

# MANFRED THE MISSY

*By Ricky Brundt*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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## **MANFRED THE MISSY**

**By Ricky Brundt**

### **IT STARTED WITH MS. BLANTON**

I had a very conventional youth, and did most of the things that young boys do in the U.S. while growing up: girls, sports, homework (in roughly that order). My home life was pretty good, for example, my parents took good care of me. In fact, the only questionable thing that they ever did to me was giving me the dreadful name of “Manfred”. Luckily for me, they made it their practice to drop the “Man” and simply call me “Freddie” so no one at my school knew my full name. I had no idea at the time how symbolic the dropping of the “Man” would be of my later life.

My idyllic early years were brought to a sharp and tragic end at age fourteen when I was suddenly orphaned, through circumstances which are still too painful for me to recount here. In accordance with the wills of my parents, I was sent to live with my Aunt Evelyn—my mother's younger sister—in a distant city. She was very nice to me, but I arrived in a very distraught emotional state, and had to make a whole new set of friends. Nevertheless, I graduated from high school after four years with good grades and was ready to begin college on the money my parents' insurance had provided.

Because I was nearing legal adulthood and had my own money, Aunt Evelyn allowed me great latitude in picking where I would go. I picked a prestigious college in a nice small town about three hundred miles away. As I prepared to leave, it occurred to me that I was now on my own, really on my own, with no safety net except the money I had in the bank. I remember a deep seated feeling of apprehension as I pulled out of Aunt Evelyn's driveway on my eighteenth birthday to start my drive to college. As I drove along, I was thinking about how higher education would present me with new and varied experiences, but I had no idea just how new and varied those experiences would be.

When I arrived in the town where the college was located, my first task was to find housing for the semester. I investigated several possibilities near the campus and settled upon a nice home run by a Ms. Blanton. (Her first name was Sarah, I soon learned, but I always referred to her as “Ms. Blanton”, and I will continue to do so here.) There would be only the two of us living in her home, which was large and from the Victorian period.

First, let me say that Ms. Blanton was not your usual dowdy boarding house “mom”. No, not at all. She was a striking young woman: pretty, vivacious, and with a figure made of delicious curves. I loved the way she usually dressed: in thin, silky or gossamer dresses which clung to her body and highlighted her great shape. Not surprisingly, she attracted the attention of many men and dated constantly. It was obvious to me that she loved her femininity and turning men on with it. When I had first

looked at the room, I had been a little uneasy about the appearances of our living in the same house when we were close to the same age, but this didn't seem to bother her at all, and I soon forgot these initial reservations.

Very early on, she set the tone for our relationship as one of mutual kindness and courtesy. This was especially important to me during my initial exposure to college life. When I started getting back the results of my first exams, she was most interested and even hugged me after the good ones. (What an incentive to study!) I can still recall clearly the warm sense of well-being I felt when she cuddled me against her big tits and I could smell her sweet perfume.

Even though she had assumed a “motherly” role with me, I couldn't help noticing that, when she snuggled me into her soft chest, she did not seem too anxious to break the embrace. Of course, I also got a boner in my jockey shorts.

She supplemented her income from the boarding house by working as a foot, leg and hand model and those parts of her body were truly remarkable: beautifully shaped, soft and dainty. Her job required her to devote considerable time to primping herself. In fact, I guess you could say that she was a professional primper.

Slowly, but surely the nature of our relationship began to change. I noticed that the first day of my fourth week of class, she left the door to her quarters slightly open so that I could peek inside as I walked down the hall to go to my morning classes. She was perched on the end of her bed carefully painting her toenails with red lacquer. I thought fairly little about it, except that I do remember what a lovely picture she made sitting there. She looked up and smiled warmly at me and did not try at all to conceal her scantily-clad body.

The second day, she invited me into her room, ostensibly to chat, but I began to suspect that it might be to give me a better look at her bodily charms. As I stood, rather nervously before her, she explained in a calm, clear voice that it took multiple coats of lacquer to get the richness of color which was required for advertising photographs. She was one cool cookie. For my part, I tried to nod my head as if she were informing me about accounting principles, but it was very hard to keep my mind—and my eyes—from wandering.

The third day, things went even further. I recall that my legs trembled a bit as I started my walk down the hall, peering ahead, hoping that the door would once again be ajar as an invitation for me to come inside. It was! She smiled at me as before and asked me to come in and chat with her—if I had the time. Of course, I did! I had been able to think of little else for the last two days. She had already finished polishing her lovely little toenails and was waiting until she was sure that the rich red polish was totally dry before putting on her stockings. I can't even remember what we chatted about as she removed the foam separators from between her toes and gave the polish job one last examination. Damn, her feet—and all of the rest of her—were gorgeous.

I couldn't believe what she did next. She unwrapped her brand new stockings for the day and began bunching them up on her lovely hands. She was actually going to put her stockings on while I was right there in the room!

She pulled one of her gams up in front of her and stuck the red tips of her precious toes into the bunched up stockings. She pulled gently as she released more and more

of the stockings up her legs, over her smooth, thin ankles and up the gentle curves of her calves, and finally her thighs. Her toes were pointed and her leg extended slightly upward, reminding me of the famous scene from the movie "The Graduate". She was giving me a full view as she did all of this, almost up to her crotch before the little lacy hem of her slip finally blocked my sight. I was as hot as a firecracker, I'll tell you! She then arose from the end of her bed and began to attach the tops of her stockings to her black garter belt. I couldn't believe it.

She was quite aware that she had mesmerized me by her exhibitionist performance. I could tell because her smile now had a touch of arrogance in it as well her usual kindness. Yes, I had been transfixed by her femininity and now had no choice but to stare at her. Mercifully, she showed no desire to scold me for my attentiveness. Indeed, after a few moments, she motioned me toward her, and indicated that I was to sit on the bed beside her.

"Do you like what you see, Honey? Yeah, I know you do. It's OK if you want to look at me. Sit right here and let's have a talk about it."

In spite of the closeness of our ages, she assumed an almost motherly tone with me. My eyes were downcast and I blushed with embarrassment as I sat down beside her and poured out my heart.

"I didn't mean to stare, Ms. Blanton. It's just that I think that you are really beautiful. And you always smell so nice. I understand why all those men like to be around you."

I remembered, with more than a little jealousy, how I had secretly watched her dates crush her to their bodies as they made out at the end of their evening together. She perceived the problem immediately.

"I can tell that I have been spending too much time with my men-friends and not enough with you. Do you feel a little jealous, Freddie?"

"I don't know, Ms. Blanton. I can't see myself as someone that you would ever go out with, Although you've always been very nice to me. Of course, if you are willing to spend some time with me, I'd love it."

I guess she became attracted to my boyish, self-effacing charm.

"Well, I guess we could, but you know that I have to spend a lot of time preparing myself for my modeling. Wait, I know. Maybe you could help with that? What do you think?"

"Sure. I could help. What can I do?" I replied enthusiastically.

"Well, let me think it over and I promise you that I'll come up with some things for us to do which you'll really enjoy."

Thus my voyage into the wonderful of sensuousness began, sensuousness beyond anything that I could possibly imagine. Over the next few weeks, dear Ms. Blanton opened up a whole new world of experience for me: the world of feminine sex appeal and allure. In short, she began to unravel some of mysteries of how women entrance men.

She began to allow me to help her with her daily beautification tasks. First, she let me to bring her all of her cosmetics and polishes. I was such a novice in the beginning that she had to teach me what all of the many little bottles and containers held. What a world of mystery and sexual power! And what transformations it produced in her appearance, giving real sizzle to her classic features.

Then she let me graduate to bringing her clothing—all of her clothing right down her frilliest intimate garments. With loving care, I gathered her filmy slips, silky stockings, and lacy bras from her chest of drawers and brought them to her. The delicate scent from the sachet was intoxicating as I held them in my trembling hands. She had me learn all of the different styles, and all of the intricate rules for what went with what. That proved to be a task of great pleasure.

I will never forget the first day that she let me actually polish her deliciously pretty toenails. After I had finished bringing her lingerie for the day, she looked up at me with a bright smile on her face, asked me whether I would like to apply the polish to her delicate, little toes. Not surprisingly, I jumped at the chance as I had always been transfixed by the flawless beauty of her feet.

She placed the small bottles of base coat, polish, and top coat on a small table at the foot of the bed and guided me to the chair which she had positioned there. Then she assumed a most graceful feline position on the bed with her tiny feet dangling off the end, only inches from my starring eyes.

“You should begin with the base coat, Freddie,” she purred.

My hand actually trembled as I removed the cap of the bottle. I told myself that I would have to be as calm as possible or this might be my last journey into this feminine wonder world. I quieted my nerves by focusing my attention totally on her delicate, perfectly formed toes. I took the tender, plump digits and carefully applied the base coat to each nail, then two coats of pearlized pink polish, and then a top coat. At the end, her nails looked tiny, pampered, and delicious and had a delightful perfumed scent. But, alas, she put them down to dry, bringing to an end my reverie.

When her nails had completely dried, she simply pointed her toes gracefully and slid each of her gorgeous gams into her gossamer stockings. For this modeling job, as for most of her jobs, she wore nude-to-the-toe stockings, all of which was to my liking as they let me see through the mesh the beautiful toenail polish I had just applied. I could not help myself from emitting a small groan of pleasure as the beauty of her tiny feet overcame me.

Ms. Blanton was always sensitive to how I looked at her and knew that she was exciting—maybe over exciting—my young male libido.

With great kindness, she asked, “Do you like looking at my feet, Honey? It's all right. You can tell me. Does looking at my feet make your little prickie get hard in your pants? Here, let me check.”

Although she used this patronizing language to refer to my intimate parts, I learned from others later that I was actually fairly well endowed.

Her gentle, beautifully manicured hand reached over to my groin and softly verified the hardness of my rod beneath the front of my jeans. I could not have been more surprised—or more pleased.

“Oh, dear, you are hard, aren't you? Well, we can't let that go on forever. That's not good for you. We have got to give you some relief. I'll tell you, why don't you pull out your prickie and play with it some for me? I'll just sit here and watch you if you don't mind.”

In spite of my embarrassment, that was an offer which was impossible for me to resist. When I had problems pulling down my zipper because of my nervousness, she reached over to give me some help. Finally, with a little digging, my prick sprang out of my underwear to freedom and enjoyed its more comfortable circumstances.

As I started to stroke my prickie, Ms. Blanton, always sensitive to my comfort, offered to give me some hand lotion to put on my cock. It had never occurred to me to use lotion when I masturbated (What a dummy I was in some regards!), and the sensations were truly delightful, easily twice as intense. I stroked myself for a while, relishing it and thinking this must be the ultimate pleasure.

“Do you know what an orgasm is, Freddie? Sure you do. You must have been giving yourself pleasure with your hand for some time now, I'll bet. OK, big boy. What do you want to do? Do you want to go ahead and make yourself come for me, or are you too embarrassed? You just play with yourself while looking at me if that's all you want to do.”

“I really want to come, especially if you're sure that it's OK with you, Ms. Blanton.”

“Good. I was hoping that you'd play along with me. Here, let me help you then in a way I know you'll like.”

She positioned herself so that her beautiful feet were directly in front of my face.

“I know that you like my feet from all those looks you sneak at them when you think I'm not paying attention. Well, here's your chance to really enjoy them. Here they are. Do what you want with them, Honey, to get yourself even hotter and make yourself come. First, why don't you take a nice long sniff of them through the stockings. I always keep them nicely perfumed, you know.”

Her words were music to my ears. I leaned forward and inhaled the intoxicating sweet scent of her peds. I would never forget the lovely aroma. I could feel my level of excitement rising as I pounded my pud feverishly. With her feet so close, I could not stop myself. I was drawn forward, as if by a magnet, to plant a soft kiss on the tops of her toes! I had actually kissed Ms. Blanton's feet!

“It's OK if you kiss them, Freddie. It makes me feel really good on the inside. That's it, Baby. Do whatever you want with them. Does sniffing and sucking them make you want to come, Big Boy? Give my pretty toes a wet deep kiss.”

I groaned softly as my lips surrounded her plump digits and they filled my welcoming mouth.

“Have a good suck, Honey. Make yourself come sucking my little feet. Do it. Come for me. Make your prick happy.”

With all of this excitement, I felt the first waves of my orgasm start to well up inside me. A full sexual flood quickly engulfed me, making my body convulse in total ecstasy.

“Yes, let yourself go,” she said as my prick began to squirt its sticky, creamy love-juice all over my hand. “Have the biggest come that you can for me. There you go.”

Afterwards, as my pounding heart slowed down, she cuddled me gently against her ample tits and told me what a good job I had done in making myself come. Equally important, she reminded me that I should always masturbate whenever I got excited over her or some other girl because it was not good for me to just sit there all frustrated. She also said that she would be glad to help me climax anytime, just as she had today.

And so she did. We spent many pleasant mornings and afternoons together over the next year and a half. During time, she had many wonderful adventures in store for me.



## **“MARY JANE”**

Through my experiences with Ms. Blanton, I came to understand the great power of femininity over male minds. She held me enthralled by her charms, as well as enthralling her many studly suitors. Who could doubt why? One look at her radiant face, ample breasts, and flared hips gave the answer. What did clumsy, boorish men have to offer to compare with this graceful beauty? Ms. Blanton, ever sensitive to my needs, apparently concluded that it was time that I experienced some of that power in a special way.

“You like how women look, don't you, Freddie? You certainly look at me a lot, I know. I guess we do have nice bodies and wear nice things. But it's a little unfair, isn't it, that we are just born this way and it gives us such control over the males around us? Men just seem helpless when they see us. It's certainly a lot of power that we have.

“But, you know, it's not only girls and women that can enjoy that power. Young guys like you can do it, too. There is a special requirement, of course: they have to be willing to wear girl's clothes. That's right. Don't be shocked. It's just that the clothes do it. They give you the power. Now don't you want to enjoy some of that power yourself, to see what it's really like to look like a girl and have the guys admire you madly? What do you say? It'll be our secret, of course. We can do it all here in the house and no one else need know.”

I was overwhelmed by the prospect she proposed. Me, a pretty young lady who would prance around and pamper myself all day??!! My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, although it seemed very, very strange. I had never before in my life, even in my wildest imagination, considered such a possibility as was being proposed to me.

How would I look? Oh, I wanted so much to see what it was like to be that pretty! Although I was terribly anxious, I needed no further time for reflection. I agreed to try it, and for her part, Ms. Blanton showed her great delight with my decision. She immediately responded that she would go out and purchase a few things and that we could start when she got back. I couldn't believe the rapidity with which things were moving.

The period while she was gone was one of the longest which I can remember. Although I tried my best to keep from getting too nervous, I found myself pacing the floor repeatedly. Finally, I heard the door open and she entered, smiling broadly, and then headed directly toward my bedroom, speaking to me as she walked.

“Wait out here a minute, Dear, until I get your new things all laid out for you.”

I could hear clearly a sound which I recognized as the rustling of packages. After five minutes, she summoned me to my bedroom and directed my eyes toward the bed with a wave of her hand. My bedspread was now covered with the most glorious collection of girl's clothes which I had ever seen. I was stunned by their beauty and could only just stand there staring at these exotic, strange precious treasures. She pushed me gently toward the bed.

“Go on, Honey. Go see these new things I got for you which I know you will love to wear, but first, for Pete's sake, let's get off those drab, shapeless boy's clothes.”

I shed them in an instant.

“There. That's more like it. I think you have a nice body for us to work with, very slender, like most girls. I don't think we will have any difficulty making you into a very convincing young lady. However, in order for it to work, you will have to really want to be a girl and really want to act like a girl. Do you think you can do that?”

She looked me right in the eyes as she spoke.

“Oh yes, Ms. Blanton!” I replied, enthusiastically. “I want to look like a girl as much as I can. They are so wonderfully beautiful.”

I couldn't believe the words which were coming out of my mouth. How in the world had I gotten drawn so quickly into her proposal to dress me—yes, dress me—in girl's clothes? Where had my sanity gone? Yet, I was so happy and excited, I went ahead freely.

“Good, Baby. I was counting on you to cooperate. As you can see, I decided to start you in very young styles at first so you can have the experience of growing into the more mature styles in a little while. But, enough talk. Let's get you started by putting on your new pair of panties.”

She handed me a gossamer pair of white lacy girl's underwear which were just my size. How did she ever guess what size I would need? I put my little feet through the leg holes and slid the delicate garment up my thighs, sighing softly as the cotton absorbent crotch gently cupped my young balls and prick. Ms. Blanton reached her hand down the front of the panties and gently tucked my prick and balls back between my legs. I knew then that she was serious about making my appearance as one of the female sex as realistic as possible.

“Here. Fasten this around your chest,” she said as she handed me an adolescent girl's dream of a training bra with lace all around the flatish cups. “Girls of a young age should wear one of these in order to be proper and to get used to the feeling of a bra around their chests. I think you'll like it.”

I did, indeed, like it once I got the knack of fastening the hooks. It made me look wonderful! I could not have been more surprised at my reaction, but it was undeniable. With the training bra on, my hairless chest looked just like that of a proper adolescent girl. I could feel the male part of my psyche getting excited at my new female appearance.

“Oh, Girlie, you look so nice,” she cooed. “Now let's get your petticoat on.”

I loved its rustle and the way it stuck out from my hips. It was followed by a pretty, white starched blouse and a lovely full skirt. I looked just right for the effect she was trying to create. She had also bought for me short white socks with lace around their tops, and shiny black Mary Jane shoes. They were the perfect adornments for the ends of my girl legs.

Only one item remained. My hair was boyishly short and would never be mistaken for the glorious curls of the fairer sex. Ms. Blanton had foreseen this difficulty and produced, as if on cue, a lovely full-haired blonde wig to adorn my head. She slipped the golden locks over my own short hair and they cascaded in all of their delicate love-

liness down to my shoulders. I immediately relished in the delicate tickling sensation on the back of my neck and the tops of my shoulders.

“Come, see your lovely new look,” she said, as she pointed me toward the mirror. “You’re now a young lady that any grown up would be proud of and want to show off.”

I couldn't believe the change that she had brought about so quickly in my appearance. Now, in place of a clumsy, halting young man was a beautiful, demure preteen lady peering back at me. I could not restrain my joy.

“Oh, Ms. Blanton. I look positively lovely! I look like a pretty young girl! I know now that this is just how I've always wanted to look! Thank you so much for getting me all of these pretty girl-clothes!”

Why was I saying these things? More importantly, why was I so happy?

“You are welcome, Honey. I'm glad to have done it for you. After all, I can tell that I will like looking at you when you are at your prettiest. You look so nice right now that I think that we have to give you a girl's name to go with your new clothes. You certainly aren't a 'Freddie' or a 'Manfred' when you're dressed like that.”

“I like that idea. It's hard to explain, but I think while I'm dressed like this, I would feel more comfortable having a girl's name.”

“Let's see. What about 'Missy' as your new name?”

Missy. The name rolled through my head, reverberating as it went. I liked it. Yeah, I liked it a lot.

“Sure, 'Missy' is fine,” I heard myself saying.

“OK, 'Missy' it is, then.”

It was clear to both of us that we really preferred for me to be a pretty girl than a young man. Once we had realized this, it became inevitable that I would spend many happy hours in the privacy of Ms. Blanton's home in my girlish attire. She encouraged me to dress up completely in my feminine wardrobe every weekend, a wardrobe which she added to steadily. These were truly wonderful times for me, delightful, primping, sweet-smelling times.

And there was more to come.