



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# A Captive Wife

Bibi Dorb



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# A Captive Wife

**By Bibi Dorb**

I snuck into the house for the third time. As before, it was empty. I'd been watching the house over the past few weeks as the previous owners moved out. A new family came with moving vans but soon afterwards, disappeared. Over the following few weeks, the man and his wife came back, looked over the house and left. This was repeated several times. The children I had seen on their initial visit I never saw again. I continued watching the house. For whatever reason, they moved in, furniture, clothing and all, and then failed to live in the house. Most of the time, it was empty. Later, only the man who originally came with the moving van came to visit the house. He never stayed longer than an hour. No body lived in the house for over two months.

As far back as I can remember, I always had a fascination with women, especially the way they dressed. They put so much effort into dressing. It went beyond their actual physical needs. It was apparent in young girls who almost immediately looked to dress like their mothers or like another women they admired. Men reinforced what the women did by complimenting and running after them.

To better understand what women were going through, how they were feeling, etc, I decided to try dressing as they did. For whatever reason, it was a big turn-on.

I remember my very first time. My family went to stay with friends of my parents for some weeks. I must have been about six or seven at the time. Being the only male child, I was given a room of my own while the girls doubled up in another room. As luck would have it, the room I was given belonged to one of the girls of the family we were staying with. Alone in her room at night, I had full access to everything she wore.

She was older than I and had already started wearing low heels. One night while the house was very quiet and I knew every one else was asleep, I snuck into her closet and took out two shoes. Back on the bed, I put them on. There was a thrill in the moment.

Needing a better feeling for the shoes, I walked back and forth on the carpet. There was a thrill I cannot describe.

Over the next few weeks, whenever the opportunity presented itself, I tried on more and more of her clothing. By my last opportunity before leaving their house, I was almost fully dressed in her clothes. There was a thrill that transcended the physical feeling of the soft material against my skin. The subliminal thought that someone might think me pretty did something to me.

Over the years, when the opportunity presented itself, I dressed as best I could. My mother's wardrobe presented certain opportunities. I expanded on these with clothing from laundry lines and the occasional package of clothing left by the curb for charity. There were also the rare occasions when someone's house was made available to me either by invitation or sneaking in when I knew the house was vacant.

I had been cruising nearby neighborhoods looking for potential opportunities for a long time. I never went looking in my own neighborhood. It was far too dangerous. How could I explain to anyone I knew what I was doing in their back yard, taking clothes off their laundry lines? In nearby neighborhoods, that was the way I found my various pieces of clothing, underwear and, sometimes, shoes. It was frustrating though, that I never had a place to wear the things I "found." After taking them home, I would try them on in my room. However, I always had to be on the alert that my parents or sisters might come home at any time, or that they might find my "stash."

Looking for women's clothes to dress in was not the only thing that interested me. There were many other activities that kept me preoccupied. Aside from sports, I spent a lot of time working on cars, both mine and those of friends. I attended lectures on a wide variety of subjects. Between hobbies and work, I was very busy most of the time. Lately though, I found myself looking for a job. Looking for work was not a full-time occupation since I still lived at home; the money I made was mine to do with as I pleased. This left me a lot of time with nothing to do, especially during the day when most people are at work.

From my evening explorations I had found a lot of areas that might be interesting to explore during the day. This particular house was intriguing since it was never occupied during the evening hours and from what I surmised, never during the day either.

I had snuck into the house twice before. I relished the adrenaline rush of possibly being caught. I was also interested in exploring the women's clothes. I had this urge to dress in them. The occupants of the house were new to the area. However, for some reason, after moving in, they spent a lot of time away from the house. It was a safe bet that I could sneak into the house and not get caught. Based on how no one seemed to come or go, I would not be bothered for a long time.

One thing I noticed about the woman who was moving in, was that she was about my size, and beautiful. I was intrigued with wearing women's clothes about my size. That fact that she was about my size added a bit of tension to the thought of dressing in her clothes. It was easy to imagine putting them on. The two previous times I had been in the house, I had worn some of her clothes and found that they were tight in some areas and loose in others, but mostly they fit me. I had planned that on my next visit, I would bring the appropriate accoutrements to provide the best figure for the clothes. That meant silicon

breasts and padded panties for my rear and hips. A small gaff would provide the smooth shape her clothes demanded.

## **IN THE HOUSE**

It was mid-afternoon. I had parked the car some blocks away in an area that would not get attention. I figured that I had a good six or seven hours before heading back home. Getting into the large house through some back yards then through the rear door was not much of a problem. Even though they had moved everything in, they had not activated the alarm system.

The house was very quiet. Every now and then, the heating system would come on, then shut off. The house was in move-in condition. Everything was in place as though they were coming back that night. The bedrooms were upstairs. Most of the rooms were already furnished and the boxes were unpacked. Folded boxes were stacked at the end of the corridor. It was late afternoon and although cloudy outside, there was plenty of light to go about in the house without turning on the lights.

Three bedrooms were furnished. Two of the bedrooms were for small children. In the master bedroom, there were two closets and dressers. One was for him while the other was for her. Everything I wanted was in that room. I was determined for once in my life to take the time to dress completely and properly.

## **PREPARATION**

In my early twenties, I was pretty hairless. Nonetheless, I decided to shower and shave in the areas that would be visible. While still in the bedroom, I unbuttoned my shirt and pulled the tails out of the pants. After pulling one arm out, then the other, the shirt fell to the ground.

Sitting on the side of the bed, I untied and held each shoe while lifting my foot out of it. The other shoe followed. Socks were peeled away and tucked into the shoes. Standing up, I unbuckled my pants belt, undid the last button, then opened and unzipped the fly till I was able to drop the pants around my ankles. Stepping out of the pants with one foot, I used the other to kick the pants up onto the bed. Gripping the elastic band of my under-pants, I slowly slid them down till they fell to the ground. As before, I stepped out of them with one foot using the other to kick them onto the bed. I stood there shivering, as I knew what I was about to do. I was still apprehensive about getting caught while at the same time I was experiencing a thrill.

In the bathroom, attached to the master bedroom, I turned the water in the shower on and adjusted it till the water was at a comfortable temperature. Once under the water, I looked for and found a razor. Using soap, I lathered most of my body using scented bath

oils and shaved all the hair off. The only two areas of hair left were on my head and a small triangular patch above my manhood.

Using a nearby towel, I dried myself off. It was an unusual feeling since my skin now lacked any hair. My hairless body seemed a bit more sensitive to the cool air as it tingled a bit. Wrapping the towel around my upper body with the lower part just covering my crotch area, I walked back into the bedroom.

In her dresser, I began opening drawers one at a time. In the upper left hand drawer there was an assortment of negligees. The middle left opened to reveal bras, panties, and nylons. Taking a pair of French cut panties trimmed with French lace from the drawer, I opened them up to step one leg, then the other through the openings. With both hands on the elastic band, I pulled the panties up to my waist, enveloping my manhood and rear. With the waistband clinching high above my hips, I could see the “deformity” protruding from the front. With one hand pulling on the front elastic, I reached in with the other hand and “folded” my male member back and under me. Letting go of the elastic, I now had a smooth front.

Taking a matching bra, also trimmed with French lace, from the same drawer I took one end and caught it with the other hand around the back. After I attached the rear clips in the front, I rotated the bra till the cups were in front. Then I pulled each shoulder strap up while putting my opposing arm through it. My fingers then followed the edge of the bra, straightening and adjusting the straps and then the waistband. With the bra in place, I walked over to the bed and took two silicon inserts out of my bag and gently positioned them in the bra cups till they had the right look.

Taking another set of silicon pads and a section cut from a pair of pantyhose out of the bag, I sat on the bed. I pulled the panty section up my legs till it almost covered my panties. I inserted the pads in their pre-assigned places over my hips and derriere.

With my new breasts jiggling, I walked back to the dresser and pulled out a matching slip. Putting one arm, then the other through the strap openings, I raised it and allowed gravity to let it fall down till stopped by my C-sized chest protrusions. Taking the edges of the slip, I pulled it over my “boobs” and smoothed the slip over my body.

Looking at myself in the bedroom mirror, I saw the body shape of a woman outlined by the slip, with the head of a boy.

Sitting down at the vanity, I found a file and began filing my toenails. When finished, I placed small cotton balls between the toes. On the vanity was a bottle of red nail polish which I began shaking before opening it. I smelled the fumes as I began carefully brushing the polish on to each toenail. Each “dab” had a wet feeling.

Next, I found an acrylic nail package. Opening the tube of adhesive, I applied it to each nail. One by one, I applied each nail extension to each finger. When all the extensions were firmly in place, I began filing the edges to match my nails. Taking the red nail polish again, I applied liberal coats to each long fingernail. Holding my hands up in place allowed them to dry faster and gave me the opportunity to explore how ladylike my hands now looked.

After 15 minutes, I removed the cotton balls from between my toes. I expected that the long fingernails would present some difficulty, and they did. In the closet, I found a pair of

2" pink slippers and put them on. Walking again to the mirror and looking at myself, it was evident; I was one step closer to realizing my dream.

In the dresser, I found a plastic package with a new pair of beige pantyhose. Sitting on the chair in front of the vanity, I began what I thought would be an arduous task of pulling them on. My long fingernails deftly opened the package and pulled the pantyhose out. The pantyhose were a semi-transparent beige color. The panty part was darker, trimmed with a delicate lace at the top. The crotch of the pantyhose was lined with a white cotton material. Each leg hung limply and wrinkled. Bending one knee and raising that foot with toes arched towards the ground, I gathered portions of the pantyhose towards my toes, and then pulled it over my foot, up my hairless calve to my knee. This was repeated on the other foot as well. With both leggings up around my knees, I stood up and began the task of pulling each leg up in turn while clearing away the slip, so that only the bottom darker part of the panty hose barely touched my groin area. Then with one full swoop, I pulled both sides of the pantyhose up and over my protruding hips and rear end, to bring it up around my waist.

The pantyhose provided the strangest of feelings. It clung to my toes, feet, calves, knees, and thighs. I could feel the silky tightness, hugging against my skin, while at the same time feeling the coolness of air on my legs as though I was not wearing anything. The spandex portion of the pantyhose pressed firmly against my body and held any unwanted protrusion in place. Sliding my feet once again into the 2" slippers, I walked over to the mirror. Once again, I was looking more like my objective.

Walking over to the vanity, I sat down at the chair while simultaneously guiding the folds of my slip underneath me. In an effort to live the life of the character I was looking to duplicate, I lifted my right leg and slid it over my left leg, leaving my right foot to swing in the air, just the way women naturally cross their legs. The slip between the multi layers of clothes I wore provided a continuous sensual feeling with every movement. I turned to the mirror and compared the face I saw with a nearby picture of the woman I had seen entering the house a few times. I reached up with my long fingernails and lightly caressed my chin, cheek and eyebrows.

Taking tweezers in hand, I began plucking my eyebrows to conform to the shape, which she had in the picture. Sharp needlelike pains and tears welled up in my eyes. When finished, I could see in the mirror eyebrows that were shaped into graceful arches above the eyes. I was determined to go all the way, not really thinking how I would have to deal with friends and family later on. I had the time and the means to do it. A liner pen added body to my arched eyebrows.

Finding a light shade of liquid facial covering, I began dabbing it on parts of my face. Then using a make-up sponge, I began blending the covering into my skin all over the face. It gave me a wet feeling on my face. Next, I picked up a medium sized brush and opened a compact container of rouge. Dabbing the brush into the rouge, I began to lightly powder my cheekbones with downward motions from the end of my ears.

Next, I took a liquid eyeliner pencil and began to line the lids of my eyes. The pencil felt wet as I began drawing graceful prominent lines on my upper lids and smaller lines on the lower lids. An eye shadow brush provided a slight shade blending into a darker shade on my lower lids. Pulling the mascara brush free of its tube, I began to dab mascara onto

my eyelashes, twisting the brush with each stroke. My lashes were becoming wet and slightly heavy, then stiff as the mascara dried.

With lips stretched taught across my teeth, I used a nearby lip liner pen to outline my lips. This slightly accented them. Taking a lipstick tube in hand, I removed the cap and twisted the base so the lipstick slowly popped up inches from my lips. With my mouth open, I applied the slick, oily coating to my lips. The perfume scent reached into my nose. Pulling a tissue out, I folded it in half and pressed my lips to it drawing off the excess lipstick.

I had only a light peach fuzz to cover up. A small makeup compact would help cover this up. Taking a makeup brush, I dabbed it in translucent dusting powder and brushed it all over my face. This caused the makeup to set. Taking a nearby perfume atomizer, I generously sprayed it on my neck, cleavage, behind the knees and on my ankles.

Looking at myself in the mirror, I saw a girl who looked very much like the woman of the house except that she had short hair. I tried various expressions looking to see how much I looked either feminine or masculine. To my relief I looked so feminine that all my facial expressions complimented the way I looked. Batting my eyelashes and looking down a bit provided a very appealing look.

With my 2" heeled slippers on, I walked over to the closet looking for something to wear. To the top right were some odd looking boxes that I pulled down to look into. Each one contained a Styrofoam head with attached wig. I took the wig that looked most like the picture of the woman of the house on the vanity. Sitting down at the vanity, I placed and positioned the shoulder-length wavy hair wig on my head by first inverting the wig and opening the wig cap lining. The elastic band of the wig kept it mostly in place. But to make sure, I took some pins I found laying around and inserted them so that the wig caught my own hair as a way of keeping it from falling off. Taking a brush, I teased the hair into place.

Looking into the mirror, I could see my eyes, but otherwise it was the reflection of a beautiful young lady very similar in appearance to the lady of the house.

## **DRESSING**

Standing up, I walked, while looking at myself in the full-length mirror, toward the closet. I was thrilled with the way I looked. With the closet door opened, I now began looking for the right clothes to wear. I didn't want anything too fancy. In my mind, I wanted something that "she" could wear comfortably outside without being too conspicuous. I carefully scanned each dress, feeling the smoothness of each fabric. I finally settled on a dark blue dress with elbow length sleeves that looked as though it would drop just below my knees.

While holding the hanger with one hand, the other worked the zipper down and removed the dress. Holding the back of the dress open, I stepped first with my right then left legs through the skirt opening. Pulling the dress up, I placed my arms through each of the sleeve openings. With both hands, I found the zipper and began to pull it up. I was not



able to pull it up all the way, so I pulled it back down and went into the closet for a wire hanger. Snaking the wire hanger through the zipper tab, I pulled up with one hand while pulling the dress down in the back with the other hand. As the zipper moved up my back, I felt the dress encasing my body. With the long fingernails, I was able to close the clasp at the top of the zipper, giving me the feeling of closing a seal that encased me within. Closing the door, I looked at the mirror mounted on the outside of the door. Looking back at me was a woman still in her slippers, but beautiful nonetheless. The dress was cut low in front, exposing part of my chest. Although there was plenty of room for my bust, it hugged my body down to my waist where it flared a bit in a straight line just below my knees. The bodice of the dress was tailored tight, hugging my breasts and tapered inward towards my waist, expanding outward again at the hips, accenting the female form.

Reopening the closet door, I began looking for shoes to compliment my look. A black pair of 3" high-heeled pumps with a cutout to expose three toes caught my attention. They were lined with what looked like silver foil. It had the faint impression of the previous wearer's foot. Taking both shoes out of the closet, I placed them on the floor near the wall next to the closet. With one hand on the wall, I lifted my left foot and arched it downward to slide my toes first into the shoe, bending and arching to the shape of the pump, until the heel of my stocking foot slid in. Then standing in the left pump, I tried the same with my right foot but my left foot wobbled too much in the pump. Taking a bit more precaution, I tried again and this time it went smoothly.

With a little wobble in my step, I closed the closet door once more to look at the pretty girl standing there in front of me. Her little red toes peaking out from her shoes matched the red of her fingernails. Only one thing was missing: jewelry.

I felt the jiggle of my breasts as I minced back towards the vanity. The wobble of my steps added to it. Nonetheless, it was thrilling as I imagined myself to be the woman of the house. At the vanity I slowly lowered my tush to the chair while maintaining my balance in the pumps. With legs slightly to the side, I looked at myself again in the vanity's mirror. I felt and looked sexy. The feeling was driving me wild. Gathering my thoughts, I concentrated on finishing the job. Looking through all the available jewelry, I chose two necklaces, one small and dainty close to my neck and the other somewhat larger that hung over my breasts. A small, what looked like a diamond studded watch with matching gold band, fit my left wrist perfectly. The diamond earrings matched the necklace and rings, looking as though they were a set. Luckily, I already had pierced ears. A bangle and broach complimented my look.

Feeling somewhat like Catherine Zeta-Jones, I walked out of the bedroom, a new me. What made everything so different this time as compared to the many times before when I "dressed for the occasion" was that everything seemed to fit as though it had been tailored for me. Here I was wearing clothes belonging to another person, yet they fit me. Even the high-heeled shoes fit me to the point where they did not pinch my toes.

Everything felt good as I walked over to the mirror. I looked good. I had to compliment myself on my makeup. Only when walking up close to the mirror could one see that I had applied some areas sloppily. However, overall I looked at a woman in the mirror. She did not look beautiful or stunning, but she was very feminine. As I looked at myself, I posed for different situations. Moving carefully, I could see that I was able to move like a

woman. The clothing with all its restrictions forced me to make certain movements. It was obvious that swaying my ass as I walked made it easier to take steps. Small steps were easier than large steps. The dress prevented me from spreading my legs in order to bend down. To reach my sneakers on the floor required that I bend my knees and pick them up from the side.

It was a very different experience wearing her clothes. Most times in the past, I had worn clothes that were too small on me. These clothes fit me perfectly. This was also the first time I was able to take my time to fully dress. I looked good in the mirror. In some ways, I think I looked similar to the women who recently moved in. Beyond how I looked, everything *felt* good. With the appropriate padding in the right places, everything felt like it was fitted for me. My whole body felt incased in silky softness. The shoes, although very high, were comfortable. Aside from a bit of a wiggle on each step, it was easy to walk in them. They felt very comfortable as they cupped my foot. Even though they were 3" heels, my foot did not come out of the back of the shoe as I walked.

My ears tingled from the earrings as I walked around the room. Each movement of my head caused them to tingle just a bit. The "Y" profile outlined my crotch area as I took each step. My rear and hips jiggled just a bit as I took each step. Even though my breasts jiggled on each step, everything held firmly in place. It felt as though the breasts were attached to me as opposed to sitting against my chest. I could only imagine that this is the way most women felt.

## **LOOKING OVER THE HOUSE**

As the woman of the house, I decided to double-check all the rooms. Walking down the corridor, I entered each room and surveyed its contents. After I inventoried the upstairs, I went downstairs. It was a bit difficult finding each step on the way down. My 36C breasts obstructed the view of my feet. Luckily I was able to hold on to a banister for support. I could feel my breasts jiggle each time I took another step down. I could only imagine that I was feeling what she would be feeling in a similar situation. The sensations I was getting were thrilling.

I spent the next half hour walking around downstairs again, surveying its contents. On occasion, I scampered across the room at the thought that something might be worth looking outside. As various parts of my body jiggled, it sent shivers through my body. The shivers caused me to stop in place and try to contain my excitement. I could see myself in a mirror and there was no doubt that a young woman was having some sort of physical reaction.

I couldn't wait to get back upstairs and relieve myself of the sexual tensions that had built up in me. Nonetheless, I kept inspecting the remainder of the house. Every now and then, I would peek out the window to see what was happening outside. It was thrilling going through the house. My movements were sensuous and exciting to me. In raising my arm to open a kitchen cabinet door, I could feel my breast being pulled up then bouncing

back downward as I lowered my arm. It took some control to steady myself with all the feelings I was experiencing.

## **OWNER COMES HOME**

I was near the kitchen when I heard the sound of a car coming close to the house. My heart started beating faster. In a quite girlish run with my shoulders moving from side to side, I got to the kitchen window and saw a car coming up the driveway. This could be trouble. I quickly walked to the bottom of the stairs and was about to take my shoes off when I heard the kitchen door from the garage open. Without thinking, I left my shoes on and took each step upstairs as quietly and quickly as I could. Although the multiple movements it took for all my body parts and me to get up the stairs quickly was exciting, my heart was beating at the prospect of getting caught. Half walking and half-skipping, I made my way into the bedroom. Once in the bedroom, I was about to start undressing when it became clear that whoever the person was, he was going to come to the center of the house where I had stood moments before. Grabbing everything from the bed, I shoved it all underneath and then looked for a place to hide. The best I could find was behind the drapes in the corner of the bedroom.

Standing silently, I tried not to move. I was still in her heels and my feet were beginning to hurt. While I stood straight up and tried to move as close as possible to the wall, my size "C" boobs protruded. The padding around my ass also helped push me away from the wall, increasing my danger to exposure.

Someone was just about to come into the room as I held my breath. He moved around the room evidently looking for something. Several times he left the room, then returned. From the hallway I heard him say, "Whoever you are, come on out. I've got a gun and know how to use it. If you are a thief, I'll let you walk away without taking anything."

I was shaking. How could I explain the way I looked?

"If you don't come out, I'll call the police."

I was frozen. There was nothing I could do to prepare for this situation. It was a chance I took doing things like this. My urges always had an element of excitement associated with them. I was always careful to do things safely to reduce the chances of getting caught. There were some close calls, but there was always a way out. Sometimes it just involved waiting. I wasn't 100% sure he really knew there was someone in the house. Maybe he was bluffing.

## **DISCOVERED**

Frozen in place and thinking I had no solution, I did nothing. Suddenly the drape was pulled away from me. "Well, look what we have here." He was much larger than me and he did have a gun in his hand.

“Do you always go around playing dress-up in other people’s homes? What’s the matter, doesn’t your mother buy you enough dresses so that you don’t have to sneak in here to try on other people’s clothes?”

“I started to speak when he noticed something familiar. “That looks like my wife’s hair, or should I say hairpiece.” He pulled it off my head and then saw that I was a boy. “How can you explain this?” he said rhetorically.

“I’m sorry,” I almost started to cry. “I just get these urges and . . . here I am.”

He said nothing but looked at me strangely. “Put this back on,” he said as he handed me back the hairpiece. Go over to the vanity and do it properly.”

I walked over to the vanity, sat down and reattached the hairpiece so that it looked OK. Then I cleaned my face from the tears and stood up to face him.

## **HIS INSPECTION**

“Walk up and down the room a few times.” I did as he asked.

“You really look good. Let’s take a walk through the house. I want to see how you handle it.”

I wasn’t sure what to say or do, so I stood without moving.

“You came to dress as a woman and now I’m giving you the chance. Why are you hesitating?”

“I don’t know. It’s just something I never expected. What do you really want me to do?”

“Nothing, just walk through the house with me. I want to see how well you handle looking like a lady. It also gives you a chance to act the part in front of someone else. After all, I already know what you really are.”

With that he took my arm and ushered me out the bedroom door into the hallway. Then, leaving me standing, he walked ahead. After walking a few feet he turned, and asked, “Well, aren’t you coming?”

At that point I followed him. We walked all over the second floor looking into the rooms and closets. In one room, pointing to a vacuum cleaner, he asked me to vacuum the rug. I did as he asked, all the while trying to maintain the appropriate image of a girl in heels cleaning the house. Looking down as often as I did required that I clear my (her) hair from my face. There were other difficulties such as dealing with the bracelets I wore. They tended to slide up or down my arm depending on the position of my hand.

I vacuumed the rug as requested all the while watching him watch me. When finished, I came up to him and asked if it was satisfactory. He nodded approvingly. “Now what?” I asked.

“I would like to see how you look in some other clothes.”

Taking my hand, he led me back to the bedroom, as though leading a dog. I followed hesitantly at first, then just accepted the handholding. I stood inside the bedroom door with my arms folded just below my breasts watching him go through the closets picking out various pieces of clothing, then throwing them on the bed. It took about fifteen minutes for him to conclude whatever he had in mind.

“OK, this is what I want you to do. There are nine piles of clothing. Each pile represents a different outfit my wife used to wear. I want you to change into each outfit, making sure to wear the appropriate nylons, heels and jewelry. When you are ready, call me from upstairs so that I can watch you come downstairs. We’ll sit and eat or drink something, and then you go back upstairs and try on the next outfit. Understand?”

“You want me to put on a fashion show for you?”

“Something like that. It shouldn’t bother you. I take it that this is something you have wanted to do for a long time. Am I correct?”

“Sort of. I never expected it would turn out like this.”

“Please keep in mind that my wife was very classy. So please make sure to dress appropriately. In other words, your heels and jewelry should fit the outfit. That includes the bathing suit.”

“OK, I think I can do that.”

He turned and walked out the door and down the stairs. I was left to fulfill my dream. I was shuddering with tension.

Undressing was a chore, as it required that I first take off all the jewelry I was wearing. I also tried to be careful and move so that that none of the clothing would cause my hair-piece to come off as well. In her underwear, I hung up all the clothing and put the shoes in place. Going over to the bed, I looked at the business suit. It was missing a shirt. Looking through the closet, I found a frilly front shirt that looked perfect.

Taking it off the hanger, I put it on. I hadn’t counted on having to close the buttons in back, but decided to stick with the blouse since I had already chosen it. Stepping into the skirt, I pulled it up and pushed down the ends of the blouse so that it would present a flush look. The skirt was straight, ending just below my knees and also required closing in the back. Walking in my bare stockings, I found a pair of blue 2” heels that matched the color of the suit. Taking them over to the bed, I sat down and slipped one on each foot. Standing up, I walked over to the full-length mirror and knew what jewelry would be needed. At the vanity I found a pair of large half pearl earrings and matching necklace. Fixing my face and putting on a bracelet and watch, I felt I was ready. At the top of the stairs I yelled, “I’m ready.”

“OK, come down,” he yelled and watched as I negotiated each stair.

When I was within reach, he gave me his hand and helped me down the last two stairs. “Thank you,” I said.

Still holding my hand, he led me into the kitchen and pulled the chair out for me to sit. Sitting down, he asked what I wanted to drink or eat. I settled for a cup of coffee, leaving lipstick marks on the edge of the cup.

“Are you raising your voice, or is it natural?”

“This is my natural voice, why?”

“You’re lucky, it could go either way.”

“Oh.”

We sat and talked for a while about a lot of little things. I think he was just trying to break the ice and get me to feel more comfortable with him. At some point he decided that we talked enough and it was time for me to try on the next outfit. Talking my hand, he walked me to the bottom of the stairs and watched as I stepped up the stairs sideways since the skirt was too tight for me to spread my legs enough to walk up straight.

After undressing and putting away the outfit, I looked at the maroon cocktail dress, trying to decide what to wear with it. When finally dressed, looking at myself in the mirror, I saw a fashionably dressed young woman showing a lot of chest area covered with a multiple layer necklace and matching earrings. From the waist up, everything hugged me tightly. From the waist down, the dress flowed out in umbrella fashion to just above my knees. Matching maroon 3½” open sandals showing red tipped toenails complimented the dress.

The billowing dress and high heels caused a lot of problems when trying to negotiate the stairs. Holding the dress against my lap with one hand required that I hold onto the banister with the other, all the while looking to make sure my shoe settled correctly on each stair.

The difficulty must have been obvious to him since he came halfway up stairs to assist me. Holding on to him made everything much easier.

Once at the bottom of the stairs, unlike before, he walked me to the closet near the entrance and pulled out a mink coat, which he proceeded to help me put on. He then gave me a matching pocketbook and put on his own coat. Before I knew it, we were standing outside his front door. I was trembling at being exposed to the world like this. I was frozen in place; he grabbed my arm and pulled me towards the car. After walking me to my side of the car, he helped me get in. Managing to sit while balancing on high heels without dropping my pocketbook and keeping my coat closed was no small feat. His look at my legs as they protruded from underneath the coat was not the look of a man looking at another man. He was looking at a woman. I can’t say if there was someone on the street watching me. I was too much in shock and glad to be safe in the confines of the car.

With him sitting in the driver’s seat, I was finally able to ask, “What are you doing? I thought this was to be a fashion show only, not an outing.”

“You look so good, I figured you deserve to go out as well. We’ll have our coffee in a small place I know.”

“I don’t think I can handle this. You are the only person who has ever seen me dressed up like this. I can’t go in front of other people looking like this.”

“Why not? A lot of beautiful women go out dressed like this.”

“But I’m not a woman, remember?”

“That may be, but only you and I know that, and it will stay that way unless you want people to know what you really are.”

“I don’t have the confidence to do this,” I practically cried.

“You don’t have to do anything other than look beautiful. I’ll do the rest. And if anybody is looking at you, try to remember that women are envious of other women and guys who look are only thinking of getting into your panties.”

“Boy, would they be surprised.”

With that we both started laughing. It broke the tension I was feeling.

“OK, I’ll try to not be nervous. But please, no more surprises.”

With that, he started the car and we drove off.

Sitting in the passenger side as he drove, I tried looking at myself as though from outside the car. What I saw was one of those trophy women who accompany well-to-do men. With my hair resting on the lapels of my coat, I sat with my arms folded while holding the coat closed. At the bottom of the coat were two legs perched on heels tipped with red toenails. Earrings kept reminding me that my face was made up to look as feminine as possible. In some odd way, I appreciated that I looked so good.

Finally arriving at a small out of the way café, he helped me out of the car and all the way to my seat. He had the same look when looking at my legs as he did when I got into the car. While I appreciated the fact that I looked so feminine, I was also disturbed that he knew I was male.

I held his arm as we walked into the restaurant. At the table he took my coat and let me slide into the seat. Aside from the occasional glance, probably

