

THE MOVIE STAR

By Ellen Lee



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A HER TV NOVEL

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THE MOVIE STAR

By Ellen Lee

PROLOGUE

Listening to the cheers and applause of the crowd sitting in the bleachers bordering the red carpeted walk, I smiled and waved to them, feeling the electricity generated by the crowd and the glow that can only come from the adulation and love of your peers. Once again I smiled and waved as I approached the entrance of the theater. These were my fans, and I was the STAR. These same people came to all the gala Hollywood affairs, whether it be a preview, an Oscar night or any other function where the recognized stars and other Hollywood people gathered. An important part of these affairs were the bleachers always erected near the entrance of the theater or building where the affair was held, which were filled with the most loyal of our fans.

Some of them would arrive as early as two days prior just to get a seat or, if possible, two. The second one could be sold for quite a bit of money to well financed late arrivals.

I was always thrilled as the crowd cheered and waved. I knew I made a Star-like appearance in my ankle length gown of sea foam green tulle, and my satin pumps, dyed to match. My blonde hair was perfectly set, and diamonds sparkled on my fingers and at my throat. My white mink wrap was the envy of all who saw it. I made a lovely picture of femininity as I stopped for a second to say a few words into a microphone that was thrust at me, and waived gaily to the crowd once more as my handsome escort and I entered the theater.

All my dreams had come true. This was part of the life and glory of being a Hollywood Movie Star. And it was very rewarding artistically as well as financially .

Millions were tossed about in Hollywood and other film capitals of the world, as though they were pennies. The only other place that had so little regard for huge amounts of money was Washington D.C. As that very astute one time Senator from Illinois, the late Everett Dirksen, referring to certain colleges, had said many years ago, " a billion here, a billion there, and pretty soon they'll be talking about big money". The same disregard for value and reality was always prevalent in the film industry. But, as I said, the rewards were great. A much sought after actor or actress could make many millions on one film, if they had the right agent, and the adoration of the public.

I loved being involved with the movies and receiving the plaudits and love from all. The money makes it more satisfying, although I was extremely wealthy before I became a star.

Yes I had almost everything a girl could ask for, only I was a fraud...a sham, for I really wasn't that loved and envied beautiful woman. I was in reality a man...a male, and only three other people in all the world beside myself knew my secret. I thought of

Eleanor, and how influential she had been in my being what I am today, and how I loved her as my dearest friend, companion and sex partner. I also thought of Janis. I hated her but felt sorry for her, as she had brought retribution on herself. And then there was Nora, who had more enjoyment out of perpetrating the fraud than was decent.

Seated in the darkened theater my latest picture flashed on the screen to the accompanying hush from the audience. I had seen the picture numerous times by watching the daily rushes, the film shot and developed earlier each day. I allowed my mind to wander and thought back to the beginning.

1 CHANCE MEETING

It was one of those rare warm days in early March. Usually at this time of year in the Chicago area it was cold, damp and miserable. But on this day the temperature was in the low sixties, because of a low pressure system over Pennsylvania that was forcing warm air from the Southwest up and over Chicago, and the sun shone warmly.

I was a Senior at the University in Evanston, twenty miles north of Chicago. I was too small for football, much to my father's disappointment. He had played on the team twenty five years before, and he showed little enthusiasm when I made the cheerleader squad.

My parents had given me a pre-graduation present of a new convertible, and on this beautiful spring-like day I just had to drive it with the top down for the first time. Cutting my remaining classes of the day I headed for the country with the wind in my hair.

As a senior at the University, I had in the three previous years spent a great deal of time cultivating relationships with the female sex, and as little time as possible at my academic studies. Frankly I now regretted having spent the time I did away from my studies, as I needed the degree that would be mine on graduation, in order for me to assume my rightful place in the family business now being presided over by my father. We were in stocks and bonds. But my many liaisons with the girls had made me quite adept at meeting and in most cases conquering them.

In the distance I saw another car approaching with it's top down. A kindred soul, I thought. As we passed, I waved and the driver of the other car waved back.

She was a very attractive woman of indeterminate age, and as I watched in the rear view mirror I saw her stop lights shine, as she directed the car into the driveway of a restaurant I had just passed.

A quick decision on my part guided my car in a hundred eighty degree turn, and on reaching the restaurant I parked next to her car.

I went in not knowing if my intrusion would be welcomed or not, but as the saying goes "I kissed every girl I met, and got slapped a lot, but I got a lot of kisses too."

It was easy to find her seated in a booth in the all but empty room.

I sat in a booth opposite her, and ordered a coffee and Danish from the waitress. While waiting I saw that the mystery woman was reading a book as she drank her coffee and ate a toasted English Muffin.

When my order came, I looked at her, and caught her eye as the waitress served me.

I raised my coffee cup to her and said, "We not only like to drive with the top down, but we enjoy a cup of afternoon coffee. I wonder how many other ways we are alike?"

She looked at me with alert beautiful green eyes.

"I'm sure the similarity ends with those two items. You evidently are the one I passed just north of here with your top down too."

“Yes. Isn't it a beautiful day for it. I have had the car for three months and couldn't wait to get that top down.”

“Well, are you enjoying yourself? I know I am. I just felt in the doldrums today and driving with the top down always revives my spirits.”

“Do you mind if I join you, so we can talk in more subdued voices. I think the help here are enjoying our conversation more than we.”

She nodded and smiled as I carried my coffee and remains of the Danish across to her table.

“Allow me to introduce myself. I'm Kevin Kostner,” I told her, and offered my hand.

She took it and observed, “Why Kevin the last time we met you were six foot something and now you seem to have shrunk at least six inches. You do remember me, don't you... Meryl Streep?”

Not bad for a beginning. Good sense of humor and fast on the pick up.

I told her, in answer to her remark, that although I was shorter than she remembered me I was still the same devastatingly handsome and intelligent, and humble person she knew.

She laughed and in answer to her questions I told her I was a senior at the university, and all I wanted her to know of my background. Such as my being too small for football, I was on the cheer leading squad, which was an asset as I could be tossed around at will.

She in turn told me of herself...married, (oh,oh) no children. Husband was out of town from Monday morning to Friday night visiting his company's various offices around the country,(whee) and she was trying to fill in her time without getting into trouble.

“Monday through Friday,” I repeated. “It must be lonely.” I had every intention of trying to fill her loneliness with me.

During our conversation she told me she at one time was a secretary and was still an excellent typist, and best of all I found she lived less than two miles from where we did.

I said, “ You are a gift from the Gods. I have one heck of a time typing the notes I take each day in my classes. My handwriting is so lousy that I have to type them immediately, or I can't make them out. It takes hours with one finger to get the job done. Is it possible that you, dear kind lady would type my notes for me. I will happily take you to lunch each day as payment.”

She laughed, a happy musical laugh.

“I usually don't eat lunch. However, I suppose I could do them for you on occasion if you can't make other arrangements. As a matter of fact it just might help me to fill in my day.”

We had a second cup of coffee and a then third as we chatted away learning interesting facts about each other. We came back to reality with start when we realized it five o'clock.

I paid both checks and going out to the parking lot in the gathering gloom and chill I suggested we put the tops up on our cars. She started her engine, and we raised and secured the top.

“It was a great day for me and it would be perfect if you would please say 'yes' to doing a little typing for me. Again, I'll be happy to buy you lunch or do anything within my province to repay you.”

She looked at me for a second and reached into her purse for a pen and a pad. Writing for a second she handed the paper to me and as she started the car said:

“Call me.”

She backed out, throwing gravel as she rejoined the highway.

I looked at the paper and I saw a phone number and smiled as she had signed it Meryl Streep. I put the top up on my car and drove home thinking about her. It was then that I realized that we didn't really know each others real names.

Oh well, I thought, Meryl is good enough for me, if she didn't give me a bogus phone number.

2 HI MERYL

We had met on a Thursday, and the following day I was busy doing some work in the computer lab at the university and finally left the campus just before six o'clock.

When home, there was just time to bathe and change for cocktails and dinner. My parents had always, as far as I could remember, dressed for dinner, which was always preceded by a drink. It was to me a very civilized habit, as a shower, fresh clothes and a cocktail, or other libation, made the evening so much more enjoyable. It was time to relax and talk, and I enjoyed these moments with my parents as it was the only time of the day we weren't involved with our personal business and thoughts.

As Meryl had told me her husband came home each weekend, and though at the time my thoughts were pure, I didn't think it wise to call her until the following week when he was gone.

Though she appeared to be at eight or ten years older than my 20 years, (I found out later she was fourteen years older) I was extremely attracted to her.

Monday morning, as soon as I could I called her.

When she answered I announced, “Hi Meryl. This is Kevin. Can you do a little typing for me?”

There was silence on the phone for a minute before she answered.

“If we can get it done in the next hour and a half come on over. I have an appointment later.”

She gave the address and I told her I'd stop to pick up lunch for us and be right over. She told me never mind the lunch, she'd make some sandwiches to save time. We could eat while we worked.

It sounded good to me and in twenty minutes I was in her driveway ringing the front door chimes.

She looked even better than she had the other day. No raving beauty, but very attractive. She was a little plump, being a few pounds overweight, but on her it looked good. She was wearing a dress and heels, full make up and perfume.

I wondered if she did all that for me, or did she really have an appointment later?

She had made some chicken sandwiches and coffee, and as she suggested we ate as I read my notes to her and she typed.

We finished in forty five minutes, and I really wanted to stay, but she said she had her appointment to keep. At the front door, I took her hand and kissed it very gallantly.

“Thank you Meryl. I really do appreciate your help and maybe you'll let me reciprocate somehow. Can I come over tomorrow with my new notes?”

“Call me,” she said, and I got into my car and drove away.

We had continued to call each other Meryl and Kevin and I was curious as her real first name.

Tomorrow I would broach the subject, as I was sure she would allow me to come over again.

There was some electricity developing between us and we both knew it.

3 SEX AND STUFF

It was on our third meeting that I made love to her, or should I say we made it to each other.

The day started as usual with lunch and typing my notes, which were very voluminous and it was close to five when we finished. I took her hand and said, “Please have dinner with me. Let me do something for you to show my thanks.”

“Okay, if it will make you feel better. I could just as easily cook dinner here for us.”

I drove us out to the restaurant where we first met, and as we waited for our food to be served I said, “I still don't know your real name. Do we call each other Meryl and Kevin forever?”

“It's Eleanor. And just what is yours?”

I told her it was Lee and that seemed to satisfy our curiosity.

After dinner I drove her home, and went in with her.

In the front hall, as we closed the door we were somewhat squeezed together and were face to face. I just leaned over a bit and kissed her. Her reaction was not what I expected...she started to shudder, grabbed me to her and returned the kiss with such passion that I was sure she was starved for any kind of affection.

We stood there kissing for a while, and she took my hand and led me upstairs to her bedroom, where we hastily disrobed each other. We then got into bed and spent the next five minutes in frantic pawing, kissing, squirming and finally reaching a climax together. We lay there for a few minutes catching our breath and neither wanting to move.

I finally rolled off her and gave her a big kiss.

She whispered, "Thank you. That was heaven and believe me I needed that. It's been a long time."

I didn't ask her why, as I knew her husband was an older man and probably couldn't service her needs.

We went at it again and after a few more climaxes, I was pooped and at midnight I left, and made my way home. To say she was great in bed is an understatement. She was wild, I didn't know if it was because of her nature, or because of the lack of attention from her husband.

I found at that point that sex with an experienced older woman was much more satisfactory than with young college girls trying to learn the technique of love making.

We continued the routine over the next few weeks having lunch, doing the typing and then to bed.

Oh, how we both loved it.

4 THE CORSET

On a cloudy rainy afternoon, as we finished our love making, I gathered my clothes from the floor and chairs, in order to get dressed. Taking my underwear from a chair, I saw underneath it her all in one slimmer, which was actually a light weight corset.

Holding it up I laughed and asked, "How can you stand to wear something like this?"

"Why, it's very comfortable and it helps shape me, gives me support and the garters hold my stockings up. I suppose all those 19 and 20 year old girls at school only wear bikinis panties and bras."

I admitted they did, and that's why the briefer looked so uncomfortable to me. I asked, "How does it feel? Doesn't it squeeze you and squash you? Isn't it uncomfortable?"

For an answer she picked it and walked over to me and held it up in front of my body.

"Here," she said. "Try it on. You'll find it is very comfortable."

And with that she had me put my arms in the straps and then zipped it up.

Why I allowed her to do that I don't know but I was somehow intrigued and not embarrassed at all. I was always intrigued by feminine underclothes, as they exuded SEX and were symbolic of the feminine.

I had to adjust my male parts upward, as they were hanging down beneath the skirt of the briefer, and I was getting hard for some crazy reason. Though I pushed them up they kept slipping down.

We both laughed and she picked up her panties from the chair and she helped me into them as she explained, "This will help keep your parts in place."

By first stuffing my "parts" up under the skirt of the corset, the panties helped hold them there. she stepped back and looked at me with a critical eye, and though I was embarrassed about my erection, she noticed my embarrassment and laughed.

“Now I know how to help you get it up one more time.”

She looked me over in her things and continued, “We can't do anything about your lack of hips, but I can fix your flat chest.”

Taking a handful of stockings out of her drawer, she stuffed the bra cups. Standing back admiring her work she said, “Well how does it feel? Are you squeezed or squashed?”

“No, not at all. You were right it is comfortable. But the bottom of the corset rides up when I move.”

“The stockings keep it down and in place. Here, sit down,” she ordered.

She took the stockings she had worn before disrobing, and drew them up my legs, drawing the garters down through the panty leg holes and hooked them to the garters on the briefer.

When she was through I stood up and walked to the big mirror. I had to see what I looked like and I grimaced.

“What's the matter,” she asked.

“I sure as hell don't look as good as you do in these things.”

Suddenly, seeing myself in that get up, briefer, panties, and stockings, I was very embarrassed. AND, I was very aroused. I considered myself a macho guy and females were just fair game to be pursued and conquered, but suddenly I was reduced to the level of.....of...a girl.

The fact that her clothes not only aroused me and I showed it by getting hard, proved to us both that I did get a sexual thrill out of wearing these few items of women's clothing..

I decided it was time to get back to reality and with that I started to unhook the stockings, when Eleanor asked, “What are you doing? Don't you like being my girl friend?”

I didn't say a word. The problem was I did like it, and really wanted to experiment further, but a guy can't admit he likes to wear women's clothes, especially to his girl friend with whom he was coming on as a fantastic lover. A woman to whom he confessed his ambition in life was to bed every girl in the senior class before graduation, and most of the world's women afterward.

As she considered me the worst type of chauvinist male I was sure she was enjoying this adventure.

For the next several days our routine continued. I would arrive about 12:30 to 1:00 P.M. and she would have a light lunch ready. We would then do my notes for about an hour, and then to bed for fun and games.

Eleanor was usually dressed in a negligee, which gave me notice that she wanted to stay home and play house. If she were completely dressed it was a signal to me that she wanted to go out to lunch and we would do so.

On our return we would type my notes and then hop in the sack.

Either way I was getting all I could handle, five days a week.

She kept asking me if I was tiring and if I wanted to skip a day. She wasn't aware young studs are at their most virile at my age.

And every day I thought about our experiment with her underwear, wanting to do it again, but I was too cowardly to bring it up.

It was about ten days later that she brought the subject up, when we had just returned from lunch at a restaurant.

5 THE MERRY WIDOW

“Last week you asked me how I could wear what you thought was a corset, assuming it was uncomfortable to wear. Your problem is that you don't know the difference between a briefer and a corset. There is a quite a difference in the material, as a corset is stiffer and has stays to make it strong. My corset is just as comfortable for me as that briefer you tried. You would find one of mine more restrictive but still comfortable. I'm wearing one now, and I'm very comfortable, and not aware that I'm wearing it.”

She took my hand and put it on her dress so I could feel the boning and stiffer material of the corset.

I enjoyed running my hands over her body, and pretended I was really interested when all I was doing was getting us both excited.

She slapped my hand away and said, “Stop that. Let's go up to the bedroom and you can see for yourself.”

As we disrobed I saw she was wearing a white corselette, or as it is sometimes called, a Merry Widow, you know the kind women wear to arouse us guys, with a lace skirt and a lace covered bodice that looked very sexy, and long garters holding up her hose. She had removed her slip and was standing there in the Merry Widow, flesh colored stockings hooked to the garters, white lace trimmed panties, and black patent pumps. Her rose colored dress was on the chair where she had dropped it along with her slip.

She approached me, slowly undulating her hips, put her arms around my neck and gave me a long deep kiss, while rubbing my naked body with her panties and Merry Widow.

I couldn't control myself, and backed her to the bed while we were still kissing and laid her down. Pulling her panties off, I didn't wait another second and entered her, ready or not, for a memorable session.

As we lay there afterward, relaxing she said, “I don't know if I turned you on, or if it was the corset and panties that did it.”

“I think it was a little of both,” I replied. “You sure do give me the hots in that get up.”

She looked at me with a half smile, somewhat akin to the Mona Lisa. “How would you like to try these things on? I'll prove to you the corset isn't uncomfortable.”

I gulped and hesitated. Sure I wanted to try it all on, as I remembered the pleasure I had the last time. But I was afraid I would look stupid to her and I couldn't bring

myself to answer. As I was groping for the answer she started to disrobe completely, removing the shoes, stockings and Merry Widow.

Turning to me she didn't say a word, just held out the corset for me to take.

“Oh come on, it will get you hot as it did before and we can get back to bed.”

As I reached for the corset she demanded, “If you really want to try it, ask me politely if you can wear my things, and make it sincere,”

I really wanted to and could hardly contain myself so I gulped and said, “May I wear your corset and panties, just to see how they feel.”

“Oh come on,” she teased in mock exasperation. “That is like asking to have a cookie. If you really want to try my things on, put some sincerity in your request.”

I thought for a second and begged, “Honey, I'd love to wear your underwear, and if you will let me try this outfit on I will be grateful forever. I will be indebted to you and will do your bidding, until death do us part, e pluribus unum and Hail Columbia.”

She stopped me. “Enough already. Quit while you're ahead, and stop being silly. Here, let me help you get it all on.”

It was difficult to believe I said those words and I don't remember my hand moving, but I did take the corset and was brought back from my daze, as she said:

“Slip it on like a vest. It hooks and zips up the front too.”

I did as instructed as she busied herself with the hooks and zipper. Yes, it was more restrictive, and as soon as the Merry Widow was on, I got hard and there I was protruding at a ninety degree angle.

She was getting the stockings to stuff the bra as I attempted to force my penis back between my legs. She turned and saw what I was attempting and smiled at my efforts.

“It really does turn you on, doesn't it. Well, let's see what happens when we get the panties and stockings on, and maybe today we add my slip as well. It should help bring you to a boil. Would you like that?”

My answer which never came was unimportant, as she had already determined that I was to wear her slip today.

When dressed in the Merry Widow, panties, stockings and slip, and my bust filled in, she led me to the mirror and asked me to tell her what I saw.

I told her, “ A guy wearing women's underwear. Hey he looks just like me.”

She shook her head and said, “Of course it's you, we both know that, silly. But don't the things you have on make you look a little bit like a girl? Squint your eyes and look again.”

I did and if you had a gigantic imagination, you might see a slight resemblance to a girl. From the neck down I looked like one because of the clothes and the bust, but my face was too masculine, my longish hair notwithstanding.

She went to her closet and returned with a blue and white print caftan and helped me put it on.

I didn't object as I was too far into the pleasure at hand to do so.

“Now look in the mirror,” she ordered. “Tell me what you see.”

I had to admit the caftan made a great deal of difference. With my stuffed bust, I did look more like a girl. I looked at my stockinged feet protruding from the bottom of the caftan. I wiggled my toes and she caught the movement.

“You want some shoes don't you? You can wear white or blue with those colors, What size shoe do you wear,” she asked?”

I told her a 7 1/2 medium in a mens' size.

She stated she wore a 7 medium in a womans', and wasn't sure if I could fit into her's but she took a pair of white pumps with two inch heels from her closet.

Sitting me down she stuffed my feet into them.

They were tight, but in my fevered excitement I would have clomped to the moon and back in them.

“Stand up and see if you can walk,” she ordered.

I did try, but now with my weight on my feet the shoes were just too tight, and with the alien feel of the high heels it was very difficult. However, I had to see what they looked like and going again to the mirror my heart skipped a beat as I observed myself dressed as I was. I was so excited that I felt feverish, and finally turned to hobble back to the bed.

I reluctantly took the shoes off saying, “They're just too tight. I need a larger pair if I'm ever going to able to walk again.”

She laughed and went to her closet returning with a pair of open backed white mules, that had little pom poms on the toes. She handed them to me and told me to try them on, which I did. They were much more comfortable as my feet hung over the rear of the shoe about half an inch so they weren't squeezed as before. The heels were very low, about an inch I would say, and I had no trouble walking in them.

Once more I went to the mirror and though the mules were very feminine they weren't as sexy to me as the shoes were. But my enjoyment and arousal weren't diminished at all.

I turned and grabbed her, and kissed her deeply. She returned the kiss and we automatically moved toward the bed. Lying down we continued our kiss and began to fondle each other.

She was completely naked and I was almost completely clothed in her things. I reached between her legs and began to massage her love nest, as she reached over and put her hand under the skirt of my caftan and slip to find my private parts.

We massaged each other bringing ourselves almost to climax, when we stopped.

She rolled over and removed my panties then raised my skirts, and proceeded to make oral love to me.

Oh what a wild sensation I experienced. I had never before had this done to me nor had I been aroused to such a state. Dressed in women's clothes with a woman making oral love to me were just about the ultimate. Just before I climaxed, I pushed her onto her back and entered her and lost count of the times she cried out as she attained ec-

stasy. I held off until it was impossible to do so any longer and then the explosion was probably heard in Mexico City, along with her screams and my grunting.

The clothing I wore seemed to have an aphrodisiac effect on us both, and if you analyze it, the entire affair was silly.

Here I was, dressed in her Merry Widow, stockings, slip, caftan and mules, while she was completely undressed. Yet it was more erotic to us both than if we were both naked, or if I were naked and she were dressed.

The only thing that would have made it more erotic for me would have been if we both were dressed in bra's, panties, stockings and garter belts as well as heels.

Little did I know that she was thinking the very same thing.

6 HIGH HEELS FOR LEE

When I arrived the following day she had lunch ready as usual, but seemed preoccupied and it looked from the red eyes that she had been crying.

She looked at me and smiled,

“We're going shopping after lunch to get you a pair of shoes so you don't have to cram your feet into mine.”

“That's a great idea,” I said, not allowing my excitement to show. “Why were you crying? Can I help in any way?”

“No, it just I'm very unhappy and so is my husband. But never mind that. Lets go to the shopping center. They have a number of department and shoe stores so we should be able to get what we want.”

I laughed. “What WE want or what YOU want me to wear?”

“A little bit of both, I suppose. Now don't pretend that you don't want a pair of shoes of your own that fit properly. If you don't, just say so and we'll forget it”.

No way was I going to miss the opportunity to get a pair of high heels that really fit properly. I was intrigued with the thought of wearing them and walking in them if I could.

“I'm ready when you are my love. Lets get this show on the road”

As we drove to the shopping center, she told me in answer to my asking again, that her unhappiness when I arrived was due to the fact that she and her husband had decided to get a divorce. As we strolled looking in the windows at the array of styles and colors available, I tried to get more information, but she didn't wish to discuss it further.

When we were through window shopping she asked me what I wanted by way of style .

“I think I would like Black Patent pumps with high heels. What do you suggest.”?

“That should be fine. You can wear patents with almost any color this time of the year. Let's try this store here”?

“You go in and get them. I'll wait here for you.”

“Oh, No,” she protested with a little giggle, “you come in with me. After all they are for you.”

I didn't want to, as maybe someone would think they shoes were for me, and I would just be too embarrassed.

But Eleanor was adamant when I told her I was too bashful, and gave me a choice to go in with her to get them or to forget about them and we'd go home.

Reluctantly I accompanied her.

A saleswoman approached us asking if she could be of assistance.

“We'd like a pair of black patent pumps with high heels, like those over there, in size 8 or 8 1/2 B.”

She had pointed to a display on a table where they showed the same shoe in different leathers including patent.

I looked at them and my heart skipped a beat. All the shoes on that table were so beautiful that I wanted them all.

The woman looked down at Eleanor's feet quizzically, nodded and went to the back room to get them. She returned a minute later with three boxes.

While she was gone, Eleanor sat down and motioned me to join her.

The woman opened the boxes and presented them for inspection explaining she had brought another style also for consideration. She sat down on her stool in front of Eleanor and said, “I don't think these will fit you. Your foot looks more like a 7 or 7 1/2.”

“Oh, they're not for me.” she answered taking the proffered shoe from the woman to examine it.

At this point I decided it was time for me to leave and got up to do so.

Too late...

“They're for him,” she said pointing to me, while studiously examining the shoes.

Our saleswoman looked at me and smiled, as I looked at Eleanor with surprise.

“Let me guess,” she said. “a masquerade party...right? And you're going as a girl.”

“No it's not a party. Sit down Lee and for goodness sake let's get on with it. You wanted patent pumps with high heels and now you acting like a child pretending you don't. Sit down and try them on.”

I sat down not daring to look at the woman, who handed me the shoes, and went to get a pair of nylon booties, that all shoe stores carry for their customers if they aren't wearing nylons. I was never as embarrassed and I got red in the face and wishing I were any place else but here.

Suddenly the door opened and in came a woman with her teen aged daughter, and began to browse. The sales girl motioned us through a door at the back of the store where there was a private fitting room and whispered to Eleanor, “I think you both will feel more comfortable back here.”

“Why the hell did you tell her they were for me,” I seethed when she had gone. “She thinks I'm gay.”

“I felt it best to let her know so that you would be able to try them on and get a comfortable fit. There is nothing worse than ill fitting shoes...especially high heels. She doesn't know who we are...she never saw us before, and won't see us again after we leave. Stop being such a child and try them on now so we can pay and get out.”

There were two chairs and one wall was mirrored. At Eleanor's urging I sat and taking off my own shoes and socks, put on the booties and shoes. Standing, I tried a few tentative steps before the mirror. The shoes shone back at me and I fell in love with them immediately

“How do they feel,” Eleanor asked?

Before I could answer the sales woman came back and said, “All's clear. The other people just left.”

She looked at my feet and knelt down to feel the toe of the shoe and the sides. The shoes were comfortable, but felt a little stiff.

“These are a good fit and are the size you should wear. They are 8 medium. And please don't be embarrassed about this. I have sold women's shoes to men before. You'd be surprised how many men buy them, and how many women buy them for their friends, husbands, sons, and lovers. We carry sizes up to 12 WW just for this purpose. So if you ever want to buy others shoes in different styles or colors, please come back and you can try them on here in privacy. You see I own this store and I can assure you of my complete discretion.”

When we were leaving she gave us her card, with her name and phone number.

Rushing back to the house, Eleanor laid out some clothes for me to wear. A black corset, black panties, and black stockings and slip. When I had those items on she told me to put my new shoes on.

In the store I was too anxious to get out of there to appreciate the beauty and feel of the pumps.



Now I could and practiced walking in them. The soles were very slippery, and made walking difficult.

Eleanor told me to take them off, while she got her nail file and roughed up the bottoms. Trying them on again they were much more manageable with the bottoms roughened.

She brought a dress from her closet and held it up against me, looking at it critically. Shaking her head she returned it and took another, holding this one up against me. Nodding her head, she told me to raise my arms and slipped the dress over my head. Zipping up the back she came around to face me.

The dress was black, had long sleeves and a high neck. She explained later that the sleeves and neck would cover the hair on my arms, and chest. I was of light complexion and hair coloring, though sparse I still had the male distribution of body hair. She tied the dress sash, which was made of a silk-like material, in a loose knot and draped it over my left hip.

“We'll have to do something about your lack of hips. This sash will help disguise what you're lacking there, but we'll have to get a padded corset or girdle.”

She was thinking out loud and evidently had decided that I was to wear women's clothes at her bidding.

Well, we'd see about that. When this experiment was over, that would be it, or so I thought. I didn't realize how much dressing up meant to me then, and like a drunk I felt I could stop doing it at will. Lets face it, until a couple of weeks ago I had never worn an item of feminine attire, nor had I the desire to do so. This was just an experiment. Right. The clothing turned me on and evidently did the same for Eleanor. Even as I was thinking these thoughts I walked to the mirror and got warm and light headed looking at myself in a dress and high heels. I really loved it, and turned to Eleanor, taking her in my arms and kissing her with great passion.

“Thank you honey,” I said. “I love the shoes, and the other things too.” I hugged her and held her close.

“You feel like you are running a temperature. Your body is hot. Are you all right?” she asked.

For an answer I took her hand and led her to the bed, where after a great deal of fumbling and difficulty in raising the skirts of my dress and slip while trying to lower my panties, and at the same time raising her skirt and lowering her panties, I was finally able to mount her.

She responded with the greatest of passion.

No question about it. My wearing women's clothes and making love while dressed in them was a complete turn on for us both.

When I left later, I couldn't get the pleasure I had experienced out of my mind, and looked forward to our next encounter with great anticipation.

I didn't see her for about ten days. Finals were starting as the semester came to a close I was much too occupied to take the time. I called though, and she teased me about maybe giving the shoes away to charity if I didn't come and wear them soon.

I had daily meetings with advisors and professors and we had to rehearse for the graduation ceremony which traditionally took place outdoors in Deering Meadow, if weather permitted.

After a week of not dressing I began to day dream about it and would become aroused just thinking of it. Finally I was through with my exams, and graduation rehearsals, and rushed over to Eleanor's home to surprise her.

7 THE VISITOR

I drove into her driveway, and was surprised to see a strange car there. Not knowing who was inside I left quickly and as I drove I called her on my car phone.

"Who's there," I asked. "I was just at the house and saw the car in the drive and left. I'm in my car a block away. Is there a problem?"

"No. My sister just flew in from New York and surprised me with a visit. Come on over and meet her."

"I don't think that would be wise. How long will she be here?"

"A few days, but I think it would be a good idea for you to meet her. She will probably be living here for a while soon, and it's best all around that you two get to know each other."

"Hey, what's going on? Something has happened ...what is it?"

"Well, as I told you before, my husband Jim and I have been growing apart for the last two years and we decided to split up...amicably. I filed suit for divorce yesterday and Jim has moved out. My sister Janis probably will be moving in. Come on over so I can fill you in."

"Has it anything to do with me seeing you? That's all I need,... to be named in a divorce suit. My father would kill me. Is this the end of our fun? I want to come over, but not with your sister there. How much does she know about me?"

"One question at a time. I told her that you are a good friend and I help you with your notes, and do typing for you. And that I think you are cute."

"You didn't tell her about the dressing up, did you?"

She assured me that she didn't.

"Next week I graduate and I'll be tied up with all the things concerning it. My parents want to throw a big party, and dad wants me to start at the office as soon as possible. And all I want is to see you again."

"Me, or your high heels," she laughed.

"Don't talk that way in front of Janis, or I won't come over."

"Okay," she whispered. "But do you want to see me or do you just want to dress up again. Come on...the truth."

"If you must know it is both. And stop talking about it or Janis will hear you."

"She's in the other room, and she's a good sport. It would not make any difference if she knew. Come over and meet her and see for yourself."

8 JANIS

Despite some misgivings I went back to the house, and Eleanor introduced me to Janis.

Her sister was a younger version of Eleanor and in some ways better looking, but it was obvious that she was not as tractable, compassionate or as sweet as Eleanor. She was taller, and thinner, and had the beginnings of a cold mean look about her. If she ever got married she would make some guys life hell.

I cataloged her as being one of those self sufficient, gung ho woman libbers, who was suspicious and distrustful of all men, and who had determined that she would make it in a "man's world" come what may. She was civil enough when introduced, and I wondered just what Eleanor had told her about me.

Janis was an actors agent and her company was opening a new office in Chicago, which was becoming a choice town in which to make motion pictures. Great outdoor locations, available sound stages, and City cooperation.

Eleanor had invited Janis to stay with her until she found her own housing, and Janis accepted with thanks.

I was also filled in on the pending divorce. Eleanor's husband was thirty years older than she and he was so involved with business and so over the hill sexually, that it was agreed they would both be better off separated living their own lives. I figured I had been responsible in part because of the wonderful sex Eleanor and I experienced together. Her husband Jim was generous, and was giving her the house and a substantial settlement in cash, enough to keep her with no loss of life style.

We had coffee and talked for a while longer, but I saw there was no chance for us to play our games and for me to get dressed. Very disappointed, I left, telling Eleanor I would call in about ten days after I had completed all my graduation obligations to the family and the University, and things settled down a bit.

I shook hands with Janis and wished her well in her new location of the business.

Driving home, my car phone rang. It was Eleanor.

"Look sweetie, I'm sorry about what happened. When you're finished with the graduation and the family, call me and I promise we'll spend a delightful afternoon to make up for this. I have a different dress for you to try on, which I think you'll like."

9 FRUSTRATION AND RELIEF

Thus the next ten days were spent with me doing all that I had to do concerning graduation, and thinking of nothing but Eleanor, dresses and high heels.

I called the day after I was finished with it all and arrived just about noon as I used to. She had lunch ready and with no typing to do, I tried to hurry her up to bed. I was terribly aroused just thinking of it, but she demanded we slow down and for me to try on the new dress she thought I would look good in. I finally agreed to dress for her, not that I didn't want to. I was just too hot and impatient already.

She had to play games, with me dying by inches from frustration.