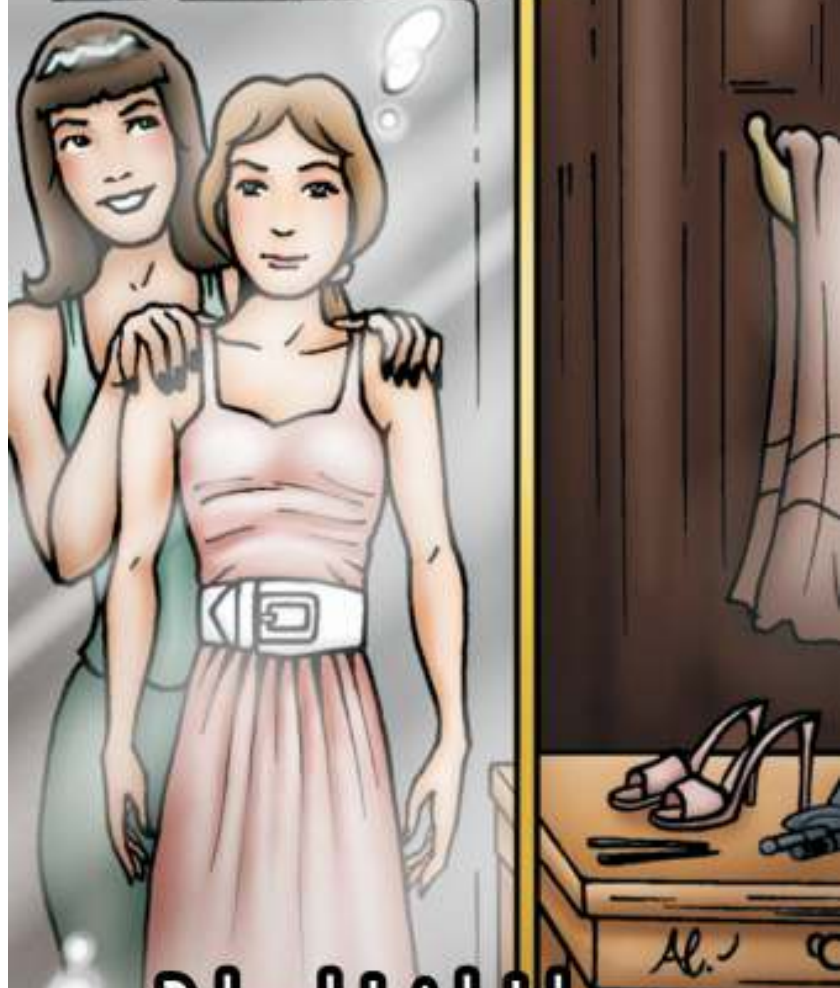


Contract to Crossdress

Part 1



Deborah Leigh Johnson

A "Her TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2024

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

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

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Contract To Crossdress

By Deborah Leigh Johnson

The Contract

Be it known that this agreement is entered hereunto, by the consent of each of the parties described herein. This agreement shall have the full force of law when it is presented for registration at the local county Registration Office and presented to a licensed notary public in the employ of such registration office and is accompanied by certification of the legal applications for change of names which is a requirement of this agreement, as this agreement is pursuant to such applications by the participating

parties, and is not able to facilitate the full force of the law, to this agreement, should such certification of such applications not accompany this document when it is presented for registration as a contractual agreement between the parties described herein.

Be it known that the herein described parties are the said subjects of this agreement. Firstly, Janet Beverly Price shall be known, hereafter as the party of the first part. Secondly, Terry Leonard Johnson shall be herein known as the party of the second part.

As was herein previously stated, the party of the first part and the party of the second part enter into this agreement subsequent to the legal applications for the changes of names as described hereafter. This agreement shall, when recorded, pursuant to said action mentioned above, form a legal and binding and irrevocable agreement. Said agreement shall continue to be irrevocable, excepting for these two specifically identified circumstances occurring.

The one circumstance being the death of one or both of the parties. In such an event, the survivor shall have the option to revert back to the legal identity they had previous to the enforcement of this agreement. The other circumstance that shall be considered, as is previously agreed upon as a condition

of this agreement, shall be that both parties are in complete agreement as to the dissolution of this agreement. In such case, the mutual consent, combined with legal applications to change the names of the parties concerned, shall be considered to be sufficient to dissolve this agreement.

Firstly, the party of the first part shall make legal representation to the records department of the local municipal government to have the legal identification by which the party of the first part is known, changed to that of the party of the second part.

Concurrently, the party of the second part shall also make legal representation to the same said government office, to have said identification changed to that of the party of the first part. These applications must be made in accordance with all the legal requirements and guidelines of the said municipal government. They must also be made concurrently, at the same time.

These changes do not have to be confirmed before entering upon this agreement, but certification of the applications, or the subsequent confirmation of the said changes, must accompany this agreement when it is presented for registration.

The said agreement shall consist of the following understandings.

One, Janet Beverly Price shall make application to change her legal name to that of one Terry Leonard Johnson. Concurrent to that action, Terry Leonard Johnson shall make application to change his legal name to that of Janet Beverly Price.

Two, subsequent to such applications being made, the two parties shall agree to the following terms and conditions, which, as aforementioned shall be considered, barring the two exceptions aforementioned, to be an irrevocable contract of agreement.

Three, as the party of the first part accepts the name of the party of the second part, it shall be deemed that the party of the first part shall henceforth, until such revocation of this agreement, by the terms of revocation referred to above, also receive the rights, the benefits and the entitlements or properties of the person of the name of the party of the second part, previous to the enforcement of this contract of agreement between the parties of the first part and the party of the second part.

Concurrently, it is understood that the party of the second part shall revoke all rights, and benefits and entitlements or properties normally recognized as be-

longing to the party of the second part, ceding them by this agreement, unto the party of the first part.

Four, as the party of the second part accepts the name of the party of the first part, it shall be deemed that the party of the second part shall henceforth, until such revocation of this agreement, by the terms of revocation referred to above, shall also receive the rights, the benefits and the entitlements or properties of the person of the name of the party of the first part, previous to the enforcement of this contract of agreement between the parties of the first part and the party of the second part.

Concurrently, it is understood that the party of the first part shall revoke all rights, and benefits and entitlements or properties normally recognized as belonging to the party of the first part, ceding them by this agreement, unto the party of the second part.

It is understood then, by the participating parties of the first part and the second part, that, subsequent to this agreement, all future rights, the benefits, and the entitlements or properties which might accrue to the ownership of the party of the first part or to the party of the second part, previous to the enforcement of this agreement, shall, from this time forward, barring the revocation of this agreement by the terms of revocation stipulated previously, accrue to the party

who bears the legal name of the party to whom such things might normally accrue, such as inheritances or other considerations.

We the undersigned attest by our affixed signatures that this agreement is entered into without duress, and is entered into freely of our own accords. We agree to bind ourselves to the terms of this agreement, subject only to the terms of revocation previously stated.

We enter this agreement willingly, this 14th day of the second month of this year, by the notarized and registered signatures following;

By the party of the first part;

Janet B. Price Janet Beverly Price

and by the party of the second part;

Terry L. Johnson Terry Leonard Johnson

Chapter One

Well, if you are reading this, it means that you have already read the contract that I signed. It is, to the day, two years after I signed that contract. These last two years have been very hard in some ways, as there have been unbelievable adjustments that I have had to make.

But, they have, I have to admit, been the nicest two years of my short 20-year life span. So, just to set the record absolutely straight, so that you will have no doubt in your mind whatsoever, I will reiterate my position, okay?

Twenty years ago, I was born a boy. My name was Terry Leonard Johnson. My dad was never home and my mom pretty much ran the house. When he was home, he was usually drunk, so I did not grow up with a really healthy opinion of what a man should be, in all honesty. I suppose that that was one of the reasons why I was so agreeable to accepting this proposal when it came up in the first place.

Well, anyway, that is all past history. My parents are dead now and my two sisters live on the other side of the country. We do not see each other at all and I cannot remember the last time I had a call or

a letter from one of them. So, for all intents and purposes, I am all alone in the world. Well, except for Terry; I mean, the person who is Terry Johnson now. My legal name now, as the contract stipulated, is Janet Beverly Price. I go by Beverly or Bev, but I prefer Beverly.

Believe me, I would not trade the life I have now for anything in the world. I am as happy as I could ever imagine myself being. Please bear with me and I will tell you of the circumstances that have led up to this amazing life that I am leading now, okay? Once you hear the circumstances, maybe you will not think that it is really so strange for a boy to be living as a girl, after all.

It actually started about three and a half years ago. Let me describe myself a bit to you first, okay? Back then, I was 5' 3/4" tall, and weighed 135 lb. soaking wet. I still am the same height, but, I do weigh about 20 lb. less than I did then. Like most kids going to college, I'd let my hair grow quite long. It was a dark brown and it hung straight down to about mid-shoulder blade length. I usually wore a leather thong about my forehead to keep my hair from interfering with my vision. Actually, I looked a lot like a hippie from the Sixties.

Although I was 17 at that time, I had still not started to shave on a regular basis. I only shaved maybe once a week. I have pretty hazel blue eyes, what one girl had told me were called bedroom eyes. Also, very fortunately for me I had no zits. I had led a pretty regular type of normal life, I guess. There was nothing really outstanding that had ever really happened to me, aside from what my parents were like. I tended to be a bit on the bookwormish or docile side of the scale, but not overly so. Because I was so small in stature, I had never been sought out for sports activities and had never really wanted to compete in athletics anyway. I much preferred using my mind to my body. Actually, I really hated the rough and tumble sports like football.

I had gotten myself accepted for enrollment in a computer programming sciences course, in a college that was in a very small town. The reputation of this college for its computer science courses, was, however, rather outstanding. As it happened, I arrived there late in the month of August. I got there before registration for the semester ended, but I had arrived there too late in the summer to qualify for college residence facilities.

I checked with the student aid offices; the counselor there made some calls around to the room

and board places and the motels but after an hour of calls, she was not able to find any help for me. It looked like I might not have a place to stay, unless I wanted to spend all my money on a hotel room. This was just a bit scary to me. I was not really well-fixed for money and what I had I would have to use to live on for the whole year.

Despondently, I thanked the student aid counselor for her help, and prepared to leave her office, wondering what I was going to do. I decided that the only thing to do was to take one of the expensive hotel rooms for a few weeks, and hope that something would turn up in the meantime.

Just as I was leaving, the counselor's face brightened a bit. She told me that she had just remembered helping a girl about three weeks before to find an apartment that was near campus. She thought that the girl had a two-bedroom apartment, but she was not sure.

She asked if I would wait for a few more minutes while she located the girl's phone number and called her to confirm that she had taken the apartment and that it was a two-bedroom apartment she had. If it was a two-bedroom, maybe the girl might agree to rent me one of the bedrooms. She told me not to hold my breath as the girl had seemed a little

straight-laced, and she might not want to share an apartment with a guy. She added, though, that if “nothing was ventured, nothing could be gained.” So, I crossed my fingers and sat outside of her office to wait, hoping against hope that it would work out. I really did not want to live in a hotel.

The counselor was on the phone with the girl for a good fifteen or twenty minutes before she called me back into her office. She told me that the girl, Janet Price, was not really very keen on having a boy share her apartment with her but she understood the situation that I was in. She would not promise anything but if I wanted to go and meet her, she would make a decision at that time.

She obviously could not commit herself till after she had a chance to meet me and make her own first impressions. But she was willing to meet me, at least. If I was successful in impressing her that I would be no trouble to her, she would agree to letting me share her apartment with her. The counselor smiled at me as she wrote out the address and told me that Janet was expecting me to come right over. She told me how to reach the apartment and squeezed my hand, wishing me the best of luck on the apartment.

I prayed all the way over to the apartment, which turned out to be only three blocks off campus. The house was a single family dwelling; it had beautiful stone work at the front. The apartment was a renovated loft over the garage with an outside open stairway leading up to the entrance. I walked up the paved driveway, went to the left side of the garage, and climbed the stairs. The stairs led up to a large balcony. French doors were at the top of the stairs.

Timidly, not to mention exhaustedly, I hauled my three suitcases over to the doors and rang the bell. A long minute later, the door opened and showed me what Janet Price looked like.

The girl who opened the door to me, was almost identical to my own height. If I had to guess, I would say that she was 125 lb. The pounds were all very well proportioned too. As I was outside and the balcony was one step down from the doorway, I found that I had to look up to see her clearly. This made me feel kind of funny and strangely inferior to the girl. I had never felt that way before and it kind of threw me off balance a little bit.

She was, in one word, gorgeous. She had shiny dark brown hair that fell thickly, straight down from the crown of her head to her shoulders, where it curled prettily. Her hair was pushed back on the

right side to accommodate a yellow lead pencil that she had shoved behind her ear. I could see that on that ear she wore a large silver hoop for an earring. Her eyes were large and blue behind her large, round, dark brown framed glasses. Some of her bangs were curled over the tops of her glasses in what I can only describe as a cute way. Her lips were a bit pouty, pink, and smiling warmly.

She was wearing a pale pink, short-sleeved, mo-hair sweater and a pleated white skirt with a hem that hung down to just an inch above her knees. Her sweater snugly hugged her hips, emphasizing her slim waist. She wore white knee socks that had delicate lace cuffs and a pair of light brown leather loafers.

I caught my breath. I could easily fall in love with a girl that looked like that. She was very pretty, yet she had an air of no nonsense about her that I found very attractive. But I had to try very desperately to impress her that all I was looking for was a room. She fit my concept of an ideal woman to a Tee.

“Hi... uh... Janet?”

“Yeah?”

“The school student aid officer sent me over to meet you. She said that you have a room that you might be willing to let me rent from you?”

“Yeah... well, come on in. It is a bit chilly out there. We can talk about it anyway, eh? To be honest, I’m not real crazy about the idea.”

I stepped into the warm room. It was the living room. I was kind of amazed at how surprisingly large and well-lighted the room was. In the center of the room was a coffee table that was spread with opened textbooks and note papers. It was obvious that Janet was trying to get a head start on whatever courses she was taking.

I looked straight ahead. There was an arch-styled doorway leading to a hallway. Directly in front of me was an open door that showed where the bathroom was. Off to the right side of the living room was a small kitchenette and dining area. I assumed that the bedrooms were off the hallway that I could see through the archway.

“Well, set your stuff down over there and I’ll make you some hot coffee?”

“Yeah, that would be great.” I set down the suitcases and the backpack and slid my coat off my arms. I dropped the coat on top of the suitcases.

Then I enjoyed watching her move. She did not have big hips but the hem of her skirt swayed in a rather pleasant way as she took each step. The small pleats made it look a bit like it was flowing, kind of like what a kilt on a highland dancer looks like. I liked what I saw. I wondered what the chances were of my ever getting intimate with her. I figured they were not too good as a chick like this could get any guy that she wanted. She was a knockout.

I went over and sat at the small round dining table in the alcove that was just off the kitchen. There were only two chairs at the table. It had a pink and purple floral centerpiece. From where I sat, I could hear Janet moving around but I could not see her. I waited quietly, thankful to be out of the chilly autumn breeze. After a few minutes, she returned to where I was, with two large mugs of coffee.

“So, you got here too late and can’t find a room?”

“The student aid officer has called every motel and rooming house in the town and she has not been able to find one empty place. The last dorm

room went to a person who got in this morning. Geeze, if I'd had any idea of how tight it was going to be, I would have gotten here last week."

"Yeah... what a bummer... So, what if it does not work out between us, what will you do?"

"I will have to get to a hotel, stay there and hope that something comes up, like, maybe, someone dropping out of school or something like that. If that doesn't happen, I won't have enough money to stay at a hotel for a long time, especially if I have to eat in a restaurant all the time. The student aid officer told me that this school does not have a meal program so I can only eat in the cafeteria once a day. If something does not turn up, I guess I will have to drop out, and work for a while, till I get enough money together to go back to the school."

"Well Terry, you seem like a nice enough guy to me. I've got to tell you though, I like to roam around in my underwear a lot. If that is going to bother you, you better say so now. I don't want to have any kind of relationship with a guy going on at this point in my life, okay?"

"If I let you stay here, you've got to act... well, I guess what I am saying is... you've got to act sort of like you were a girl sharing my apartment and not a

guy. I want to help you but you have to know up front that if you are going to act like a normal guy, I will not put up with it. I want to enjoy my freedom and I want you to respect that freedom. I don't want some dumb jerk after me or ogling after my body every time he sees me in a pair of panties. Can you get along with that rule, Terry?"

"Well, I'll be honest with you, Janet. You are a foxy chick but I am desperate. I will go along with whatever you say. I am just so thankful that I would do anything to get along with you."

"Okay. Now, if I am making some concessions that I do not have to make, I want you to make some too, okay? What I want is \$150.00 a month for rent. You will also have to pay for half of the food. You will have to do all, and I do mean *all* of the housework. Yes, before you ask, that will also include doing the laundry. I hate doing laundry with a passion. The only thing I will take care of is making my own bed. So, can you live with that, Terry?"

"Heh... piece of cake. I was the oldest kid at home so I know all about how to do housework. My mom worked and my two sisters were quite a bit younger than me, so I had to do a lot around the house. I won't have any problem with that arrangement. I

really do want to thank you, Janet. I'd be really stuck if you did not want to help me out."

"Okay... I just stocked up on groceries this morning. I spent \$350.00 of which half is \$175.00, plus the rent of \$150.00. You want to pay me \$325.00 in advance? You can wait till the bank opens in the morning, if you want. I think you will find that this is still a lot cheaper than living in a dorm room and eating in a restaurant, you know."

"Yeah, I believe it. I have got that much cash with me. I have to open a bank account in the morning and deposit my money but I can pay you now if you want me to."

"Yeah, I want everything all up front. That way there are never any hurt feelings, disappointments or misunderstandings, right?"

"Yeah... You are right. Listen, how about if I pay you up till the end of the year now, for the rent at least? I'd be giving it to you anyway, right?"

"Yeah, that's true enough. So, four months at \$150.00 a month is \$600.00. You want to pay that to me now?"

“Yeah, and the money for the groceries. That way, I only have to pay for groceries as we buy them. I don’t mind doing that, if you don’t mind.”

“No, I like the idea.”

I went over to one of the suitcases and opened it up. It took me a couple of minutes of rifling around in it till I found the paper bag with my cash and traveler’s cheques in it. I counted out \$775.00 and handed it to her. Janet had gotten a receipt book while I was looking for my money and she prepared a receipt for me.

Once that was all taken care of, she took me to the bedroom I would use. There were numerous items of her bright pastel-colored intimate apparel spread out on the bed. She smiled, then scooped them up in her arms. She made a comment that if I had grown up in a house full of females, I was certainly no stranger to what ladies underwear was all about.

I smiled nervously.

I sensed that she was alluding to the fact that I might have a particular interest in ladies underwear because I had grown up in a household of fe-

males but I did not want to prolong that kind of thinking.

I hurriedly made a comment about how cold the weather was for late August, to which Janet agreed. Then she emptied the bureau drawers and removed her few dresses from the closet. She smiled and told me to make myself at home.

It took me nearly an hour to get unpacked and put everything where it should go. Once that was done, I was exhausted. I changed into an old sweat-suit that I had with a pair of slippers and made my way out to the kitchen to get another hot coffee.

Janet was on the couch. The television was playing softly and she was studying. She was wearing a floor-length nightgown with a matching pink peignoir, tied with a little bow under her chin. On the one foot that I could see was a pink high-heeled slipper, with a large pink puff at the toe. I could hear the delicate material rustle daintily as she moved on the couch. She looked up and smiled.

I was beginning to think that I might not be able to keep my promise to her. Seeing her sitting there like that gave me an immediate erection. She was one hot looking lady. I also had, from the strange little glint in her eye, the impression that she knew



how she was making me feel too. She might turn out to be a tease. Inwardly I groaned and hoped not. I had enough problems in life without having a tease in my life too.

I went into the living room after getting my coffee and tried to pretend like she was my sister or something. We chatted, making a lot of small talk. She learned just about everything that I have already told you about myself.

Janet was from a wealthy family; when she turns twenty-one, if she is married, she will come into a rather large trust fund. In the meantime, however, she had no financial worries, as she received monthly cheques that were more than adequate to cover her living expenses. She was studying graphic arts as she hoped one day to become a famous fashion designer.

She told me she had been raised by relatives; her parents had died in a plane crash when she was only five years old. She did not remember them very well. Apparently, her uncle, who was the executor of her parent's estate, had taken the insurance money and turned it into a small fortune for her. That was the trust fund that she was going to inherit. But she would only be able to get it if she was married by the age of twenty-one.

As she was only eighteen and a real knockout in the looks department, there did not seem to be anything to worry about. If she were not married, all the assets of the fund were to purchase a lifetime annuity for her. She really was not too keen on the idea of a lifetime pension as opposed to a large chunk of cash. I could not say that I blamed her.

Over the next couple of weeks, Janet and I became very good friends. The only problem that I had was when I saw her walking around the apartment in her scanty and very pretty lingerie. I somehow got the idea that she liked parading herself in her lingerie in front of a boy. I had an almost constant erection. It was not just that she wore lingerie; it was that what she wore was ultra sexy and feminine too.

I was able to manage getting a part-time job in a grocery store, stocking shelves for three hours a night. I had been worried about having enough money. Now this job would give me enough that I would be able, if I was careful and worked through the summer, to pay for the next year and have a small cushion to depend on.

Things looked like they were going very well. I found that I did not like computer sciences the way

that I thought I would. I decided to stick it out however, at least for the first semester.

Janet knew that I was disappointed in my choice of courses and she managed, somehow, to talk me into going into her graphics design course for the coming semester. From the things I had seen her doing around the apartment, I thought that I might like to try that. I was not as creative as she was but I learned from her and we decided that I would be able to do it somewhat successfully.

We settled into a routine. With my working at night and slightly different hours for our courses, we actually hardly ever saw each other. I always knew that she was around though.

Since I had agreed to do all the housework, I was constantly picking her clothes up from almost anywhere in the apartment. When I did do her laundry, I always folded her clothes after ironing what usually ironing, and left them in neat little piles on her bed.

I must confess that handling the beautiful clothes of this beautiful girl and having seen how they fit her caused me some problems. I found more and more that I was enjoying ironing her clothes and folding her pretty and ultra soft lingerie into

the neat little piles I would place on her bed. I loved the feel of her soft silken underthings. I liked the smells of them.

I had my mind's eye overly filled with my memories of how she had looked wearing the various things. Janet hardly ever wore anything but her lingerie around the apartment now. I couldn't let that show as she would very quickly find out that I had a hard-on for her all the time. From our first conversation, I knew that that would cause a serious problem, if she ever found out. So I kept it hidden from her. But I also felt more and more strongly that she was teasing me all the time.

Everything was going along super. Well, that is right up till a week before Halloween.

Chapter Two

By the time that mid-October had rolled around; we had actually settled into a life style that was agreeable to the both of us. We liked each other. With me working at night and her having odd hours for many of her classes, we actually only got to see each other on the weekends. But it was a comfortable relationship and it worked out well for us.

But the weekend before Halloween began a total change of lifestyle for me, though at the time I would never have guessed what was coming down the road for me.

I remember it clearly. It was a Saturday morning. We'd both just finished our midterm exams and we were beat. We were just sitting around watching all the fluff types of entertainment that are on the television on Saturday mornings.

“So... Terry, what are you going to go dressed as to the Pub Bash next Friday night?”

“Well, actually Jan, I really wasn't planning on going. I really don't like too much of that social type of thing. I am more of a homebody, I guess. I was planning on staying at home. Besides, I don't have enough money to start wasting it on renting a costume for a night of partying that I really don't want to go to anyway.”

“Oh man, I cannot believe what I am hearing. You have been busting your butt for weeks now, man. You've got to take a break. If you don't take some time off, you're going to just blow up one day, don't you know?”

“Yeah, well, I don’t really go for that kind of thing. Besides that, I really do not want to spend any money on renting a costume. There is talk at the store of a layoff, so I want to hang on to all the money that I’ve got, just in case. You never know what might happen.”

“That is your reason for not going? You won’t go because you don’t want to spend the money for a lousy costume?”

It seemed funny to me but Janet appeared to be angry about that. Of course, she was not used to ever being short of money, so she really could not identify with the uncertainty that I had to deal with, could she?

“Well, yeah, I guess you could say that.”

“What if I got you a costume, absolutely free of charge? Would you go to the bash with me, then?”

“I really don’t like that kind of thing, Jan.”

“I think that you better take a break and that is the simplest way of doing it. They say variety is the spice of life. You need a change, Terry. I want you to go to that party with me.”

“You sound just like my mother.”