



Reluctant Press presents:

AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

Susan Avebury



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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AN UNEXPECTED HUSBAND

By Susan Avebury

CHAPTER ONE

Work had been generally good to me over the years. As a technical author I had branched into illustration and some graphic design and had been rewarded with a reasonably steady stream of contracts from my agency. My agent obviously thought highly of me as he regularly took me out to lunch and judging by his suits and the restaurants we frequented, he was raking in a fairly good percentage margin as well. What he didn't know about me was that I was a TV, a transvestite, a cross dresser, whatever you want to call me. It was something I'd kept quiet for many years and intended to keep quiet for a good many years to come.

I guess I'm a bit sensitive about it. Too many people either can't or won't understand the needs and desires of a TV. To tell the truth, I wasn't entirely sure why I was one. From an early age I had always had an interest in girls' clothes, although it wasn't something I had ever admitted. Life at school would have been very tough if any of the other boys had even suspected I was interested in such things. As with many cross dressers, I used to wait until my parents had gone out and would then try on my mother's clothes, even as a small child. As I had grown up and gone through puberty and my teenage years, I went through various phases ranging from guilty pleasure at wearing the clothes through to total disgust at myself for the same thing.

When I went to college I decided that was it. I would no longer dress in women's clothes. I might as well have tried to stop the waves on the beach. By denying myself the pleasure, I had hoped I would grow out of it. Instead I just made it all the more unbearable. Then, when I left college, I succumbed to a burning desire and bought some tights

from the supermarket, pretending they were for a girlfriend. Once again came the guilty pleasure and the confusion and the self-loathing. It was only after looking into the subject further that I finally sought some help from one of many groups around the country and discovered to my surprise and delight, that I was not alone.

Indeed, there were many more men than I had ever imagined who liked wearing women's clothes. No one could explain, however, why they did it, other than to say it was just one of those things they had to do. With that revelation, I began to accept more and more my own need to cross dress and started to buy my own clothes. The self-loathing faded as I accepted my own need to dress. I had various fantasies, some of which came as dreams in which oddly, I would have sex like a woman. As my self-acceptance grew, so I bought various toys to give me an outlet for those fantasies. Of course, this was an aspect of my life that remained a closely guarded secret.

Don't get me wrong, a few people are aware of what I am, but they are people I trust completely and without reservation. Friends who I have known for some time and who have earned my trust by being decent, open minded people. Friends, for example, like Chris and Vicky. I got to know Chris through another friend while at college and then he started going out with Vicky and I got to know her fairly well. By and by, we built up a deep friendship that saw us through college and beyond into our adult lives.

Chris is a computer man. He writes software systems and, like me, has his own company. More of a one-man band type company than a huge multi-national, but his own company all the same. He's a determined sort of chap, pretty intelligent and can solve most computer problems without tearing his hair out. Vicky is more of a steady employee, having been a PA/administrator at her current company for a number of years. Like Chris, she's determined, resourceful and pretty intelligent, not to mention just plain pretty.

We live a short way apart from each other. It's close enough so that we can get together at the weekends, but far enough so that we're not dropping round for coffee every day. Just recently Vicky had been suffering some nasty viral infection that had knocked her off her feet for a while. Although she was getting better, she still wasn't perfect so I was a little wary when she suggested I come down for one of our regular weekends together.

Despite my concern she assured me she was up to it and that Chris had a new game on the computer he wanted to show me. As it was still early in the year, the evenings got dark reasonably early and Vicky suggested I could drive down to them en femme. Now that would be fun, driving whilst dressed, albeit at night, to spend a weekend with understanding friends who would be happy for me to be dressed as often and for as long as I wanted. Driving out at night was okay and I'd done it a few times going to TV meetings in the area. I'd even walked out sometimes, late at night, when the chances of meeting people were remote. Daylight, at least for now, was a time when I remained in male mode. I guess that's true for many like me.

The trip down was fairly uneventful as usual. I had dressed in a fairly discreet outfit of an ivory coloured, high neck pullover, worn over a knee length plain black skirt. My underwear was matching white bra and knickers, with a barely black shade of tights underneath, helping keep bits of me tucked away. To drive in, I wore a low-heeled court shoe, with a nice pair of plain black leather court shoes tucked in the passenger foot well.

My makeup was plain and simple: A warm brown eyeshadow with black mascara, a warm orangey toned blusher and a dark reddish lipstick. My head sported an auburn wig, which hung in straight tresses to my shoulders, the fringe parted slightly and held in place with a light hair spray. All in all I looked pretty good and judging by the lack of attention I received, I must have passed inspection by other drivers. I arrived at their house mid-evening and changed into the higher heel court shoes as I got out of the car.

Walking up to the door, I rang the doorbell and waited until Chris appeared. He took in my appearance as I smiled up at him and said hello. His smile was warm and welcoming and he stepped out and down the steps to take one of my bags. I had packed two small cases, one with male clothes, one with female. I had found it best to cater for every opportunity. We could, after all, end up spending the afternoon in the city, or at the cinema and I really wasn't ready at the moment to go out during the day dressed in this way.

I locked the car and followed Chris into the house, case in hand.

"So how's it going?" I asked.

"Alright," he replied. "I've got a fairly major job on at the moment for a local company."

"Yeah, I remember you saying about it. Going okay?" I asked.

Chris turned and nodded, an assured look on his face. That was nice to know. As we walked down the hall, Vicky appeared at the doorway at the end of the hall.

"Hiya," I called. "How are things?"

Vicky gave a sigh and shrugged her shoulders.

"Still suffering from that virus?" I queried.

"I think I'm over the actual virus," she replied, "it's just what it did to me that's the problem."

I raised my eyebrows quizzically. This didn't sound good.

"She's on her second set of antibiotics," Chris commented. "The virus seems to have set up a secondary infection and for some reason, it's not responding well to the AB's."

"You should have said", I offered, "I could have come down another time."

"It's not that bad," Vicky replied. "I'm just a bit worn down, that's all. I think these new pills are doing something."

I nodded in reply as Vicky led us into the sitting room. I dropped my bag in the corner next to the other one and went over to the sofa and flopped down as femininely as possible, trying to remain decent as I did. Vicky's offer of tea was very welcome and she disappeared into the kitchen to boil the kettle as Chris and I sat down and made idle chat about the journey, work and all sorts of other minor things. Vicky called in from the kitchen asking whether I wanted pizza or a Chinese takeaway for dinner. I fancied pizza and Chris telephoned through our order.

Vicky returned to the sitting room with three mugs of tea and sat down. We chatted on about various bits and pieces until about twenty minutes later, there was a knock at the door. Chris jumped up to answer it. Minutes later he returned with three pizzas and a

small box of garlic bread. For a short while there was silence whilst we sorted out whose was whose and then settled down again. Chris picked up the television remote and turned the TV on, selecting one of the rock channels from the many music channels on offer.

“So anything lined up at the moment?” asked Vicky as we ate.

“Nah, not at the moment,” I replied. “My agent’s gone on some long holiday so I’m waiting to hear from anyone else who’s taken over from him for the duration.”

“I’ve got a job you can do,” said Chris, “if you fancy it.”

“Can you pay?” I joked. “I may be cheap, but my rates are high.”

They both laughed, knowing what I meant.

“Money is not a problem, even with your rates,” was Chris’s reply. “As you know, I have this largish system I’m developing for a company at the moment. They’re part of a multinational group, and there’s a good chance the other companies could be interested in it. What I need is someone to write the documentation. You know, user manual, installation guide, administrator’s guide and so on. Possibly some sales flyers for them to use internally.”

“Sounds good,” I agreed. “How long is it for?”

“I reckon around six months to start with. If the project goes further, then maybe longer,” he replied. “You can work at my office if you don’t mind the drive. Or you can split it between home and the office. I’ve got a machine all set up with the necessary software, I just need a good writer.”

“Cool,” I answered. My thoughts wandered slightly, wondering if I’d be able to do the work en femme. Chris must have read my thoughts.

“The office is pretty quiet, well, you know, you’ve seen it. If you wanted to come into the office dressed, you could probably get away with it.”

“Even better,” I replied. “Let’s have a look tomorrow and see what needs doing.”

“Tomorrow’s Saturday” replied Vicky, jumping in before Chris could answer. “I’m sure it can wait until Monday.”

“Good point,” Chris and I agreed, knowing full well we both wanted to have a look right there and then.

We continued to eat, watching the television as we did.

“So are you going to dress for the office?” asked Chris, after a short pause.

“I’d like to,” I replied, “so long as you’re sure it’s not going to cause any problems.”

Chris assured me it wouldn’t. Any meetings with the client were always carried out at the client site so there was very little chance of them meeting me. His office was one in a small office block of about four offices, the largest of which was occupied by the company who owned the lease on the building. They had rented out their spare office space at a very reasonable rate and Chris had grabbed one of the small upstairs offices as soon as he could. It certainly freed up space in the house and it was tax deductible, so it all made good sense.

“So what else is happening?” I asked.

“Not much,” replied Vicky. “As I mentioned, this virus and everything has really knocked me out for a while.”

“Yes,” Chris butted in. “Not so much as a good grope in two weeks.”

I looked up at Vicky to see her reaction. She looked at me, shrugged, tutted and sighed. I smiled, knowing what she meant.

“What?” Chris asked, playing the dumb fool for a moment.

Vicky and I both looked at him, then at each other with a smile. We both shrugged and sighed as Chris continued to protest his apparent ignorance of what he had said. The look on his face gave it all away, however, and his look of feigned innocence gave way to a gentle laugh.

“I’d offer,” I started, “but I guess it’s probably...” I tailed off.

Vicky looked at me.

“Don’t joke,” she said. “I might just take you up on that. He’s like a dog on heat.”

Chris gave his best injured look and Vicky and I joined in with a big ‘aaaahhhh’.

“Well, I’ve always wondered what it would be like,” I went on. “You know, having sex like this.”

“What, with a man or a woman?” asked Chris.

“As a woman, with a man,” I replied, feeling my face redden.

“Not sure,” replied Chris. “I’d offer, but I guess it’s probably...” he tailed off as Vicky and I both picked up on the joke.

“You probably would too,” retorted Vicky. “You really are like a dog on heat at the moment.”

“I can’t help it,” Chris replied, making his bottom lip stick out and tremble, like a small child that’s just been told off. Vicky leaned over and kissed him.

“Never mind sweetie,” she went on, “just as soon as I’m back on my feet again properly...”

“He’ll have you straight back on your back again,” I butted in.

Vicky looked at me with a smile. “Quite probably,” she replied.

With dinner over, Vicky cleared the plates away. I offered to help with the washing up, but she declined and insisted that Chris and I went up to play on the computer. We went on up to the study where Chris had a laptop computer and a couple of desktop computers networked together. It always amazed me just how much kit he had, and this was with all the others in his office as well. He powered up the machines and started telling me about this new game he’d bought. It sounded interesting and watching him demonstrate, it looked pretty good as well. I had a go as well and then suggested we try one of our favourite games, playing head to head on the two computers.

We usually ended up with a session like that – much more interesting than playing against the computer all the time. As we played, we discussed things in general, making idle chat as we stalked each other round a virtual landscape. We fell silent for a while as

things grew tenser in the game and then Chris surprised me by asking if I'd really meant what I had said earlier about having sex while en femme. I thought for a moment and said that it was something I wondered about. I'd already told him previously about my selection of toys that I used occasionally and I presumed he'd mentioned it to Vicky.

It was a curious thing. I didn't find men sexually attractive, although I could see what some women saw in certain men. Yet when I was dressed, I felt sensual and very sexy. Even then, I didn't actually find men particularly attractive, but it made me wonder what it would be like to act the female role. It was unlikely to happen. Such a thing would have to be with someone I knew and trusted completely and with whom the experience wouldn't create problems for the future. So really, the probability was very low as those two conditions were pretty well mutually exclusive. Chris listened, nodding gently as I explained.

Vicky appeared at the door again to tell us the late film was starting in a few minutes. Chris and I killed the game off and made our way back downstairs again. Vicky had arranged some snacks and opened a bottle of wine, the perfect way, we agreed, to round off a Friday night. Food, film and wine. Chris sat down on one of the two small sofas with Vicky curling up next to him, while I took the other one and stretched my legs out. My smooth surface of my tights glistened slightly in the half-light of the table lamps and I slipped off my shoes and tucked my legs up under me. It was a lovely feeling, sitting there with two good friends, just relaxing and watching the late film.

The film finished quite late and Vicky was having trouble keeping her eyes open. We shoed her off to bed first, leaving Chris and me to find the spare duvet and pillows for the spare bed. We made up my bed in silence and waited for Vicky to finish in the bathroom. I pulled a long satin nightdress out of one of cases and laid it out on the bed. Chris watched, slightly bemused as I then pulled out a matching satin robe and hung it on the hook on the door.

"You don't do things by halves then," he commented.

"Nice isn't it?" I replied. "Have a feel, it's really smooth and soft."

Chris leaned over and touched the nightdress.

"Very nice," he said. "Vicky has one similar to that, only a bit shorter."

I smiled. She had more to show off than I did. I sat down on the end of the bed and lay back, my legs over the end with my feet on the floor. My skirt rode up as I did so, revealing a large area of nylon-clad thigh. Chris sat down next to me, and I caught him casting a glance at my legs as he did so. I smiled to myself, finding it strange that I enjoyed the fact he found me worth looking at. The bathroom door opened and we heard the light click off. Chris looked at me.

"Go on, you go first. You'll take ages as usual."

I reached up with my arm and pulled myself up on his arm. I smiled, picked up my wash bag and wandered into the bathroom. The hair came off first, along with the wig cap. Underneath, my own hair stood up, mussed from wearing the wig all evening. Taking the cleanser from the bag, I cleaned the makeup off my face and then gave it a final cleansing, removing every last trace of foundation, before brushing my teeth. With everything done,

I went back into my room, calling good night to Vicky and Chris, getting a muffled reply through their door.

Closing the door, I sat down on the bed and slipped off my shoes. I crossed my legs, enjoying the feeling of the nylon rub against itself as I moved one leg against the other. I wondered if real women ever did the same. My jumper came off next followed by my skirt and I sat there in my underwear. Reaching over I took the nightdress and slipped it on over my head, standing to let it flow down over my body to the floor. With my bra still on, my silicones were still in place and they filled out the front quite nicely. Realising I had left my wig in the bathroom, I slipped the robe on as well, tying the belt round my waist as I went to get it. I bumped into Chris on his way to the bathroom as well. He cast an eye up and down me making me feel strangely vulnerable.

“Forgot my wig,” I said by way of explanation.

He nodded, eyebrows slightly raised, and let me past to collect my wig from the bathroom. I bid him goodnight again and went into my room, closing the door softly behind me. I shivered, not from cold, but from suddenly imaging the feeling of a pair of strong warm arms wrapping round me from behind. I smiled to myself. Chris would never do that and yet I almost wished he would, just to see what it was like. I shook my head and sat down on the bed. My tights came off, along with my bra and the silicones and I climbed into bed, feeling suddenly tired. There was something about a satin nightdress, clean crisp sheets and a good few glasses of wine and before long I was sleeping like a log.

The next morning was a typical March morning, bright and clear, but rather cold. I woke up around 8 o'clock and listened for sounds of movement from outside the room. There were none which meant Chris and Vicky were probably still asleep. I slipped out of bed, the nightdress picking up a load of static electricity and clinging to my body in all the right places.

I put on my robe and went to the bathroom for a wash and shave. Back in my room, I ran the electric razor over my legs and arms just to remove any little bits of hair that had appeared overnight, despite the previous attempts at waxing. Digging into my bag, I pulled out a pair of mule slippers, with a small heel. Just girly enough I thought. I figured I should put some underwear on first, just to hold everything in place and to fill out the top of the nightdress. I decided against the wig for the moment and made my way downstairs to the kitchen to get some tea and toast for breakfast.

Chris must have smelt the toast as he soon appeared in his dressing gown. He cast an eye up and down me, shaking his head slightly. I guess a semi-transformed me was something that took a little getting used to. I went to the living room and sat down with my breakfast whilst Chris prepared his own toast and coffee. Before long he joined me, sitting on the other sofa. He eyed me in a way that was curious, almost sexual. It left me feeling a little vulnerable again, although I had to admit to feeling a little excited again all the same.

He picked up the remote control and switched the television on, turning the volume down as he did. The news was on and we watched the headlines in silence as we ate our breakfasts. It wasn't long before Vicky came down, the smell of toast obviously being a powerful call. Like Chris, she took in my appearance with mild amusement. She joined us with breakfast and suggested we go into town that day as there were several things she

needed, plus there was a good film on at the cinema. It all sounded good so with breakfast eaten, I went back upstairs to get dressed in male clothes.

We spent an enjoyable day in town and at the cinema, choosing to eat at a restaurant for dinner before returning. Still feeling the need, I changed into the clothes I had worn from the night before, applied a little makeup quite quickly and put my wig back on. Chris and I spent more time on the computers playing various games against each other as well as discussing in more detail what I would actually be doing for him. In the evening after dinner, we played a board game before retiring for the night. Then after a lazy Sunday morning, I left for home with Chris reminding me of my intention to work en femme on Monday, saying with a smile, he'd be disappointed if I didn't. I assured him I would, provided the drive in wouldn't be too difficult.

Monday dawned, a cloudy grey sky making it seem rather gloomy as I crawled out of bed. At least, I thought, it should be easier to get around while dressed in this light. I prepared my usual breakfast and watched the early morning news on television while I ate. The weather report was for a dull day all along so that meant the evening would be nice and dark as well. To say I was nervous about going out dressed in daylight was an understatement.

I knew from what Chris and Vicky had told me that I looked pretty good, but even so, I had an almost overwhelming fear about being spotted for who I really was. Still, nothing ventured, nothing gained and the joy at working the whole day, dressed, in an office, would be a huge reward for the short time I would be in the public eye. I took the safe option and chose a formal look for the first day.

I ran the electric razor over my legs, arms and body again just to get rid of a few hairs making themselves known and my body was nice and silky smooth. It began to feel good, despite the nerves making my stomach churn.

I went to get dressed, laying the clothes out first. The black skirt suit seemed right. It was a three-button jacket, with slash pockets on the side and a collar at the neck. The skirt ended just above the knee, straight cut and black like the jacket. Underneath, I decided I would wear an ivory coloured satin blouse that showed the lace pattern of my Gossard bra through where it touched. On my legs I would wear a dark, almost black pair of stockings, soft and smooth and high in Lycra to ensure they remained in shape. These would be held up by a plain white suspender belt and a nice pair of smooth, nylon/lycra knickers completed the ensemble. I opted for a delicate silver necklace with a single (imitation) pearl and a nice pair of (imitation) pearl drop earrings just to finish it all off.

My nails, including my toes, I had painted the previous evening in a nice dark, venous blood red, which more or less matched the shade of lipstick I would use and I chose a nice neutral, but warm set of browns and black mascara for my eyes and a warm brownish blusher for my cheek bones. I packed a handbag, having to think about what I needed for the day. My trips to TV meetings had been fairly easy but this time I had to think a little more about what I might need during the day and whether or not it would fit in the handbag. As it happened, it all fitted quite well. A last minute thought was to pack a small bag with some male clothes, just in case I needed them.

The drive in was easier than expected and I enjoyed the thrill of being out in daylight for the first time as a woman. My low-heeled court shoes made it easy to drive and no one paid any attention to a suited female driving to work in the early hours. Even at the traffic lights, I didn't get a second glance. By the time I arrived at the office, I was on top of the world.

I noticed Chris's car already in the car park, which was nice as it meant I didn't have to wait around for him to come and open the office. Climbing out of the car, I changed my driving shoes for the nice plain black leather courts with a three-inch heel that I'd worn at the weekend. Taking my handbag, I walked across the car park, heart beating so loudly I could hear it myself. My heels tapped on the pavement, sounding like gunshots in the quiet of the morning.

I rang the entrance bell for Chris's office and his voice echoed through the speaker as he greeted me and pressed the button to release the door catch. I pushed the door open and made my way through the lobby to the stairs, the tapping from my shoes echoing in the stillness. Up the stairs I went and then down a small corridor to the office. Giving a small silent prayer of thanks that I had got this far without any problems, I pushed the door open and went through into the office. Chris looked up as I walked in.

"Hi," I greeted him, smiling.

"Well, hello," he replied, looking me up and down.

He cleared his throat. "What should I call you?" he asked. "Should I stick with your name or would you prefer something else?"

"Try 'Sue', if you need a femme name." I suggested, "That's the name I use at meetings, but here it's a little odd. I'm really not that worried, so long as it's clean."

"Not 'tart' then," he replied, smiling. "Could you work on the main user manual for me today please?" he went on.

"No problem," I replied and walked with what I thought was a slightly sexy wiggle over to a vacant desk, directly opposite his.

"This my desk?" I asked, trying to maintain an air of control, despite the fact I was still shaking from the excitement of having driven to the office, in daylight, dressed like any woman going to work. Chris confirmed it was and I sat down on the chair behind the desk, adjusting it to the right height for the keyboard. I dropped my handbag into a drawer, as I'd seen female colleagues do before. I powered the computer on and waited for it to warm up.

"You can make the coffee if you like," suggested Chris.

I laughed, realising I quite fancied a cup myself.

"Don't you go thinking you're going to take advantage of me all the time now," I replied, getting up and making my way over to the table in the corner where the kettle was. It had water in, so I switched it on and spooned the instant coffee into two clean mugs. No milk, but then he always drank it black and I was happy either way with coffee.

I turned slightly to see him, looking me up and down.

"I like the suit," he said, "very smart."