

## Dilemma: Disconnect

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I stretch as I ease myself out from under my pink and black comforter, eyes barely open, feeling my spine make small pops as the stretch occurs.

I yawn, feeling my ears slide back on my head as my muzzle opens wide, taking in the scent of sweat and sleep from the bed.

I grope the table near my bed, feeling for my glasses...then smile as I find them and slide them onto my face.

Then...only then...do I ease my eyes open...

...and wince at the bright sunlight trickling past the closed shade of my room, the muted glow causing me to wish to crawl back under my comforter where it is safe and cozy.

However, my body has other ideas...and the squelching feeling in my bladder tells me, "Hey dummy! Get me into the bathroom or I'm gonna flood your precious panties!"

Sighing, I slowly ease myself out of bed, tail dragging along the comforter...bright pink sleepshirt falling back into place due to gravity...and waddle to the door of my bedroom.

I ease it open, slip out into the hall, then close it behind me...and smile at the silence that greets me.

*That's right...the parent is out of town, I remember. She's on one of her trips.*

The smile gets wider as I walk toward the bathroom, again dodging my large white kitten as I make my way to the bathroom.

*And I have the day off of work too...hmmm....*

I ease the bathroom door almost closed, noticing that, as always, my kitten (who is as big as TWO full-grown cats...but still acts like a kitten) has decided I don't need privacy, plopping down right in front of the toilet.

"Now, now...Mama needs to use the big litterbox," I chide him gently, nudging him with my ebon-furred foot-paw.

He emits a soft squeak of protest, but gets up...allowing me to lift the lid of the toilet...slide my purple panties down...and sit down, folding my male bits beneath me.

"Hmmm...the parent is gone till next week....I'm off the next two days..." I mutter as I urinate...lightly petting the kitten, who has decided my legfur needs grooming.

I chuckle, feeling his rough tongue slide across my legfur...then feel my bladder decide it is empty...and hit the lever on the toilet....

...and I sit there, hearing the flush...listening to the sound of the toilet flushing and refilling...and feeling a little soothed by it.

Then, slowly, I force myself up onto my feet, slipping my panties back into place...and walk to the sink.

Delicately, I wash my handpaws, inhaling the false scent of the allegedly-citrus soap...then washing the soap away, feeling relieved that the stench is gone.

I dry my paws on the white-and-blue striped towel that happened to be on the rack...then make my way back to my bedroom, the kitten trying his best to slip in along with me...

...only to have the entrance blocked.

"Sorry hon...this girl needs some private time," I say softly.

He emits a little machine-gun squeak chain in protest...as I close the door.

...

I check my finances, sipping on a glass of soda.

"Hmm...got about \$200 in the bank...get paid tomorrow..."

I take another sip...then nod.

"I guess I can treat myself," I said. "Do a little retail therapy."

I smile...then bring up the weekly ads for my favorite stores...

...and frown.

None of them have anything I want or could use on sale.

I glare at each ad, feeling a little cheated...then shrug.

"Well, there is always the mall," I state...then chug my soda...

...when a thought hits me.

*Hey...if I'm going to the mall...why not go fully female?*

As soon as the thought registers in my conscious mind, I feel my rational brain begin to pick at it...as well as the Fearmonger.

***Because people I work with go to that mall.***

***Because there's no way in hell I can pass for female.***

***Because I'll get thrown out if I'm read as male.***

***Because I can get harassed.***

***Because I can get beat up.***

I take a deep breath...then very slowly let it out, keeping my eyes closed...

...and I feel all of those voices fade a little.

I take another deep breath, letting this one out even slower...and hear the volume get even softer.

Then, slowly, I open my eyes...and say two little words...

"...fuck it..."

...

I slip out of the pink sleepshirt, oddly thinking it feels elated that I am going out as a girl...

...and I can't help but smile as well.

*I'm going to do this! I thought. I really NEED to do this!*

I ease the purple panties off, completely ignoring my male bits as they slowly peek out from my groin.

I place the old panties in my hamper...then walk to my dresser.

"Hmmm...I need something that screams confidence..." I mutter, opening a drawer...

...then smiling impishly.

There, almost as if it was destiny, was a pair of black lace panties. Staring up at me, as if saying, "You know you want to wear me today."

I smile...and pluck them out of the drawer.

"Oh, yes I do," I said, slipping them up my legs...then pausing a bit.

I pull open another drawer...and grab out a maxi pad, applying it to the inside of the panties, where my male parts would be...then finish pulling the panties into place.

I feel around my groin, feeling the soft lace dance across my paw-pads...and I smile.

*No bulge...not even a twitch...good.*

I reach into a smaller drawer, plucking out the matching bra for the panties...then slowly slip that on, struggling for a bit with the clasp in the back.

Then, I stand up fully...and adjust the fit of the bra, so that my small breasts are supported properly.

I shut my eyes, feeling very confident...and very much like a real vixen.

Slowly, I let my ebon-furred paws caress my sides...my brain telling me that I look very nice in the bra and panties as my paws say I am just like any other vixen...

...and I grin, relishing the feeling. The sheer joy of that feeling.

Then, slowly, I walk toward my closets...and pull the doors open.

"Now...what should I wear today..."

I glance between the two closets, my brain combining items from each into possible outfit ideas...

...when I see one item I definitely NEED to wear.

My smile grows as I reach into the right closet, plucking out a floral-print skirt...and let my paw run over the fabric.

It wriggles in my grasp, like a living thing, the stretchy fabric undulating with my touch...and I hear a voice inside me.

*Yes...I want to wear that today. Maybe with a nice t-shirt...*

I nod, removing the skirt from the hanger...and I hear the Fearmonger speak up.

***You can't wear that! Think of how vulnerable you will feel!***

I feel my smile fade a bit, fear gaining a foothold in my heart...then I shake it off.

*No...I AM going to wear this.*

I scan the hangers, looking for a top that would be perfect with the skirt...and settle on a grey v-neck tee, plucking it off the hanger.

I let my paw run over the shirt...and I smile again, feeling how silky and soft the fabric is...

...and I feel my confidence grow.

*This will be perfect*, I think, picturing the two items together. *The grey will really make the floral print pop, and it calls attention away from my torso. Good pick brain.*

I chuckle to myself, hearing a faux-voice say, *You are quite welcome, Madam.*

Still chuckling, I stretch a little bit, splaying my arms out wide as I yawn again...and feeling happy at the little pressure the bra exerts on my breasts.

"Mmmm...okay, let's get dressed," I declare softly, slipping the t-shirt over my head...

...and emitting a very soft chirr as the soft fabric embraces my head in feminine luxury...

...then feeling it pass my head, settling into place on my torso, giving it a soft, gentle, velvety hug as well...

...and I smile warmly, feeling as if I am actually being hugged by the fabric, hearing it say, *You look great!*

I exhale, releasing a breath I never even knew I was holding...then step into the skirt...

...and feel almost pure ecstasy as the shimmery fabric caresses my calves as it slowly slides up my legs...

...then emitting a soft moan of pleasure as it passes my knees, giving them tender silky caresses as it climbs up my body, settling into place at my waist.

I shut my eyes, overcome by the wonderful, soothing feelings of the clothing...and the mental image of myself shows up, dressed in those very items.

A vixen. A red and white-furred, black-pawed vixen...clad in a grey v-neck tee that has sexy short-sleeves...and a knee-length floral-print skirt...

...and I do a little spin, feeling the skirt flutter and shimmy out...

...and I feel wonderful...

...I feel RIGHT...

...I feel FEMALE...

...

Slowly, I pull myself out of the wonderful femininity that I feel...and I reach for one of my purses, hanging by the head on my bed.

"Let's see...I'm wearing grey and a floral...hmm...I think green eyeshadow, mixed with natural lipstick..." I mutter, rummaging through what I refer to as my "cosmetics purse"

Smiling, I pull out both my eyeshadow palette, and the lipstick...then reach back inside for a mascara tube...then pluck out a small cosmetic mirror.

I pop the mirror open, swipe the eyeshadow brush along my chosen shade, a jade green...then close my left eye.

Delicately, I swipe the eyeshadow brush along my eyelid, turning the red fur there a dark jade...and I smile, loving the look of the green on my red fur.

I blink a couple of times...then swipe the brush against the eyeshadow again, this time closing my right eye...

...and delicately applying the eyeshadow to that eye as well.

Then, I blink...and I check in the mirror.

No clumps of jade are clinging anywhere they shouldn't.

I smile...then adopt a bit of a sultry pose and bat my eyes a bit in a flirty way...

...then I giggle a bit, feeling my confidence swell.

I screw off the top of the mascara tube, sliding the applicator out...then cautiously apply mascara to my eyelashes, doing my best NOT to jab myself in the eyeball.

I smoothly apply the mascara to both eye's lashes...then blink a few times...then check myself in the tiny mirror.

Again, there are no clumps...

...and again, I practice the flirty eye-blinks, feeling sexy and desirable...

...and, again, I giggle once I finish, my confidence soaring.

I put the mascara applicator back in its tube, screwing it shut...then I uncork my chosen lipstick, a simple, muted-pink.

Defly, I apply the lipstick to the front of my muzzle, exactly where my lips would be...and I squeeze my muzzle shut for a few seconds, grabbing a well-used piece of paper towel, its surface dotted with kisses of varying shades of lipstick.

I smile, checking my teeth...and feel relieved that there is no lipstick on them...then I fold up the paper towel and place it over my bottom teeth...

...and I close my muzzle for a few seconds, pressing hard on the trapped paper...

...then I release it and examine it.

I smile...at the little imprint of muted-pink lipstick there.

"Perfect," I state calmly, placing both the paper towel and the lipstick back in the "cosmetics purse"...then I chuckle.

"Now...shoes," I state, turning to my door...

...and the very full shoe rack, hanging on the back of the door.

I scan each pair of shoes, wondering which would work best with this outfit...

...then smile...and grab a pair of black wedges.

I slowly sit down on my bed, tucking my legs under me properly like a lady...and ease my feet into the shoes.

They gently caress my feet, telling them, *Hey...you're welcome here...*

...and I smile again, relishing the feeling.

Slowly, I ease myself up, body tensing and wobbling a bit...

...then I take a walk around my room, getting used to the height of the

wedges...

...and paying attention to my body as well, noticing the definite feminine wiggle occurring naturally as I walk around...

...the sexy whispers and caresses of the skirt as it dances across my legs with every step...

...the rhythmic movements of the t-shirt as it pets my torso with every step...

...the slight jiggle of my breasts as the bra bounces with each step...

...and I relish it ALL.

I feel completely female...and my mind processes all of the data it is receiving...and agrees with me....

...and I feel ready.

...

I pluck my "shopping purse"...a small, grey leather cross-body...from my footboard...put my wallet, keys and cell phone inside it...then shut my eyes.

I take a deep breath...and feel the bra push back a little bit...and the shirt hug me close, both of them saying, *You are a vixen. You know it.*

I exhale, feeling everything male leave my body...

...and I open the door of my bedroom...

...and I head down the hall...

...and, out of habit, I glance up at the large bathroom mirror...

...and I freeze.

My reflection stares back at me...and the Fearmonger surges forth.

***Look at you! Look at those boxy shoulders! That male jawline! That small paunch on your belly! Those fat thighs!***

I shut my eyes, fighting desperately to get back to the wonderful feeling I had before, the feeling of glorious femininity...

...and the Fearmonger strikes again.

***You are a man! You are pretending to be a woman! You will NEVER be a real woman! No woman will ever accept YOU as a peer!***

My heart twists...and I feel the Fearmonger's words hit home, my own doubts and fears magnified...breaking over the glorious, warm femininity like a glacially-cold tidal wave...

...and the tears begin to fall...

...and the shame starts to swell...

...and the hatred and self-loathing feelings come surging back...

...

...and I turn away from that mirror...

...and I feel the Fearmonger swell with pride...as I go back into my bedroom, sobbing.

...

I wander the mall...clad in dark blue women's jeans and a green men's t-shirt...no makeup, no purse...

...and I feel miserable.

*Why...why couldn't I face him?* I ask myself. *Why couldn't I just DO it?*

I pass by store after store, walking around the mall...

...and I see a small group of women, dressed in various outfits, pass by...gabbing with each other happily.

I track them out of the corner of my eye...and I ask myself, *Why can't I be like them?*

I sigh...and plod on, heading for the exit of the mall.

*Why can't you just let me be happy?*

I want to cry, the internal disconnect between what I want to be and what I am causing such tension and despair inside me...

...but here, the tears do not come...

...and there is no reply...

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