to touch.

As I swung my head from side to side looking at the road, I could feel the long hair flapping back and forth. It required that I brush the hair aside so I could see clearly.

I began backing into the driveway. That required that I shift my body so I could look backwards. My body was halted as my “breasts” made contact with the seat.

The restrictions of my new appearance were becoming more and more obvious. I needed to think before I made every move. I was more aware of my movements because of this.

With the car near the garage, I turned off the motor and got out to open the trunk and help move the boxes from the garage. There were about 10 boxes. Some Jill had filled with items from upstairs that never were for sale. Since I was going to give them a good home, she gave them all to me.

I was about to get into the car when another car pulled into the driveway. The driver got out and yelled, “What, over so soon? Hope you weren't going to leave without saying good-bye?”

“Well, now that you are here, I can say good-bye.”

“Jill, you never introduced us.”

“Tom, meet Sue.”

“How do you do, Sue?”

“OK.”

“Jill, guess who I met?”

“I don't like guessing!”

“Ok, OK, I met Herby.”

“Which Herby?”

“Is there more then one?”

“I guess not. So what happened?”

“He's passing through and wanted to drop by, so I said OK.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope, absolutely serious.”

“You know I hate that guy.”

“Yeah, but what could I say, you hate him?”

“You should’ve.”

“You know I can’t do that.”

“OK, so what do I have to do now?”

“He should be over in about half an hour. We can have dinner, talk some, then send him on his way.”

“I don’t want to cook for him. Did you forget all the bad things he did?”

“Well, he’s coming over. What do you want to do?”

“How about going out? At least I won’t have to cook. Maybe if there’s enough noise in the place, I won’t have to listen to him.”

“Well, OK. But three of us going out is sort of awkward.”

Jill thought about that, then looked at me.

\*\*\*

“Oh no! No way! This thing is getting way out of hand.”

“Why not? What have you got to lose? You don’t know anybody here. You’ll never see the guy again. You’ll never see *any* of us again! Besides, we’ll go to a fancy place and you’ll get a great meal out of this.”

“This is too much for me. I don’t think I can handle it.”

“Look, Herby is a real shmuck. He’s naive and not very discriminating. He probably wants to show off how well he is doing. If he bugs you too much, tell him you’re a guy!”

“I could never do that!”

“Well, then don’t. Just enjoy yourself. This is a one-time opportunity. Isn’t this just about the biggest fantasy you could have? Come on, you’ll probably never have the chance again.”

I stood there as they both looked at me. It was my decision. Their arguments were persuasive. In the end, I would be gone and it would all be like a dream.

“OK.”

Jill took me inside to freshen up. She also changed her clothes and applied a new face. Afterwards, we went into the living room as we waited for Herby.

As the three of us waited, I asked what would be expected of me. All the while, Tom kept looking at my legs and asking if I was sure I was not a real girl. The conversation remained pleasant as the discussion turned to many other things.

“Would you like to freshen up?” Jill asked. I looked at her questioningly since we just redid my face. “What I mean is, would you like to go to the bathroom before Herby gets here?”

“That sounds good,” I said as I stood up to go to the bathroom.

I was very nervous and needed to go badly. Once in the bathroom, I began struggling to lift the skirt. The padded thighs made it difficult. Then while holding the skirt and slip up, I pulled the pantyhose down to my knees, then pulled the padded panties down.

With my hands still holding the skirt and slip, it was nearly impossible to piss the normal male way. Chugging my feet around ‘til my back faced the toilet seat, I sat down. Even then there were problems; my legs were held together by the pantyhose. I had to pull them further down so I could open my legs. I was beginning to understand why it always took women so long to go. My attempt to redress myself was no less complicated.

Back in the living room, the bell rang. I heard conversation as I came out from the bathroom.

“And this,” said Jill, “is Sue.”

Herby was taller than me. I could see why they did not like him. He was sort of geeky-looking. He dressed as though from the Fifties. I think he even had pencils sticking out from his shirt pocket.

We shook hands, then made small talk as Jill and Tom got the overcoats. Jill and Tom explained that I was also a friend passing through the area.

Soon we were walking out towards Tom's car.

I sat in the rear with Herby. It was a half-hour drive to the restaurant. There was a lot of conversation, mostly among Jill, Tom and Herby. Everything was going along fine when we hit a big traffic jam. I could tell Tom was upset at Jill for being upset at being stuck in a car with Herby.

I was sitting quietly, dreaming about something. I don't remember how or why but suddenly Jill causally mentioned to Herby that I was really a guy.

Herby laughed at it. I was shocked. I think she was trying to get him disgusted enough to walk out of the car. He didn't believe it.

He kept on laughing and occasionally looking at me. I was still shocked and not responding. As he continued looking at me, it began to dawn on him that maybe it was not a joke.

“You guys are kidding. Aren't you?”

Silence!

“You can't be real. She looks too good,” he said to the others.

Silence!

I now realize that if I had spoken, he would have accepted the whole thing as a joke. Because I kept quiet, he was able to identify my shame.