

LICENSE FOR SKIRTS

By Olivia Evans



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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CHAPTER ONE: Jason turns twenty one and meets the girl of his dreams.

Jason Howard's troubles started the day he turned twenty one.

His twenty-first birthday was a monumental event, marking a lot of new beginnings: the first time he could legally buy a drink in a bar, or sign contracts were among the important ones. But the most important, at least to Jason, was the right to have his picture changed from profile to full face on his driver's license.

Of all the “firsts” that he was now entitled by law to do, the renewal of his driver's license excited him the most. The state he lived in distinguished minors from adults by photographing the driver either in profile (minors) or full face (adults). It was simple, effective and virtually eliminated the problem of altered driver's licenses.

Everyone knew, a full face photo on your driver's license was the single and most visual proof that you have come of age!

Despite his excitement about renewing his license, he'd been late getting to the Department of Motor Vehicles on the day of his appointment, three days after his birthday. Jason had squeezed through the door just seconds before the guard locked it for the evening.

The DMV office was as crowded as lunch hour in the fast food restaurant where Jason was the assistant manager. As the line to the counter inched forward slowly, Jason reconciled himself to a long wait. There were no guarantees of “in and out in less than five minutes.” at the Department of Motor Vehicles.

Absent too were the smiling faces of the youngsters (“the kids”) that normally manned the “Quicktime Burger” counter. The middle aged women clerks manning the counter in the DMV office looked tired, bored and anxious to go home to their real lives. Really not much different than the public they served.

Jason looked around curiously at his fellow line-standers. Most of the customers mirrored the same emotions as the clerks, tired, bored and anxious to go home.

This was only about the third time in his life that he'd ever been in the local DMV office and he was fascinated with the people waiting to have their car or driver's licenses renewed.

What most fascinated him, were the still unlicensed drivers, teenagers for the most part.

While the dreaded “waiting in line” boredom had afflicted most of the customers, it wasn't true of the teens waiting to take their first driving test.

The bored look was there, but it was a pale imitation of the boredom of the adults like Jason. Most of the teens were carefully studying their peers and seniors, all the while giving the air of being casually disinterested.

Seeming disinterested in their surroundings, their casual behavior hid their fear of Failing The Written Test. A test that all had been assured by older brothers, sisters or other well meaning friends and relatives as being a snap.

Jason smiled to himself, it had been a snap — the second time he'd taken it. What had been even more difficult, and potentially the greater blow to the ego if failed, was the dreaded Driving Test.

THAT test he had passed on the first attempt.

Jason fell in the back of the shortest line and quickly developed the “thousand yard stare” of the others. Everything became mechanical, stand and wait, step one pace forward, stand and wait, step one pace forward and stand and wait.

After what seemed like hours, he reached the counter and the unsmiling DMV clerk. Jason stared at the harried looking woman for a full ten seconds, trying to figure out how old she was. Certainly at least ten years older than he, maybe 30, 32 years old, although she looked tired and a lot older.

Still, if she had fixed her hair a little better, used a little more make up and opened the top two buttons of her well filled blouse...

“May I help you, Young Man?” She asked, her face slowly creasing into a tired mechanical smile.

Jason, awakened out of his own automation, hastily shoved his license across the counter. The woman looked at it without touching it as though it was something unclean. She glanced back up at Jason and sighed.

“Young Man, just what is it that I'm supposed to do with this?” She asked, her voice as tired sounding as she appeared.

“Uh, renew it?” Jason mumbled.

“Did you fill out Forms 2391(a), 'Application for Driver's License Renewal', and Form 9774/92C, 'Certification of Valid Automobile Insurance'?” The woman shook her head, answering her own questions. Jason shook his head in reflex.

“Thought not.” The woman sighed. She reached below the counter Jason was leaning against and removed a fist full of forms. Carefully selecting the two forms Jason needed, she pushed them and his license back toward Jason. “Fill these out completely. Don't forget to check the box marked 'renewal'.”

Jason took the forms and his license and began filling them out, using the pen that was chained to the counter. Like most of the pens provided by the State for the public's use, it was out of ink. Jason reached for the pencil he carried in his pocket.

“Uh, sir?” The clerk said as she placed her hand protectively over the form. Jason looked up in surprise. “You can't use a pencil, unless it's a number 2.”

Jason looked at the number printed on the side of the yellow pencil. It was a number 3. He glanced back toward the clerk who was still giving him his instructions.

“... if it isn't a number 2, then you can use a pen, black ink only, please. And Young Man, please use the tables against the wall to fill your forms out, there are others behind you who would like to go home today too.” The clerk pointed toward the rear wall. The recital was one that she had given a hundred times a day.

Jason turned to look for the tables. As he turned around, Jason noticed that the line he'd stood in was now about ten people deep. Obviously, he hadn't been the only one to have failed to have the paper work correctly filled out, Jason smiled to himself.

Sighing in resignation, Jason left the counter and walked to one of the tables against the wall.

Jason had completed about half of DMV Form 2391(a), “Application for Driver's License Renewal”, before he realized that there was someone else filling out forms beside him. He glanced out of the corner of his eye to determine if he would have yet another person in front of him.

The girl was a tall shapely blonde, attractively dressed in a tight tank top and loose fitting denim shorts. Her perfume was making him horny and light headed at the same time. She was gorgeous, or at least he thought she was. Jason couldn't really tell, her long blonde hair had fallen down to cover the side of her face as she filled out her forms.

Jason watched the girl out of the corner of his eye hoping that she would pull her hair back or turn so he could see what she looked like. If her face was only half as attractive as her body was... If she was, then Jason knew he would be in love with her for life.

The mysterious blonde finished barely seconds before Jason. She gathered up her forms and stepped into line with Jason right behind her. Whether by design or accident, she had turned away from Jason denying him the opportunity to see what she looked like.

While he hadn't seen what she looked like, he envisioned her to be an extremely attractive girl. Girls with figures like her's usually were. As they slowly moved forward, Jason tried to imagine what she looked like.

Although disappointed that he hadn't been able to see if his envisioned image of her agreed with reality, Jason really didn't mind. He knew that sometimes the imagined beauty was better than the real thing.

Besides, it wouldn't matter anyway, she wouldn't go out with him even if he'd had enough courage to tap her on the shoulder and ask her out.

It was always like that, poor Jason was painfully shy around girls. In high school, a time when it's almost the duty of a young man to be cutting notches on his bed post, Jason rarely had a third date.

Even then, it was all that he could do to kiss her good night. It wasn't that he didn't like girls, quite the contrary, he loved them. The problem was, once the girls found out that his shyness wasn't an act, they dropped him like the loser he knew he was.

The blonde may well have remained the “mystery woman” in Jason's life forever, if it hadn't been for an energetic small child, a tired young mother and a man standing in line behind Jason.

The faceless blonde was third from the counter when a small child in the line for Vehicle Registrations decided at that very moment to burn off some restless energy. He broke away from his mother, who, knowing that there would be havoc if she didn't stop him quickly, lunged for the child.

Unfortunately, she missed the child and careened into Jason and the girl in front of him. All three crashed to the ground, causing the small child to stop in his tracks and turn to look at the commotion his young mother had caused. His large eyes widened even further and he broke into laughter that quickly stopped when he saw the look of a spanking on his mother's face.

Jason and the mystery girl remained sitting on the floor facing each other, their papers scattered around them. The child's mother scrambled to her feet and took off after the now terrified youngster, totally unnoticed by either Jason or the blonde.

“Uh, hi.” Jason said. She was as attractive as he had imagined, even more so. He could feel his vocal cords becoming paralyzed as they did whenever he was in the presence of a beautiful young woman.

“Hi, yourself.” Her smile was like a shining beam of light in the Carlsbad Caverns. Jason forced himself to smile in return. They looked at each other for a few seconds longer, obviously approving of what they were seeing.

“My name is Jason, Jason Howard, and, ” Jason paused and decided what the hell, what was one more rejection. “... I think that I'd like to, uh.... er, uh...”

The girl look startled for a second, blinked twice and replied, smiling. “My name is Mary Sue Webster, and I'd love to go to dinner with you. That is, if that's what you were going to ask.”

Jason snapped his mouth shut and nodded.

The man standing behind Jason, snorted. “If you two love birds are through fixing up your social lives, I'd appreciate it if you would move forward.”

Jason blushed and scrambled to his feet. He waited a second while Mary Sue gathered up their scattered forms before he helped her up.

“You here to renew your license too?” She asked, handing him his forms and license. Jason nodded and they moved forward another position.

“Yeah. I need a new picture.” Jason said casually, knowing that the girl would know exactly what he was saying.

“Me too.” Mary Sue had understood and responded in the same manner.

Jason glanced around and sighed, feeling more comfortable with a relatively “safe” subject of why they were both at the DMV. “I sure wish that the DMV would allow us to just mail our renewals in.”

“The next time they will. The first time you renew after you turn twenty one, they retake your picture full face rather than in profile, that way if you get stopped, the cops will know that you're no longer a minor.” Mary Sue reminded Jason needlessly.

Jason who had been living for just this day since he had received his learner's permit, nodded. He sneaked a glance at Mary Sue's picture on her license. It, like his, was in profile. If she was here to renew her's then she had just turned twenty one, the same as he had.

They chatted for a few minutes, as the line slowly inched forward. Finally, Mary Sue reached the clerk.

The clerk glanced at the driver's license and the forms, checking merely to see if all the blanks were filled out before handing them to another woman who never even looked up as she typed the information on a blank license.

The woman was an experienced typist and the form was completed in short order. Removing the form from the typewriter, she motioned Mary Sue to stand in front of a camera attached to a new looking computer terminal. Slipping the form into a slot under the camera, she told Mary Sue to smile. A quick flash later, Mary Sue's paper work disappeared into a large cardboard box.

“Your new license will be mailed to you in three weeks.” The clerk said, handing her old license back to Mary Sue.

Mary Sue stepped away from the counter and waited a few feet away as Jason presented his forms and license. The clerk's check of Jason's paper work was quick and perfunctory as Mary Sue's had been.

A few minutes later, Jason, his vision still blurry from the bright strobe lights on the camera, stepped over to where Mary Sue was waiting.

“I'm glad that's over. Where would you like to go to eat?” Jason asked.

“You pick, all I want is a hamburger or something.” Mary Sue said.

Jason briefly thought about taking her to the “Quicktime Burger” stand. He glanced at the beautiful girl and changed his mind, knowing that he would be ribbed about his new girl friend when went to work the next day. “I know a good little 'TexMex' restaurant, just a few blocks from here. How does that sound?”

“Fine with me. I like my food the same way I like my men, hot and spicy!” Mary Sue giggled at Jason's blush.

It was still early in the dinner hour when they arrived at the restaurant. There were only a few of the dinner crowd and they were lead to a “U” shaped booth near the back of the room by the hostess. Jason, screwing up his courage, sat as close to Mary Sue as he dared. It was slightly less than arms length away.

“I'm glad you decided to go out with me.” Jason said when they had settled in. “It's not often that I get to take a beautiful girl like you to dinner.”

The restaurant was too dark for Jason to see Mary Sue's slight blush. “I'm glad you asked.”

“What do you think that woman did to that kid, after she left the DMV?” Jason asked, trying to find an opening for a conversation.

“I know what I would have done.” Mary Sue said. “I would have turned him over to an adoption agency.”

“Really? Why would you have done that?” Jason asked, surprised.

“Let's just say that I'm not terribly fond of small children.”

“Really?” Jason asked again. Most of the girls he knew professed to love babies and small children.

Mary Sue laughed lightly. “I suppose that I should explain that, shouldn't I?”

“If you want to.” Jason replied as noncommittally as he could.

“My mother was a Civil Engineer and a full partner with my father in heavy construction.”

“Heavy construction?”

“You know, building dams and roads in the jungles and stuff like that. They had contracts all over the world. When I was about nine, my mother died in an accident. Since we didn't have any living relatives, I went with my father to the construction sites. Most of my friends were men, Dad's partners and rough neck labors.”

“That must have been rough, not having anyone your own age around to play with.” Jason sympathized.

“I never missed not having any other kids around. I was too busy learning about heavy construction. I can drive a Cat and pound nails as well as the next man.” Mary Sue admitted, justifiably proud of her achievements.

“Still, being a girl in jungles and places like that must have been rough.” Jason said taken aback.

“Not really, Daddy treated me as though I was more of a boy than a girl. In fact, I don't think that more than a handful of Daddy's regular crew knew that I was really a girl. The local laborers never knew. Daddy felt that it was for my own protection.”

“I can imagine.” Jason shook his head, thinking of what could happen to a young girl in the wild jungles with a bunch of sex starved construction men.

“Until I returned Stateside, I didn't even own a dress. Now of course, I own dozens. But I still have a great deal of difficulty in being what you would consider to be a 'feminine' girl. I've never really had a desire to have babies and be a mother, partly due to my 'tomboy' life style, but mainly because in the harsh environments we lived in, most of the women died in child birth.” Mary Sue admitted.

“But you like sex don't you?” Jason had blurted out the question before he could think.

“Of course I do, not that it's any of your business.” Mary Sue giggled. “At least not yet.”

Blushing deeply, Jason tried to apologize. “I'm sorry. That just slipped out.”

Mary Sue reached across the small table and laid her hand on top of Jason's. "Don't worry about it. How about you? You like sex?"

"What?" Jason laughed, embarrassed.

"How about kids, you like them?" Mary Sue changed the subject to its next logical step.

"Sure." Jason said bewildered at the forwardness of the attractive blonde. "Some-day, after I've gotten married, I'd love to have a family."

"I suppose that we could adopt an older child." Mary Sue said just loud enough for Jason to hear.

"I'm sorry, I was being the aggressor again. I told you, my Father raised me like a boy. Never could stand playing the coy 'sweet young thing' bit. I've always just reached out and grabbed whatever I wanted." Mary Sue laughed. "I've lost more boy friends that way."

"I can imagine." Jason said truthfully. "Actually, I don't mind at all." He paused before continuing with his thoughts. "You know, I actually admire you for the ability to be at ease with others. I've always been a little on the shy side. In fact, it took all the courage I could muster just to ask you out when we were sitting on the floor together."

"It did?" Mary Sue's hand gripped Jason's a little tighter as she laughed lightly. She graciously didn't bring up the fact that she had actually asked him. "Maybe we're perfect for each other."

"Maybe so." Jason agreed just as the waitress came to take their order.

"Let me order." Mary Sue said. Jason nodded, content to allow her to take the lead.

The meals Mary Sue ordered in flawless Spanish were hot, spicy and delicious. During the meal, Mary Sue and Jason talked about their jobs, (she was a computer analyst for a small company that was under contract with the government), their likes and dislikes.

They learned that they had some things in common, both had lost loved ones when they were young. Jason had lost both of his parents in a car crash and Mary Sue had lost her mother in an accident that had also seriously injured her father in the Peruvian mountains.

By the time they had finished their meals, they both knew that they wanted to have another date.

Jason waited by Mary Sue's car as she slid in and rolled down the window. "Thank you, I had a good time."

"Me, too. Would you uh, like to....." Jason started to ask haltingly.

"Go out with you again? Of course, I would Jason." Mary Sue finished for him.

"Uh, good. What time shall I pick you up?"

"Why don't I pick you up? You treated this time, why don't you let me pick up the tab next time?" Mary Sue suggested.

“Uh, okay.” Jason told her where he lived and said that he would be ready by seven the next evening.

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Their first real date was a success. They (Mary Sue) had decided on a movie and a light meal afterwards. They both enjoyed the film and the hamburgers were adequate, but not up to the standards that “Quicktime Burgers” had set.

But as nice as the evening had been, what really set the evening off was what happened afterward.

“I want to show you my favorite spot to sit and watch the stars.” Mary Sue suggested.

“What is it, lover's lane?” Jason had joked. He had actually blushed when Mary Sue answered in the affirmative.

When they had reached “lover's lane”, a little knoll overlooking the city, Mary Sue fell naturally into the aggressor's roll, surprising Jason.

Not really having that much experience in dealing with women, let alone one as aggressive as Mary Sue, Jason merely “rolled” with the punches and enjoyed it.

He had unknowingly assumed the passive role normally associated with the fairer sex, which complemented Mary Sue's aggressive personality.

By the time the sun rose over the city below them, Jason was twice no longer a virgin.

Two weeks later, Jason moved into Mary Sue's apartment. He rationalized moving in with her because her apartment was larger than his. This was partially true, but the main reason why he moved rather than her was that she refused to have it any other way.