



Reluctant Press presents:

Heels Lead To ESCORT SERVICE

Bibi Dorb



A 'YOUNG ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Heels Lead to Escort Service

By BiBi Dorb

Joe and I had been friends for more than two years. We met in High School. We were loners who did not mingle well with the rest of the boys. Aside from being a bit smaller than most, I never thought there was anything unusual about us. We played in the streets and did what most other boys did. We kept our emotions in check and maintained an aura of confidence. When it came to girls though, we were both a bit shy.

Joe lived a few blocks from me but preferred spending time in my apartment. On several occasions when the two of us were alone in my apartment, Joe took the initiative to do something interesting. Most times that meant looking for something to do outdoors. On rare occasions when the weather was bad, we played ball against one of the hallway walls outside the door to my apartment, until a neighbor complained.

One day with miserable weather outside and complaints from the neighbors inside, even TV was boring. Joe suggested we walk the floors of the building and look for something interesting. I agreed so long as we did not make any noise anyone could complain about.

We were on the fourth floor; there were twenty above us. It became a game to sneak from floor to floor using the stairs then sit patiently to see who came and went from and to the various apartments. Our clandestine view from the staircase, out of sight from the

main hallway, allowed us to crack jokes about people as they came and went. With so many floors and apartments to watch, there was always something to spy on on days when we would otherwise be bored.

After about six months, we had a good idea of who lived in which apartments. The residents fell into a number of categories; old people, married with children, young couples, single sex co-dwellers, and a few we could not identify.

To my way of thinking, Joe was always looking for trouble. When we had identified every apartment's resident, we continued roaming the halls as a game, testing each other about who lived in each apartment. When we were unsure or disagreed, Joe would ring the doorbell and we would run for cover, waiting to see who came out.

There were a few doors that were always unlocked. It appeared that some residents left their doors unlocked during the day while they were home. The first time we came across such a door, Joe opened it. We heard some man yelling for us to come all the way in. Frightened, we closed the door quietly and never tried that door again. Other unlocked doors always seemed to have someone home behind them. Some residents who left their doors unlocked were more interesting than the others. We spent more time on nearby staircases looking at the comings and goings of those apartments than the others.

Among the few unlocked doors, we found one that intrigued us; no one was ever home and it was always unlocked, day or night. Many hours observing from a nearby staircase confirmed that while some people came and went, no one ever stayed, yet the door was always unlocked. One day, Joe decided that we needed to investigate that apartment further.

Pushing the door open, Joe stuck his head in and called out. No one answered. With the door open, we looked into the apartment and did not see anything beyond a short dark hallway that was common to all the apartments. We did not enter the apartment for fear that someone would find us and we would get in trouble. The adventure and the fear of being caught were exciting.

Closing the door without making any noise, we walked quietly towards the staircase. We spent the next few days arguing about the type of people who came and went. More curious was the owner of the apartment. What kind of person rents an apartment and leaves it unlocked, for what seemed like strangers to come and go randomly? It was all very strange, and that made it even more interesting to us.

Thereafter, we spent a little more time watching that door. It was always unlocked. We became obsessed with that apartment and began taking turns watching it so we could devote more hours to our new hobby. After two months of watching, we came to some conclusions. The apartment was evidently left unlocked because different people used it at different times. Although there were some regulars, most of the people who came and went were first-timers. There was no one category for the people who came and went. Some were dressed as workers while others were dressed as though they were about to go

to the opera or a party. People came and went and were cordial, yet did not engage in much conversation. It was as though they were meeting for the first time.

Three months after first discovering the apartment Joe convinced me that we had to go in and examine it. We knew the pattern of people coming and going so there was not much chance of being caught. We decided on a date and time.

We were both nervous as we approached the door. It was a scary thing to do. What would we do if we were caught? With neither of us willing to chicken out in front of the other, there was no choice but to proceed. There was no one else in the main hallway as we approached the door. The quiet of the building was deafening.

As usual, the door was unlocked. No one responded to the doorbell. No one answered when we yelled out. Closing the door behind us, we walked the short length of the dark passageway before coming to the center of the apartment. It looked pretty much like all the other apartments. Quietly and quickly, we looked into the other rooms. Each had a bed, dresser, some chairs, three metal lockers, and a small radio by the side of the bed. Another door in each room opened into a large walk-in closet. Every closet was filled with clothes. Even the living room, larger than most of the other rooms, had been converted into a bedroom. The kitchen appeared unused.

There were no pictures or other personal items like one expects to find in an apartment. It was highly unusual.

We left the apartment after about ten or fifteen minutes and spent the next few days conjuring ideas of who used that apartment and for what. After about a week, we decided to investigate further. Back in the apartment, we methodically went from bedroom to bedroom, looking into the closets and dressers. From what we could see, all the rooms were filled with women's clothing. Some of the gym-style metal lockers were padlocked. There was no way of knowing what was inside. There were some pictures of dressed women hanging on the walls.

Apparently no one lived there. We assumed it must be a place for people to meet or exchange clothes. None of the people we saw coming or going ever stayed more than a few minutes. We decided it would make a great meeting place, like a secret clubhouse for the two of us. Since we had long ago determined a pattern for the people who came and went, that determined when our "secret clubhouse" was available for our use. That made it imperative that we watch the clock and be careful about the time we spent there. It was also important that we leave the apartment as we found it. We did not want to leave traces of our time there. Twice, we were in the apartment when others arrived unexpectedly. We heard them and hid in a closet until they left. Fortunately, we were not discovered. After several weeks of observation, it became apparent that the lockers were used intermittently and randomly. After putting one of our own locks on an empty locker several times, no one seemed to question its use. That became the place we would hide some of our things.

It was great to have a secret place where the two of us could relax. Alone in our clubhouse, we talked for hours. Sometimes we sat and listened to one of the many radios. At

times, I read a book while the more adventurous Joe rummaged through the voluminous amount of neatly stored clothing looking for some hidden secrets. It took him a long time to go through all the rooms to find that there was only clothing.

One day, Joe came to me holding a pair of woman's high heel shoes in his hand.

"Can you imagine wearing shoes like these?"

"Not really. It never crossed my mind."

"You never thought about how hard it must be to wear things like this?"

"Nope."

"You think it is so easy?"

"Don't know. Never gave it much thought."

"Well, now that I'm asking, what do you think?"

"Women wear them all the time, so how difficult can it be?"

"That's my point."

"What's your point?"

"It's very difficult to wear them and you don't realize that. It's sort of like learning to ride a bicycle."

"I think learning to ride a bicycle is a lot harder."

"That's the point. It may look easy, but it's really hard."

"How hard can it be?"

"Well, you should find out."

"Oh, and you already know all this? What do you do, wear your mother's shoes?"

"Sometimes."

"Doesn't she get mad at you?"

"She doesn't know. So, what about you?"

"Yeah, I tried on my mother's shoes once. It wasn't a big deal."

"That's because you probably only had them on for a short time. You probably didn't even walk in them."

"I walked from their bedroom to the kitchen and back. They made a lot of noise so I took them off."

"That's what I mean; you didn't give them a serious tryout. You have to spend some time in them and walk around a bit to understand how hard they are."

"Well, I don't think I am going to get the chance."

"Why not now?"

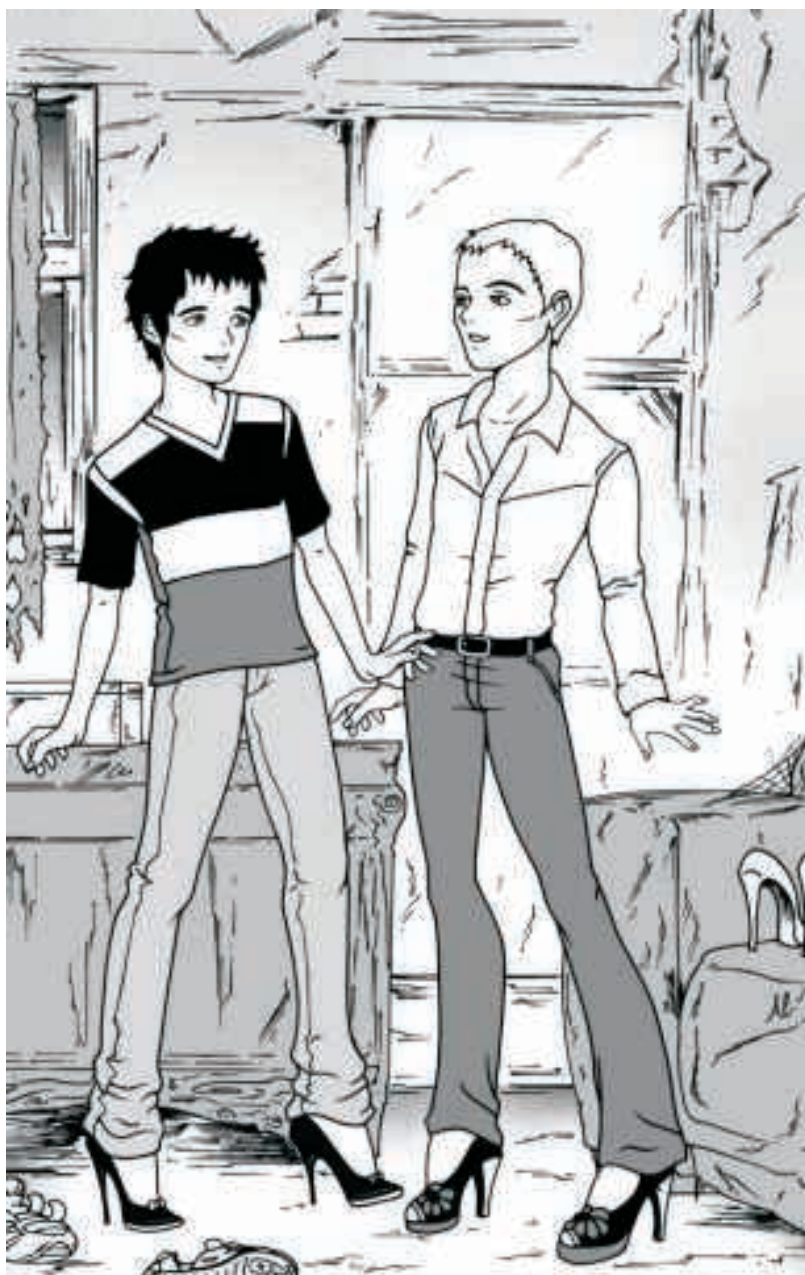
"You mean, here and now?"

"Yup. No one is watching. You could walk around the whole apartment."

"Then what?"

"Then you would understand what I am talking about."

"I don't think they would fit me."



"There's a large selection in different sizes. I'm sure we can find something that would fit."

"And while I'm doing that, what are you going to be doing, sitting and laughing at me?"

"Nope, I am going to join you. We'll like, do it together."

I took the shoes he held out to me and tried them on. They were too tight. On Joe's suggestion, I took them off, then took off my socks and tried them on again. I was surprised to see that this time they fit. By the time I stood up, Joe was standing next to me, at the same height. He had gotten his shoes on much faster than I had.

"Now what?"

"Let's walk around the apartment a bit."

I followed Joe as we walked from one room into another, occasionally sitting on a chair, then re-balancing to stand up. I hadn't been wrong, but I wasn't entirely right. Wearing

heels was more difficult than it seemed. Even when taking modest steps forward, I had to re-balance my leg over my ankle on each step. Additionally, it was difficult to take the long strides I was used to. I could see that wearing heels for long periods would be hard.

As part of our “club” membership, we agreed that whenever we were in the apartment, we would wear a different pair of heels. After a few months of wearing different heels, it got boring. Most of the women’s shoes in that apartment had heels. Some were low, but because they were thin, they wobbled till the ball of your foot made contact with the ground. Pumps were generally better shoes to wear since they encased the whole foot. When they got too high, your weight was focused on the ball of your foot rather than being distributed over the whole foot. Strappy heels of any kind allowed too much foot movement to be totally comfortable. One result of wearing heels was that we were forced to walk and hold our bodies differently. As the height of the heels increased, we stuck our rear ends out more while leaning forward for better balance. This was not done for the deliberate purpose of assuming a feminine gait, but the result was the same. An unexpected problem developed when our families noticed that we were walking strangely. That forced us to re-calibrate our posture when not wearing heels. What I discovered was that once you got used to wearing heels, they were not very difficult.

When Joe saw that I was getting bored, he proposed another difficulty, wearing stockings with the heels. My position was that stockings were like long socks, they didn’t really make any difference. Joe challenged me to try it.

With pants off, I followed his lead and put on a garter belt to hold the stockings up, then stockings then put my pants back on. Suddenly the shoes were a bit big on me, and my feet tended to slip out of them. The silkiness of the stockings created a slipperiness that allowed my feet to slip out of the shoe. The solution was another pair of heels, a bit smaller. Something Joe did not anticipate was that the stockings were hot. After wearing stockings for a while, my feet encased in the leather of the shoes got very hot while my legs remained comfortable.

Wearing stockings under our pants generated a noise and rubbing sensation that were hard to ignore. With bare legs, we had to pull our pants up prior to sitting. While wearing stockings, pants slid up our legs as we sat. Another unforeseen issue was body hair. Although neither of us had much body hair, we had enough to get caught in the stockings. The unexpected pull on the occasional hair was sometimes painful or at best an annoyance. That raised the question of what we should do to alleviate this condition.

I originally agreed to wear heels in response to a challenge by Joe. I respond to his challenges by proving that they were something I could do. It was Joe’s challenges that made me wear heels whenever we were in the apartment. Looking back, it is obvious to me that Joe got me to do whatever he wanted, just by challenging me. He challenged me and I rose to meet the challenges. Joe ratcheted things up by challenging me to wear additional items of women’s clothing.