

# NEW LADIES

*By Lady Claire Stafford*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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## NURSE!

By **LADY CLAIRE STAFFORD**

It was one of those warm summer evenings that seemed to go on forever, with the sun hovering over the horizon in the deep blue sky. From my window I could see the palm trees swaying gently from a light breeze. I sat at my desk staring out the window trying to concentrate on the mountain of work spread across the well—worn top of my desk.

The view was exceptional, I had been lucky when the rooms were allocated; this one was on the southwest corner, complete with two windows in the angle giving a panoramic view of the grounds and a glorious view of the ocean.

I could watch the waves and decide whether to study or surf. Usually surfing won—hey I studied hard!—I intended to be the best nurse in the hospital, or at least its most effective.

This was the first weekend of our preliminary training school, or P.T.S. We had settled in well, all twenty of us. Our group included two males, David and George. George was our “mature age student”, which meant he was over thirty—five; he was also married and had children. He was open and friendly as well as the oldest member of our group; he became a bit of a “father figure.” We girls all felt secure around him. Occasionally, we went to a bar for a drink after school, let our hair down and relax from the tensions of class. Don't get me wrong, we saved the partying for Saturday night. During school week we studied hard, honest!

Being young and attractive meant that we were bait for the young guns, the “drongo” element. Anything in a skirt was fair game to that sort. George always took an interest and had a quiet word with them if need be. They usually listened. He was over six feet and had a black belt in something or other. He worked out with weights as well, so he could be a very imposing figure.

David, on the other hand, was quiet, even shy. He didn't say much but he was friendly. Good looking, he was fair with a slim build. Occasionally, we would share a table during study period and fire test questions at each other to see if we had learned anything.

The nurses' home was designed in an “E” shape. Imagine the center leg of the E being a sweeping staircase leading up to a huge doorway. The ground floor had the offices, changing rooms for the staff who didn't live in, some storage rooms and a coffee lounge where we usually gathered with some friends, sat and—what else?—drank coffee. Alcohol was frowned upon.

We occasionally liked to party a bit and the coffee lounge was the place to do it, away from our rooms so any mess could be contained. The management trusted us to

be responsible, which was nice. They suggested, on our induction, that if we demonstrated respect for the home and for ourselves we could be trusted with responsibility to care for patients. I understood that it meant we were responsible people and could reflect it in caring for both the area we lived in, as well as ourselves. Anyway, I *think* that's what they meant.

Anyway, I made it a point that if I was working the next morning I never partied too late,. If I decided to really play, I ensured I wouldn't have to get up for a couple of days. I enjoyed a good rage now and again.

Occasionally, I would go to 'The Den' with Cathy. 'The Den' was a pretty good watering hole; it always had good bands and the bouncers were responsible enough for us to trust them. They weren't like some “bruisers” who like to take their frustrations out on some exuberant teenager by bouncing them off the pavement.

Cathy and I had been mates from school and had decided to go into nursing together. We were as thick as thieves and used to get into a fair bit of mischief. Although Cathy was a year younger we were called the “Terrible Twins” by our parents. Cathy was taller and had the wildest red hair which she kept in a short bob for convenience. That worked well as at work we had to keep our hair pinned up off our collars. Mine was shoulder—length, black and straight. I often thought about having it permed but everyone said no, it looked great as it was. It wasn't difficult keeping it up in a pony tail anyway.

We both exercised pretty regularly, to keep our weight under control. I had difficulty there as I did have a great fondness for chocolate and potato chips; I just looked at them and my belt tightened. Cathy, on the other hand, could eat till the cows came home and never gained an ounce.

This evening was a Saturday and the nurses' home was almost empty. Most of the students had gone home for the weekend and anyone who was around was on one of the other floors. Cathy and I were going to go to the Den later. I was friendly with the sound engineer there and wanted to tell him about a new album I'd bought the day before. We both shared an interest in music, especially Blues and we would sit and talk for hours about our favorites. I had a passion for the greats like Eric Clapton, Albert Collins, Albert King and many others. It was lucky I had a set of headphones as I would listen to music for hours and it would drive everyone else in the home batty. I liked a lot of volume.

I had been idly flicking through some text—book and Cathy was curled up in a bean—bag on the floor sleeping, when I heard the sound of heels clicking on the concrete walk leading up to the home. I stood up to take a look around and saw her as she came 'round the corner of the building, rummaging through a large shoulder bag. I couldn't see her face properly as she had her head down trying to find something in the bag.

Her hair was shoulder—length ash blond with a soft wave through it. “Bottle blonde,” I guessed, “no one has color that good naturally,” I remember thinking. Rather bitchy of me, I admit. Nevertheless, it looked great.

She wore a lemon—colored summer dress with shoe lace straps over her shoulders; it was tight enough to show she had a good figure. I remember wondering if she

had to go to the gym to keep it that way. A broad red belt 'round her waist matched her shoes. She stepped up to the door which, by leaning out the window, I could see. *See, I told you I was nosy!*

The doors had a magnetic lock which needed a key—card to open during the weekend and after four on weekdays. We were all issued a key when we started our training.

As she continued her rummage through the bag I could make out the two books she was carrying under her arm. I recognized them as text books which we were using for our course. She was a student nurse and I hadn't recognized her for some reason. It was obvious she wasn't going to find her card and her books slid to the ground as she went through her bag again. Being the Good Samaritan that I am, I hollered out the window to her.

“Hang on. I'll come down and let you in!”

Throwing a dressing gown on over my 'nightie', I left the room with my key—card in hand and down the stairs to open the door. Stepping outside I looked around. She wasn't there. I looked around and wandered further and further around the side until I was away from the front door when, suddenly, I was surprised to hear the sound of her heels as she entered the other side of the building. I got back around in time to see the door close behind her as she entered the elevator. She didn't even wait to say thanks.

“It's all right, you don't have to thank me!” I called after her. “Thanks for nothing,” I muttered as I juggled the card trying to get it the right way round, well you know what it's like when you're in a hurry, I was so annoyed, try and do someone a favor!

I managed to get in to the foyer just as the doors closed and the elevator ascended to the floor above ours and stopped. Eventually the elevator returned and I went back to my room to be greeted by the smell of freshly—brewed coffee. Cathy had stirred. “Where were you?”

“Chasing a ghost”. I told her what had happened including the information about the elevator stopping on the next floor. Cathy looked at me. “Why would she go up there?”

*Silly question*, I thought. “Maybe she lives there?”

She smiled at me. “Dear girl, no one lives there, it's used as a storage area”.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes, of course. I was lost one night and got off on the wrong floor. All the floors look the same when you get out of the elevator. an orderly was there doing some cleaning and he told me. I felt like an idiot. You know that nice looking one, Ken?” I did. She had passed a couple of politically incorrect comments about him one evening.

“Curious.”

Cathy asked, “What?”

I let it drop. I just wondered about the girl and her mysterious behavior.

Later we got ready to go to the Den. Keeping it simple I wore a black waist coat over a plain white shirt and slacks. Cathy's shirt had a hideous pattern over it and a pair of jeans. The place was already jumping when we arrived; the band had been playing for a couple of sets.

One thing about Cathy, she always finds a seat, anywhere, anytime. Even in the height of rush hour she'll find a parking place within minutes. It must be Karma I suppose; I could drive around for hours and never find one.

We sat and chatted to Rob, the barman. He was a great looker, dressed well, kept himself fit. Too bad he was gay, and I mean that from a purely selfish point of view. We sat at the bar sipping our drinks as I scanned the crowd to see if I recognized anyone. It was as I was on my second scan that I spotted her, sitting at a table on her own.

I nudged Cathy, "Look, over there."

She spun around to see. "Who's that?"

"It's her, from this afternoon." I stared without seeming too, if you understand. I hadn't gotten a good look but I was sure, the hair clinched it; there weren't two girls in this town with a figure and hair that good.

She was only wearing a black mini—dress but she looked real good. I could see the guys around the place getting a good eyeful. Truth was she looked great, her make—up absolutely perfect. As for her legs, in sheer stockings, they were to die for. She was sipping her drink and chatting with Ted, one of the bouncers.

Cathy wanted to dance so I joined her, losing sight of our mystery blond. It was a good night and we enjoyed ourselves. The headlining band was a local group which specialized in a mixture of blues and rock'n'roll. Great stuff.

I spotted "Ash blonde" later, dancing with Ted. She seemed to be enjoying herself. I noticed that she sent up a request for a number which surprised me. It was a blues tune that one of my heroes recorded years ago. She went up a notch in my personal estimation.

Later, I caught up with Ted and asked him about her. He knew her only as Jill and that she had been attracting unwanted attention earlier. He offered to keep her company for a while to keep the wolves at bay. She was happy to accept that. It was nothing heavy, just a chat. Ted seemed to be a bit wistful at that. "A great looker," he said.

I chastised him for that. "You're married, Ted."

"I know," he laughed. Ted is one of your dedicated married men, the idea of him having a fling was unbelievable; we knew he was just being nice to her—I think. She *was* very attractive, though.

We left soon afterwards and, as we were getting into my car, I spotted her walking up the street, seemingly looking for a taxi.

"Quick," I said, "let's get back to the home before she does. We'll see which room she lives in."

Cathy wasn't all that interested but she went along with the idea; she always does in the end. We raced back, parked in the reserved spots that live—ins have and raced

upstairs to the fourth floor where he found a broom closet opposite the elevator big enough to squeeze into. Cathy sniffed, "Bleach is a bit strong, isn't it?"

I told her to be careful, I didn't want any spilling on our clothes.

We waited and eventually we heard the elevator go down. I opened the door enough so we could see the floor indicator. It came up and stopped on the third floor, our floor!

"She knew", said Cathy, "she must have guessed."

I looked at her in surprise

"Don't be silly," I snapped my fingers, "her room must be on our floor."

We climbed out of the closet and quietly closed the door before slipping down the stairwell and entering through the fire escape doorway. Carefully we looked round. There was no one around, no lights, nothing.

Cathy shrugged her shoulders. "So where is she? Which one is she?"

The point she was trying to make was that this floor was reserved for the students in our class, there wasn't anyone else here. The top floor was reserved for the seniors, the one below was second year, next was the storage and then came our floor. Ground, as I said, were offices and changing rooms. There were nineteen of us on this floor, George lived at home. This left only the two of us as everyone else was away for the weekend.

I sat on the floor, my back against the bookcase, pondering the new development. Cathy was falling asleep! I decided that I wanted to have a soak in a tub, so, after stripping my things off and putting my nightdress and robe on, I grabbed my towel and headed off to the bathroom. This was another bit of luxury. The bathroom was a huge, old—fashioned affair and had recently been renovated. Along one wall was a row of marble sinks facing the shower stalls, but the real luxury, my wonderful bit of decadence, was to be found in two stalls made from wooden partitioning. Two huge baths. These bathtubs were great—deep enough, wide enough, and long enough so a girl could really stretch out and enjoy one of the true tax—free luxuries left—apart from sex that is.

I was lying in the hot water really relishing the experience. I shaved my legs, a good shave; the tub IS the best place to shave I think. I followed that with a breast examination; a girl can never be too careful, you know. I heard the door open. Cathy had obviously awakened and came in to "take care of business". I kept silent and waited for her to finish her business. When I heard the taps running I screamed out, "A spider!"

I heard her gasp in surprise, then the door slammed as she ran out. I lay in the warm water and laughed. Cathy hates spiders.

I climbed out, dried myself and made my way to her room. It took a few minutes of knocking to get her to answer the door but eventually she answered. "What is it?" She was very bleary—eyed.

"I got you," I laughed. "The way you ran out of the bathroom!"

She still looked at me, bleary eyed. "I haven't been to the bathroom, I just came in here and collapsed, I'm tired."

I dragged her back to the bathroom. Draped across a sink was a pair of black, sheer pantyhose; they hadn't been there when I first entered the bathroom.

"Helen, dear," Cathy's voice dripped with sarcasm, "I haven't been here or even worn tights tonight and I certainly have never been in the habit of doing my undies at this time of the morning."

I realized it must have been Jill; she had been in the bathroom and I'd scared the hell out of her. But why didn't she come back for her things? Apart from the tights, there was shampoo and some make—up remover.

When I awoke, I went to the bathroom and noticed the tights had disappeared.

"She's pretty tidy," Cathy said after I told her as we sat at breakfast in the canteen and chatted about the night before, the band, the boys we had talked to and, most important from my point of view, about "Jill", our mysterious blonde.

We didn't see any sign of her for the rest of the weekend and back at school on Monday we were too busy trying to cram anatomy and physiology into our skulls to think about Mystery Blondes.

I was lying on my bed one night, trying to get it all together. The basics were all sorted out, well sort of. The construction of the cell, the circulation, respiratory and skeletal systems seemed to becoming clearer and tomorrow we were going to get into hormones and all that. Great stuff!

I glanced over at the glowing numerals of the clock. One o'clock. I better get some sleep unless I wanted Old Pagey to blast me for nodding off in her class.

It was then I heard the footsteps outside. I slid off the bed and crept over to the door and, just as I opened it, I heard the elevator going to the ground floor, pause and return. In the dark I was pretty sure I couldn't be seen and besides the door was only opened a bit.

The doors opened and out she walked; Jill, wearing a knitted top, a pair of wide crepe pants and some sort of waistcoat which I couldn't quite make out in the dark. I slipped out and followed her along the corridor; I could hear the key being turned in the lock. I was barely too late to see her enter but the light coming from below the door was still on. It was David's room, the sly dog. He had a female visitor——at this time of night? Well they say it's always the quiet ones.

Next morning I told Cathy. She didn't believe me at first; not that she thought I would make it up but because David was so quiet.

Jill must sneak in at odd times and apparently, David didn't want the management to know as they were a bit uptight on the subject of uninvited guests. I thought for a moment and offered the suggestion that *that* was why we didn't know her. She wasn't working here, she had been returning the books on the Saturday I spotted her. She didn't want anyone to know she was doing, figuring it might make life awkward for David.

Cathy sat back and smiled, "Now we can resume our normal lives. The mystery is solved."



We headed off to class and spent the rest of the day working our way through the subjects with an occasional glance over at David.

I took a bit of interest in David then; he was still very quiet and studious. He didn't seem to be the type who would smuggle girls in to his room. We decided it was none of our business and it remained merely a bit of private gossip between the two of us. Occasionally we would see her at The Den and I'd hear her coming and going from the home.

"She is so good looking." Cathy looked me over the top of her milk—shake in the cafeteria one day. "I'm surprised she isn't seen with him more."

I looked at her, the thought emerging all of a sudden. "Actually, I can't recall seeing her with him at all," she nodded her head. "Odd, huh?"

I counted the number of times we had seen her, either coming and going here or at The Den. There weren't many but we had never seen them together. Considering the amount of time they seemed to spend together, you'd think they would be out together now and again.

One Thursday afternoon, we had finished class early and were sitting in the cafeteria when Cathy suggested we go hunting for some clothes as the stores were open late that night. I didn't mind and we went off to the mall. Wandering around trying various things on can be fun as any girl knows, even if, as happened with us this day, she doesn't find anything she wants to buy.

We bought some beers on the way back and, as we passed his room, it occurred to me that we could invite David to share them with us. I knocked and as he opened it I smelled the aroma of freshly—brewing coffee. I remembered his comments on a previous occasion about how he enjoyed the ritual of blending and grinding the beans. He invited us in and we chatted for a while. The weather had been a bit muggy for a couple of days and this evening it had become worse. The relevance of all this hit me when I noticed how labored his breathing started to become; it was positively strained. He was an asthmatic!

Slowly, almost gracefully, he slid to the floor and I grabbed him.

"Have you got a pump?"

He could barely nod and tried to reach for the wardrobe. I spun around and spotted the familiar gray box on the floor among some shoe boxes. I plugged it in as Cathy loaded the reservoir with the liquid and attached it to the mask. Set up, we placed the mask over his face and watched as it slowly took effect. Gradually, his breathing slowed and became more relaxed.

I could feel the sweat on my brow; I hoped I had acted quickly enough.

I leaned back against his bed and watched his face. His color seemed to improve, but he kept glancing toward the open wardrobe door. I looked round and froze as I realized what he was looking at, something I'd missed the first time, because of the excitement. I glanced at Cathy but she was still intent on keeping an eye on David, checking his pulse every five minutes.

David saw my glance and realized I was looking at it as well.

Quietly, I reached across and closed the door. Cathy didn't notice the shelf with the wig stand supporting the long ash—blonde wig, or the blouses, skirts and dresses. On the floor where the pump had been standing were some shoe boxes. I guessed that there would be a pair of red ones, to match the belt of the white summer dress that was hanging up in the wardrobe.

David's breathing was regular now. I thought he would be all right but suggested that he go across to the infirmary just to make sure. He declined, he had lived with this condition for a long time now, he said, and was able to assess his own condition fairly well.

Cathy decide she would go back to her room, "I've had enough excitement for one night." I said I'd stay for a while longer, just in case. Cathy rolled her eyes at this, obviously assuming that I had a bit of a "thing" for him. A one—track—mind has our Cathy sometimes. She left and I made some fresh coffee.

I needed it; actually I needed a stiff drink but I wasn't going anywhere until I was sure he was all right and maybe he would tell me about "Jill".

We sipped our coffee and I noticed that he wrinkled his nose as he drank. I suggested that he make the next cup which he laughingly accepted. I looked up at him. "Well?".

He answered with "Well, what?"

I got impatient. "Look David, we can sit here all night talking in one word sentences. You can either tell me about all this, this *stuff*," I stood up and drew the wig off the stand, "or you can tell me to mind my own business but don't talk to me like I was an idiot."

He took the wig from my and gave it a shake. He held it up and drew his fingers through it, undoing some tangles as he did so. "It's easier than growing my own."

I was a bit confused. "How long have you been doing this?" I still couldn't see David as 'Jill'.

He sat down and took a sip from his cup, still wrinkling his nose.

"As far back as I can recall. My earliest memories concern my dressing up in either my mother's or sister's clothing."

He went on to tell me about himself, growing up in a small country town, how his father was away a lot of the time and how his earliest influences were feminine ones. He found he was attracted to wearing the feminine clothing belonging to the women in his life. His mother didn't mind as he was so young at the time but discouraged it as he grew older and forbade it totally when his dad was home.

As he grew older the urge didn't leave but grew in intensity. He read all the books, saw different doctors and psychologists but the only satisfactory answer he ever got was from a counselor who seemed to be a bit more liberated than others he had consulted.

"The only person you can actually harm is yourself, and only if the guilt of doing it overwhelms you to the degree that you might find life is unbearable."

“I realized that I wasn't harming anyone, no one could complain how I looked, I wasn't repulsive or anything. It wasn't as if I was ridiculing women. I just needed sometimes to dress up and look like one.”

“How often does this need come on?” I asked. I reached over and touched his hand and he started to cry. I found that tears were running down my own face as well. I stood up and put my arms around him. “It's all right,” I said.

“I'm sorry, I've never told anyone this before. The strain must have been building up.”

“Apart from the asthma you mean?” He grinned as I said that. I started to babble on about how stupid I was to have smoked in his room but he hushed me.

“I don't know about you but I could do with a drink, a real one I mean. Do you indulge?” I nodded but suggested that it might be a bad idea for him so soon after taking his medication. He grinned, “One small one won't do any harm”.

We talked for hours before we realized the time. We had a class at eight—thirty.

He thanked me for helping him get over his attack, for listening and for not laughing.

I just said, “That's what friends are for, right?” As we said good night, I mentioned that Cathy was going away for the weekend. “I'll be here by myself, what about you?”

He shook his head, “I'm staying here.”

An idea entered my head. “Could I meet Jill?.”

“Are you sure?” he asked, looking at me quizzically.

I nodded. “Positive.”

“Let me sleep on it.”

I kissed him on the cheek and left.

## **PART II.**

I waved good-bye as the car pulled out of the parking lot; I hoped the load didn't obscure her rear vision. “See you Sunday night Cathy, drive carefully!”

She waved in the time—honored fashion, her middle finger extended. “And you!” I laughed.

I was apprehensive. I hadn't met a transvestite before, to my knowledge that is.

David pointed out there were many around. As he said, “We don't go round with tattoos on our foreheads,” so it's possible I may have met one without realizing. He gave me a couple of books to look through but they were a bit dry. I mean most of these so—called experts didn't seem to have much more than a few theories. In the end they didn't really prepare me for the actual meeting.

Later that afternoon I was to formally meet “Jill”.

David requested that I refer to Jill using female pronouns. This would make it easier and save any awkwardness later. If, for example, we were meeting other people and I addressed 'her' as David, it could cause problems. Sure, anything for an easy life.

I went to the hospital cafeteria and got some things for a picnic lunch in the park. We thought a nice relaxing stroll there would get me used to the concept of David in a dress. I made some salad rolls, packed them into a case and went off to get ready. Guessing that David—sorry, “Jill”—would look pretty good I didn't want to look second—rate beside him—sorry, “her”.

See, it's not easy.

Buried in my notes, I almost didn't hear the knock. Leaping up, I dropped the book on the floor and flung the door open to greet a startled Jill.

“Sorry, I seem to have disturbed you.” This was said with a shy smile. I guessed that she was as nervous as I was. She looked great. I was glad that I hadn't stuck to my usual shorts and T—shirt, having instead settled on a pair of cream—colored Capri pants and a white top. She was wearing a flowered summer dress.

I opened the door further and invited her in and went into a formal introduction which made the two of us giggle. It was a bit much. I mean to say it wasn't as if we didn't actually know each other; it was just my friend wearing something different. Okay, *very* different!

She came in and sat down, smoothing her dress below her with a well—practiced sweep of her hands with their carefully manicured, painted nails. I couldn't help but feel that it'd be easy to accept Jill for what she appeared to be, an attractive, well—dressed blonde. I made a mental notes to keep the blonde jokes to a minimum.

I asked how she felt like being dressed as she was.

She explained that there was ultimately a sense of peace or serenity, a sort of “belonging”. It was difficult for her to find the exact words but she elaborated on how things were in the early stages. At first she would be sexually aroused but this seemed to fade and the actual dressing, just being female, was in itself fulfilling.

She was sitting on the sole chair in my room looking so feminine and just “right” somehow. Her hair looked great, her make—up impeccable ——subtle enough for a walk in the park during the day. Her shoes were open—toed sandals with a low heel. I could see that the painted toe nails with their polish were an exact match for her lip—stick and nail polish. That was the problem!

“It's too perfect!”

She looked up at me over the rim of the glass he was sipping a cola from.

“What?!” She looked startled.

“Sorry, David, I mean Jill,” I quickly corrected myself. ”Look, it's too perfect. No one is as coordinated as you look, especially during the day, going to a picnic.” I stood up and went over to my wardrobe.

“Everything is coordinated, balanced. It's, what, late Saturday morning? If you went down the street you wouldn't see a girl in a hundred dressed as carefully as you

are. I'll show you." I slid out of my pants and top and rummaged through the clothing for something that would be more appropriate.

Jill sat there with a bemused expression on his face. Slowly, I realized what I was doing. I was standing there in my underwear, bra and pants, in front of him. It didn't bother me.

I grinned, "Seems like I've accepted Jill rather quickly. I wouldn't do this in front of David."

Jill smiled the most wonderful smile which lit her whole face. She had looked a bit worried when she entered and our conversation had been a bit on the serious side. After seeing that smile I was relieved.

I found a pair of shorts and a baggy T—shirt. "Here, try these on."

She looked worried again.

"It's all right, we're all girls here, right?"

She stood up and stepped out of the dress to reveal, not only a slip, but a petticoat as well.

"Gee girl, when you get dressed you *do* go to town, don't you?"

He went a bit red then and shyly admitted, "Yes, we do tend to go overboard.

I hastily tried to correct what was obviously a mistake on my part.

"No honey, it's good but, in general, girls don't do that a lot."

Jill put the shirt on after she slipped the things off. It was funny, the two of us standing there in brassieres and panties. I wondered what Cathy would have thought.

Jill put the shorts and shirt on, then a pair of flat, slip—on shoes.

I had a good look. "That's better." I slipped a T—shirt and a pair of shorts on and grabbed the basket. "Come on, let's go."

Instead of driving directly to the park, I went into the town center. There were some people around and I noted, with a certain degree of smugness, that the only ones wearing dresses were older women.

David explained that as a male he wore shorts and trousers all the time; the wearing of dresses and skirts probably reinforced the degree of femininity. They also gave a sense of freedom.

That had never occurred to me before—the idea of skirts representing a form of freedom.

I pulled into a parking spot on the main street and, grabbing my bag, I hopped out. "Come on," I called. I knew what I was looking for; Cathy and I had been in the shop only yesterday.

He slowly got out and followed me as I went into a clothing shop.

Rummaging through the racks, I held out a pair of "skorts", a great invention that looked a bit like a loose skirt but were actually cut like culottes. They were light and short.

Jill looked great in them, she had great legs. I handed her a loose singlet top. Perfect! She kept them on.

“How do they feel?” I asked as we drove off.

She looked a bit unsure of herself in them. Not as structured, or as coordinated as “her” usual garb, but what the hell, she looked great!

“A bit strange. I'm not as used to so much bare leg showing.”

I laughed, “Considering the amount of leg you were showing in The Den wearing that mini—skirt that surprises me.” I drove down to the break—water.

“Where are we going now? Aren't we going to the park?”

“How come you can go to dances dressed like you do but during the day you're so shy?”

He grinned, “I think at night I can wear more make—up and my clothing detracts people from looking at my face”.

“Why would you want them to?” I had to ask.

“Well, if someone looks too closely they might recognize David.”

I scoffed at that idea. I made a right turn. “The most they might see is a very vague family resemblance. Nothing else.” I pulled into a spot and climbed out.

There was a gentle breeze but we were sheltered by the back wall of the break—water. Jill carried her bag over her shoulder. I left mine tucked under the seat.

We walked along the breakwater enjoying the sun and the fresh sea air. The only people around were a couple of fishermen who took a glance in our direction but, being true dedicated anglers, they were more interested in what was happening to their bait.

She was very quiet as we walked.

I asked how she felt.

“Very nervous. This is a first.”

I looked at her, surprised.

She grinned at me. “I almost never go out for walks during the day and then only to places where I won't attract too much attention”.

Jill went on to explain about her preferred times for outings, like during the morning rush hour when people were too preoccupied with their own business and didn't pay any attention to another girl. At The Den it's different. The lighting lends itself to the extra make—up and this concealed David even more.

I scoffed at that because it wouldn't occur to the average person the girl they were looking at could be a male. Secondly, Jill was so attractive she could use even less make—up than the average “real” girl if she wanted to.

She went through the perfunctory denial of my comments but I could tell she was pleased.

We went back to the car and drove off to the park and enjoyed the sunshine, along with the salad rolls and some fresh orange juice she bought at a milk bar.

Yes, she actually went in herself and bought it!

We sat and talked about things in general and “she” told me about David's family and “his” ambitions for the future. Gee, this gets complicated sometimes. Sadly, they didn't include any mention of a romantic entanglement.

I jumped on this. “Why not?” I was thinking that he'd be a nice catch for some woman. At last, a man who had some understanding of what women were about.

“It's like this. Of all the cross dressers who have been married, the strain on the partnership is pretty severe. And as for having children, forget it. Can you imagine telling the kids that the woman sitting at the table with them is actually their father?”

I thought about that. “Surely there are ways to get round that. Besides, not every woman wants to have children.”

“All right, but what are the odds of finding a woman who doesn't want children *and* is prepared to accept her husband as a woman part of the time? Remember, most of us enjoy doing this to such a degree that the possibility exists we could be happy doing it on a permanent basis.” That was the longest sentence he had uttered without taking a breath.

“She might not be very far away at all.” I looked around. There wasn't anyone in view, and leaning across, I kissed him on the mouth, passionately and deeply.

He was so stunned that he didn't move.

“You *couldn't* have meant that.” His expression was a picture to see, shock personified. I had even surprised myself; for some reason I had become besotted with David, even as Jill. My head spun; I didn't understand it.

He offered me a mirror which he'd taken from his bag. “Your lipstick needs repair.” I could still see the surprised, no, shocked expression on his face. Obviously he hadn't expected this from me.

I looked at the mirror. “Actually, I'm not wearing any lipstick. It's yours.” I gathered the things and we returned to our quarters.

Jill started back to her room and I gave her a kiss on the cheek. I thought she felt a bit shy after my impulsive action in the park. “I'll be round in about ten minutes.”

We kissed again.

I changed into my favorite night dress, the one I wore when I was in a “mood”. Hey, we're not talking about some young innocent here. I didn't sleep around, but I *was* experienced. The night dress was a short one with shoe lace straps across the shoulders, in pink satin. I didn't know exactly what was going to happen but a definite desire came to mind.

I knocked on the door and went in. I'm not sure if I expected it but “Jill” was still there. Maybe I sort of expected David to have returned, I don't know. I wasn't disappointed, though.

She was wearing a long, midnight blue night dress and wrap. The wrap had three—quarter length, loose—fitting sleeves. I vaguely noted the straps of the night dress as I took the wrap off him. Wrapping my arms around his waist, the sensuous feeling as our two night dresses glided together was electric.

David, or Jill, shaved her legs and anywhere else hair grew that would be considered unusual on a female. The smoothness was wonderful, especially through the material of the nightdresses. I had never known such unbridled passion. Like the books say, the waves crashed against the shore, the trains entered the tunnel with a woosh!

We lay in each other's arms; I was so happy and content. If I had been following the cliché I would have lit a cigarette and asked, "Was it as good for you as it was for me?" Corny, I know, but so apt. I stroked Jill's arm, she smiled.

"I thought we were supposed to be talking or something."

I grinned at her; her make—up was all over the place. "I guess we got side—tracked, rather rapidly, I think."

I went back to my room, we didn't need to talk at all. During my long soak in the bubble—bath I thought about the events of the day. It was as David had said, "weird". I kept going back and forth between David and Jill.

*Did I love David as Jill or did I love Jill in spite of David? Was I some sort of lesbian? Did this matter?* I was a bit confused.

We were going to The Den and I did my make—up very carefully; after all, I *was* competing with an expert. Going through my wardrobe, I hunted for something suitable. I decided to go over the top and dragged out my electric blue! It was a sexy little number I had bought a while back but hadn't worn. Electric blue, fitted bodice, elbow length sleeves. Its square neckline came low enough to show a bit of cleavage. I felt great wearing it with the high heels, which surprised me as I tended to be a jeans and T—shirt person. Talk about going back on what I'd said about over accessorizing—my purse and shoes matched as well!

While I waited for Jill, I did a bit of reading and once again was disturbed by a knock at the door. "Come on in, Jill."

The door swung open and Cathy strode in. I stared at her. "What are you doing here?"

She collapsed on the bed and just stared at me, totally bedraggled. "Thanks, I walked for thirty miles after the car broke down miles from anywhere. Get the thing fixed enough to limp back into town. Stagger back with a loss of about three pints of fluid from my body, climb the stairs to get my so—called best friend to help and what do I get? 'What are *you* doing here?' Gee, thanks!"

She was just being Cathy, she wasn't really being nasty.

"I tried calling but there wasn't any answer." She gulped the orange juice I handed her and a second went down just as quickly. "Why are you dressed up like that? Going out?"

In the surprise I had almost forgotten my clothing and Jill. Well, almost. The knock on the door startled me.