

"Dilemma---Shopping"
Dreamt on October 3, 2010
Recorded on: October 6, 2010

I shut off my car and sighed as I looked at the big box retailer.

"O-kay...gotta get some red shirts for work..." I muttered, sliding out of my car.

...

I walked inside the store and grabbed the sales bill, flipping through it absently.

"Okay...men's shirts..."

And then, the nagging voice starts up.

Noooo...go over to women's! Get some nice blouses!

I sigh. *No. I need MEN'S shirts. These are for work!*

Work, schmork! Get what makes you feel good. Who cares what everyone else thinks?

I felt myself start to stray over to the women's side of the aisle...then pulled myself away.

NO! I need shirts for work! I'm not out at work!

I wandered among the racks of men's clothing, feeling a few of the shirts there...

...and frowning.

Geez...these all feel so...rough...

See? that feminine voice chirred. Why not wear something softer? Something that's more you?

I felt my fur bristle at that...cause this time, that voice was right.

I grabbed a couple of red shirts off the shelf, stuffing them in the basket.

"Okay...got that done," I said, marking that off the list...

...then feeling a warm glow suffuse me.

"Let's go get some nicer clothes," I said softly.

...

I wandered over to the racks of women's clothing, completely oblivious to the fact that I was the lone male there.

I passed among the racks, feeling and examining the clothing there.

See? that feminine voice cooed. You wish you could wear something like that to work, don't you?

I looked at the red women's t-shirt I was holding, enjoying the soft feel of the fabric...and nodded to myself.

Yes...I really do, I admitted. That feels verrrry soft...

I smiled...and added it to my basket.

Maybe one day, when I feel bolder...

I felt that feminine side of me nod slightly...

...and we wandered on.

...

"Okay sir, that will be \$53.24," the cashier, a middle-aged grey feline said.
I swiped my debit card through the reader and made my selections on the data-pad.

"Would you like any gift receipts for the clothes?" she asked, before acknowledging my choices.

I shook my head. "No. I know they'll like these."

"Okay then." She printed out my receipt and handed it to me. "Thanks so very much and you have a nice day."

I grabbed my two bags and smiled. "You too, miss," I said, then left the store.

...

I got home and unpacked the contents of the first bag.

Three dull red t-shirts greeted me, splayed out on the bed like corpses on the killing field.

I sighed, slowly removing the tags from them...feeling as if I were doing yeoman's work.

Then, after I removed the tags, I held each one against my body, checking for something...

...and sighing.

"Damn..." I muttered, dropping the last shirt onto the bed.

Then, I gathered them up and deposited them into our hamper to be washed.

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I opened the second bag...and gently removed the contents of the bag.

Several bright colored tops greeted my eyes, making me feel warm and fuzzy inside.

I smiled as I slowly and delicately removed the tags off of each shirt...then held it against my body, closing my eyes...

...and reveling in the softness...the comfort of each top...

My smile continued to grow as I gently folded each top up...then placed it in my laundry bag.

Then, I sighed.

"I really wish I could wear you more often," I said, sadness tinging my voice.

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I loaded up the washer with clothing and turned it on.

Then, I headed back downstairs to the apartment, the wind brushing against my body, causing me to shiver.

"Sheesh...need to layer up," I grumbled, quickly sliding into the apartment.

...

(half an hour later)

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I walked out of the apartment...pink armwarmers visible under the orange t-shirt I was wearing...and knowing that the matching legwarmers were keeping my legs warm under the coarse male jeans I was wearing.

I felt the breeze hit my body again...and I smiled.

"Much better," I said, and headed back upstairs to the laundry room.

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(an hour later)

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I dumped the laundry onto the bed, checking to see if everything had gotten dry. Sure enough, all of my panties and the tops were dried thoroughly.

I smiled...and began to gently fold up the twenty pairs of panties, treating each one with gentleness.

Then, I put each individual pair into the dresser drawer and slowly slid it shut.

After that, I turned to the tops...and gently picked up the first top, a lavender long-sleeved tee.

Delicately, I slipped it onto a hanger and hooked it on my doorknob...then repeated the process with the other two tops.

Then, I gathered them up and gently placed them inside my female closet, slowly shutting the door.

I sighed, content...then slowly began to undress.

...

(Sunday night)

...

I walked into my bedroom...and found the laundry that my mom had done while I was at work on my bed.

Several red shirts, including the three new ones, sat there, looking at me.

Accusing me.

Mocking me.

Telling me that I am simply pretending to be something that I am not.

I feel my fur bristle..and I glare at them...

...then I jerk them off of my bed and slam them onto a pile of their male brethren, disgust evident on my face.

I scowl at them...then shrug out of my work clothing, standing there...

...facing their accusatory glare...

...in soft pink panties.

I stared at them, for what felt like an eternity...

...then slid on an oversized orange t-shirt and went about getting ready for bed.

...

I curled up in bed, the darkness slowly wrapping itself around me like a thick blanket.

I shut my eyes...then they slowly open again...

...focusing on the pile of male clothing near my bed.

I feel its glare...its animosity toward me...its accusation of gender treachery...

...then I roll over, away from them...

...and slide a paw along the panties I'm wearing...

...and feel soothed and comforted...

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