



Reluctant Press presents:

Since Dad Passed Away

Bibi Dorb



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Since Dad Passed Away

By Bibi Dorb

It was tough after Dad passed away. As the only child, my Mom concentrated everything on me. We were lucky in one respect; Dad had a decent life insurance policy. We would not starve, and we would not lose our house. But the money the policy paid out was only enough to cover the basics. Anything we wanted beyond that would require work on our part to bring in additional income.

Mom was quick to get a job. That left me free to continue my schooling. I only had one more year to go. I had gotten into some small-time trouble when my father got sick, so my head really wasn't into learning or worrying about homework. Now that he was gone, my mother was determined that I would make up the grades and go on to higher learning. She also had some other funny ideas that only became clear to me later on.

Something must have been going on between my parents because I always knew that my Mom resented my father for something. I was never able to find out what, though. She always denied it. I had this gut feeling that she wasn't telling me the truth.

After a few weeks of mourning, we settled into a routine, some aspects of which were very annoying. Mother became very protective of me. She hassled me to no end about the friends I kept at school. She made sure that I ate a solid breakfast every morning and gave me either a hefty bagged lunch to take to school or enough money so that I could buy a good meal. Sometimes I felt as though she was fattening me up. I was one of the lucky ones; as much as I ate I remained about the same weight. That's not to say I was skinny. Actually I was a bit chubby.

At first, I thought I was developing a chest, like muscle men had. Only problem was that my arms didn't show it. My friends suggested that I was developing a big chest cavity. A lot of guys do. I accepted this as an explanation, though other things were on my mind that I never verbalized. Maybe I should have.

It was Spring and I tried keeping up with my school friends. Unfortunately they were bigger than me and at some point they started ignoring me. I never seemed to have the “presence” they did in a crowd. In a one-to-one situation, I did OK, but in a crowd of rough guys, I almost disappeared.

I talked about this a lot with my Mom. She was very understanding and explained that a lot would change between school years and later in life. Guys that were real jocks in school many times ended up as auto mechanics for the former nerds who owned businesses. After this coming summer, I would only have one more year of school before graduation; that was something that I should look forward towards, at least if I did well in school.

So there were times when I was sad and other times when I was OK with the situation. The guys never made fun of me or tormented me as they did some of the other kids in the school. In some ways they were even protective of me, I think because, before my father’s death, I was one of them. After he died, they sensed a change in me, and they respected it. They all had fathers and it bothered them to think what it would be like if they lost theirs. At the age when they sprouted in height, I remained virtually the same. There were some other guys who were 5’7”, but they all had broad shoulders. I was 5’6” and ordinary. When Mom wore heels, she towered over me. My height was one of the reasons I never picked a real fight with her. Her height in contrast to mine was intimidating.

A MONTH BEFORE SCHOOL LET OUT FOR SUMMER VACATION

With another month to go before school let out for the summer, I kept mentioning to Mom that I had this itch in my chest. Every time she inspected me she said there was nothing to worry about since there were no red patches of skin. She suggested that maybe I was allergic to something, possibly her laundry detergent. She started using another one.

The itching did not go away. There were other telltale signs that something was bothering me, but as she pointed out, it was probably in my mind. So I lived with it.

One Friday evening, I was leaning against the kitchen counter, watching Mom prepare dinner. Looking at her, it occurred to me that she looked very comfortable. Maybe it was the way she moved comfortably about the kitchen. Whatever it was that caught my interest, it was bound to change my life for a long time.

“Mom, you look so serene and comfortable. How come?”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, I don’t feel all that comfortable, you know, physically. I know you said that I am still growing and that is just part of the growing process. But when I look at you, you look so comfortable with yourself and the clothes you are wearing. Maybe I need some different clothes and then I will be more comfortable as well?”

“You know, that gives me an idea. Maybe you are right. Why don’t we do that right now!”

“What do you mean?”

“Let’s put you into some other clothes and see if you feel more comfortable.”

“You mean go out right now, or after dinner, and buy some clothes?”

“Better than that. I’ve got some clothes you can try on. Let’s see how that goes.”

“OK, I guess.”

With that, my mother took me by the hand and led me into the living room.

THE SWITCH

“Start undressing.”

“Here? Why can’t I go upstairs to the bedroom?”

“It was your idea, and I want to move on it before you or I change our minds. Now be quick about it.”

With that, she began tugging my shirt out of my pants until I agreed to continue on my own.

I was down to my underpants when she went behind the couch and also started undressing.

“Mom, what are you doing?”

“Shh, dear, let me get this off and then I’ll tell you.”

When she was down to her panties, she turned to me and said, “OK, now take off your underpants and put on my panties.” I didn’t move or do anything other than look at her breasts. She cupped them in her hands and asked, “Does this do anything for you?”

It took me a while to get hold of myself before replying, “Mom, you’ve got to be kidding!”

It was then I saw her get angry at me. Without heels, we were about the same height. But she was my mother, and her anger was not something I wanted to deal with. So I took my underpants off and handed them to her. In exchange, I got her panties. She was totally nude. She had a good figure, if one can look at their mother and make a judgment of that kind. After putting them on, I was given her bra. She watched as I struggled to get it on. Wearing only my underpants, she came over to me and straightened one of the bra’s shoulder straps. Then without warning, she placed one hand inside the bra cup and pulled some of my chest flesh up so that it partially filled the cup. She then did the same with the other cup. It was strange that I had enough loose flesh to partially fill the bra cup.

Next she gave me her pantyhose and told me to put them on while she went upstairs for something else I needed. I sat down on the couch and watched her bouncing breasts as she went upstairs. In the meantime, I struggled to get her pantyhose on. By the time I was standing and pulling them up to my waist, she had returned, wearing a loose-fitting throw-over dress. She came over and inserted two Jell-o-like, flesh-colored silicone fillers into the cups. Positioned just below my nipples, they helped lift my chest just enough to give the impression of breasts.

Next she had me put on her body-hugging white short-sleeved turtle neck sweater. Then she had me step into her pencil skirt which she zipped up in back. Sitting on the couch, I felt the slithery feeling of the pantyhose against the skirt. Then I put on her shoes one at a time. Again there was that slithery feeling as I slipped my feet into her low heels.

“OK, now stand up.”

I stood in place, not sure what to expect.

“Let’s go into the kitchen.”

I followed her into the kitchen and stood in place as she brushed out my shoulder-length ponytail, dividing it evenly on each side. All the guys had one, tied at the base of the neck, but none of them wore it the way my mother was fashioning it. When she finished with it, she went over to her pocketbook and took out a tube, which after twisting, protruded a red stick. I started to resist and saw that same anger in her eyes until I relented. Applying it on my lower lip only, she had me smack my lips together till I had as much color on my upper lip as I did on the lower one. As she went back to her pocketbook, I wondered what was coming next.

“OK now, you are wearing all my comfortable clothes. How do you feel.”

“I, I, don’t know. This is not what I expected. I feel like I’m dressed like a girl.”

“You were talking about comfort. You’ve been complaining for the past few weeks, and now you get the opportunity of seeing the other side. Don’t you feel comfortable?” With that, she grabbed my hand and took me back into the living room where there was a large mirror. I stood there looking at myself as she went back to the kitchen.

I didn’t move. I was afraid to move. I don’t really know why. What I saw in the mirror was a cute girl. I looked like a cute girl! How come I was able to wear my mother’s clothes? How come I looked so good? I looked like a real live girl. I just couldn’t take my eyes off her. It was my breasts that were the most intriguing. As I cupped each one and lifted a bit, it felt as though I was touching myself. They felt so real.

I don’t know how long I stood there looking at myself before my mother called me back into the kitchen. I walked slowly and carefully, not able to take large steps. The skirt was restrictive and the small heels caused my ankles to swivel. By the time I made it into the kitchen, I began to notice my protruding and somewhat jiggling chest, otherwise known as boobies.

I wasn’t sure how I should hold myself or what I should even do with my arms. Once through the doorway of the kitchen, I stood waiting for the next command.

“Well, don’t just stand there, say something.”

“I am not sure what I should say or what you want me to do now.”

“If you are not sure what to do, then help me finish preparing dinner and washing up. Put on an apron before touching anything. I don’t want you to get my clothing dirty. I pretty much know how to stay clean. In your case, I’m not that sure.”

Taking the apron, I placed it over my head, then secured the waist straps. Walking over to the counter, I began following my mother’s instructions. When we finished, I took the apron off and sat at the opposite end of the table to eat with her. Aside from mentioning

that I had to stick my neck out while eating so that food would not drop on my breasts, she maintained an everyday conversation about school and her job. After a while, I began answering her as though nothing had changed between us.

We continued talking even as we cleaned the pots, dishes and silverware. Actually, I don't think I ever talked so much with my mother as I did that night. Afterwards we went in to the living room and turned on the TV. At some point she mentioned that I could take off the shoes and that I might be more comfortable tucking my feet under myself. My biggest problem while sitting was what to do with my breasts. Wherever I moved they were jutting out in front of me and required some type of accommodation for me to be reasonably comfortable.

Conversation was interjected during commercials. Basically, what I was led to understand was that I was to spend the weekend in her clothes. By the time I went to sleep Sunday evening, I would know if dressing this way was more comfortable for me.

I can't say I objected, and I can't say I agreed. I was able to talk about everything except what I was wearing. Somehow, it was not something to be discussed. So for the rest of the evening, we spoke about a lot of things, just not about how I was dressed.

I got up a couple of times to go to the bathroom, each time coming back and resuming the conversation with my mother. She didn't say a word about how I was dressed.

She asked me to make a small hot chocolate for her before going to bed. I also cleaned up after that. By the time I reached the bed, she had laid out a pair of silky pajamas on the side of my bed. I undressed and placed her clothes on the chair beside my bed. Wearing only panties and bra, I went to the bathroom to wash my face and brush my teeth. I think she saw me walking by her room, but said nothing.

I took her bra off before putting on her pajamas. Once in bed with the lights out, I quickly fell asleep.

The next morning I awoke, not sure how much had been a dream. As soon as I realized I was still in her pajamas, I knew. Walking down the hallway to the bathroom, I really needed a shower. Once in the bathroom, I fully undressed and was glad to have the hot water shower over me. By the time I got out of the shower, the pajamas and panties were gone. After drying myself off, I wrapped a towel around my waist and made my way back to my room.

In the room on the chair was a fresh set of clothes. This time I was a bit luckier. Instead of a skirt, she gave me a pair of her pants. She left me a pair of matching bra and panties which I put on, making sure to place the cup inserts in as she had done the previous day. Evidently I was to still wear pantyhose, which was now a bit easier. Putting on a blouse required that I learn to thread the buttons from the opposite side of what I had been used to. The pants had an elastic waist band, so there was no need for a belt. But there was a problem. The pants were too long for me. I was about to ask my mother what to do when I noticed that my prior night's shoes had been replaced with 2" heeled mules. Slipping my feet into them gave me enough additional height so that the pants fit just right. There were also two hair clips on the chair which I used to keep my hair back behind my ears on each side. I was now ready to go downstairs.

Although the mules had chunky heels, they still presented a problem when walking. They tended to flap the bottom of my heel on every step, making a curious noise. Walking down the stairs was also a bit more strenuous than before for two reasons. The heels provided unsure footing on each stair and my boobies obstructed my view of each step going down. Holding on to the railing gave me some much-needed support.

I could hear my mother in the kitchen preparing breakfast. Evidently she was either not curious or was very sure that I would make it down without any problems. I walked into the kitchen keeping my back a little straighter than normal. It was a combination of countering the weights on my chest and adapting to a new foot position while wearing heels.

“Good morning my dear, you are looking very nice.”

“Thank you, Mom, you also look nice, what’s for breakfast?”

“Do I look nice enough for you to want to switch clothes with me again?”

“I think I’ll stick with what I am wearing for now. Maybe another time.”

“OK, just tell me when. In the meantime, I want to mention two things. First, when you parade through the hallway wearing a towel, it should be pulled up to just below your armpits. Second, to finish dressing means putting a little color on your face as well. You can use whatever you feel comfortable with. Everything is available to you in my room at the vanity. We are so lucky that we are about the same size. That means we can share everything. That includes my makeup. OK?”

“OK Mom, after breakfast, I’ll put some lipstick on.”

With that, she turned around, getting ready to serve. “Just sit down and enjoy the food. You can clean up afterwards.”

“OK, Mom.”

We sat and talked about some items in the newspapers. After finishing our food, she went into the living room and I started the cleanup. When finished, I went back upstairs and sat down at her vanity. I applied the lipstick as she had shown me the previous night. Looking a bit closer at myself, I decided to redo my hair. When finished, I stood up and walked to the full-length mirror. Standing a bit sideways, I looked at myself, trying to get a sense of the clothes and how they made me feel while wearing them.

Joining my mother downstairs, I found her looking over newspaper ads. I turned on the TV and began surfing for something interesting. As soon as the Home Shopping Network came on, she stopped me. They were advertising a dress and shoes that interested her. For the next half-hour, I sat watching her watch women talking about clothes. Occasionally she would ask for my opinion. At first I had none, but as she kept asking many more times, I finally relented and began giving her my opinions.

As noon approached, the question of lunch came up. When she asked what I wanted, I didn’t have anything particular in mind. She made some suggestions which I went along with. It was only when she mentioned getting ready to go to a restaurant that I realized her idea of “lunch” was not in the house.

GOING TO THE MALL

"Mom, please, I can't go out like this. Everyone is going to laugh. I'll never be able to show my face in this city or even in the county again."

"Nonsense, not only do you look comfortable but you also look great. There is a way to look in the house and a way to look when going outside. We'll go upstairs and get ready to go out. I am sure that once we are ready, your mind will be at ease."

"Mom, I really can't. What if someone I know recognizes me, simply because I am with you?"

"You have a point. To make sure that doesn't happen, we'll drive to one of the other malls."

I started to protest again but saw that she was intent on having her way. Upstairs she sat me down at her vanity. She proceeded to work on my face, adding color in many other areas, especially around my eyes. When she finished with my face, she began working on my hair. Adding a hairpiece to my head made the difference. I no longer looked like myself, even *to* myself. Earrings, a necklace and bracelets helped focus an onlooker's eyes on other things. The only other change to what I was wearing was my shoes. She gave me a pair of sturdier 2" heels to wear. Standing in front of the full-length mirror, I found that I was not looking back at myself.

Back downstairs, I was given a light jacket to wear and one of her older pocketbooks to carry. She made sure to point out that there was a tube of lipstick and mirror in it, commenting that I would need it to refresh my look after about an hour or so, and certainly after we ate lunch.

I followed her out the door and on the driveway. She got in the driver's side while I got in the passenger's side. It was all surreal. I kept my head low, using part of my hair to hide my face. While we were not overly friendly with the neighbors, they did know us. I would die if they found me dressed like this. Once in the car, I settled down a bit as mother backed out of the driveway into the street.

"So how are you feeling, dear? Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, I am comfortable, but also feeling a bit awkward. I've never walked in heels before and I've never had to deal with a chest like this before either."

"Oh dear, I almost forgot about that. Us real girls are so used to it that we don't really think about it. I am sure you'll get used to it also. After a while, you'll see, you don't even know they are there. In the meantime, we must give you a name to match your new look, something appropriate. What girl's name would you like?"

"I never thought of myself as a girl, even now I don't. I have no idea."

"Well, you need a name that fits the look. Otherwise people will start talking. How about Linda?"

"I guess that's as good as any other name. OK."

"So Linda, do you have any particular clothing items you'd be interested in acquiring today?"

“Mom, you don’t have to go that far.”

“Girls talk girl talk. You can’t expect to start a conversation on football while we are at the mall shopping, can you?”

“OK, OK, I suppose a comfortable dress would be interesting.”

“That sounds like a great idea. I’ll make sure not to forget.”

We arrived at the mall, one that I hadn’t been to before. As is the case with most malls, parking requires walking. I was lucky that it is acceptable for girls to walk arm in arm. My mother took my arm as we walked. I was glad she did so. 2” heels may not be very high, but when you are not used to wearing heels of any kind, they take some getting-used-to.

Once inside the mall, Mom let go of me and I was expected to walk on my own. We strolled through the center causeway, looking for stores with sales items. We both wore jackets and we both carried pocketbooks on our arms. And we both made clicking noises with our shoes against the floors. It was all so totally female. In an odd way, there was comfort in that.

The first store that interested Mom was a shoe store. We went in and touched, I-don’t-know-how-many different pairs of shoes. Finally my mother settled on three pairs she wanted to try on. She egged me on, so I chose two pair to try. Needless to say, heels are the “in” thing.

We sat down and as I tried on my two pair, each time walking back and forth in front of a mirror with my pants folded up so my legs could be seen, she did the same. I only did it because my mother forced me into it. I had no intention of buying any shoes. In the end she was OK with that. But she wanted one pair of shoes for herself. They were 3” heels with a toe peep hole in black. The heel was slender and flared out to about 2” as it touched the floor. Needless to say, before she made the buy, I had to try them on as well. Only after I agreed that they were very nice did she make the purchase.

A store further on had a sale on dresses. Before passing it, Mother grabbed my arm and pulled me in. As before, we looked through the dresses until we both had something of interest. I waited outside as Mother went into the dressing room first. Each time she came out in another dress, I told her how nice it looked on her. In the end, she couldn’t make up her mind; it was my turn to try on the dresses I chose. I only chose two. The first one she did not like. The second one she did like. Before entering the dressing room to take it off, she insisted that I try walking back and forth a few times wearing the heels she had just bought. So, standing in my stocking feet, I put on her new shoes and walked back and forth a few times.

The dress was relatively form-fitting with a cascade down from my neck that stopped just above my bust, where it hugged my body until the waist. The waist was separated from the rest of the dress with a belt, which also acted to accent my spreading rear and hips. I think it was more optical illusion than reality. The skirt portion ended just below my knees. I admit to looking attractive as I watched myself wiggle/saunter back and forth from one mirror to another. By the time I had dressed in my original clothes and exited the dressing room, Mother had made up her mind to buy the dress.

We stood at the cash register waiting for the clerk to check something as I quietly told Mother I wanted to make sure the dress was really for her and not me. All she responded with was, "For sure, dear."

Now with each one of us carrying something besides our pocketbooks, we looked for an area to eat. Finding a table, I waited as Mother bought us food, and brought it back to the table.

I was about to forget how I was dressed and take a big bite out of a hamburger when Mother reminded me that I was wearing her clothes and that I had to take care of them. With a bit more forethought, I stretched my neck out over the table before taking a bite. The small drips of grease that followed fell on the table.

After eating, we continued walking the mall. When my feet began hurting enough so that I complained, Mother agreed to go back to the car. By the time we'd get back home, it would be time to start preparing dinner.

Although the car ride was uneventful, it was not silent. Mother kept up a barrage of conversation on a multitude of topics. Only occasionally did she mention how wonderfully I passed without anyone giving me a second look, except for a few guys that had "other" thoughts on their minds. That fact alone was something to feel good about. Not that I wanted to be a girl, but knowing that I passed the acid test of a guy's look was reassuring.

At home and without changing, I helped Mom prepare dinner. Again there was more conversation as we sat and ate. This was turning out to be an adventure in socializing with my mother, something I had never expected I would be doing. Even though the subjects were not typically those I would have chosen to talk about, they were interesting enough so that I didn't keep quiet. Our outing for the day was also something to talk about. It included gossiping on what others had done as well as the way people paraded around the mall.

After dinner, we were about to sit down and watch TV when Mom suggested going to the movies. I was hoping for an action flick but had to settle for something a bit more "home-y."

In the end, it wasn't that bad. There were a lot of girl/guy interactions. As the girls appeared on screen, I thought how it would feel wearing the clothes they wore, a very definite "un-guy" thing to think. But dressed as I was, I was able to make comparisons that normally I would not have been able to make.

On the way back home, we stopped off for a snack. As before, I passed without questions, and even got some admiring looks from guys. Since Mom had been reminding me every so on to freshen my lipstick, it was now becoming a habit. As some guys watched me, it was such a girlie thing to do that I began feeling feminine.

When we got home, we were both tired. We followed the same routine as the previous night.

The sun was out as I opened my eyes. It was probably a bit chilly outside, but in my bed, everything was cozy. Although dressed in my mother's pajamas, I just sat up leaning against the headrest and thought about the previous day and evening. It really wasn't all

that bad. Sure, there were times when I was worried that I would be found out. But in the end, I looked the part. And, *that* was what counted.

I was still daydreaming when Mom walked in.

“Hello, sleepy head. Have some great dreams? Well, we can talk about them over breakfast. Why don’t you get ready and meet me downstairs?”

As before, in her pajamas I went down the hall to the bathroom to shower. By the time I got out, she had taken my clothes. After drying off, I wrapped my towel around myself, just under my armpits, as mother had said, and walked back to my room.

Again, she had changed the clothes. I put on a fresh set of matching bra and panties, then placed the inserts appropriately. After putting on the pantyhose, I found a slip to put on. The blouse was a full arm’s length and had ruffles in front. The pencil skirt had a tight waist and hung down to below my knees. A jacket lay on the chair and under the chair was a pair of pink heels to match the color of the skirt and jacket.

Instead of putting on the shoes, I decided to put on the mules and go downstairs. Mother greeted me cheerily as we sat and ate breakfast.

FIRST SUNDAY OUT

“I saw the clothing you laid out for me. It’s rather formal for a Sunday, don’t you think?”

“Not really. Where do you think I go every Sunday? Well, you’re coming with me this Sunday. The only difference is that we’ll go to a church a bit further away so that I won’t have to make explanations to people I know.”

“Mom, don’t you think there is something wrong with bringing your son to church dressed as a girl?”

“Not really when you consider the alternatives. As a boy, you



never went. Dressed as a girl, you do go and get some good values. What's more appropriate, or the better thing to do? I think going is better than not going, no matter how you are dressed. God doesn't care as much about the clothing as he does the person."

"Do I *really* have to?"

"Yes you do, Linda."

There was no more conversation till after we finished breakfast and had cleaned up. Then we went upstairs to get ready for church. Mom made an even bigger fuss with my hair. She had to do a lot of things all over since I had not removed my fall before going to bed last night. But when she finished, I looked good. In addition to the heels and jacket, I was outfitted with additional jewelry, and my makeup was redone. By the time I got back downstairs, I felt somewhat like a peacock, outfitted to attract the eye.

While my mother wore a formal dress and coat, I wore her pink coat. Strange, I never noticed that she had it before. Then again, I never did hang around to see her going or coming from church.

My biggest apprehension that morning was getting from the house to the car and driving off. Dressed as I was, there was no doubt, even from afar, that I was a young lady. And since everyone knew us, it would be easy to assume that I was the one in pink.

While my mother moved casually between the car and the house, I stayed in the doorway till she had the car doors unlocked. Then I rushed, as best I could in heels, to the car and got in as fast as possible.

"You really think people are just looking out their windows to see what is going on? They have their own things to do. If anybody sees you, they'll just think I am going to church with a friend. No big deal."

"Maybe you are right. I just don't want to take that chance. I don't want to have to look a neighbor in the eyes, thinking that he might recognize me. And what if one of my friends happens to be walking down the street? Then I am ruined in school. I only have one more year to complete. It would be hell for me."

Mom was quiet during the drive. We listened to the radio. As we neared the church, I became more agitated. Mom saw this and tried to calm me down, talking to me as though I was a real girl.

"But I'm not, Mom!"

"Calm yourself, Honey. Only you and I know that. As far as everyone else is concerned, you *are*. And the only things you should be concerned about are things that a young lady like yourself has to deal with."

"Yeah, like what?"

"Well, there are times during the service where you may have to kneel. It is not the easiest thing in heels, skirt and pantyhose. So when you do it, you have to be careful. Also, after the ceremony, they sometime have snacks where people can meet each other. At this time, you should not give out your phone number. I don't know that you are interested in dating any guys."

"Mom, what are you doing? I'm your son. This is not right!"