

Heels

Author - Puffin

They were both gorgeous, they bounced into the bar giggling a flurry of curls, legs and exposed skin. How they managed to move at all on the platform heels they were wearing was a mystery, let alone how fast and gracefully they managed. The dresses they both wore only just reached their tanned and toned thighs titillating the viewer with both what you could and could not see. As they had walked into the bar the place audibly hushed despite the booming bass of the music blaring out. My eyes, like every other person in the bar, were drawn to them, men in lust and envious girls examining every detail of the pair. I knew I would spend the evening fantasizing about them but heaven forbid I would do anything about it. I was useless at approaching women, too shy, too self conscious and too awkward to ever be able to speak to them let alone chat them up.

They sat across from me so that I could see the succession of suitors stroll over to the pair of them and after a few moments of conversation and faked laughter the suitors walked away still smiling but essentially rejected. I took a small detour on my way to the bar in order to walk past where they were sitting, I suppose I was kidding myself I would be brave enough to talk to them but I ended up at the bar with not some much as even a hint of eye contact. I ordered another beer and made my way back to my table. The lads I had come with were over chatting to another group of girls so I drank my beer a little too quickly and settled on a bit of people watching.

Having finished my beer, and with no sign of the lads returning, I wandered up to the bar to get another drink and contemplated when I should call it quits and head home. At the bar my night of anonymity continued playing the invisible man and failing to get any service. As the barman finally approached me I was about to order another beer when he stopped to my left and said "Yes ladies, what can I get you?"

"Thank you, but I think this guy was next."

I ordered the beer and turned to thank the girl. I found myself face to face the pair of stunning beauties. I was so close to them I could breathe their raw sexuality. I panicked, my face flushed, my tongue became bloated and paralysed in my mouth, and my mind immediately emptied of all coherent thoughts.

"Here" the taller one said "let us by you a drink"

I tried to push the neurons in my brain to fire, to think of something to say but the best I could do was to mumble "thanks"

"It's ok" they both smiled at me flashing perfect white teeth behind their glossy lips "We saw that you had been abandoned by your friends and thought you might like to join us" The slightly taller blonde spoke and her equally gorgeous brunette friend held onto her hand smiling directly into my eyes.

I was stunned, they were definitely talking to me but I had no idea why. I tried to fight the stupor clouding my brain and pay for the drinks but their distraction techniques meant the money was supplied from a sequined purse retrieved from the tall blonde's handbag.

I walked back to their table feeling a thousand eyes staring at me, what is he doing with them? I could hear the thoughts. But they had asked me over and I was beginning to enjoy the attention. As we sat down I racked my brain for something to say.

"How do you manage to walk in those heels?" it was the first thing that came into my head and it immediately sounded lame and I thought I had blown my chance.

But instead Eva, as the blonde had introduced herself, leaned forward and touched my arm. "Well I can teach you if you want."

I laughed "Somehow I don't think they would fit me"

"Well your feet look pretty small to me and I am sure we could rustle up a pair in your size" she smiled mischievously

"Oh yes what a good idea" Ruby, the brunette, joined in the conversation and squeezed my other arm.

I thought nothing of it, just a silly bit of flirtation. I regained my composure and managed to hold a normal conversation with them, despite having to compete with the loud music in the bar. At the end of the drinks Eva suggested we head somewhere quieter where we could actually hear each other. Being unable to see my mates anywhere, I was more than happy to head off with the ladies.

We hopped straight into a taxi and I then realised that somewhere quieter was in fact their house. We were soon deposited in a part of suburbia I vaguely recognised as being near to my flat. I waited at a painted wooden door as Ruby fumbled in her handbag for the keys, my mind a whirl with the events that were unfolding.

Inside I was invited to take a seat and Ruby organised the drinks. I sat alone in the lounge taking in my surroundings and listening to cupboard doors banging, glasses chinking and general commotion. Eva had excused herself; I presumed she was in the bathroom. The lounge was very tastefully decorated, clearly a shared house of girls; a bookcase of chicklit and romcom DVDs, framed vogue covers of elegant ladies hung on the wall and a small television (no huge flat-screen and no games console).

Ruby returned with a tray of three cocktails and a jug containing a gaudy pink drink with matching umbrellas. I suggested that a beer would have been fine but took the cocktail and was pleasantly surprised by its flavour and slightly shocked by its strength. Ruby was telling me the recipe and I was trying not to stare at her impressive chest when Eva returned. She was proudly carrying a pair of towering platform heels in patent black leather.

"Here you go sweetie, these will fit you I am sure"



I had forgotten all about that conversation and tried to laugh off the situation but Eva and Ruby insisted I try on the shoes. Not wishing to upset them, and thinking what the heck, I started to force my sock covered foot into the first shoe. Eva held my leg quite firmly and stopped me.

“Oh no sweetie that won’t do, we can’t have these shoes sullied by a pair of sweaty brown socks!” Her voice was friendly but stern.

Blushing, I removed my socks and offered to wash my feet. Ruby showed me to the bathroom where I stood in the shower with my trousers rolled up to my knees. She then took the showerhead and proceeded to bend over and wash my feet. The sensation was amazing and I worried she would notice how exciting I found it all as her head bobbed near my groin. I sat on the end of the bath as she dried my feet and I rolled my trousers back down. All finished we returned to the lounge where Eva was holding a pair of what she called pop socks. These were nylons that came to only just above the ankle. Apparently I was to wear these with the shoes to help the fit.

At this point I would have jumped off the proverbial cliff if they had asked me to, I was a little tipsy and mesmerized by all the attention I was getting from two such beautiful ladies. I pulled on the pop socks and Ruby helped me slide my feet into the shoes. They were a little narrow but fitted surprisingly well. After buckling up the ankle straps she helped me to my feet. I felt I was about eight feet tall and incredibly unsteady, but I could feel the soft reassuring grasp of Ruby holding my arm. After a few supported attempts up and down the lounge I was actually able to walk unaided and felt a natural swing came to my hips. The girls were giggling and I play acted exaggerating my movements.

Ruby applauded as I managed a turn to strike a model like pose with a hand on each hip.

Eva though was thinking, "It just looks all wrong with those trousers"

She disappeared again and Ruby topped up my empty glass from the jug.

Still a little unsteady on my feet I was about to sit down when Eva returned this time holding a pair of full length stockings. I laughed nervously again but I could tell that Eva was serious about me trying them on with the shoes.



“But I can’t just parade around in stockings and my boxers” I protested, “It would be indecent!”

“Hmm very true, take off the shoes for now and follow me” Eva smiled and beckoned me upstairs into what I presumed was her bedroom.

Ruby patted the space next to her on the bed whilst Eva delved into her impressive wall to wall wardrobe.

“Here we go this will be perfect” She pulled out a black polka dot 50’s style dress and held it up for me to see.

Ruby placed her hand on my thigh “oh yes that’s excellent it will go with the shoes so well, and show off your lovely legs”.

I suppose I could have said no, but I was loving all the attention far too much. What harm could come from playing along and keeping them entertained. I could not have imagined when I saw them in the bar that I would end up standing in Eva’s room in just my boxer shorts, and with Ruby there as well. However, I definitely would not have imagined that I would be about to put on one of their dresses!

The stockings were first things I was to wear. I was shown how to roll them in my hands and slip my foot in so that I could pull them up my legs without laddering them. They were opaque black and held in place at the lacy top by hidden rubberized strips that gripped my thighs. To cap it off a little bow decorated the lace. The sensation of the stockings on my legs was quite an eye opener, as I moved or touched my legs tingles of electricity seemed to run over my skin. I worried my boxer shorts were not going to provide much protection and was actually quite keen to get myself under the cover of the dress. However, that would have to wait, the next stage was apparently for Ruby to slip down on her knees and help me put the high heels back on. I tried to concentrate as she knelt before me her hands on my calves gently guiding my foot back into the shoes. I was sure they both could see the growing strain in my boxer shorts.

Ruby, under Eva’s guidance, held the dress and I carefully stepped through the open neck so that she could pull it up over my body and I could put my head through the halterneck. Still a little unsteady on the heels Ruby held my hands whilst Eva zipped up the back. Turning me around and standing back to admire her work Eva looked a little disappointed. “No no that’s not right it looks wrong somehow.”



“You need a bit of filler” she said.

“Oh yes, yes petticoats and a padded bra” giggled Ruby gleefully.

Eva smiled and nodded opening a draw rammed full of all kinds of lingerie, she turned to look at me shuffled the contents around and selected some things she deemed suitable. The dress was unzipped and whilst Ruby held it around my waist Eva helped me into an embroidered white bra that she stuffed with some gel filled bags she called chicken fillets.

“I think somewhere I have some matching panties” Eva pulled open another drawer and selected a pair of white panties that had a pattern of daisy style flowers in white thread that matched the detail on the bra I was now wearing.

The dress was just long enough that I could take off my shorts without exposing myself, although getting them over my heels without falling over was more of a problem. I was a little shocked as Ruby again knelt down at my feet and held the panties open for me to step into, her head was perilously close to looking up the dress I was wearing, and I now had nothing underneath! Eva held my arm to support me but it felt a little like it was also to control me. The relationship between the two girls was slowly becoming apparent, Eva was definitely the alpha female, Ruby seemed almost subservient to her, or at least happy to do the hands on jobs. Although outwardly she was a gentle feminine girl, Eva was clearly quite a strong and confident lady.

I carefully stepped into the panties, now less worried about being dressed-up and more worried about showing off more than I should. I needn't have worried as Ruby proceeded to teasingly slide the panties right up over my stocking clad legs and up into place. She seemed to have no qualms about making sure I was securely encased in the panties, even lifting the hem of my dress and looking to make sure.

Still holding me Eva gestured to the wardrobe from where Ruby pulled out a mass of petticoats. “These will hold the dress out properly so that it looks much fuller and bounces when you walk” Eva told me as if to reassure me about my outfit.



Again Ruby helped me into the petticoats whilst Eva held and steadied me. They were heavier than I expected and the dress certainly gained volume with them in place. Looking down, over my newly gained fulsome chest, I could see the dress encircling me and spilling out from my waist, fringed with the laced edge of the petticoats.

Tottering out of the bedroom I felt the petticoats ruffle as I walked through the doorway. Ruby held my hand tightly as I negotiated the stairs very carefully. I did not fancy a trip to the ER; it might have been difficult to explain my current attire.

I made it safely to the hallway where I got my first opportunity to see myself in the full length mirror. From the neck up it was definitely me, but below that it was a completely story. The padded bra had given me a very realistic bosom and the cut of the dress altered my male shape into a much more feminine set of curves. My hairy legs, although I am not really a very hairy person at all, were covered by the black stockings and my legs seemed longer and thinner as the shoes forced me to almost be standing on tiptoe.

The girls then made me parade up and down in my new outfit, by this time I was getting the hang of the heels and managed to sashay and wiggle making the petticoats bounce as I walked. Eva and Ruby were giggling and applauding my catwalk display. I found I was actually having a lot of fun. Ruby went to mix some more cocktails and I tried to sit down. As I did so the petticoats forced the front of the dress upwards, I fell backwards and ended up with the petticoat skirts up around my head. Eva burst out laughing and Ruby must have rushed back in as I heard her squeal with delight, both got a full eyeful of my panty clad bottom and my stocking'd legs akimbo.

“Sweetie you are going to have to learn to be a little more careful when wearing a skirt, a lady’s knees should stay together and one should try to keep ones panties to oneself” Eva sounded playful but quite strict as Ruby helped me regain my composure. They showed me how to bend my legs with my knees together and smooth the petticoat under my legs as I sat down. I soon found myself

copying their movements and posture, sipping my girly cocktail, with my legs elegantly crossed to one side of me, like a well groomed young lady.

The conversation turned to other topics, they told me how they had lived together since college, how they had grown up as neighbours and were inseparable friends. I soon forgot all about the fact I was in lingerie and a dress. I relaxed in their company I had not even thought about changing back into my shirt and jeans until Eva said. "Well what a fun night, you were a great sport for letting us dress you up, although I am surprised you stayed in the outfit all night". She raised an eyebrow and smiled at me.

I immediately blushed; I had no idea why I had not thought to change back.

"It's ok Sweetie, we are not judging you. I know I like you very much and I have no doubt little Ruby has taken a big shine to you. But it is late so why don't you get changed and we will call you a cab."

I was a little disappointed the night was over but it was late and the powerful cocktails were starting to make my head spin a little. At Eva's suggestion I went back to her bedroom with my shirt and jeans to change. It was quite odd but I felt a pang of sadness as I shimmied out of the dress. I was stood there in the panties, bra and stockings when Ruby poked her head around the door. Before I could even begin to cover myself she giggled "Oh you sexy beast" I blushed and looked around for some cover "Eva said your cab will be here in 10 minutes, sorry you have to go but Eva said it is for the best right now. Anyway she also said you can keep the panties if you want to, as a little reminder of us" Ruby blew me a kiss and giggling closed the door.

"Back downstairs, my male clothes felt a little drab and it was hard to shake the feeling of loss. I thanked them both for an interesting evening and gave Ruby a kiss and a hug to say goodbye.

"We are going to have a chilled evening tomorrow night, just getting a take away and watching a DVD if you are interested?" Eva asked.

I felt my heart lift and quickly agreed to come round at 5 o'clock the next evening. Eva smiled and opened her arms for me to hug her. As I did so her hand slid down onto my ass and she whispered in my ear "I see you are still wearing the panties. I hoped you might be. Tomorrow maybe we can get you wearing something racier." She kissed me on the cheek, squeezed my bottom and gave me a knowing wink as I waved goodbye from the cab.

I sat in the backseat for the short ride home trying to make sense of the evening's events. The cool night air had sobered me up and it began to all feel like a dream, except I could still feel the soft fabric of the panties under my jeans.

So many Questions raced through my head.

Why had they chosen me of all the guys in the bar. How come it was so easy to get me dressed up and behaving all girly? What exactly was Eva and Ruby's relationship and what did they want with me? What would tomorrow hold and why was I so excited by the prospect? And most importantly why was I still wearing the panties!