

KAY'S TALES

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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“J.A.S.O.N.D.”

By EVIE KAY

“Hi!”

“Uh, hi!”

“Name's Jody. Jody Jason.”

Mitch Franks then introduced himself.

“Y'know, you were asleep for quite a while,” Jody noted. “You must've gotten here early, 'cause you got a great spot on the beach for a day like today. I know, 'cause I do the same when I can.

“Today, I just happened to squeeze right in. Then, the people that were here soon left. All the noise that was going on though, I'm surprised you didn't wake up before now!”

“Uh... yeah,” was all Mitch could say.

He had not meant to sleep so long. Mitch wanted to get out to the beach on this holiday, in order to meet new people, preferably those of the opposite sex.

Still, getting up earlier than usual, in order to find a 'good spot', had its price. Mitch fell asleep as soon as he was comfortable, and closed his eyes “only for a minute”.

Yet, as things turned out, Mitch was not wholly disappointed. The picture of Jody's buxom body in her very brief bikini just inches away from him, was worth the trip alone!

And he did not have to wrack his brain for an icebreaker or a come-on line.

Jody had introduced herself!

After this, Mitch started to get up to really enjoy Jody's company. However...

“EEEYOWWW!” Mitch yelled.

“Ooh, Mitch! You're burnt good!” Jody exclaimed. “Here, lie back down. I've got some cold cream. Let me rub some on you.”

As Mitch's skin sizzled, he gingerly lowered himself back to his blanket. *‘This is turning out to be a disaster,’* he groaned to himself.

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“I want to thank you, Mitch, for the dinner and the show. I really enjoyed myself.”

“Well, it was the least I could do,” Mitch replied. “After all, if it wasn't for your immediate first aid a coupla days ago, I don't know how I would have made it home. My car was in the shop and I would've walked some four miles home from the beach, just

to avoid people touching me on a crowded bus! Riding the bus was how I had gotten there in the first place.”

“C'mon in,” invited Jody with a sparkle in her eye and a smile on her face. “Tomorrow's the weekend. You don't have to work, do you?”

“Nope. I don't have anywhere to go.”

As if not hearing the way Mitch said what he said, to note what was more likely on his mind once he was inside, Jody motioned for him to sit. Then she said, “Forgive me for grinning. I was remembering when we met, and that I was laughing then. I really shouldn't have, but you were funny in your discomfort, even with almost all of my cold cream on you.

“I can see you now...”

“When I took you home in my car, you stood up, all the way, standing through the sunroof!”

“Yeah,” Mitch had to chuckle now. I was fine until you stopped for lights. Every time you stepped on the brakes, my body jerked forward and touched the car.

“And it was hot too!”

“You were my own personal siren!” Jody said, laughing now freely.

“Did you see all of those cars pull over?” chortled Mitch.

They both laughed heartily at that, finally collapsing in laughter in each other's arms.

Mitch soon wiped away mirthful tears from Jody's eyes. As she once again saw his face, Jody gave him a light kiss.

Then, a second one, lingering a little longer.

On the third, Mitch held the back of Jody's head, forcing it to remain in place as their two pairs of lips now parted, allowing tongues to explore.

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“Oh, hi, honey!” Jody exclaimed upon opening her front door, surprised at seeing Mitch standing there, about to ring her doorbell.

“Boy, you sound thrilled to see me,” Mitch said, mildly sarcastic.

“Well, I just didn't expect you. Come on in. Listen, the post office is gonna close in about fifteen minutes. I've gotta run if I wanna pick up my package. Otherwise, I've gotta wait 'til Monday. I need a few things, so I'm gonna do a little shopping too.

“Will you wait for me 'til I get back? Thanks, sweets. Love ya!”

With a quick peck on the cheek and a swift, furtive tousle of Mitch's long mane, Jody was gone.

Mitch had caught everything Jody said. Yet, in waiting patiently for her to take a breath so that he could suggest tagging along, Jody had already closed the door in his face. Mitch attempted to sort out what had happened and what he wanted to do. By

the time he had gotten the door open again, he saw Jody's car pulling away. With a shrug of his shoulders, he closed the door and found a seat upon the sofa.

Having no real plans when he arrived at Jody's house, Mitch was at a total loss as to what to do now. Ordinarily, Mitch would have left but the door did not have a slam-lock.

Therefore, were he to depart now, the house would be technically open for plunder. It would not be an assured, but definitely a possibility. And if he left, Mitch felt that the latter would be more likely to happen. So, he stayed.

Mitch and Jody had surely fallen comfortably in love with each other, despite knowing each other a short time. They had cemented their devotion with sexual intercourse after their first real date, only days after initially meeting on the beach. As such, they had spent precious little time apart from each other since then.

This Saturday, Mitch began it by feeling horny. Because of repeated intimacy, instead of merely servicing himself, he got into his car for the short trip over to Jody's place.

However, in lieu of open feelings, no formal commitment had been made. As a result, Mitch had overlooked the fact that Jody had a life of her own. He finally realized, with Jody's schedule today, that he had been selfish in thinking that Jody would be waiting for him, just to tend to his needs.

For the moment, Mitch was too sexually-hyped to relax. Now he merely stared at the ceiling in boredom.

After a few minutes, Mitch surveyed his surroundings from his seat. Spotting magazines upon the coffee table, he attempted to read them, but being of a feminine nature... make-up tips, hair-styling, and the like... they held his interest none too long. Turning on the television also bored him quickly and he turned it off.

Mitch then wandered aimlessly through the house, beginning in the kitchen. Opening cupboards and finally the refrigerator, Mitch found that he was not physically hungry. Yet, his sexual hunger seemed abated now, without cognizant thought.

Mitch went into the bathroom to pee, an act that could surely lead to jerking off, had his desire not passed. Yet, even though he held himself long enough to get strangely firm, he merely replaced himself back into his pants.

Still, curious, Mitch checked out the contents of the medicine cabinet. Upon closing it, he was oddly compelled to make faces in the mirror. Finding one exceptionally funny, it made him laugh and he left the bathroom.

Next, he deliberately passed up the spare bedroom, knowing that it was bare from past visits to the house. So, Mitch ambled on until he reached Jody's bedroom.

Immediately he flopped on the bed. Mitch made everything other than the bed-clothes fly up before landing a second later. Spotting a pair of panties, he grabbed it and put it to his face, in search of Jody's personal aroma. Smelling its clean freshness, however, he threw it back on the bed. It landed next to its matching bra. Mitch picked this new item up.

Suddenly, he startled himself as he noted his reflection in the dresser mirror. Even though he saw his own image, for a split-second, Mitch thought that he had seen someone else.

Laughing to himself at the thought that he was not alone, Mitch took the bra, and slipping his arms through the straps, he placed it across his chest over his shirt. He even exaggerated his upper torso by puffing it out. As with the bathroom mirror, Mitch was acting silly.

Prolonging it now, Mitch even got up, and proceeded to prance in front of the glass with the bra. Although it was properly over his shoulders, it was still unclasped in the back. For the moment, Mitch thoroughly got into a parodied imagery, while making augmented limp-wristed movements.

The bra straps kept slipping off, so Mitch absent-mindedly took off the brassiere. He continued in his feminine charade, as he pretended to utilize the cosmetics on the dresser. He picked up a bottle of liquid make-up, pretending to dab it on his face. It remained unopened, and he soon put this down. He did the same with a spray bottle of perfume.

Ultimately, Mitch picked up a lipstick case. Without a reason, he opened it, and absent-mindedly put some of the gloss on his mouth. Properly closing it and returning it to the dresser, Mitch pursed and pouted before the glass. He finally realized that he actually had some of the lipstick on.

Noticing how it changed his looks, with a start, Mitch asked aloud, "What the hell am I doing?"

"Whew! Am I glad that's over with!" Mitch exhaustedly exclaimed.

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Mitch had not forgotten that Jody not only had a house, as opposed to his small apartment, but she also had a spare bedroom.

Despite only knowing each other for better than a month, Mitch took a chance and brought up the idea of moving in, although this step could have been considered premature. Jody was more than willing to have him as a house mate.

So, this weekend was moving time. Only the way Jody came to help, it was difficult for Mitch to concentrate on moving.

"My hero... the wimp!" Jody now teased him.

"Aw, come on, Jody! I carried all the heavy stuff!"

"It's okay," Jody persisted with a chuckle, "You're still my hero."

Mitch just looked at her with one eyebrow raised. Then, he assessed her appearance yet one more time, as he had repeatedly this morning.

Jody lit a fire in him with her scant apparel, wearing only a light tank top and shorts that barely covered her rear. As Jody was braless, her top accentuated her perspiring bosom and defined her nipples against the thin material of the shirt.

Mitch definitely noticed her breasts, so visible through the damp tank top. Jody also noticed something about Mitch.

She had dressed for comfort. As such, any potential thoughts of a sexual nature were displaced by the tasks at hand. So much so, that even in the half-trips of ferrying between places empty-handed, licentious thoughts were forgotten... until the moment the last load had been brought in.

“Okay, then, I'll make a deal with you,” proclaimed Mitch. “If I'm your hero, then make me a hero sandwich!”

“Oh, you,” Jody said with a grin. “Always thinking of food!”

Jody had seen the noticeable bulge in Mitch's trousers. Even though he made a joke, as Jody got on her knees, she knew exactly what Mitch was talking about.

After unzipping his jeans, and putting her mouth to the task, Jody made Mitch moan from her machinations. As he felt the strength of her lips, Mitch also felt the tingle of a vibration, from Jody's humming as she pumped him. Before too long, Mitch let go with several jerks, giving up all he had.

Jody then rose, licking her lips. Mitch could not help but notice that the crotch of her too-short shorts was stained. Without a word, Jody nevertheless removed her sweaty top first.

Believing that turnabout is fair play, as Jody was otherwise occupied, Mitch quickly squatted, taking Jody's shorts along in the downward plunge. Weakened from her sexual heat and getting the shirt off at precisely that moment, Jody blindly reached out, catching Mitch's shoulders for support.

She then slowly eased herself to the carpeted floor as Mitch was already busy in her pubic area. Nibbling, licking, biting, and teasing, he ultimately caused Jody to clench her thighs to his head, as she eventually came... violently.

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“Ow!”

“Why couldn't you use baby shampoo?” whined Mitch.

“Because you're no baby! This is expensive stuff, but I use it all the time because it's good.

“Its supposed to do more than clean your hair. Actually put a shine to it, as well as making it easier to manage.”

“I was doing all right with my hair,” Mitch pouted.

“Yeah, su-ure you were! That's why you were making all of those funny noises every time you combed your hair. I could be in my room, or the bathroom, and I'd hear you grunting and groaning. Knowing what you were doing sent shivers down my back!

“I don't know why you don't go and get it all cut off, unless you like pain.”

“I like my hair long... and I thought you did too!”

“I do like your hair long, sweets.”

“Anyway, if I liked pain, I'd be having a ball now, what with all of this stuff getting into my eyes...”

“Okay, I'll try to be more careful. But you've got to sit still!”

Some time later, Jody had Mitch's hair in curlers and setting gel.

"Tell me again..." Mitch implored. "Just why do I have to have these things in my hair?"

Jody explained, "Your hair has finally got some body to it and it would look nice with a few waves..."

"But..."

"But', nothing!" chastised Jody. "If you're worried about looking strange, it's a wonder you haven't worried before now, with your hair already past shoulder-length, before I met you!

"As it is, I cut off your split ends, basically repaired your hair and gave it a cleaner, uniformed look. Nothing fancy.

"With your hair already long, people should only note that it's cleaner and looks better. Those that think otherwise, more likely had those thoughts long before they met you. You're your own person; it didn't bother you before, so why now?"

"You're right, Jo, I'm being silly."

Jody's eyes lit at this and she said, "Yes, you are... Michelle."

"What did you call me?"

"You heard me.

"Every now and then, you call me `Jo'. So, every time you act silly, I'm gonna call you 'Michelle'."

"Awww, come on!"

"Yes... Michelle?"

`Michelle' just sighed now, in resignation.

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"I'm so glad you wanted to go shopping with me," said Jody.

"Well, I don't mind the walking around, being on my feet," replied Mitch. "I've wanted to before, but every time you happened to go, you had scooted, before I could ask."

"But this time, I asked. None of my girlfriends were available, and I did want some company. With this being Labor Day weekend, you're sweet to put up with all of my running around."

"My pleasure, Madame."

"Here, take these for me. I wanna get more and try 'em all on to see which looks good on me," Jody said as she handed Mitch several dresses.

With her hands and arms free, Jody found even more. Before long, they were both at the threshold of the ladies dressing room and Jody held the door open for Mitch.

"You want me to go in the dressing room with you?"

“Now, Michelle, be a good girl. After all, you've seen me naked. I'm only stripping to my underwear to try these on.”

Mitch noticeably shivered, quickly checking around to see if anyone was within ear-shot. “I've gotten used to my nickname, Jody... but not in public!”

“Oh, hush! I wouldn't embarrass you, hon. But you were acting silly again, Michelle.”

Seeing that Jody was not to be discouraged, Mitch said hurriedly, “Okay, okay! Let's get into the room already!”

“Y'know... you're really cute when you blush,” grinned Jody.

In a short while, Jody tried on all of her selections.

“Y'know, I like all of them, except for this knit. It's okay, but it just doesn't feel right.”

“I think it's very nice,” complimented Mitch.

“Well, then, let's see how it looks on you.”

“Me?”

“Shush! You don't have to yell!” Jody brought her voice down to a hard whisper.

“Okay!” Mitch whispered in kind. “But I don't wear women's clothes!”

“You didn't argue when I got your ears pierced and got you those earrings,” Jody countered, raising her volume a little, albeit in a normally calm tone.

“That's different! A lotta guys wear earrings!”

“Oh, come on, Mitch, it won't hurt. And only I'll see...”

“Oh, all right,” he acquiesced, raising his voice to speak normally as well. “But only because you called me ‘Mitch’ instead of ‘Michelle’.”

Mitch then took off his t-shirt and jeans and slipped into the clinging knit. He looked at his reflection in the dressing room mirror and found himself surprisingly disappointed, an emotion doubled by Jody.

“Uh uh. That won't do at all,” she commented.

“I could have told you so...”

“I don't mean that. Take it off for a second.”

Just as his meaning was not lost on her, Jody's words meant to Mitch that he was going to have to put this dress back on. Yet, he did not know what Jody had in mind before then.

However, he did not have long to find out.

Jody removed her bra and socks. Once Mitch had the dress off, she yanked at his undershorts, pulling them to the floor. Before he could say anything, Jody told him to put on her bra.

“Why?” Mitch nasally whined.

“Mi-che-elle?” Jody sing-songed.

“Oh, all right.”

Too busy grumbling to realize what he was doing, Mitch took the bra, slipped it on, and quickly hooked it up behind him. As he adjusted the straps over his shoulders to comfortability, Jody was busy stuffing the cups with her socks.

While his girlfriend was busy, Mitch noted their reflection in the full-length glass. For a split-second, he recalled that day when he almost wore a brassiere for the first time. Before he could linger on the memory, Mitch was brought back to the present. Jody stepped back, finished with molding the contents in the lacy underwire bra to her satisfaction.

Jody then took her panties off. Commanding Mitch to lift his feet to accept them, he was compelled to ask, “Why?” even as she got them over his hips, after taking his member and tucking it neatly out of the way.

“I want to see how you look, all right? That's why you're wearing the bra.” As if in afterthought, she quickly added, “And you could hardly look `right' with your front looking like you're about to give birth to Tom Thumb!”

Mitch then donned the dress and was about to look at his image, when Jody abruptly said, “Hold it!” Before Mitch could land from jumping, she produced a hair-brush from her bag. With a few quick moves, she covered his forehead with makeshift bangs.

Again, Mitch tried to turn to the glass, and Jody barked, “Freeze!”

She now had lipstick in her hand. Before Mitch could protest, the lipstick was on his lips.

With a heavy sigh of resignation, Mitch asked, “Can I see myself now?”

“Do you really want to?” Jody said with a frown.

“Do I really look that bad?” Yet, filled with curiosity, he still turned to the glass to see for himself.

What he saw did not displease him.

In fact, in the sleeveless knit dress with its modest scoop neck and short hem, Mitch did not think that he looked bad at all. With the hair just so, the bangs met his eyes. The lipstick added to the formerly latent beauty, bringing everything to the fore.

“I look all right,” Mitch stated plainly.

“`all right'?” said Jody, “you're prettier than me!”

“Oh, I am not!”

“You are! And I'm jealous!”

“You're kidding!” exclaimed Mitch, very surprised at this remark.

Yet, as he tore himself away from the mirror, he recalled the vision that he saw a month ago. Moments ago, it was a fleeting recollection. Now, with the lipstick on, the remembrance was back in full.

Indeed, that day, what had spurred Mitch on to playing around with Jody's things, ultimately wearing her lipstick... without anything of a feminine nature, save his long

hair... was his own image. Out of the corner of his eye, Mitch thought that he had seen a woman.

He had laughed it off. But Mitch still continued to play around with the cosmetics before him, as he had nothing better to do, and wound up wearing the lipstick. However, it was the subconscious vision that had surely spurred him to play around with them in the first place.

Mitch did not look bad, then. Yet, the ultimate reality of the vision, what he looked like with lipstick on, had disturbed him. Even so, Mitch was not upset because it was wrong, but because of how good he looked.

However, particularly with Jody being the moving force behind everything now, it felt good. It felt good to feel good about it, even if Jody was kidding.

Or was she?

“Yeah, I'm kidding,” Jody said in answer to Mitch's statement, as she donned the rest of her own clothing. “But, y'know... you do look good, Michelle.”

“We're still in public,” Mitch sing-songed.

“I know, hon, but we're in a dressing room, for Pete's sake! Lighten up!

“Sides, the way you look now, who's gonna know?”

“Maybe you're not better looking. I still say you're attractive. So, the name really fits, now. C'mon, take the dress off.”

Once the dress was off, Mitch began to reach behind him, to unhook the bra. Jody stopped him.

“But...”

“I'm already dressed. I'm not gonna take everything off, to put my underwear back on.” Jody put Mitch's underwear in her bag. “Besides, didn't we just establish this? Nobody's gonna look at you funny. You're okay... as long as you don't start flirting with any strange men.”

Knowing that she was joking, Mitch said, “Oh, all right, but don't expect me to answer you around people. My voice'll be a dead giveaway.”

Jody had a twinkle in her eye when she said, “Don't worry, sweets, we'll work on it.”

Mitch almost missed what Jody had just said. Before putting his outer clothes back on, he was too busy admiring his image in bra and panties once more in the mirror. Yet, if Mitch wanted to worry, he could have begun at the cash register.

Though the dress she had claimed not to care for, Jody still bought the knit mini.

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“Mitch, I've got to take some hems up on a few of my dresses,” Jody said during dinner. “The styles dictate a higher hem line and I can't go shopping every time the hem lines go up or down.”

“Uh huh,” said Mitch, “G'head, I'll watch TV and won't bother you.”

"I mentioned it, not to announce what I was going to do, as if I was a town crier or something, but so that you'd help me."

"Me? I don't know anything 'bout sewing hems!"

"Oh, don't be silly. I just thought that since you helped me a coupla weeks ago when we went shopping, you could help me now. We know that you're my size, from the way that dress fit, so-oo..."

"With you wearing them, I can really do a precise job on the hems."

"You mean... you want me to wear a dress... again?" Mitch echoed.

"Actually, several..," Jody said dryly.

"What in the world did you do without me?" Mitch countered sarcastically.

"I got by," Jody stated flatly. "Come on, be a pal. Like I said, I only ask because you are my size."

"I'm surprised that you didn't make me wear that dress home!"

"Oh, you! Admit it, you loved it!" Jody chuckled. "And when we stopped for a bite to eat, we were both complimented by our waiter as attractive young ladies."

Then, she added, "Despite your wearing that t-shirt that said, 'I'm with Stupid'."

"Yeah, I know," Mitch grumbled, "but I wanted to deck the guy at first. I thought he was being smart!"

"Thank goodness, I was quick on the draw with a pocket mirror and put in your hand. But, I will admit, you got my point, before looking in it to see your hair, and lip-stick on your mouth."

"Uh huh. I glanced down toward my hand, and couldn't miss my inflated bosom!"

"Uh huh, afterwards I had to fight you t'give me back my mirror!"

"I just wanted to see what that guy saw..."

"Is that why you were blowing kisses to yourself?"

"Oh, stop!"

"That's exactly what I said then!"

"Okay, okay, so I was playing around and got carried away, but no mo-ore!" Mitch sing-songed.

"Awww, come on. I really have to get this done. Puh-leese?"

"Ooh. You know you're ugly when you beg?" Mitch laughed.

"You're gonna get such a hit!"

"Oh, yeah? You and what army?"

Jody then got up from her seat and sat in Mitch's lap. She had gotten up so abruptly, Mitch involuntarily tensed for Jody to carry out her threat.

However, she merely wrapped her arms around Mitch's neck. Able to relax, he now expected an embrace. So, he now raised his own arms to encircle Jody's back. By this time, Jody was licking, kissing and nuzzling Mitch's ear.

Then, suddenly, Jody bit down on his lobe, right on his earring!

“Ow!” Mitch cried. “No fair, no fair! Fo-oww-oul!”

Jody had not bitten very hard. She purposely bit on the earring so that she would not have to bite hard. “Me and `what army’, huh?”

“I surrender! I surrender!” Mitch laughed, now knowing that he was not in serious danger.

“Okay,” Jody said as she got off Mitch's lap. “March to my bedroom and get a set of underwear from my dresser. I'll be there in a minute, as soon as I put the dishes away.”

“But...”

“No `buts!’ I can't do it right with you wearing jockey shorts and no bra,” she countered, as if reading Mitch's protesting mind about the underthings. “Now, shoo! Ged-doutta here!”

“Yes, ma'am,” Mitch grinned, speaking in a horrible falsetto.

“Gracious! That's positively awful! You're gonna need a lotta work!”

Mitch ignored the comment as far as content, but stuck out his tongue in defiance, being playful. Then, he left the kitchen.

Jody, finished in the kitchen, approached her bedroom, and stopped just before reaching the threshold. Through its wide open door, she could not help but see Mitch already in bra and panties. With his legs crossed, twirling the ends of his hair at his shoulder, he was staring at his image in the mirror.

Already noting a difference in demeanor, Jody also noticed that the makeshift bangs she had created in the store, weeks ago, were now redone, obviously by Mitch himself.

“Okay, are you ready, Michelle?” Jody sang as she entered the room.

“What did I do now?” Mitch asked sourly, sharply jerking his head away from his reflection.

“Nothing, but if you remember what I said in the store weeks ago, you're not gonna look like a `Mitch' for a while anyway, so...”

“Okay,” Michelle sighed. “Let's get it over with.”

“Never mind,” Jody said curtly. She was disappointed with Michelle's attitude, considering what she had observed only a moment before.

“What?” Michelle asked, furrowing her brow. “I thought you...”

“By your last remark, you act as if I'm killing you... If you don't wanna do this, I'm not gonna force you!”

“Oh, Jody!” Michelle replied tersely.

“`Ooh, Jody', nothing!” Jody had quickly become thoroughly upset. “Geddoutta here!”

Michelle abruptly rose from the bed and walked past Jody, head hung low. Watching Michelle pass, Jody thought she spotted something and grabbed Michelle by the arm. Michelle started to reject the clasp, but Jody had already begun pulling, causing Michelle to spin, to face Jody.

“Oh!” Jody exclaimed. As they faced each other she saw Michelle's wet eyes.

She then hugged Michelle tightly, saying, “I'm sorry, baby, I didn't mean it. Please, come back.”

Michelle now openly cried earnest tears. “Please don't make me like this! I'm not supposed to like this!”

“It's all right, sweets, everything's okay,” Jody replied. “If you don't want to, baby, you don't have to.”

“Hey, Jody! Tomorrow's Halloween! Wanna go `Trick or Treatin'?” Mitch asked.

“We-ell, I think I'm a bit old for that,” Jody replied.

“No, you're not!”

“Besides, I was really thinking about just having some fun. I haven't dressed up for Halloween since I was a kid either. We can go out to one of those places that'll celebrate the occasion.”

“Y'know...” Jody began thoughtfully, “I have been dyin' t'go to the Hunk-y Dory Club.

“I heard they're planning to have a real blast of a wingding on Halloween night!” she ended excitedly.

“The Hunk-y Dory? Isn't that the new male strip joint?”

Jody started to speak but then caught herself, even calming down from her excitement. “Uh... yeah. Never mind, my girlfriends are all married and their husbands would kill them if they went behind their backs.”

“Well, you and I aren't married, you can do what you want. I'm not that insecure in what we have.”

Jody got up from her seat and kissed Mitch. “Thanks, sweets, for the vote of confidence. I appreciate it. But even though I want to go, I don't wanna go alone.”

“Then, I'll go with you.”

“But you might wind up feeling funny, even though it's all gonna be fun, they're gonna be making passes at all the women there. And even though there might be other men there, I don't think they're gonna be there to pal around with.”

“I see what you mean,” Mitch understood. “More likely, they can't handle their women going there. They'll probably be ready to punch a guy's... any guy's... lights out. Still, I can enjoy it as much as you, I'll bet, if I really dress up!”

“Huh?” Jody said, now staring at her lover.

Then, there was a silence that was so thick, it could have been cut with a knife.

A moment later, Mitch said, "To be honest, I know that just now I acted like 'Mr. Innocent' about the club, but I brought up the idea in the first place about going with you only because I heard you talking about it several times to your girlfriends while you were on the phone.

"I had known that you wanted to make plans to go to the 'Halloween Ladies' Night Bash', as you called it, for some time, because of your phone calls. It was going to be an occasion, appropriately enough, where the customers were gonna be as much in costume as the performers.

"I heard you explain how you were gonna dress up, in the spirit of Halloween, but particularly to entice the dancers. To be flirted with in return, knowing that it was all gonna be in fun. I never, ever eavesdropped deliberately, but after a coupla calls I could hear the disappointment growing in your voice. I knew that your friends were obviously making excuses on their end."

There was another long pause, in which Jody recalled everything that had gone before, particularly that night when Mitch cried.

Jody asked cautiously, "Are you sure you wanna do this?"

"You're damn right I do, sweetie!"

That took Jody by complete surprise.

In using one of Jody's terms of endearment for him, Mitch had answered her affirmatively. Yet, not only that, but in a sweet, melodic voice, as genuine as any other female's.

"I - I just wanna make you happy, sweets," said Mitch in his normal timbre, now deliberately using the affectionate name that Jody usually used for him.

"But last month..," Jody began, then, after a pause, "You said that you didn't..."

"I couldn't stand to see you so sad, like you were after your friends turned you down." Mitch explained. "You had made so many calls, I thought that you'd exhausted your phone book! God knows how many calls you made when I wasn't around!"

"Frankly, I do love you and trust you. But truthfully, while I'm not the jealous type, I am greedy and selfish. I just didn't want you enjoying yourself... without me.

"So... well... as a guy, I would be outa place..." Mitch trailed off.

"But how..." Jody pointed to his throat. "The voice, I mean..."

"I - I've been practicing the past coupla weeks, just for you. Shortly after the first few calls I overheard... as you were making advance plans... knowing you were getting rejected. I already knew that I looked okay, wearing your things."

Then, Mitch sighed heavily.

"You weren't exactly hiding the calls. Well, at least, not at first. Then, I'd be in my room. You'd have your door almost closed, and I could still make you out on the phone. I'd go into the bathroom or the kitchen, and whether you had called or they called you, whatever the original subject was, it got around to the Hunk-y Dory Club.

"You really wanted to go!"

“To be honest, I practiced for it to be a nice surprise for Halloween. I mean, I knew my long hair looked girlish... that I could look girlish.

“You had fun with me. You didn't make fun of me. You don't ask much of me, otherwise. So, I did it. To be available for anything you wanted.

“With your girlfriends turning you down, I figured that I could be your boyfriend and girlfriend, and never let you down.

“Then, as the voice got better and better, I got self-conscious again. Not about what I was doing, but about losing you.

“Hearing you on the phone, sometimes, even as I practiced quietly in the room... knowing that you were intently listening to the person on the other end... I was beginning to think that maybe... maybe you might find another guy there, that you wanted to. You were looking forward to that, maybe I'm not everything you wanted, because of the stupid way I've been acting...”

Jody cut Mitch off. “Listen here, you! I do wanna go, but not at that cost! I don't love you because I want you to wear high heels!

“I admit it, I did get a kick outta seeing you in a dress in the store. I did need the hems done... and did them sometime later... so, I used them as an excuse to see you again in skirts. But, if you don't wanna dress up, then I'm the one who's crazy, if I gotta find someone else because you don't want to! Besides, it was only twice, and the second time, we...”

“But, you didn't, so forget it, if it's gonna make you uncomfortable...”

“Well, if I did ask you to go with me, it wouldn't've ever been my idea for you to go with me as a woman anyway...”

“No,” Mitch now cut Jody off in turn. “It's Halloween.

“I can't think of another disguise or a better place for you to enjoy yourself, because you do want to go there. Let's go and have a good time!

“Who knows? One look at me and they won't bother with an old hag like you!”

Jody felt that despite the practice of the voice, Mitch did not want to do this. Jody felt that because of the voice, he was doing it for her.

He loved her and wanted her happy, to make her feel good.

She knew then that if there was any doubt, there was no longer. And she surely loved him as well.

Jody only wanted to go out of curiosity. She knew that she would be very unlikely to fall for one of the performers. Actually, such a thought had never entered her mind. Therefore, as Mitch had put it there, it was dismissed by her.

Jody was sincerely curious, from hearing so much about these clubs, and having one pop up an easily-accessible distance away. Halloween was no mere special occasion, for her to dress up for the visit. It was a good excuse to finally see one for herself.

Being that there was comfort in numbers, Jody knew that one by one, her girlfriends were drifting away from her, for the solidarity of the hearth, to wit. If she could organize a "Girls' Night Out", it would be like having them back, if only once in a while.

As an excuse, curiosity served as a good reason. Just in case Mitch was as jealous or insecure as Jody's vanishing girlfriends' husbands were. Which was why she had made the calls about the club in private, after a while. getting the idea from the women she called.

Mitch never personally gave her that feeling.

So, now, playing up to her boyfriend's last remark, Jody said, "Listen, you..."

"Ah-ah-ahhhh! Be nice!"

"I'm gonna make sure that you look like a slut! Then, I'm gonna watch you squirm when they do come after you!"

"Jody! Don't you dare!" She had said it with such conviction, Mitch believed every word!

"We'll see, come tomorrow night!" Jody grinned giddily.

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The duo were in the semi-darkened night club, dressed almost as spectacularly as the performers. This was due to Jody putting together her's and her lover's outfits.

Jody was wearing a long-sleeved satin blouse without a bra. The sleek material clings to her torso as it defined her erect nipples against the cool cloth. Cut wide at the top, almost from shoulder to shoulder, it descended deeply, allowing practically half of each breast to be exposed.

A vinyl skirt was equally split on either side, as it ran from her knee upwards, almost severing the skirt at the waist. With four inch high heels, and black stockings with elastic tops, the leg coverings were her only underwear. Jody capped everything off with an auburn fall attached to her already-long hair, making it seem as if her own hair had grown to the middle of her hips.

She had Mitch..., or rather Michelle..., in a flounce miniskirt that just barely covered `her' crotch and hips. Wearing a tight beige spandex panty, `her' genitals were firmly held in place from discovery, as the underwear would unavoidably be seen from moment to moment.. As such, over this panty was yet another one, a very lacy affair. It was contrived to make the two panties one. All the while, presenting the illusion that Michelle had a vagina instead of a penis. Protruding through the legs of the panties were the extended hooks of a six gartered belt, three for each leg. Deliberately extended for maximum length, they showed beyond the skirt's hem, hooked to a pair of black fishnet hose. Upon Michelle's feet were a pair of mini-boots with three-inch spiked heels.

For a top, Michelle wore an opaque black blouse that was sleeveless. While the blouse had some translucency, Jody had worked it so, with Michelle wearing a beige-hued, almost flesh-colored bra, to give the image that she was nude beneath the shirt.

Each cup was filled with water balloons and cloth. The bra was loosened enough at the straps for the bosom to be able to jiggle at Michelle's slightest move. The whole visage was thoroughly sustained, unless the viewer was looking much too close.

Michelle's own long blonde hair had been teased outward, to appear much fuller than what she actually had, as it spread all around her face, back and ersatz bosom. Lastly, in her pierced ears, Michelle wore a set of dangle earrings that were almost four inches long.

Topping everything off, both Jody and Michelle were expressly made up, with enough gloss upon their lips to attract the slightest beam of light, making their mouths very inviting.

All in all, they were portraying themselves as hookers this Halloween night. Instead of taking either car, they took a cab to the club's door. This was how they planned to return home.

It was a concern, worrying about not finding a nearby parking spot and having to walk some distance to the club. They felt that to do so, might put them in jeopardy in being taken for the real thing, going to, and or coming from the club.

The couple vainly thought they could possibly be approached by potential johns, jealous prostitutes... or worst of all... policemen. The latter was the primary worry, as the law was doing unscheduled "cleanups" and there were rumors of even respected women being mistakenly picked up, just because they looked like hookers.

Yet, the idea was to have fun, so they took the chance as carefully as they had planned. The male strippers were going to be dressed... or undressed... to entice, and so would Michelle and Jody. All that was needed was common sense, once inside the club.

After only a short while, Jody was surely having a good time. It made Michelle feel good that Jody was enjoying herself, Jody was busily stuffing dollar bills down a given stripper's costumed jockstrap.

Jody did, however, get her finger caught in one while unceremoniously trying to stuff a bill inadvertently down too far.

This got Michelle laughing so hard, she almost blew her voice, while she tried to speak in her hilarity. Yet, Michelle was amused as Jody became upset, knowing that she was the object of derision.

It was indeed funny and Michelle was not the only one snickering. Jody was trying to extricate herself and the stripper was trying very hard not to get sexually excited by where her hand was. Jody was not finding any humor in the situation, and it was becoming equally unfunny to the dancer as well.

He knew that there were people at any given time, coming into the club solely in the hopes of shutting it down. Total exposure of the male member could do just that. A stiff, excited one, most assuredly.

In any event, it never came to that, as a very embarrassed Jody got free. Once unencumbered, she could finally see the mirth of her predicament and even joined a still-sniggering Michelle in laughter.