

# Prisoners In Lace



## Blind Ruth



A "New Woman" Novel



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# PRISONERS IN LACE

By Blind Ruth

## VICTORIAN DRESSED OLD LADY

The old lady sat in the High Court listening to the trial of a man accused of robbery with violence. She looked like a woman from a bygone age, dressed in her Victorian-style clothes, The black bonnet tied tightly in a bow under her chin, the long flowing floor-length dress with floral patterns would swish round her body as she walked in her black lace-up ankle boots.

She studied the hardened criminal, one James Gow, on trial. How could he with the soft features that rightly belonged to a woman become a criminal. There was some a clue to that as he was nicknamed Baby Face James Gow. This was one man whose appearance said that he deserved to be smothered in satin and lace and frilly women's underwear.

He soon would be once he was released into her custody and she started her training on him as she had done with many other so-called hardened criminals, An entirely new feminine life waited in "Special

Unit 69,” the criminal side of him having been completely ripped out of him forever.

She chose her “clients” carefully and this one James Gow deserved to feel panties trimmed with lace caress his skin...and would soon.

Lord Harrison sat in his chambers at the High Court. A knock on the door interrupted his thoughts on the trial he was about to preside over.

“Yes?” he answered sharply, annoyed at being disturbed. He was considering verdict from the jury of “guilty” on James Gow.

“My Lord, a woman awaits outside who wishes to talk with you on the case of James Gow,” said the clerk of the court.

“Can’t you see I’m busy with this case? Tell her to go away.”

“I’m afraid she has written authority from the Prime Minister, my Lord, and must be heard.”

“Very well, bring her in,” said the circuit judge.

The frail-looking old lady entered the judge’s chambers and was offered a seat before his desk.

“What can I do for you? I’m a very busy man.”

“I realise that, Lord Harrison, and would never want to waste your time, My name is Hilda Summerfield. I am most interested in this trial of James Gow and wish to take him to my corrective unit. I have the authority to do so if you care to read this letter which gives me authority to overrule any punishment you may hand out to this man.”

“You do realise this is a hardened criminal who will resort to violence if necessary and has a record as

long as your arm,” said holding out the file on James Gow.

Hilda quickly glanced at the file and handed it back,

“If you don’t mind me saying so, ma’am, you don’t look strong enough to keep James Gow in line.”

Hilda Summerfield opened her handbag, took out an envelope and handed it to the judge. “Please read this, Lord Harrison.”

The judge withdrew the official looking letter written on government note paper. This is what he read: 1

*To Whom It May Concern*

*Mrs. Hilda Summerfield has been authorised by the government to take whoever she wishes to her “Special Unit 69.” It would be appreciated if whoever she presents this letter of authority to gives their wholehearted assistance. Should that person doubt the authenticity of this letter please phone 1 Downing Street, London.*

The letter was signed by the Prime Minister and her Majesty the Queen.

“Should you phone, Lord Harrison, you will find you are talking to the Prime Minister himself. I would if I were you, to be on the safe side.”

This Lord Harrison did and all within the letter was confirmed.

“What is this Special Unit 69 all about? I’ve never heard of it, Mrs. Summerfield.”

“I’m afraid it is all hush hush and my lips are sealed, This James Gow, what sort of sentence were you intending to inflict on him, Lord Harrison?”

“Twenty years hard labour, Mrs. Summerfield, in a high security prison, nothing less.”

“I see. He will still have that option. Bring him to your chambers and let me tell him what you have decided and what sentence Special Unit 69 offers.”

“Very well. He will be brought here tomorrow and you will tell him his options.”

The following day at noon, James Gow with two prison guards either side of him, was brought into Lord Harrison’s chambers.

Lord Harrison addressed James Gow. “As you know today I was planning to hand out the sentence you are to receive. However, there has been a change in plans and this woman, Mrs. Hilda Summerfield, will inform as to what that is to be.”

“Thank you, Lord Harrison. Could someone find a seat for James? We don’t want him standing on ceremony while I inform him of his options, do we?”

The two guards to either side of James Gow looked at each other, confused. Why was she treating this highly dangerous prisoner like Royalty?

“Well, don’t just stand there. Get the man a seat,” said the noble Lord, interrupting their train of thought.

A seat was provided and there sat James Gow sitting comfortably before Hilda Summerfield.

“Now James, you’re not really a bad man at heart, are you? Misunderstood perhaps but you will be given the chance to put that right.” Hilda paused to hear his answer.

“No ma’am, I certainly am not.”

“Good, I expected nothing less of an answer from you. Lord Harrison tells me that today he will be sentencing you to 20 years hard labour in a high security prison. However I am here to offer you the option of

coming to Special Unit 69. I am in charge of the unit where after 5 years, you shall emerge a completely changed person. That I can assure you. Your job today is to decide which of these options you wish to take.”

James Gow looked at this dear old lady who looked as if she wouldn't say boo to a ghost. He considered that if he went along with this Mrs, Summerfield, his chances of escape would be better than if he went to a real prison.

“Do you mean to say that after 5 years I will be a completely free man, Mrs. Summerfield?”

“A completely free individual to do whatever you wish,” Hilda chose her words carefully.

“Then you can safely say I will come to this Special Unit 69, whatever it is.”

“Then I shall make arrangements to transport you there tomorrow. Unfortunately, you will have to spend one more night in prison. Do take care of the precious boy,” said Hilda, looking at the two strong, muscular prison guards.

“You heard the lady. Not one finger will you lay on me or I shall report you,” James Gow said with a smile, thinking he was onto a good thing.

“Yes, James is quite right. Have him in his best suit when my car comes to collect him for he is no longer your prisoner,” added Hilda Summerfield,

James Gow beamed a smile at the guards. He already had this old lady in his pocket, he thought.

After James Gow left Lord Harrison's chambers, the Lord turned to Hilda. “I do hope you know what you are doing, Mrs. Summerfield. This could all fall on you like a ton of bricks.”

“Don’t worry on my behalf, my Lord. I’ve dealt with men like him before and they all turned out looking like the pretty girls they should be in their flouncy frocks of satin and lace. Can’t you see young James in a dainty gingham frock with buttons and bows as it sways round his ankles?”

Lord Harrison was about to reply as the door of his chambers shut and Mrs. Hilda Summerfield was gone

## **SPECIAL UNIT 69**

The following day, a Rolls Royce arrived at the high security prison where James Gow was being held. He was quickly bundled in the car where he found two women in classic-looking designer dresses to either side of him.

The car drove off and as it did, one of the women pressed a button and a screen rose, dividing the car in two sections and obscuring the woman driver from view.

“James,” said one woman sweetly, “you may as well make yourself comfortable for it will be a long drive from here to Special Unit 69 We will have something to eat on our way. Just relax and take a sleep.”

James Gow looked at the two women beside him. How pretty they were and thoughts of how quick he could get into their knickers ran through his mind. But there was no rush as this Special Unit 69 seemed an easygoing place. Surely he would soon find out how to escape.

The car had been driven for many hours and darkness fell as it arrived at Special Unit 69.

James Gow was fast asleep as the car entered Special Unit 69. It had been that meal of caviar, oysters and champagne that had done it. Therefore he heard not the electronic gate silently open and shut, locking

him within Special Unit 69 nor did he see the high security fence surrounding the unit. By now he was miles within the unit and it was dark.

The women shook him to awaken James. “Eh, what?”

“We’re here, James” said one pretty woman. “It is now time to take you to Hilda,” said the other.

What James Gow saw as he alighted from the Rolls was a large mansion outlined in moonlight and the car parked on the granite clip stone car park.

With the women on either side of him they ascended the stone steps to a mahogany door with a brass lion’s head knocker. One woman knocked and after a few minutes what looked like a woman opened the door.

“We have been expecting you. Hilda awaits in her office. You know the way,” was said by the woman who opened the door. Then she was gone.

Having entered the hallway, a long black and white marble tiled passage laid before them, This they took James Gow along to another mahogany door where one of the women knocked.

“Enter!” Mrs. Hilda Summerfield sat at a desk, James Gow looked at this woman dressed completely differently from the other day when she explained his options. Then she was a dear old lady; now she was a beautiful mature woman.

“Thank you, Deirdre. Your services are no longer required tonight. You may retire to your room.” The pretty woman left and Hilda turned to the other woman. “Sarah will be under your charge, Dawn, and will share your room.”

“I understand, Hilda. She will be well trained.”

“I would expect nothing less, dear.” Turning to James Gow, Hilda continued. “Unfortunately I cannot give you as much attention tonight as I normally would for new girls. I have others to attend to. You will have the name Sarah from now on. That is how all within Special Unit 69 will address you. By the time 5 years have transpired, you will emerge as a very beautiful woman like a butterfly would from its cocoon.”

James Gow opened his mouth and stared into space. “They must be a bunch of nuts here. It won’t take me long to find the quickest way out of this place,” he thought. Then something Hilda Summerfield said changed his mind for now.

“Of course to help you on your way, as well as a new name and new identity given to you, your previous criminal record will be destroyed.”

Maybe he should play along. After all, it was only five years. So what if he has to put on a frock and a pair of knickers? Looking at the dames around there, he would screw a few before five years was up, That would be a nice compensation while spending five years in the place.

“Dawn, take Sarah to be fitted out in her woman’s clothes. You know where to go.”

“Yes, Hilda.”

“Oh, we’ve just got a new supply of fully-fashioned seamed nylon stockings with the Cuban heels, I’ll give them to the stores tomorrow but you can have a pair for yourself and Sarah. Maybe you would like to try them on now with assistance from me.”

“But of course, Hilda,” replied Dawn with enthusiasm.

James watched as the pretty Dawn hitched her skirt up to reveal a shapely pair of legs and detached

her stockings from the suspenders that held them. Hilda Summerfield had already taken the black stockings from the cellophane packet they were in and handed them to Dawn.

“Take a seat, dear,” said Hilda, pointing to a nearby chair. This Dawn promptly did and seductively held a shapely foot out to Hilda who rolled down a stocking. Then, taking one of the stockings offered to her, Dawn placed a foot in it, Hilda slowly took it up her leg till it reached the hanging suspenders above.

“Let me do that, Dawn,” was said by Hilda standing beside the shapely Dawn.

“Please do” said Dawn as she was about to attach the stocking to the hanging suspender. Hilda now took the shapely leg offered to her in her hand. All three hanging suspenders were slowly and lovingly fixed to the welt of the stocking, Hilda then proceeded to run a hand up and down Dawn’s stocking leg. From the expression on Dawn’s face it was obvious she loved every stroke that Hilda gave to her stockinged leg. The same procedure was applied to the other foot and stocking.

“Now run along, dear. I shall see you tomorrow about Sarah.”

“Yes, Hilda.” Sarah found herself in the passageway, her hand being taken by Dawn and was led away.

Dawn was to take the now named Sarah to be fitted with the women’s clothes she would wear while in Special Unit 69. On their way that a black woman with black bushy hair and large eyes appeared, James Gow, the newly-named, Sarah had never seen such a beautiful woman. She was poetry in motion, as he said to himself, Proof of how much he was affected by her was that an erection projected in his pants.

This woman was dressed in a low-cut sparkling blue gown which revealed her magnificent breasts to their best advantage. Her body curved in at the right places and the vast expanse of her derriere was a sight to behold as she walked towards Dawn and Sarah. She wasn't tall by any means but the matching blue-coloured stiletto heeled shoes made her appeared more elevated. She swayed and sashay as she walked in a very sexy manner. She simply oozed sex and she knew it.

"What you looking at, white boy?" came from the black woman. "From what I see, what you got there in your pants isn't big enough to keep me satisfied."

The erection that James Gow had deflated like a flat tyre as the black woman laughed.

"Now now, Gloria, that's no way to treat a new girl, is it?"

Gloria ignored that remark. "You still going with that flat chested Rita? Why don't you come and see me sometime and have a real woman."

Gloria was off on her way to see Hilda.

She now had entered Hilda Summerfield office and was sitting and talking to her.

"Gloria, you are a naughty girl, I heard all that was said out there. It's not really good enough. Sarah is a new girl."

"I know, Hilda I am sorry and will apologise to her tomorrow. I owe so much to you, Hilda. If you hadn't brought me to Unit 69, I may well be in the electric chair by now."

"Yes, that could have happened indeed, Gloria, but that is all in the past. I put you in the bracket of one of my best successes, Your body has so much love in it to give and receive. Can't you feel it, Gloria?"

“I can, Hilda. I want to give out love to everyone and receive their love to me and it’s all because of you.”

“I’m glad to hear that, Gloria. Enough of that, you know why you are here tonight. I have arranged all. They’re nice boys from good upstanding families. Of course they know nothing of your past. That has all been destroyed. I expect you to be on your best behaviour and I know you will for you are a good girl at heart. We taught you well and once you are seen, you may well have many dates. We will take it from there.”

“I look forward to that, Hilda.”

“Time is becoming late and we must be on our way. I have purchased the fur cape that goes nicely with your gown.” So saying, Hilda eased the black fur cape over Gloria’s shoulders and gave her a chaste kiss on the cheek.

In Hilda Summerfield’s own chauffeur-driven Bentley they approached the electronically-controlled gate at the entrance to Special Unit 69. The guard held up her hand and the car stopped. She looked into the car. “Oh, it’s you, Hilda and Gloria.” She stepped back and pressed the remote control in her hand. The gates silently opened to allow the Bentley to pass through.

An hour’s drive and the mansion where the dance would be held finally approached. This was a high society county ball of the year.

Hilda Summerfield was well known among the people there for running a finishing school for young ladies. That was the cover story put out as to what Special Unit 69 was supposed to be to stop anybody from snooping around.

Gloria Collins was introduced. Hilda was her protector as her Aunt Marcia had sent her to the finish-

ing school and was at present out of the country. Well, that was the public version of the story, anyway.

There was no doubt that Gloria was a very popular girl as could be seen by the many young men crowded round her, begging that she may dance with them.

Hilda smiled. Her popularity was an accolade to all that was taught to Gloria at Special Unit 69 and Hilda's own special part in it. Gloria had been given a dance card as had the other young ladies present. Gloria's card was by now completely filled by the young men to the very last dance. It was with regret she had to tell many a young man who asked that she go with them for an evening stroll round the beautiful surrounding grounds in the moonlight.

"I'm so sorry I do not have the time as I am booked up for the next dance and I cannot let the young boy down, Maybe some other time. I would be so delighted to accompany you. You are such a nice boy."

Gloria used her womanly charms in such a delightful way that those boys never felt let down and would ask the same question at other dance venues for she was to frequent many such dances.

It had always been Hilda Summerfield's intention to see Gloria married to some high class family. She would regard it as an accomplishment that Gloria would be accepted in polite society as a young lady worthy of marrying their son. Gloria lovely new identity obliterated her former life as a small time crook who was only one step away from the electric chair.

Cosmetic operations had completely changed her face for the better and gender reassignment had removed her penis which Hilda considered the root of male aggressiveness, Gloria now had the body of a woman and the female instinct to love and be loved. The love that Gloria had in her body was not for one

man but many. It could not be confined even to a husband. This body of hers was desperate to share its love with the male gender.

Eventually the dance ended. Gloria was run off her feet and glad to rest as the Bentley was driven back to Special Unit 69.

“Hilda, a number of boys want to meet me again. I told them that they would have to meet with your approval before I could see them.”

“Quite right, Gloria. You may write to them and I shall scrutinise each and every one as to their suitability to court you. The final decision shall be left to yourself but remember, dear, that there are other balls and dances as well as other boys you have yet to meet, so don't be hasty in any decision.”

“Yes of course, Hilda. You have thought this out in every detail. I don't want to let you down.”

“You won't, Gloria. I have great faith in you for I regard you as a shining example of what we are trying to do here.”

As Gloria left Hilda Summerfield to depart to her room, she placed a kiss on her cheek. It made Hilda think it was all worth the amount of time she spent on the girls in Special Unit 69.

Gloria sighed as she took her shoes off. She had been danced off her feet and they did ache. They were all nice boys and she had so much love for them all. She really had to restrain herself tonight. She would like to have made love to each and every one for they deserved her love. Tonight, however, was a night to be seen. Maybe some other time,

Gloria prepared to remove the fabulous gown that Hilda had personally picked for her. Hilda was her best friend and she respected her for Hilda had done so much for her and saved her from the electric chair.