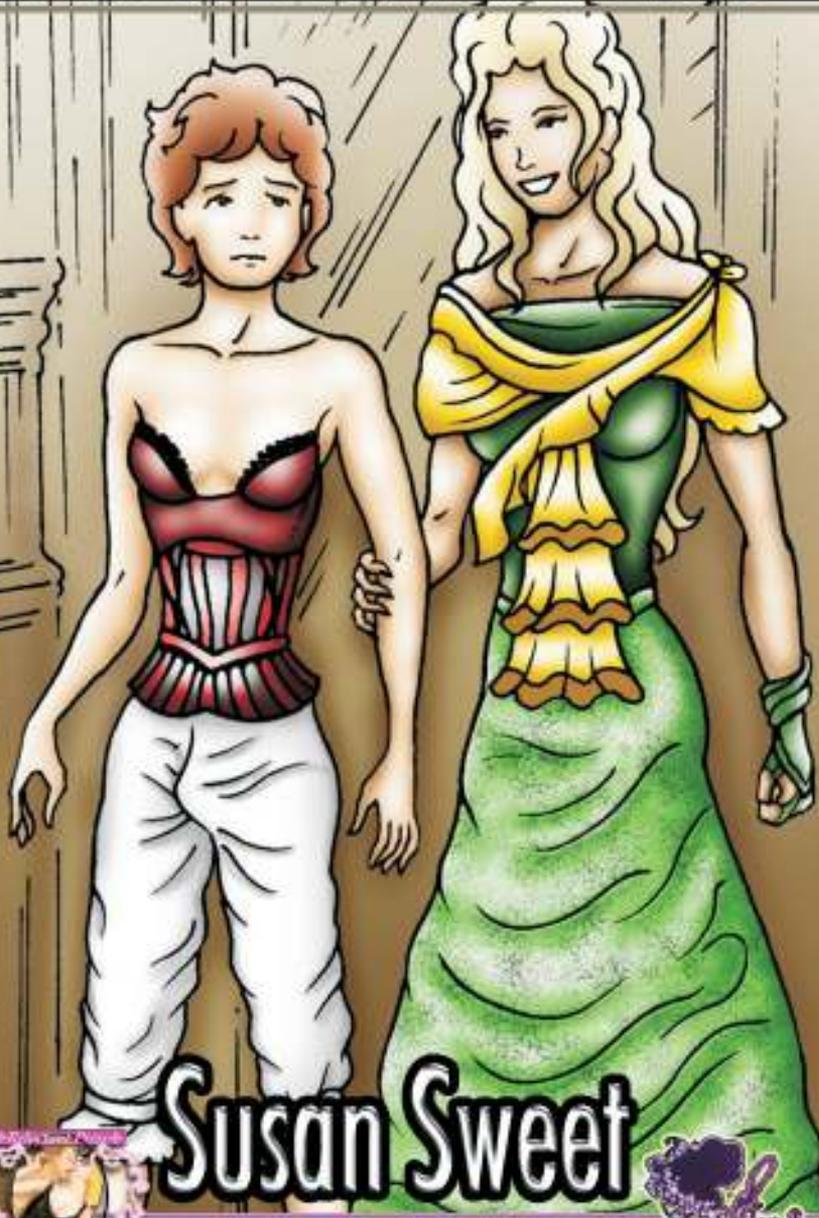


Trio in Skirts



Susan Sweet

A "Spectrum TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Trio In Skirts

By Susan Sweet

KITTY'S STORY

Young Joe Smith galloped toward the distant light that pierced the darkness of the western prairie.

“Finally,” he said to himself half aloud, “a place where I can hole up for the night and figger out what to do about Sheriff Bold.”

His boyish face grimaced as he remembered his first encounter with the Sheriff.

Joe had been riding south toward the town of Horse Springs when he found a fancy saddle lying off to the side of the trail. He was surprised to find no one nearby to claim ownership. With designs worked into the leather, it was far nicer than the one he had on his horse at the time. It even had some silver in the pommel. Young Joe exchanged it for his old saddle and continued into Horse Springs.

Sheriff Bold watched Joe as he rode into town and as Joe was tying his horse up in front of the saloon, the Sheriff came up to him and asked, “What are you doing with Frank Talbot’s saddle, boy?”

The Sheriff was tall. About 6’4" and he favored black.

“You mean to tell me that this saddle was jist lyin there, waiting fer you to come along and pick it up?” the Sheriff demanded.

“Yes sir. That’s just how it was.”

The Sheriff drew his gun and pointed it at young Joe.

“Well now, I’m afraid I don’t believe you, boy. Ya see, the horse that was wearing that saddle got stole from the livery yesterday morning, and I figger you’re the horse thief what did it.”

“You got me all wrong, Sheriff,” Joe protested in growing fear. “I found that saddle just like I said I did. Honest.”

“Mebbe ya did and mebbe ya didn’t. That’ll be up to the judge to decide. It’s up to him whether we have to hang ya or not. Now march!”

The Sheriff marched young Joe over to his jail and locked him in a cell.

At five o’clock, the night jailor came in and the Sheriff went home.

The night jailor was an old man in his 60’s who listened sympathetically as Joe tried to explain about the saddle but he wouldn’t let Joe out of the cell.

“Ah appreciate your problem, son,” he allowed, “but the Sheriff would shoot old Jake fer sure if’n I was to let you out.”

Joe decided to try something else, since reasoning with the old man was getting him nowhere.

“You know, Jake. This jail cell is falling apart. The bars on the floor over here are loose as heck.”

“What are you talking about, boy?” Jake asked as he approached the cell. “Where are they loose?”

“Right down here at the bottom, see?” Joe noted pointing towards where he shook the door to demonstrate the loosening bars.

The old man bent down to look and Joe brought both of his hands down hard on the jailor’s neck, knocking him unconscious.

Joe was real sorry about hitting Jake on the back of his neck like he did, but he sure wasn’t goin to wait around for them to hang him for something he didn’t do.

Getting the keys from the jailor’s belt, Joe let himself out of his cell and finding his horse still tied up in front of the jail, he lit out across the prairie to the South.

The light that Joe was making for was closer now. Joe knew that while riding at night a light might travel for miles across the flat plains.

Finally Joe could make out a starry, night lighted, blue and white two-story Victorian house that stood like some great steamboat some ways out along the railroad from the edge of a town that Joe judged to be about two miles further on. Hiding his horse in a grove of trees, he cautiously approached the rear of the building.

As he searched along the back of the building, Joe discovered a cellar door that was unlocked, and lifting it as quietly as he could, he slipped into the darkened cellar.

Joe shut the cellar door over his head and paused, listening as his eyes adjusted to the dim light. He could hear the distant sound of someone playing a tinny piano, and somewhere upstairs a woman laughed.

As his eyes became used to the dim light that came from under the door at the top of the stairway leading into the house, Joe saw a group of crates in the corner of the cellar that had a place where he could lie down behind them on a pile of rugs. Satisfied that he had found bedding for himself, he went back outside and found a small creek bed and wood stand about a hundred yards from the great house where he rubbed down Major, a chestnut Morgan, and placed the disputed saddle and gear aside with his horse blanket on a tree limb nearby where he could re-saddle, mount and ride away in seconds with a well-rested horse. After he washed the trail dust off his face and hands and tasted the creek water to be sure that it was sweet, he allowed Major to have a little drink before he used his lariat between two trees and tied it to Major's halter to be certain that the horse had an easy time to nibble on the lush creek bank grass.

'Perfect,' he said to himself as he made his way back to the great Victorian, *'I'll sleep down here tonight and be off in the morning before dawn with no one the wiser.'*

Removing his windbreaker to make a pillow, he slipped off boots and socks, gun belt, chaps, trail pants, vest and shirt to drape them over a nearby crate where they might air out for the night as he stretched out over the rugs in his long johns and used one of the rugs as a cover. Joe rested down behind the crates and planned a quick getaway in the morning to elude the Sheriff, whom he was sure would be after him. He soon fell asleep.

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Young Joe was awakened in the night by a woman's voice.

"All right, mister. You just hold it right there!"

Joe opened his eyes to see a woman standing about 10 feet away from him.

She had placed a lantern on one of the crates, and by its light he could see quite clearly the shotgun that she was pointing straight at his chest!

"Don't shoot!" he exclaimed in suddenly fright.

"I won't shoot. Lessin' you move."

Joe had never seen anyone dressed up so fancy.

Her dress was a bright red silk with a covering of black lace. She wore her hair piled up on her head, and diamonds glittered in the light of the lantern at her throat and ears. She was a good looking woman in her early 40's, and she had a very determined look on her still-pretty face as she leveled the shotgun.

"Now you best be tellin' me what you're doing' hidin' in my cellar."

"Please, Ma'am. I don't mean no harm. I was jist hopin' to spend the night down here and leave in the morning without disturbing anybody."

"I don't see how you figgered to snore like you do and not disturb anybody! You just come on out here where I can see you better."

"I ain't got my clothes on," Joe half protested, but hearing the shotgun cock on one side, he moved out from behind the crates and the lady with the shotgun looked him over carefully.

He was short. About 5'5" tall with long brown hair that fell onto his shoulders. He had a very slender build and she guessed him to be about 18 years of age. He looked like a typical drifter dressed in dingy grey-white long johns.

"I've got some questions for you, boy. And you better answer quick and honest, or I'll shoot you where you stand."

"Yes, Ma'am."

"You in some sort of trouble, boy?"

Well, er, sorta. I guess."

"Sorta? You guess? What are you talking about, boy?"

"Well, Ma'am. Some folks over in Horse Springs think I did something bad and they throwed me in jail fer it. But I didn't do it. Honest!"

"Hold on just a minute there, son. Just what is it that they claim you did?"

"Well, Ma'am. I found this fancy saddle lyin' by the trail into Horse Springs. When I rode into town that Sheriff Bold throwed me into jail fer horse thievin'. Sheriff Bold jist wouldn't believe me about findin' that saddle, but I swear it's the truth."

"That sounds just like Bold. Curse Him!"

"Yes, Ma'am," he readily agreed seeing a glimmer of hope from her attitude. "So when I got a chance, I hit the jailer over the head and lit out of town. I was right glad to find your place. And if

ya don't mind my stayin', I'll be gone the first thing in the mornin'."

"Hold on a minute there ,boy. You're in more trouble than you know. Sheriff Bold is the best tracker in five counties, maybe in the whole state. And, if you busted out of his jail like you said you did, why, he's gonna be hot on your trail come first light. He might like to sleep in, but he makes up fer it on the trail."

"You believe me, don't ya, Ma'am?"

"Sure I believe ya! It's just like that Bold to have planted that saddle so he could give some grief to a young drifter like you."

She lowered the shotgun, much to young Joe's relief.

"That Bold's the lowest critter in five counties. None of my girls cares for him."

"Please, Ma'am. Can't you help me?" Joe pleaded, wondering what she meant by *girls*.

"Help you? Now just what do you think I can do for you with Sheriff Bold on your trail?"

"Hide me," Joe insisted. "This looks like a big house. Surely you got a place where I can hole up for a while!"

"Sorry boy. Bold'll trail you here for sure. And, if he don't see your trail leadin' away, he's gonna go over this place with a fine tooth comb. I'm afraid there's just no place you could hide," she replied sadly, looking at Joe.

Then her expression changed and she smiled to herself. "Unless...."

"Unless?" asked Joe. "Unless what? What? Is there some way? Can you hide me?"

An amused smile came over her face.

"My mother always said that the best place to hide somethin' was in plain sight." She giggled. "Yes, I think I have an idea that might work."

"What is it?"

"Turn around for me, boy."

Joe slowly turned around, wondering what she might have in mind.

"Yes I think it might work. You're small enough. Yes. This idea of mine might not only save you from Bold, but teach you a lesson about sneaking into a lady's cellar at the same time. But, I don't think you're gonna like it much, boy."

"I don't care! That Sheriff means to hang me!"

“Very well. Come upstairs. I want my girls to meet you.”

The lady in red picked up the lantern and started up the stairs into the house.

“But, can’t I put on my clothes,” he begged, not liking the idea of her seeing him in long johns and worrying more about the girls she was talking about!

But being at the business end of a shotgun gave him little choice. So wondering what she had planned and who her girls might be, Joe followed her up the stairs and down a hallway that was covered in red felt.

They entered a parlor room that had a big Persian rug on the floor and lots of overstuffed chairs and sofas along the walls.

Sitting on one of the sofas was a girl with curly red hair, wearing a sheer pink silk nightgown.

“What’s the idea, Stella?” exclaimed the red-haired girl. “It’s way past closing time for a john.”

“Never you mind, Suzy. You just go get all the other girls and bring em back here with you. I got a surprise for you girls.”

Young Joe watched the girl named Suzy leave as Stella went around the parlor lighting the lanterns. It finally dawned on him that he had taken refuge in a fancy bordello!

Stella finished lighting the living room lanterns, and Suzy returned with three other girls. There was a tall blonde with braided hair who wore a yellow peignoir and gown. A brunette wearing lace trimmed pantaloons and a white corset; and, a girl in an oriental robe, who wore her short black hair in curls with a white flower by her ear.

“What’s going on?” the blonde asked.

“Girls,” Stella announced. “This boy has a problem, and I’ve decided we’re gonna help him with it.”

“Oh Gawd,” the brunette muttered with a heavy southern drawl. “Another pervert.”

“Now, Francine,” Stella warned, “it’s not like that at all.”

“So,” the tall blonde countered. “What’s the story then?”

“In a minute, Rose,” Stella cautioned. “I found this boy hiding in our cellar.”

“In the cellar?” the black-haired girl asked, thinking about anyone being brave enough to hide down there among the spiders and other nasty things.

“That’s right, Cecily. It seems our young friend here has gotten into some trouble with Sheriff Bold over at Horse Springs.”

“Oh no! Not Bold again,” Suzy protested.

“Now there’s a real pervert!” Cecily agreed.

“You said it, Cecily,” Rose said. “Damn him to hell.”

“I’ll have no swearing, Rose,” Stella warned before she suggested. “Here’s my idea, girls. Sheriff Bold’ll be sure to trail him here in the morning. So we have to make sure his trail leads away, then we will hide him here.”

“Now hold on jist a minute, Stella,” Francine protested. “Are you sayin’ you want us to help this boy get away from Sheriff Bold?”

“That’s about the size of it, Francine,” Stella agreed.

“But what if he finds out?” Cecily protested. “He’ll be awful riled if he finds out we tricked him. What then?”

“Since when are you a friend of the Sheriff, Cecily?” Stella asked.

“I ain’t. That man likes to hurt girls,” Cecily replied thinking of a swear word for the Sheriff, but respecting the ‘house rules’. “It jist seems like we’ll be taken an awful chance if the Sheriff finds out, that’s all.”

“Well, I say it’s about time we did something to get even with that Sheriff for all the times he hurt us,” Rose complained.

“Me too,” Francine agreed. “But I don’t know how you plan to hide this fella around here, Stella. There jist ain’t no place that the Sheriff couldn’t find if’n he looks hard enough.”

“You ain’t heard my plan.”

“What is it?” Suzy asked.

“I’ve decided to give you girls a treat. You’ll like it, especially Rose.”

“So alright already. What is it?” Rose asked.

“There is one place that Sheriff Bold will never even think to look for him, and that’s in plain sight.”

“What?”

“In plain sight?”

“How?”

“What do you mean, Stella?”

“Why. I want you girls to fix him up like one of you! Just another good time girl working in a house of sin! The Sheriff is looking for a young drifter, not a pretty little girl!”

“What?” Francine asked in disbelief.

“Fix him up like a girl?” Cecily repeated uncertainly.

“Perfect,” Rose agreed as she looked at the surprised youth with a critical eye.

Suzy started to laugh.

“Well now, Ma’am, I don’t know,” Joe protested uncertainly as he edged toward the door. He was suddenly more afraid of Stella and her plan to turn him into a girl than he had been of Sheriff Bold and the hangman’s noose that awaited him.

“Grab him, girls!” Stella shouted.

Joe tried to run, but Rose and Cecily grabbed his arms and wrestled him to the ground. Suzy and Francine piled on adding their muscles to controlling the wildly struggling boy.

“Hey. Let me go. You can’t do this to me!”

“We not only can, but we will,” Stella promised as she stood over him. “I told you that you’d probably not care for it. But if you’ll think for a minute, you’ll see that it is the best chance you have of escaping from Sheriff Bold. He’ll never think of looking for you among my girls. You’re small and slender enough to wear lots of their clothes and that nice long hair of yours will help a lot, once the girls get it fixed up. When this is over, you’ll thank me for saving your life

No! Please!” Joe cried, struggling in vain with the four girls on the floor. “I’m a boy! I don’t want to be fixed up like a girl.”

“Rose! You and Suzy are in charge of him. I want you to fix his hair and pretty up his face, then dress him up like the sexiest good time girl this side of the Pecos. I’ll roust up Cookie and get him to find his horse and make a trail leading away from here towards Bitterwater. Francine and Cecily, you two give Rose and Suzy a hand with my new girl.”

Laughing and giggling, the four girls carried a helpless and still struggling young Joe Smith up the stairs and into one of the bedrooms. Nothing Joe did or said would stop them.

Giggling, the girls stripped Joe naked, and tied him spread eagled to the bed posts.

“Looks like a virgin to me,” Francine noted as she sat by the naked and very embarrassed Joe and casually examined his balls before she reached over to his penis to slick it back with her fingers to reveal its glossy pink dome as the organ grew responsively, over



his frightened protests, in her amused hands. “Yup, definitely a virgin...”

“My!” Rose exclaimed with a knowing smile, “And such a hairy body. Just like a simple ranch girl. Don’t know the first thing about being a real woman. We can’t have our newest girl looking so un-feminine, can we, girls? It will give this place a bad name if one of us was to be seen with all that ugly hair.”

“No. We certainly can’t,” Cecily agreed. “I’ll get a shaving kit for our new girl and we’ll take care of all that ugly hair right now!”

“No! Oh God! Please girls! Please don’t do this to me,” Joe half-screamed and half-cried in protest while Francine continued to pump him slowly as his legs began to struggle against be held apart with the tension growing in his loins. “And please, Ma’am, don’t do that to me!”

“Now honey, you hush,” Rose cautioned, as Cecily returned with a bowl, a shaving brush, and a razor. “If you make a fuss we’re gonna have to gag you.”

Joe didn’t want to be gagged, and lay quietly as the girls covered his body with shaving lather, and took turns shaving his body till it was completely clean of body hair.

Rose paid special attention to his genital area as the amused Francine held it taunt for her deft razor strokes along the shaft and his balls that tightened up in response to each stroke as if trying to withdraw up into his body in response to his sheer frustration of being caught between the edge of ejaculation and the fear of being gelded!

“Hold still now, honey. Or I might accidentally turn you into a real girl,” Rose half-promised watching with giggling delight as he pumped away in sheer terror into a satin hankie that Francine used to wipe away the excess before she slicked the foreskin in place and the poor penis shriveled up before their giggling amusement. “See, it already wants to become like a girl’s, it is barely big enough for a boy with all that nasty hair gone!”

Francine and Cecily each took a foot, and Rose and Suzy each took a hand. They filed and buffed the nails on his feet and hands and painted them all a bright red.

“I don’t like the color of her hair,” Rose noted critically.

“We could make her a blonde?” Cecily suggested, finishing with a nail and looking at his hair and face.

“Perfect,” Rose agreed. “Francine, will you bring me a bottle of peroxide honey?”

“No! Please!” Joe shouted.

The girls untied him from the bed and led him over to the wash basin in the corner of the room. Suzy and Cecily held Joe as Rose washed his hair. Francine came back with the peroxide and Rose used it to wash all the color from Joe's hair, turning it from dirty brown to a startling white blonde.

"Tie her to the chair, girls," Rose directed.

Joe was seated on a small chair and his hands were tied behind his back, while his ankles were tied to the legs of the chair.

Suzy began to cut his hair, giving him bangs and cutting the rest of his hair an equal length that fell to just below his chin.

Francine worked on plucking each of Joe's eyebrows until there was nothing left but a thin arch above each eye.

"Oh God! Oh God!" Joe moaned as Rose and Suzy worked together at putting his white blonde hair up in lots of small wire rollers.

Once his hair was set, the girls watched and made suggestions as Francine made up his face.

"I think doe eyes with black kohl all around. It'll make her look younger."

"More color in those cheeks," Suzy urged.

"Light blue with an upper lid of lavender are the best colors for her eye lids," Rose suggested taking the water color brush and dipping its tip into the pewter-colored stage makeup tin to pick up some lavender hue.

"Fill out her lower lip a little more to give her a sort of dolly pout," Cecily pointed out as Francine applied a brush tipped into a rich red blush tone to fill in Joe's lips. "Men like that kissy-kissy look."

Joe sat in the chair in a sort of numb disbelief at what was happening to him. The girls finished his makeup with a soft white cornstarch powder that was blotted away with the excess makeup by using a camel's hair men's shaving brush. Then they all agreed he was going to do quite well as a young whore before they untied him from the chair and under Roses' direction, they carried Joe into another of the bedrooms to dress him.

First came a starched white cotton camisole trimmed at the neckline and sleeves with eyelet lace work. About the waist of the camisole there were sets of little faux pearl buttons.

As he stood there in naked shame from the waist down, Rose buttoned a white cotton garter belt to the faux pearl buttons. She then had him sit as she tested to be certain that the toenail polish

was dry before she rolled a pair of fast black cotton and silk hose up his legs to secure them to the garter clips.

“What are we going to do to that thing?” Francine protested pointing to his limp penis and dangling balls. “They will never do!”

“I have an idea,” Cecily announced as she opened a drawer to produce a lady’s sanitary serviette. She deftly threaded one folded end into a buckle-like attachment on the front of the garter belt before pulling it back with Joe’s male organs held in the folded sanitary pad to be brought up tight as she secured the other folded end into another buckle. Patting the smooth white front she smiled up at his blushing face. “It’s all part of being a girl, honey. You’ll learn...”

The girls about him giggled in delight as Rose produced a pair of white cotton cambric drawers trimmed at the hems just below his knees with almost three inch of fine ruffled lace. As the waistline of the drawers were buttoned to the same pearl buttons that held his sanitary belt, stocking suspenders, Rose carefully parted the crotch of the drawers with her left hand to pat his sanitary napkin. “Now, if you need to go to the bathroom, honey, you just sit down on the potty like a lady and hold open the bottom of your dainty lace drawers. Okay?”

“Yes, Ma’am,” he half-whispered in chagrin to their renewed delight.

“Just call me Miss Rose, girl,” she advised pulling a ladies white muslin full ‘umbrella’ skirt that tied about his waist and was at least three yards around the bottom just at his calf with a six and a half-inch lawn ruffle finished with open work embroidery. Lifting the soft muslin, she brushed it over his drawers with a smile on her lips. “Just like a little can can dancer, all fru-fru ruffles and lace.”

“Now, this will help your figure, honey,” Suzy announced , holding up a white corset with a soft bust line, six hook clasp for its long line in curved front that reached to his skirted loins. Steel stays contoured the body about the waist and hips with an inner girding of wire to insure the shape as Susy began to sort the laces and the top, waist, and hip line to be certain that as they pulled the steel vised corset would evenly pull in while Francine and Cecily held his arms out to the sides as Rose and Suzy laced him in.

It took some tugging and pulling on their part and Joe could hardly breathe and felt so dizzy that he thought that he would faint when they were finished, but his body took on a definite hourglass shape.