



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# HEELS Lead To Replacement WIFE & MOTHER



Bibi Dorb

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AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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# Heels Lead to Replacement Wife & Mother

**By Bibi Dorb**

## **OUR APARTMENT BUILDING**

We lived in an apartment complex on the Upper West Side. It was surrounded by other buildings equal in size. All the buildings had names.

Although not part of society's upper crust, we needed a large apartment for a family of seven that included my parents, grandparents, and siblings. Since most of the apartments in those buildings were built to house the conveniences of the well-to-do, there were lots of rooms and other "conveniences" that adapted well to our needs.

With time, demographics of the buildings' residents changed. Apartments previously occupied by the wealthy were taken over by those with less financial means, such as my family. By combining four generations into one apartment, we were able to afford it.

The building had a doorman who had been there many years. He was an older talkative fellow who knew a lot about the building's past and the many well-to-do tenants who were still living there. He told stories to anyone who would listen.

As I got older, my inquisitive nature drove me to investigate other floors and stairwells in the building. In the hallways of the lower floors, there were always lots of people coming and going. On the upper floors, it was rare to see people. Occasionally I saw a woman coming or going through an apartment's side door. I assumed those were servants who still worked in the building.

I was very impressed with the doorman's stories. His stories piqued my curiosity. I wanted to know more about the other tenants, especially those who were previously well-off.

I was often “asked” to take out the garbage. It required that I exit and return via the servants’ entrance. It made me feel more exposed to the unknown. The garbage chute was on the far end of a secondary corridor, mostly hidden from view. The garbage chute was about fifteen to twenty feet from our servants’ door. My parents mandated that I lock the door when leaving the apartment, even for a short time.

## MEETING THE NEIGHBOR

One day with garbage in hand and after closing our servant’s door, another servants’ door, diagonally from ours opened. The slight shadow emanating from the light inside caused me to freeze in place. I was not sure who or what it was. I had never heard or seen another door open before. Now a door was opening, slowly. In the darkness, against the light from another room in that apartment, a small figure was moving. There was fear in my heart and I was not sure what to do.

Suddenly, from the shadow, a bright chipper voice rang out, “Are you the boy who lives next door?”

“Yes,” I stammered.

“Are you throwing out garbage?”

“Yes.”

“Would you be so kind to take mine also? I am really not dressed to go out.”

I was not sure what to make of it. Maybe it was some kind of a trick. How could I get out of it?

“I’ll give you a quarter if you help me out!”

“OK, sure, I’ll do it.” In those days, you could buy a lot with a quarter.

Her long arm, covered with a housecoat, extended outward, holding a pail of garbage in her red-tipped fingers. “Knock on my door when you get back and I’ll pay you.”

I took the pail and walked into the light reflecting from the main corridor. It only had garbage in it. With a pail in each arm, I walked to the garbage chute and emptied both pails into it. On returning to her door, I found it slightly ajar. I knocked. There was no answer. I knocked louder, then heard, “Come on in, I’ll be right with you.”

Apprehensively, I walked into her apartment, but kept in sight of the open door. Everything was neat and in place. Standing where I could see most of the living room, I looked about. Everything looked clean, neat and normal.

I was startled when she suddenly came out from one of the doorways. She was holding her hand out to me; between her forefinger and thumb was a quarter. “Just put the pail down and take this,” she said.

I did as she asked but could still not get myself to move. I may have been blushing. She was a very attractive woman, younger than my mother, but older than myself. She was also slightly taller than me, probably because she wore heels.

“Is anything the matter?”

“Err, no, I guess I was just surprised. I’ve never seen many of the other people who live on our floor. I didn’t know who was living in this apartment.”

"Well, now that you know, does that present a problem?"

"Oh no, not at all."

"Good, in that case maybe we can help each other out a little."

"Oh?"

"I would rather leave my garbage outside the door in the hallway and pay you to dump it for me. How does that sound to you?"

"I guess it's OK."

"It will give you a little more spending money than your parents give, wouldn't that help?"

"Sure would."

"Good, then it's settled. Whenever you go to dump your garbage, just dump mine as well. I'll pay you at the end of each week. OK?"

"OK!"

From that time on, I dumped her garbage and every week, she paid me. Sometimes she left me the money in an envelope attached to the garbage. Sometimes I knocked on the door and she would stand in front of me, pull out her pocketbook and give me the money. I never got around to telling my parents about the arrangement with Sonia. They may have cut my allowance if they felt I was earning on my own. On the other hand, they may have been embarrassed that I was working in the building.

As the weeks went by, my relationship with Sonia became more informal. I stopped being the 'boy next door' when she began using my name. Our only opportunity to communicate was during the time we stood at the door, as she paid me. It was some time before she invited me in to her apartment for the first time. I was surprised by how much smaller her apartment was than ours. Even so, her apartment had three bedrooms. Although I was about her height, she only offered me milk and cookies. As I sat and ate, she stood nearby watching. Every so often, she would ask a question and listen to my answer. After that first time, I was occasionally invited in.

Sonia was a very attractive woman. There was a lot to fantasize about her. Just thinking about the way she moved sent shivers up my spine. I was intrigued by the way she moved gracefully and somewhat hesitatingly. She always wore high heels; they seemed as much a part of her as my shoes felt to me. She never had awkward moments when walking, standing or sitting. Her body jiggled as she moved. Standing in front of me, hunting through her pocket book, I noticed how she stretched her arms forward, keeping everything within eyesight beyond her bust line, never giving any thought to it. She was a good looking woman, very attractive. I don't remember consciously fantasizing about sex with her. I was still a virgin and wasn't very sure what sex entailed. But there was something about her that generated tensions within me every time I thought about her, even while at school.

An odd combination of events left me alone at home one weekend. With school closed that Friday, I wondered what there was to do. I never dreamed that events would lead me into something in which I had no interest. My biggest worry that Friday morning, as my

parents said goodbye for the weekend, was what I was going to do with myself. I was old enough to prepare my own food and go outside alone to play, or just walk the streets. I had friends in the area, homework to do, and there was always the TV to keep me busy

Friday morning after my parents left, I was alone. Mother had left a few chores for me, including shopping and taking out the garbage. I packed up the garbage and exited the servants' entrance, making sure to lock the door. Sonia had left some garbage outside her door so I took it for dumping also.

When I returned, Sonia's door was ajar. I knocked a few times before I heard her. "Come on in, make yourself comfortable, I'll be out shortly," she yelled above the sound of running water from the shower. "There's something for you to eat in the kitchen."

## HEELS

I walked into the living room and looked around. With nothing to do, I walked into the kitchen. A cup of milk and a few cookies were on the table for me. After drinking a little and eating some, I walked back into the living room with glass in hand. I sat on a corner chair and calmly looked around the room. Everything was in place except for her high-heeled shoes in the corner. I wondered how difficult it could be to walk in them.

Sonia was still in the shower, humming some melody against the sound of splashing water. Why not take the opportunity to find out how it felt to wear high-heeled shoes? Putting the glass of milk on a side table, I slipped my loafers, then my socks, off. Taking her shoes in hand, I slid them onto my feet. They fit. I fastened the straps and looked at my feet to see that everything seemed OK. The shower was still running.

Standing was a bit awkward so I used a chair back to help me balance. Once in the



standing position, I tested my balance and took a few steps forward. With my foot already in the extended position, the heel of the shoe hit the floor first. It was not difficult taking steps, but they were smaller than I would normally take. Soon I was walking on the carpets in her living room, wearing her shoes. I tried imagining walking in them every day. Walking back and forth, I tried imitating the way she moved. It was reasonable to assume that wearing dresses or skirts would force her to take smaller steps. I tried walking back and forth while taking small steps. I concentrated on taking small steps while holding my body erect, occasionally looking in a nearby mirror to see if I was getting it right.

I don't know how much time passed before I noticed that everything suddenly seemed too quiet. I stood still trying to figure out why when I heard her voice. "So, what do you think about walking in them?"

### **SHE CAUGHT ME**

I was shocked that she caught me prancing back and forth in her shoes. I looked at her and wished that somehow I would be spared the embarrassment of the moment. Wrapped in a towel, she stood there looking at me. I was frozen with no evident escape available. I stammered but could not say anything. "Bet you were wondering what it is like walking in heels like that?"

"Uh, uh," was all I could muster.

"I often wonder if men think about things like this. Men never say anything about it. Why don't you tell me what you think of it?"

"Doesn't seem like a big deal except that you have to balance yourself each time you take a step."

"Actually, it is a little bit more complicated than that. You see, stockings are slipperier than bare feet and other parts of your clothing make things even harder."

"I still think it's no big deal to walk in heels. I could do it all day long, if I wanted to."

"Are you interested in making some additional money?"

"Sure!"

"In that case, what I would like you to do is clean my apartment twice a week. Do you think you could do that?"

"Sounds easy enough."

"My only stipulation is that you wear my heels while doing so. Do you have a problem with that?"

"Should be a breeze. Just tell me what you want done."

Sonia walked me through the apartment for the next two hours, pointing out the things she wanted done, all the time still wearing her heels. She even had me do some work so that I would understand how to operate the washing machine and vacuum cleaner. I was to clean the apartment two days a week after school while she was at work. She would put out a pair of heels for me to work in each day. They would be different so that I would get an opportunity to experience the full gamut of styles.