



Reluctant Press presents:

Dumpster Diver

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Dumpster Diver

By Annie Warren

Diving

The night wasn't bright but not dark; A half moon shown down, giving enough light to see by.

It was Friday, the night that I usually went out diving. It was the kind of night good for dumpster diving. I was wearing my diving clothes: black top, black pants, black socks, black soft soled shoes. On top I wore my black watch cap under which I had stuffed most of my longish red hair.

It is amazing what people toss; I'd gotten all kinds of useful or repairable things. After a poor night of diving, I had come to my favourite alley where there were several dumpsters in a nice neat row, well, as neat as dumpsters can be.

As I entered the alley, I saw someone approach a dumpster with two big, full bags in tow. I wanted to see but not be seen, so I backed up against the wall. When he stopped at the first dumpster, he looked around. People who are tossing garbage don't normally act that way, so my curiosity was piqued. With yet another look around, he put the bags into the dumpster, then left down the alley, thankfully away from me.

I waited until he was gone, then went to the dumpster. His two bags were there on top. I felt them to be sure they didn't contain body parts or tins. They turned out to be soft, like clothing. Pondering this, I realized that I could use some new togs to fill out my waning wardrobe. From what I could see in the alley, the depositor looked like he was my size! That could be a lucky break.

I hefted the bags and took them to my car, filling the trunk with them; like I said, they were large trash bags and heavy. My next move was to go back to the dumpsters. I noted

that there were two new bags in the one I had just hit, also apparently again filled with clothing. My mysterious benefactor had come back and given me two new, large additions to my new wardrobe, apparently not noticing that his previous deposit was no longer there. But one was heavier and the other rattled. What the heck, clothing is clothing. I took them both to my car, putting them in my back seat.

When I came back a third time and looked again at the dumpster, there were yet two more new bags. I pulled them out. My favourite site was filling my car from only one donor I had only vaguely seen. I took the bags back to my car, filling the last open spaces in it in the process. I then went back. There were no more new bags, so I did a quick look-see at the rest of dumpsters. Nothing looked good, usable or repairable. As it was my last stop for the night, I drove home. Other than those bags, it had been a poor night for picking.

I lugged them up to my room, but since it was late, I just went to bed with the six bags just sitting there in a jumbled pile. I knew they would wait for another day to be examined; they weren't going anywhere.

For Openers

Next morning was Saturday so I slept late, as I sometimes did. I got up, looked at the bags as I passed them but went into the bathroom and did my ablutions, then made coffee and cooked myself a good breakfast.

Still in my pyjamas, I went back to my bedroom and opened the 1st bag and looked inside. Yes, it was stuffed full of clothing; however on looking closer, I discovered that it was all women's clothing. Nevertheless, I emptied it out, making neat piles for dresses, skirts and blouses. Since it was a sizeable bag, it formed sizeable piles.

When I opened the second bag, I found that it was nearly a duplicate of the first bag as it was filled with women's clothing. The piles grew higher.

I opened the third, heavier bag and there were more women's clothes in it, but this one also included some high-heeled shoes and a load of pamphlet-sized books, novellas? I sorted out the shoes, matching them into pairs. I looked at the booklets. Scanning the titles, I began to wonder about that guy; they all were about transvestism and transsexualism. That sort of cinched the fact that it was a guy.

So I now made several piles of the books. So far it was quite interesting, but there was nothing I could use.

In the fourth bag, the one that rattled, was lots of lingerie: bras, panties, slips, sleepwear, and such. Like the other bags, it had been fairly tightly stuffed, so I made one large jumbled pile of the lingerie. The rattle had come from some large bottles of pills. I scanned the various labels, but, not recognizing any on the large bottles, I simply set them aside, building yet another pile.

I did not know if I wanted to open the last bags but I did. It turned out to be similar to the first bags, odds and ends my "benefactor" missed when packing the other bags, along with an array of make-up and jewellery. I set the make-up and jewellery aside.

Since it was Saturday and I had nothing really pressing to work on, I let the various piles of clothing and other stuff lie. I picked two of the booklets off the top, lay down on my bed and started to read.

I wanted to know what motivated my strange friend to dump such an extensive wardrobe unknowingly into my lap.

First enlightenment

I did not know what to expect. What I read turned out to be tales of cross dressing, of men wearing women's clothing. It was intriguing but completely and totally out of my realm of experiences. I did not even know that such things, or such men for that fact, existed. I read more of the booklet and the more I read, the more fascinating it became! It didn't explain, however, why an man had dumped this stuff.

I had seen that he had long hair like I did but he was not close enough for me to draw any conclusions about what he was wearing. As far as I could tell, they were men's clothes. Was he dumping someone else's wardrobe? His wife's? That hardly seemed likely with these books. I finished the booklets I had been reading, then ruffling through the stack of books, I found what appeared to be a non-fiction book.

It was.

As I began reading it, I got more understanding. Halfway through it, I came across a section that talked about "denial." If he was indeed a transvestite, or as they abbreviated it, a TV, then here was the explanation of his actions. As I read further, I looked at the piles of clothing, books, high-heeled shoes, the bottles of drugs and such.

I still had not repacked any of the stuff I had collected; the empty bags still lay near it where I had dropped them.

In this almost-textbook on dressing as a woman, it stated that most TV's at some time in their lives, if not multiple times, will try to deny their TV drives and will try to purge themselves of them. This means that they will get rid of all of their TV paraphernalia one way or another. The booklet referred to it simply as "The Purge."

If the fellow I had seen had been a TV, then here was the explanation; at that point I stopped reading and mused over my newly-gained knowledge of this lifestyle. I wondered if he had changed his mind and returned to the dumpster only to discover his trove was gone. If the booklet had been right, he'd had his purge and had gone home. He'd probably reconsider in a day or two. By then it would have been too late as the garbage pick-up would have passed and he'd be facing empty dumpsters.

With this newly-gained knowledge, I picked up the two novellas I had just read and started to read them again. As I read on, I began to pick out what seemed to be key phrases. I did not understand the desire of a man to wear these things, but in both of the books was the idea of epilating one's legs, removing all hair and of getting tingling feelings as one pulled on soft nylon panties.

These ideas piqued my curiosity.

Putting down the novella I was reading, I went to the clothes and checked out the panties, picking up a soft, nylon pair decorated with lacy trimmings. They were terribly soft and sensuous, something previously out of my scope of knowledge. In school I had dated but I had not gotten to the point where I would remove or handle such garments. Besides, such removal was not to experience the clothing but rather what was *under* it. Besides, the women I dated were of the more practical sort, probably wearing plain cotton panties anyway.

Could this pair of nylon panties have that special effect on me? But it was also said that the effect was on hairless legs; I'd never even thought of trying that kind of thing. Should I?

I played with the notion for a while as I fondled the silkiness of the panties until I decided, "why not?" In the stuff I had collected were several jars of Nair. I had seen references to this stuff and what it would do to hair.

So it was back to the books.

Some of them mentioned using a depilatory, others just said to shave while others recommended doing it in a bath, letting the waters soften the hairs. I read the instructions on the Nair, went into the bathroom and applied it to my virgin legs. After the appropriate length of time had passed along with the discomfort also described in the booklets, I washed it off. With it went my hair. As I dried off, there was a marked difference. I took the panties and slowly drew them up my legs.

The books were right!

There was a sensuality to this action that gave me an erection that I just *had* to take care of.

As the saying goes, I had been bitten.

When I put my pants on, there was a new sensitivity in my legs; it was sensuous and nice! Again I reached into the pile of novellas. I was even more stimulated now.

I noted what they did now with more excitement, drinking in details that had eluded me before. I would occasionally look at the piles of clothing and wonder, what would it be like? But at that time I went no further. I had been given, along with the paraphernalia piled on my bedroom floor, food for thought.

Business as usual

For the time being, I went about business as usual, occasionally distracted by the new sensations from my legs every time I moved.

On that first day, I did look at the sleepwear mixed in with the other lingerie but did not imbibe. That night I got undressed and put on my pyjamas and went to bed. Curious, I went back to the booklets, grabbed a couple more, and continued my reading.

In the morning, when I was about to get dressed, I snagged another pair of panties and put them on, again feeling their softness and comfort. I did not leap out of bed to rinse out

the lingerie I had worn that day but I did notice that that was what was usually done by the hero(ine)s in those stories.

I think at that point, I knew I was captivated. Any thoughts of returning any of my bounty to the dumpster had totally faded! As I was dressing, I pondered the clothing that now seemed to beckon to me.

Where had these desires come from?

I now constantly wore panties under my pants. My legs thrilled to the sensations that the hairlessness and the Nair had brought on. I thought, "What would it be like if I was wearing a skirt?" I did manage to go on with my daily routine, but those thoughts could not be totally shaken off. The stories I had been reading told of the sensations of wearing women's clothes, but was I ready to try something like that? All day long, I was tantalized by those ideas.

I went out diving again that evening, again browsing the dumpsters. It was unusual for me as I was generally a "Friday only diver." I did find a number of interesting objects but no more clothing.

I actually fondled some of the trash bags, but it all turned out to be just normal trash, even from my dumpster Mecca where I had made my first "find." I took the few treasures I did find back to my apartment and stowed them in my work room.

When all was put away, I went to my bedroom and looked once more at the piles of clothing.

Picking up yesterday's panties, I took them into the bathroom and rinsed them out in the sink with just a bit of soap as I had read about. After wringing them out, I hung them over the tub to dry. I was now in panties and a loose shirt. I looked at my pyjamas, then at the piles until I found a night dress. I pulled off the shirt, replacing it with the night dress. It fell coolly down over my body; as predicted, it played a symphony of its own on my legs. I wasn't exactly in a trance but I was definitely entranced. These sensations were out of the range of my normal feelings! They were simply wonderful!

Moving about and getting ready, I enjoyed them so much that I almost did not want to go to bed. I did in the end, of course, but not before grabbing a couple more of the books and settling in. I found that the marvellous feelings were still there but muffled by the bed coverings.

In my readings, I kept coming across references to hormones. In the text, I saw the names I had seen on the labels on some of the large jars. Finally, my curiosity piqued enough, I got up, again luxuriating in free flowing feel of the night dress as it swirled about my hairless legs, and went to my computer. I fired it up, went to my favourite search engine and typed in a search for "hormones."

The count on responses was almost unbelievably high. Looking at some of the responses, I saw why; hormones are an integral part of body function, but there were many different kinds of hormones! I went to one of the bottles and read the label: "Oestrogens: brand name Premarin." The word oestrogen rang a bell, it was a name which I recognized.

Returning to the computer with the bottle, I narrowed my search and still got lots of hits, not as many as before, but the variety was informative. I read about hormone replace-

ment therapy (HRT) for post menopausal women, usage by transsexuals and descriptions of oestrogen. Not all of the descriptions were clear to me, but some of them reflected what I had read in the books, giving them credence. I was not totally informed, but now I had a little knowledge. As the saying goes, a little knowledge can be a dangerous thing...

Logging off, I pondered the bottle in my hands and the huge quantity of pills it contained. My unknown donor had apparently been planning for the long run and had procured them in quantity! Now I had somewhat of an idea of what they would or at least could do, sort of.

Asking myself if I wanted those effects, I opened the bottle and took out one of those little oval purple pills. I pondered my situation. I was relatively well-off and did not need to work. I was also a confirmed loner, with only a very few visitors. What I wore or how I looked was totally up to me. I placed the pill on my tongue and swallowed.

With those thoughts, I fluffed my night dress, climbed back into bed and went to sleep. Yes, I did get to sleep!

A New Day and...

In the morning, just like Christine Jorgenson, I immediately went to my mirror to see what changes had been wrought. And, also just like her, I looked and saw the same old me, albeit in a night dress.

When I got up, I succumbed to temptation and put on a skirt and blouse, feeling the same seductive sensations about my legs, though lessened now. I was enthralled by them so my daily clothes changed.

Over the next week, I surfed the net, learning more about hormones. I wore dresses or skirts and blouses by day and night dresses to sleep in. I learned that changes come slowly. While waiting, I also experimented with some of the make-up that had been included in my haul.

I still went out and did my Friday dumpster diving, bringing back reusable things that I fixed and donated where I could. For these perusings, I wore my "diving uniform" of black pants and top, but under them was women's underwear. I had found it to be just that pleasant. It came to the point where I actually regretted taking off my skirt. I was hooked, and hooked bad! Though I looked diligently, I found no more clothes that I could wear. And as I continued to "dress" daily at home and dive each Friday, time kept moving on.

In the meantime, I continued taking the hormone pills but I forgot about checking for changes that might have developed. Well, chest sensitivity and other changes crept up on me, but I ignored them, forgetting what I had learned on the web. I attributed them more to the clothes than the pills.

My areolae tented my nipples, but they were soft and went away when I put any clothing on them (well except for bras, slips and some camisoles that had built-in cups). When my nipples got 'itchy,' I could not ignore them but under a bra with padding, the feelings

were minimized and ignorable. The softness of the tented nipples solidified as they increased in size and a growth underneath them started to develop; it was all the same to me as long as I wore one of my bras with padding. Those sensitivities continued and became more easily ignored except when I took a shower. Even then, I ignored them fairly successfully

My life as usual changed

Then it happened. It was a Sunday, I had been working at my computer as usual. And, as usual by this point, I was wearing a dress, full lingerie, hose, heels and full make-up. I was looking good! Suddenly, a knock came to my door.

No one ever comes here to visit! Who the heck could that be?

Without thinking of how I looked since I was wearing my “usual,” I clicked on my high-heeled shoes over and opened the front door.

Standing there were two women.

The shorter one was big breasted and had flaming red hair just like mine. The other one was as tall as I was in my high heels. She, however, had straight black hair. Unlike the red head she was really beautiful, relatively small breasted, and slender almost to a fault. She made me feel fat! The redhead I recognized immediately. It was my sister!

I put out my arms to hug her. “Meggs, whatever are you doing here? I thought you were still in school!”

She had a shocked look on her face. When I took two steps forwards to hug her, she took two steps back, avoiding my approach. The other woman had a quizzical look on her face as she watched this impromptu two-step dance.

Meggs looked at me with a quizzical expression, “Lorin? Is that you?”

It was only then that I remembered what I was wearing and stopped. “Of course it is. Who else would be living here?”

Her quizzical expression changed to a sceptical one. “Well, you certainly do not *look* like Lorin!

“If you *are* Lorin,” she turned to her companion, “I’m not certain you are, but yes, Lorin is supposed to live here, and you *did* recognize me.” She looked me over again. “Anyway, this is Molly.” Molly smiled at me and nodded her head. I swear as I looked at her, that a twinkle came into her dark eyes.

“Sorry, Meggs. I guess some things that you couldn’t have expected to have happened seemed to have happened. Whatever, come on in anyway” Looking at me a bit sideways, she and Molly went in the door I held open. She went into my living room followed by Molly, still smiling, and sat down on my couch.

Seeing they were comfortable, I quickly said, “One moment, I’ll be right back.” I went back to my computer, shut it down and returned to them.

"So, Lorin, what is going on? Why are you dressed that way?"

"You know that I like to go dumpster diving, Meggs. Not long ago I found an extensive set of clothing plus a fairly complete wardrobe that I brought home with me. I tried it and liked it. Rather than dumping it back, I decided to keep it." I did a sort of sweep over my body for emphasis. "And now, what brings *you* here?"

"We just graduated from med school and decided to come here to do our internships at the Foster Williams Hospital. Molly originally came from near here, and I knew you lived here. Her parents died and the sale of her house funded her schooling. Thus there is nowhere for her to stay. We came here to see you in hopes of getting a place to stay until we find an apartment."

"That sounds OK by me. I'll clean out my spare bedroom and sleep there. You two can use my bedroom as it has a larger, more comfortable bed."

"You sure it's OK, Lorin?"

"Sure, however I can't really help you unload any of your stuff, dressed as I am."

"Self-conscious?" she said with a smile. Molly then added, "You look just fine to me, but you probably just need more practice if you are going to continue. OK, we'll go and get our bags."

I went to my new bedroom, my former work room, and pulled a lot of my projects off of the bed. I had just cleared it when the doorbell went off.

I let them in again. As they dragged their things into my bedroom, I dug out a spare door key. When they had settled in, Meggs looked at me and said, "You're serious about this, aren't you?"

"About what?"

"Wearing dresses, make-up, and the rest. Do you want to *be* a woman?"

"I never even thought about that. I just find these clothes much more comfortable than my old rough pants and shirts; however, pants and shirts are what I wear when I go out.

Molly stood up and said "Well, I don't know about you, Lorin, but I am hungry. Let's go eat!"

I stood up, "OK, let me change."

"There's no time for that, you can go as you are!"

I looked at her. "Not dressed like this I can't."

"You look okay to me," a still smiling Molly said as she took my hand and lead me towards the door, to my reluctance, as you well may imagine. To complicate matters, Meggs grabbed my other hand; together they made a concerted effort to drag me out the door. With my high heels, I did not have firm footing and with them pulling me by my hands, I could not hang onto the door jamb. And so, their efforts to pull me out of the safety and anonymity of my apartment in women's clothing proved to be successful.

Taken by surprise, it was a two-on-one effort that scooped me out the door.

First time out and about

Standing outside my door, I felt very vulnerable indeed in my skirt, hose, heels, and blouse, to say nothing of those fake bumps on my chest pushing out my blouse. I wasn't allowed to stand and ponder my state as I was quickly "escorted" to their car and set inside, with smirks and comments on how a woman gets into and out of a car after I managed to flash the lace on my slip as my skirt rode up almost dangerously high up my thighs. We then drove off and around until they spotted a small restaurant that looked good to them. Although it was my city, they did not even ask me where I wanted to go as. They knew I'd say, "Home!"

We parked and once again I was escorted, this time into the restaurant. It was small and sparsely filled. We got a table and Meggs ordered a light meal for me with Molly placing her own order. What started out as a meal for them, started out for me as an ordeal. Knowing what I looked like, I was being paranoid.

Almost immediately, Molly made me look around; when I saw that no one was staring at me, pointing, or even looking at me, I began to relax. In a low voice she pointed out that we were just three women out for a meal and were being ignored.

The waitress had also treated us as such so I finally managed to relax. My paranoia dissipated and I actually started to enjoy myself as we chatted about school and their hopes and ambitions. Molly smiled over at me and asked, "Lorin, what do you do for money?"

That launched Meggs and I into telling her about our lives up to then. Our parents had been relatively well-to-do and had been very well-insured. Just after we graduated from high school, both of them died in a car accident. We were with them, sitting in the back seat, but our injuries (the physical ones anyway) proved to be minor.

"So there we were, high school graduates with no parents. The decision about what we should do split us up. Meggs decided to go to medical school. I went to university where I majored in business administration. I got my MBA with a speciality in finance about the time that Meggs got into the medical program she wanted. I guess that's where you met her.

"We both had enough money that we did not need to work. I invested my money utilizing my knowledge from school, and it has grown a lot. The result is that I don't have to work, so I don't. In school I managed to get a good grounding in things mechanical, electrical and electronic. As a result, my life has been taken up with a sort of rescue work. I go dumpster diving, retrieving things that are repairable. I repair what I can and recycle them, putting the true junk back in the dumpsters.

As a result of my diving, I found an extensive wardrobe of women's clothes plus a whole bunch of accoutrements including books, sort of a user's guide, and other stuff like the make-up I am wearing. Apparently, the original owner had been a transvestite or a transsexual who had made a purge of his collection."

Having finished my story, they told me of how they had met in med school and become fast friends, ending up at my doorstep. When it came time to pay, I realized that I had no money; in fact, I did not even have pockets. At home, I had no such need. And now, I didn't have an ID or anything!

Meggs smiled at me, saying that next time I should remember to take my purse with me. What purse?! I said that I'd bet there were some purses somewhere in my collection of women's clothing. They both smiled at that. Anyway, she paid and we left.

Once outside, I resisted the temptation to dash to the car and when we pulled up to my apartment house, to run from the car to my front door. I suddenly realized that forgot that, sans pockets or purse, I did not have a door key. Good thing I had given Meggs a copy of my key sometime previously for emergencies.

Once again "safe"

Once back home, I almost collapsed and sprawled into the overstuffed chair in my living room. The tension of my exposure in the outer world released its hold on me since I was again "safe." I had not even realized just how much tension I had been under. It was really nice to *really* relax.

"Meggs, whatever did you do that for?"

"Simple, little sister, I wanted you to have confirmation that you look just fine. No one noticed anything out of the ordinary, did they? No one stared, no one laughed, no one saw anything but three of women out for a meal. If you had been alone, I'd bet you'd have got some offers for dates."

I shivered a bit at *that* idea, yet the whole concept of my being out and about, despite my initial paranoia, was somewhat somewhat exhilarating to me, regardless of the potential problems that might have arisen.

When they came in behind me, they had gone to my sofa and sat down, facing me. Molly again had that twinkle in her dark eyes as she looked over at me. Meggs voiced what she had been thinking.

"Lorin, if you are to wear skirts, you should take care of how you sit." I looked at her with what I'm sure was a quizzical expression. Whatever did she mean?

"A woman does not sprawl. Your skirt is halfway up your thighs! Sure you have good-looking legs, but your skirt is also showing bunches of your lacy slip. Stand up, brush your skirt down and reseal yourself with some decorum. If you are going to wear dresses and skirts, you are going to have to learn how to move and sit in them." By now, Molly was grinning.

I stood and did as she had requested; my release of tension was over. I seemed to remember something about that in my library of booklets. I was going to have to go and look it up.

As I went to bed that night, I slept in one of the slinky night dresses from the collection. I pondered the ramifications of my "trip out" and what it meant to me. It was a mixture of paranoia, fear and, yes, exhilaration!

A new day (after)

Next morning I got up at my usual time. After debating what to wear, I ended up with panties, a stuffed bra, a semi-sheer blouse and a light, full, denim skirt that ended just above my knees. My collection was giving me many, many choices!

The apartment was quiet so I went into the kitchen where I brewed up a pot of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table with a fresh cup. After I filled the apartment with the odour of fresh coffee, it did not take long before Meggs and Molly came in. They were wearing peignoirs over their sleepwear, making me feel somewhat overdressed. They went directly to the pot and poured themselves cups of coffee, then came over to the kitchen table to sit down.

Meggs looked me over, top to bottom, then commented, "I see those clothes were not just a one-time thing." Molly smiled her warm smile, again with that twinkle in my eye.

I could only answer, "Uh, no, I like them; I'm just not used to going out in the open in them."

"Sorry if we forced an issue, little sister, but time just did not allow for changing."

I smiled at her, "That's OK. It was a shock mixed with paranoia yet somewhat exhilarating. Anyway, I survived it. So, what are you two doing today?"

"We have to check into hospital today, let them know we are here and see if they have housing listings. If they don't, we'll have to start looking for a place to stay."

"In spite of yesterday's 'incident,' you two can still stay here as long as you need to."

"Well, thank you. That *is* a magnanimous offer greatly accepted... if needed."

I looked at her and added, "See? No hard feelings for yesterday's little excursion; I might be talked into a repeat if I can be a lot better prepared." A broad smile came to both of their faces as the import of what I said sank in.

We had a breakfast that I put together, then they disappeared into the bedroom to reappear shortly in spiffy business-like pant suits in pastel colours. In a trice with a word or two of parting, they disappeared out the door. I retreated to my bedroom/workshop to finish up more of my projects. I had long since found out why denim was so practical to work in.

They came back in mid-afternoon looking somewhat bedraggled.

"Well, Lorin, they know we are here, but they don't have any apartment listings," Molly said as she dropped some crumpled copies of the local papers on the table. They had been read, marked up, folded, reread and folded multiple times judging from the looks of them.

I was dressed as I had been that morning and Meggs smiled at me after giving me a once-over. "Looks like we may be here longer than I thought; there seems to be a dearth of rentable apartments for two working girls."

With her lovely smile, Molly piped in, "Much less for 3 girls, working or not."