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# DREAMS

By **JERI ELLEN**

It seemed like I had just closed my eyes when the dream began. I was surrounded by fog. The air was warm and moist. I could not see, hear or smell anything. I took several steps. I was standing on something soft and covered with long, black grass. A breeze came up and the fog swirled around me. I brushed my shoulder length brown hair back and looked down at my body.

I was wearing a pink satin bra, pink satin panties and pink high heel sandals. I put my hands under the bra cups and squeezed my breasts. I pulled out the waistband of the pink panties and saw a patch of brown fuzz where my penis and scrotum used to be. Looking down at my feet I saw ten pink toenails looking up at me thru the open toe high heel sandals I was wearing.

The fog around me parted and I found myself staring at a huge erect penis in front of me. I walked to the base. I

was standing on a scrotum covered with black hair. There was still no sound. I seemed to be in a complete void.

I jumped up and wrapped my arms and legs around the massive penis. I began pulling myself upward a little at a time. As I did so the penis became harder. When I neared the top a clear fluid spilled out of the lips of the penis making the shaft slippery. I continued to try to climb to the top but the harder I tried the slipperier it got.



Suddenly the penis shook and a mass of milky fluid spurted upward and then cascaded down on me. The penis was too slippery now for me to maintain my place and I slid back down to the base of the scrotum. The penis had become limp and then it collapsed on top of me as I fell backwards. I pushed it aside but not before the remaining cum splashed over me soaking me completely with white fluid.

I was soaking wet all over. I got up and looked at the massive organ at my feet that resembled a deflated dirigible. With both hands I wiped as much of the sticky substance off of my arms and legs as I could.. After wiping my hands on the black hair of the scrotum I looked around again.

I still could not see anything as the fog closed around me. I closed my eyes and when I opened them I was awake in my bed. I lay still for a few minutes and then sat up. My pulse was racing and it was several minutes before it was back to normal.

Pulling the covers back I got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. I closed the door and turned on the light. My body was wet with sweat. I was wearing a pair of white men's briefs. I pulled the waistband out and looked at my male genitals. My breasts and vagina had disappeared.

After urinating I filled the sink with warm water and washed myself. I dried off and returned to the bedroom. I pulled the wet sheets off of the bed and replaced them with dry ones. I draped one wet sheet over a chair and the other over the open closet door.

The clock on the nightstand registered 2:23 am. I lay awake for awhile. It was not the first time I had that dream. I had many dreams like that since I was a child. Of course I never said anything to my parents, mostly out of

fear of what they might think. No parent wants a son who dreams of being a girl or perhaps just likes to dress up like one.

That would make me a “freak of nature” or one of “those people” as my dad had once said of a neighbors’ son who had hung himself from the basement rafters dressed in his sisters clothing.

Suffering in silence was the appropriate expression. I knew even at a young age I was never going to be able to talk to anyone about this. I was going to have to find a way to resolve this entirely on my own. That resolution would be far into the future since I first had that dream at the age of five.

Growing up I kept pretty much to myself. Both of my parents were teachers. I learned a lot at home before I was even old enough for school. While that gave me an advantage academically I was no match for the other kids athletically. As much as I enjoyed soccer I was not growing as fast as the other kids and by the time I was of high school age I was not socializing much with the other kids except at school functions.

My short stature made me unpopular with girls even though I was more comfortable around them than boys. I took several shop classes though I hated them. I liked the solitude of the library and the parks. I avoided the noise on the radio most of the kids listened too and preferred the gentle sounds of classical music on the FM stations.

The teachers described me as “introspective” and a “quiet student.” My parents were pleased, particularly with my academic prowess. I was first string on the soccer team but the other athletes who played the major sports were always popular with the girls.

I resigned myself to being a “loner” though that wasn’t always a complementary term. Besides soccer I also

enjoyed hiking and/or jogging the park trails. That combined with the treadmill and stationary bike in the basement kept me in excellent health as well as good physical condition.

As I progressed thru grade school the dreams came more frequently. One night after watching the movie *Gone With The Wind* I dreamed of being dressed like the heroine. I wore a tight corset and petti-pants under several floor length petticoats that flared out the broad skirt of my floor length dress.

After puberty I found myself masturbating frequently while imagining my self dressed in very feminine attire. We were at the mall in early February and there was a formal apparel show going on. How I envied the girls who walked effortlessly in their high heel shoes as they walked around in front of the crowd modeling the latest bridal, bridesmaid, and prom fashions.

That night I dreamed of being a runway model wearing fabulous prom and bridal fashions for the crowds' enjoyment. My hair was perfectly done as was my makeup. I imagined how sensuously the nylon stockings would feel on my shiny, hair free girly legs as well as the touch of the soft fabrics of satin and taffeta on my upper body and arms.

These dreams would come and go over time. I was always mystified since I had no explanation as to why they occurred. Some times I wondered if other boys had these dreams too or was it just me? Of course there was no way I could ever ask any of the guys about them.

I had liked computers since I first began learning. I was a fast study and soon was helping other kids with their studies and/or computer problems. It was easy to pick up more money in a weekend than the older kids were making at burger or pizza joints in several weeks.

The internet also opened my eyes to the feminine world that I had been seeking. It wasn't that hard to circumvent the parental controls on the home computer so I could explore the sources of my feelings and dreams.

There were plenty of websites about cross dressing and sex changes on the internet as well as commercial sites that sold women's apparel, shoes, wigs, cosmetics, etc to men. Unfortunately these legitimate sites as well as the informational and resource sites were interspaced with plenty of porn sites which I avoided like the plague.

By the time I was ready to graduate high school I had amassed quite a file of websites. I also had a substantial amount of money saved up from tutoring and computer software fixes that I had been doing.

I also had thought about getting trained in a more "feminine" occupation. Make up artist, skin care or nail tech were among those that I considered but I was more afraid of what my parents and others might think. Besides I liked what I was doing and the money it was bringing me.

I registered with a local IT school and would start the first week in October. It was pricey school but their program was well worth it. I had purchased a used subcompact and would be able to live at home while attending school. It was easy to squeeze in my tutoring and fixit jobs around my class schedule.

The week after graduation I got a call from a woman who identified herself as Mrs. Dandridge. She was having trouble with her computer and asked me to come over. I agreed and wrote down the directions to her house. She was adamant about my being punctual insisting she had several appointments that evening and needed me to be on time.

I arrived at her condo promptly at 6:45pm for my 7 o'clock appointment. When she opened the door she looked me over carefully. I almost felt she was examining me, like maybe she had some ulterior motive for inviting me here. She was a striking middle aged woman with perfect hair, nails and demeanor.

She took me over to her desk which sat in a small alcove near the front door. I examined the wiring first and then booted up the computer. I checked out a few things, then made some small changes in her setup, cleaned and defragged the hard drive.

In going thru some files and internet searches I couldn't help but notice she had been looking at the same websites I looked at. In addition she had been viewing a number of "sissy men" sites or those that sold very frilly, very feminine dresses, petticoats and panties for men.

I said nothing of course. I re-booted the compute and found that everything was working fine. She seemed pleased as she wrote out a check for my services.

As I drove back home I wondered why a woman like Mrs. Dandridge would be interested in feminine men, or perhaps in feminizing and sissifying them. She looked pretty normal to me. I didn't see a wedding ring on her left hand so I guess I had just assumed she was widowed or divorced.

That night I lay awake and thought about some of the websites I had found where the dominatrix puts men in lingerie, make up, a wig and then dresses them in very girly costumes. Sometimes they were wearing a French Maid uniform, petticoats, and high heel shoes. They obediently cleaned her home and served her and her friends tea or drinks.

I found myself getting an erection as I fantasized about being wearing a shoulder length wig, makeup and being

cross dressed in one of those uniforms with stiletto heels. As I minced coquettishly about the room in front of the dominatrix and her friends I found myself enjoying it as much as they did.

In the bathroom I masturbated myself to a climax. After cleaning myself off I returned to my bedroom and slept like a log. I had no dreams but when I woke up the next morning I knew another piece of my life's puzzle had fallen into place.

A month passed. In addition to my work in the evenings I continued to do my research on the internet. I found numerous clinics nearby that helped what they called "transgendered" men or transvestite men, those who just wanted to dress up in women's clothing and act feminine.

Because I was still living at home I was too afraid to make an appointment to see one of the counselors. I had gleaned enough information from the many resource websites to know that I : 1. was not crazy.

2. was not gay 3. most importantly I guess, I was not alone.

I found many stories of men who had struggled all of their lives to deal with their mixed emotions and feelings of femininity. The big question of course was just exactly what the hell was I going to do about mine? Outside of a professional there wasn't anyone I felt I could share my "secret" with and seeing a professional now while I was living at home was out of the question.

The Fourth of July weekend was approaching. My parents and I would usually stay out of the parks preferring the quiet solitude of a backyard barbeque as opposed to the mob that would vacate the city for the parks for a three day weekend. We weren't parade watchers either

preferring to watch the highlights of any parade on the six o'clock news.

Mrs. Dandridge called me at supper time Friday night. She asked me to come to her office to diagnose a problem with her business computer. I wrote down the address and then finished my supper. I printed out a map before leaving the house.

I had some concerns about the address she gave me. It was just north of the industrial section of the city. It wasn't exactly a "run down" area but there was not a whole lot there except for a few factories and several warehouse complexes. I found the place without any difficulty. It was a gray building just off the main highway at the end of a side street.

I entered the front door to find a pawn shop on one side of the hallway next to a car title loan company. There was some vacant space on the opposite side and then another storefront with the sign "TV SHOP" out front. It was one of the websites I saw on the internet. My heart was pounding as I entered the store.

There was no one in the store. To my left was a rack of high heel shoes along the wall. To my right were racks of petticoats and puff sleeve dresses including some French Maid uniforms. Sitting on a short counter were headless mannequins wearing bras, panties, and garter belts. The counter in front of me contained cosmetic products and on the shelf behind the counter were a dozen wigs sitting on their foam heads. I felt myself getting an erection as I imagined being outfitted here.

The curtain behind the main counter suddenly drew back and Mrs. Dandridge appeared. She smiled at me as she came around the counter.

"I'll just be a moment," she said as she walked to the front door.

She pulled the chain and the “open” sign went out. After she locked the front door she came back to where I was standing.

“Come with me please,” she said.

I followed her behind the counter and into the back where the computer system was located in a separate room. I was still excited from looking at the feminine apparel in the store as I sat down.

“There is something wrong with the shopping cart. Sometimes the orders go thru and sometimes they don’t. It just started yesterday. One of my regulars e-mailed me that his order wasn’t going thru so I shut down the cart until you could come and look at it.”

I nodded and began to check some things out. The problem proved to be more difficult than I thought. It was nearly an hour later when I found and corrected the problem. I used my laptop to place a fake order and it went thru with no problem.

Mrs. Dandridge had been standing behind me the whole time that I worked. She smiled at me as I got up from the desk.

“Let’s go into my office and I will give you a check.”

I followed her to another room and sat down in front of her desk. She took her seat behind the desk and opened the right hand drawer. Taking out the checkbook she opened it and then took the pen from it’s holder in front of her. Before she began to write she looked up at me with a smile.

“Would you like to make a purchase instead of a check?” she said with a grin.

I was taken by surprise. It was almost as if she had “read” me. I mean I certainly didn’t have “cross-dresser” tattooed on my forehead.

“It’s okay, I understand but I know what you like. I stood behind you when you worked on my home computer. I saw the look on your face when you discovered the websites we both like to look at. There’s nothing to be ashamed of. Everything is confidential. I know how to keep a secret. My business depends on it.”

I thought for a moment. If she could read me like book then there was no point in denying it. She seemed to be an honest and forthright woman.

“I appreciate your honesty Mrs. Dandridge but I have no place to keep things at home. I still live with my parents, perhaps another time.”

She wrote out the check, tore it out of the book and handed it to me with a smile.

“All right. I have no more customers for the rest of the evening. Would you like to at least try on a wig or a pair of shoes?”

I bit my lip and decided what the hell. Go for it. I took the check from her and stood up.

“Yes, I believe I would.”

She smiled again and I followed her out of her office to the shoe rack. I put the check in my pocket and set my laptop on the chair next to me in front of the shoe rack. After removing my shoes and socks I slipped on a pair of nylon footies.

She placed a pair of black leather pumps at my feet and I put them on. I stood up. It was an eerie feeling. Exhilarating would be a better description.

“When you walk, walk like this,” she said.

I watched her walk across the room and back.

I felt quite girly as I walked carefully across the room and back retracing her steps.

“That’s quite good. Remember to take shorter steps and take your time. Balance is everything. There is an old saying you know that men walk like they’re trampling the earth and women walk like they’re walking on eggshells. Remember that as you walk. Go back and forth a couple of more times so you become more confident. You want to walk naturally, like you have always worn heels.”

I made several more trips down the length of the store and back. Each time I felt better. She was right about balance and feeling self confident.

“Step over to the counter for a minute.”

I walked over to the main counter. She walked behind it and removed a shoulder length brown wig from its’ foam head on the shelf above. After placing it on my head she had me look at myself in the large mirror on the counter.

It was no surprise to me that I looked just like a girl. I closed my eyes briefly and imagined myself wearing make up too. I knew right then that I could pass easily for a female. Maybe I should have been a female I thought to myself. I reached up, took the wig off and handed it to her.

“Thank you Mrs. Dandridge. I must be going.”

She took the wig from me and replaced it on the foam head. I walked back to the shoe rack and sat down again. My heart was still racing and I saw that feminine image as I removed the pumps and footies. I put my shoes back on and stood up.

At the door she handed me a business card that listed her store address, hours, website, phone and fax numbers.

On the back she had written the shoe and wig size I had tried on.

“Remember its’ okay. Just let me know what you need.”

“Thank you Mrs. Dandridge I will.”

She unlocked the door and I left the store.

It was dark and I was in a hurry to get home. That night all I could think about was how I looked with that wig on and how I felt walking in the high heel pumps. It had been pure ecstasy. Something had been unlocked in me and I knew I wasn’t going to be happy unless I could do that again. It took me awhile to finally fall asleep.

I opened my eyes and found myself standing in front of Mrs. Dandridge. She handed me a pink box and motioned me to a small dressing room. Inside I undressed and put on the contents of the box. I walked out of the dressing room and stood in front of her wearing a pink satin bra, pink satin panties, a pink garter belt and a pair of pink seamed stockings.

She placed two small rubber balls in the bra cups and adjusted the straps. At the counter she applied pink blusher to my cheeks and then a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick to my mouth. From the shelf she selected a short pink wig and after placing it on my head she pinned a large pink satin sissy bow to the top. With a grin she turned the counter mirror so I could see myself.

I was stunned at the pretty girl staring back at me. I wanted to reach out and touch her to see if it was really me. I couldn’t believe I could ever have looked to perfectly feminine.

Next she led me over to the clothing rack where she handed me two short pink petticoats. I stepped into them

and brought them up to my waist. Holding the pink satin puff sleeve mini dress by the hem she slipped it over my head and then closed the back zipper.

We walked over to the shoe rack where I stepped into a pair of pink four inch stiletto heel pumps. When I stood up I felt absolutely delicious. I was in seventh heaven, ecstatic beyond words.

“Okay sissy boy now walk around the store for me. Let’s see how you do in four inch stiletto heels instead of three.”

She had called me “sissy boy”. I proceeded to walk back and forth under her watchful eye. She was smiling all the while. The jarring effect of the stiletto heels on the hard floor made the short skirt of the dress bounce a little.

“Very good girly boy, you didn’t wobble even once. Now I want you to sit in this chair, smoothing your dress before you sit down and cross your legs, just like a girl.”

I followed her instructions. The short skirt of the dress rode up when I sat down and crossed my legs revealing the tiny pink bows at the top of the garters. Mrs. Dandridge giggled again.

“Oh my, oh my how delightfully feminine you are sissy boy!” she exclaimed.

I was feeling so girlishly feminine too. I didn’t want this dream to ever end but of course it did.

When I woke up I was in my own bed. I pulled the covers back and went into the bathroom. I saw my reflection in the mirror. There was no pink wig topped with the pink satin sissy bow. No blusher or lipstick either.

My shorts were damp so I used toilet paper to soak up the cum stains. When I finished I masturbated into the toilet while thinking of myself in that pink outfit. I flushed

the toilet and washed my penis off. After putting on dry briefs I got dressed and went downstairs to eat breakfast.

I stayed pretty busy throughout the summer. Mrs. Dandridge didn't call me again. I couldn't stop thinking about her. Especially since she had been very quick and perceptive in recognizing what I liked. Initially I guess it had been a little intimidating. Never the less I knew my little secret was safe with her since her business depended on confidentiality.

August first I got a call from a woman named Elvira Hollingsford. She said she had been referred to me by Mrs. Dandridge. She asked if I could come and hook up her computer system. I said I would and wrote down her address.

When I arrived at the address I found it was a condominium complex within a gated community. I signed in at the gate and parked in the visitors' area at the condo. I pushed the button for her condo in the lobby and after identifying myself she buzzed me in.

As I walked up to her second floor condo I wondered if my computer skills were the only thing Mrs. Dandridge had told her about. This "desire" of mine that had come unearthed was hardly the kind of thing I needed to be common knowledge among my customers or anyone else for that matter.

I rang the bell and the door opened immediately. She was a tall, lithe woman who introduced herself as "Ms." Hollingsford in a very sharp voice. I followed her to an alcove in the dining room. There were several boxes on the floor.

"Open the boxes and connect everything for me. The cable guy is supposed to be here later today to get me hooked up to the internet."

"Yes m'am," I answered politely.

She took a seat at the dining room table and picked up a beautiful china cup while I began un-boxing everything. I placed all the packing and straps off to one side. She had purchased a top of the line computer as well as an all in one machine for printing, copying, scanning and faxing.

I took my time setting everything up as she sipped her tea. I got everything connected and turned it on. I ran a few checks and then hooked up the all in one. I checked all the functions except the fax. Everything was working properly. I finished in just under an hour.

“You are all set,” I said. “You have some very good equipment here.”

“It better be, considering what it cost me,” she remarked curtly.

I nodded without speaking as she stood up and put her cup down.

“Would you mind doing a few household chores while you are here? I will pay you for an extra hour.

It sounded more like a command than a request.

“Yes I can do that. What do you need me to do?” I asked.

“We’ll start in the kitchen. Come with me.”

I followed her into the kitchen. At the sink she gave me a pair of pink latex gloves and a pink ruffled apron.

“Slip these on first. You wash and I will dry. BE VERY CAREFUL! These cups and saucers are expensive china.”

“Yes ma’m I replied again as I slipped the pink apron over my head and tied it in the back.

I put on the pink gloves and filled the sink with hot soapy water. After carefully washing each cup, saucer and small plate I rinsed off the soap and handed it to her.

When I was finished I took off the gloves and apron. I helped her carry the dishes back to the dining room where she placed them in her china closet.

“Now then in the hallway closet you will find a vacuum cleaner, a spray can of furniture polish and a dust rag. Bring the items to the living room.”

I walked to the hallway closet and brought the items she had requested. She always spoke with an authoritative tone of voice and had yet to say please or thank you to me. I felt I was being treated more like her servant than as a technician.

It was just short of another hour when I completed the dusting and vacuuming chores according to her instructions. She had watched me carefully the whole time to see if I was doing everything according to her initial instructions. After returning the cleaning items to the closet I walked back to the living room to find her standing by the front door. I picked up my laptop from the alcove desk and walked to her.

“Here is your check,” she said without smiling as she handed it to me.

I checked it for the correct amount and placed it in my shirt pocket.

“Thank you very much Ms. Hollingsford,” I said as she opened the door.

“I will call you again if I need anything further,” she said as she closed the door behind me.

As I made my way back to the car I thought about the work I had just done. Even when I left she still hadn't said “thank you”. It seemed to be a bit odd. She had been a very demanding woman yet when I did everything she had asked me to do there had been no comment from her at all.