

Booked for a Change

Part One



Tanya Colli

A "Her TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Booked for a Change

By Tanya Colli

Prologue to Terror

I stood stark naked among the other prisoners in the hot concrete block cell trying to face the wall while keeping a wary eye on the leering guard, who sat looking at us through the iron bars that blocked the only opening to our cell.

That same guard had, a week before, made me strip as he examined my body with his insulting probing fingers examining every orifice for possible 'drugs or other contraband'. He then placed my ankles on either end of a meter long iron bar where they were securely manacled in padded leather cuffs, before he attached about my neck a similar leather collar with a leash ring in front and back and a padded cuff located at each side approximately below my ears.

He then used a short cattleprod-like device to herd me down the hall. I tried desperately to avoid the cruel electric shocks as I waddled as fast as I could with my elbows high in front of me and swinging from side to side while my wide spread feet were forced to move in the arc of the iron bar between my ankles. I was truly thankful when he closed the prison cell door and I was confronted with a dozen others as naked and as bound as I.

Like the other prisoners, I learned how to squat over the cement channel along one wall to relieve myself as he watched with amused tolerance or eat dog-like from the mush that he dumped into a chute by the iron barred door. It oozed into the metal animal feeder that also was supplied with water when it amused him.

About once a day we would hear an airplane land on the nearby field and we heard those screams of protest. The passengers found their passports being destroyed as they were segregated by sex, strip searched, bound like us, and marched in waddling terror to a cell.

I had no idea where I was. Just naked in a dirty cell, in a dirty little village, near a secret airfield and a caravan road somewhere in the Arabian Middle East!

“You!” the leering guard sitting at his little desk before the iron barred door ordered, pointing his cattle prod at me and causing me to waddle across the room like the others had one by one as he replaced the tape in his tape recorder. “Sit!”

Facing his desk on my side of the iron bars was a seat made by placing a meter long pipe firmly in cement between two upright concrete blocks.

Knowing better than to disobey because I had already seen him position a prisoner face down over that same pipe chair to use a short whip made of strands of fine horse hair, I stood before the pipe chair and, very carefully, lowered my outstretched rear towards the pipe. I squatted down to it, knees up and wide apart, leaving me without any any modesty before the sexual fires I saw burning in his eyes. I could almost read his thoughts repeating an old Arab proverb: `A goat of necessity, a woman for sex, and a boy for paradise!'

“Confess! Tell me about your life and how you came to be here! And why you came with false papers like a spy? And, if you lie,” he looked at the horse hair whip and I could still hear the whimpering cries of a prisoner huddled in a corner somewhere behind me...

So, like the others, I confessed in quivering fear.

CHAPTER 1: THE DUSTY ROAD

Life for me was a long dusty road that twisted and turned from my parent's little farm in northern Minnesota that grew mostly sand burrs and scrub pine where I lived until I was five. While I was away visiting my grandparents for the summer where I could wade and play in the lake behind their general store, a forest fire destroyed the sand burrs, scrub pine, and my parents. And, thus, with no other relatives, I stayed with my grandparents and two maiden aunts.

A year later, my grandfather had a heart attack and I was left in an old Victorian with three old matrons who at first considered me to be their little dolly. Later I was `taught to do my share' of the housekeeping while the ladies tended to the store.

When I entered Young America High, I was about as prissy as any girl there and left strictly alone by those afraid of gay boys! Because of my unique vulnerability I pretty much stayed with the girls, who seemed unafraid of me. I really wasn't at all certain *what* I was, but I was certainly happy to escape high school and the terrors imposed by those who wanted to beat up 'homos' and those who tried to find out if I *was one*, too.

During those years my grandmother passed away and one of my aunts was killed in a car crash, leaving me with only one relative in the whole world. When I graduated from high school, she told me that from the sale of my late parents' farm and the store she had enough money to retire to a place she had bought in Edina, where I could stay with her and attend college, using the funds from my trust fund, which she managed.

I really didn't have any idea as to what I should do for my education but when we arrived at our new home she announced that she had met a wonderful woman who ran a business college. Then I learned that she had shared with that 'wonderful woman' all my deepest secrets and fears about my masculinity. And, guess what, the woman thought that I would be most comfortable learning how to be an executive secretary at her school.

So, while taking care of my aunt at home and attending business school surrounded by girls, I actually had little else to do but join in their world, when they let me, and complete my education as a secretary.

At the school placement office found a lovely job for me in Chicago, far away from my aunt, or anyone else I knew...

As my life would have it, my aunt died, with enough debt to take away her house and savings, and leaving me the ten thousand dollars that was in my trust fund. Just in time, so to speak, for my arrival at my new job was traumatic, to say the least. They thought for some reason that I was a girl, and the job vanished.

While looking for a new job, I met Vickie, who worked for a 'fee for services' job agency. She listened to my adventures and after administering a series of aptitude tests, she very thoughtfully explained that I probably wasn't gay but the tests showed that in terms of the masculinity-femininity scale I scored among nurses, librarians, and those who were mostly women and shared ultra feminine aptitudes and interests. Which figured, I guess.

So she found me a job as a secretary in a large up-town book store. After a few dates we were married and my trust fund went into our new home in Oak Grove.

And again, the dusty road turned. For some strange reason, I was suddenly laid off from the job. I was down on my luck and needed work.

My new wife, Vickie, pointedly reminded me that we were supposed to be a two-income family. But she was the only one bringing in an income. The implication was, "Why don't you go to work, you lazy bum?"

Vickie's mother, Jackie, one night asked me in front of Vickie if, as long as I wasn't doing anything else, I might take over the operation of a book distributing business that she had just purchased. I did have some knowledge about book store operations from my old job and as a trained executive secretary.

The previous owner had left (for personal reasons) and she needed someone to run the place.

Well, how could I refuse?

The next day, I met Jackie at the business, Jay's Books, Inc. There was a sissyish warehouse workman and a rather masculine woman who was the secretary. Jackie introduced me to them, explaining that I was her son-in-law and would be managing things for a while.

As she explained her plans for me to be their boss, their stares made me feel very self-conscious about how I looked. Having been out of work for some time, I had foregone getting a haircut because I didn't have the money. Taking into account their strangely amused stares and the fact that my longish hair tended to frame my femininely soft features, I wanted to go back to wearing it cut mannishly short even if Vickie wanted me to grow my hair longer.

I started by going over the books to get a picture of the finances of the company. By the end of the day, I had learned that the secretary was named Bobby. The guy in the warehouse was Francis. And, the business had just six major regional customers.

I also learned that the business was the distribution of books about Female Impersonation, Cross Dressing, Transvestitism (TV), and Transsexualism (TS).

Bobby and Francis were both rather amused when I found out the kind of books the business distributed. Bobby's laughter was loud, raucous, and almost masculine. Francis' laugh seemed much more feminine than Bobby's!

That night, when I got home, I told Vickie about the kind of books that the business distributed. Vickie started giggling. The giggles turned into laughter. The laughter turned into gales. The gales turned into tears. Finally, she gasped out, "Sweetie, you're running Mom's new 'sissy book' operation! That's great! I love it!"

Later, after she'd caught her breath, she let me know that she felt it was far better for me to be bringing in an income peddling 'sissy books' for her Mom than not working.

She stipulated to me that, as my wife, she expected me to bring in a regular income.

"After all, Sweetie, no one will bother you about how feminine you look in that job. You'll fit right in."

Although I resented her taunting about my tendency towards obesity when she called me Sweetie and, her crack about my femininity, I decided that Vickie was right, at least about my need to be earning an income.

Also, I fear that she was right about the rest too. I had always been chided about my plumpness and soft facial features. Most people thought that I had a rather effeminate-looking face. Some people even joked behind my back that my face could easily pass for a girl's face, especially because of my long hair. Perhaps this, plus my natural shyness, made it difficult for potential employers to take me seriously as a man.

And, I was quite aware of the fact that these same qualities made Vickie rather aggressive and openly

sexual. In fact, usually she was the initiator of our lovemaking and such.

Knowing that I needed to be bringing in an income, I resolved to run the company as best as I could. In an effort to improve the company operations, I decided to phone each of the customers and see if there were any complaints or suggestions for improving the service.

I ranked the customers in the order of percentage of our business they represented. That would be the order I would use to phone them.

The largest customer was Richie's Books and Things, Inc. Richie's accounted for almost fifty percent of the business. So Richie's would be the first customer I called.

I phoned Richie Wilkerson and introduced myself to him. He was quite polite. I asked him if there were any problems with our service to his firm. He said that the only problem was that the deliveries to his firm seemed to be rather slow.

I checked into the deliveries and found that they were allowed to accumulate until the end of the week and then a delivery service was called. The delivery service would send over a truck and carry the stuff over to Richie's.

I decided to change that. Since we needed to increase our cash flow, I decided that the sooner we could convert an inventory item to an accounts receivable entry, the better off our financial picture would be. So when the physical size of the things in an order reached about a carload, they would be delivered by myself, or by Francis.

In the case of orders for Richie's, I would take them over to his store personally.

Richie's was an operation that specialized in TV and TS. The very subject of the books that we carried. Each Friday evening, Richie hosted a "drag" party at the store. Once a month, he hosted an encounter/discussion group meeting on dressing as a woman, passing as a woman, and changing into a woman. Richie's was the TV/TS haven for not only the whole city but for the whole region.

After a month, or so, I begin to develop a friendship with Richie. He would greet me by name whenever I made a delivery. He even would take time out from work to talk with me.

I was getting the business running very smoothly. Sales had even picked up across the board.

Bobby was doing her job quite well and Francis was keeping the warehouse well-organized and even making some of the deliveries to our customers.

Jackie, my mother-in-law, was pleased with the way I was running the business. She praised what I was doing, as a real bread winner for Vickie. The company was beginning to show a real profit.

Jackie's pleasure with my performance spilled over to Vickie since the job gave me a solid income and her trust fund received a percentage of the profits I was generating.

Vickie started to show her pleasure with me by again being sweet and nice to me. She even was being openly amorous towards me and making love to me.

My life was looking good!

After about six or seven months, Jackie decided to come down to the business and look things over. She spent that Tuesday morning going over the books and checking on things. Over lunch, she was very complimentary about the job I was doing. After lunch, in the process of receiving a shipment, I discovered that there was enough for a delivery to Richie's. I explained my delivery policy to Jackie, told her I needed to make a delivery, and asked her if she wanted to come along. Jackie agreed quickly.

When we arrived at Richie's Books and Things, Inc. I quickly started unloading the books. I was still unloading the books when Richie appeared. I introduced Jackie to him as both my mother-in-law and the new owner of the book distributorship, Jay's Books.

Richie became quite expansive. He invited us into his office and offered us refreshments. While being the expansive host, Richie invited both of us to the weekly "drag" party.

Before I could say anything, Jackie was accepting for me and declining for herself. I couldn't very well say anything there in front of Richie, much less back out, since this was our largest customer. And, I couldn't do anything to Jackie, since she was my boss. After a few further pleasantries with Richie, Jackie and I were ready to leave.

In the car, on the way back to the business, I complained to Jackie about what she'd just done, committing me to attend Richie's drag party. I told her

that I didn't want to go to the party and that I wouldn't know what to wear to one of Richie's "drag" parties. In fact, I didn't even really know anything about going in "drag".

Jackie just laughed and said, "Don't sweat it, kiddo. I'll get Vickie to fix you right up!"

I groaned.

Now, not only was I locked into going to a drag party that I didn't want to attend, but Vickie was going to be involved, at the least in my costuming. Just what I didn't need!

When we got back to the business, Jackie even announced to Francis and Bobby that I'd be going to Richie's "drag" party that was coming up.

Both of them thought that was just fine. Their grins were insufferable.

After Jackie left, I phoned Richie's head salesman who told me that just wearing hose, high heels, makeup, and a wig would be more than sufficient. I hoped to quietly acquire the things necessary (the hose, the heels, the makeup, and a wig) and avoid having Vickie know about this embarrassment that her mother had thrust on me.

I could imagine the ribbing Vickie would give me if she found out.

When I got home, it was too late. Jackie had already talked to Vickie and told her of my being committed to attending the "drag" party at Richie's. Vickie was grinning from ear to ear. She bluntly told me that she was going to fix me up.