



Reluctant Press

Mommy Dearest

Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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MOMMY DEAREST

By: Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter One

Hi. The story that you are about to read may sound strange, and to some people, it will even seem to be perverted.

Nonetheless, it is what happened, and perverted or not, I have become quite a happy person through it all. But please, let me begin at the beginning, okay?

#

Presently, I am eighteen-years-old and will soon be nineteen. I am a recent high school graduate. Because I am quite intelligent, I graduated a year before I should have.

My dad thought I was too young to go to college, so for the last year I have been taking preparatory courses, but I am able to stay in my own town and with my own family. We all agreed that that was the best thing to do, for now, because of my young age.

Right now, I live a lifestyle that can only be considered, by normal standards, abnormal. I will confess that truth, right up front. I do feel kind of trapped in my life now, but I really do love it. I really do.

My lifestyle now, actually started a little over one year ago. So let me take you back to that time, and relate to you what happened, okay?

Unfortunately, not to mention tragically, my mom was killed in an auto accident a little over a year and a half ago. She was killed by a drunk driver. It devastated us, my father and I, that is.

I was very close to my mom, and for a while I had a terrible rage against the guy that killed her.

My father ended up hiring a lawyer. It took a long time but we ended up getting quite a bit of money, but it could never replace Mom. Nothing could replace her.

My dad really missed her too. I know that he loved her, even though they did fight a lot. About once a week, they'd get into it. They never knew that I knew what they fought about, but I knew it was because my dad was bisexual.

That really bothered my mom. She was scared of him getting AIDS. She hated the idea of sharing her husband with someone else, especially a man. She felt like he was committing adultery, and he felt that he was not, because he was not making out with a woman.

Regardless of what he was doing, he loved my mom very deeply. It took us about six months to really come to grips with the fact that mom would never more be in the house again.

We managed. I do not know how, but we adapted. That was when I enrolled in the prep school, to have something to occupy my mind all day long.

It was almost one year ago, that is, about four months after my mom died, that Dad introduced me to Kevin.

Kevin seemed like a really nice guy. He was not that much older than I was. He had a short blond, brush cut hair style. He was muscular, but a little on the thin side. He was 5' 6" tall. He had light blue eyes that sparkled often. He actually kind of had a mischievous look in his eye. I liked Kevin. I liked Kevin a lot.

But, I also knew, the very first instant that I met him, that he was my father's lover. I am not sure how I knew it, but I just knew. My dad never said anything, and he never acted in an unmanly or atypical way with Kevin when I was around, but I knew.

Looking back, I think it is because of the way that Kevin always looked at my dad. It was the kind of look in his eye that a new bride would have for her new husband.

I could tell that Kevin really loved my dad. I guess that adored would be a better word than loved. He adored my dad... the same way a girl might look at my dad, if she loved him.

Kevin started to hang around our house a lot. He would often go out to dinner with me and my dad. He had a real good sense of humor, and I found that I actually liked him.

Kevin was a very gentle, sensitive young man and he seemed to really care about me too. So, Kevin sort of became a part of our family.

#

About nine months ago, I came home from school one afternoon about three hours earlier than I usually did. I was not expected home that early.

I was not feeling too good, so I got an excuse slip from the school nurse to go home. I figured that my dad would be at work, so I walked home, rather than call him for a ride.

I was surprised to see my dad's car in the driveway. As I usually did, I walked alongside the house, to enter by the back door. I really did not feel good at all.

What I saw when I walked in the back door, into the kitchen, nearly floored me. Suddenly, I felt like I was in a surreal world. Everything instantly slowed down so that a moment seemed like fifteen minutes.

First, I saw my dad. He was sitting at the kitchen table. He turned to look at me with a stunned look on his face. He was sitting there, with a woman. Her left arm was out, and her left hand was resting on my father's right forearm.

Then, It suddenly dawned on me that it was Kevin that was sitting at the kitchen table, having a coffee, with my dad.

Kevin was wearing one of my mother's suits and he'd also applied makeup to his face. He wore a shoulder length dark brown wig. He was quite beautiful. I knew it was him immediately, even though he hardly looked like the Kevin I was familiar with.

This Kevin was a pretty, young woman. I looked closer, and realized that the wig he was wearing was one of my mother's wigs.

The suit he was wearing was a light blue wool, consisting of a jacket and a skirt, with a lighter blue silk blouse.

His shoes were also blue, with three inch heels. He even had pink fingernail tips. I noticed the shadows on his blouse, from his breasts.

I wondered if I were not having a bad dream, or some kind of hallucination. He looked and acted in such a very natural way, as he was wearing my mother's clothes. He acted like a woman.

Kevin was absolutely shocked to see me, nearly dropping his cup. My dad did not know what to say. His face turned a bright red, and his hands started to shake. He mumbled at me about why I was not in school. I did not know what to do, or what to say. I was so embarrassed to find my dad in this situation.

So, I just pretended as though there was nothing out of the ordinary. I went over to the cookie jar, took some cookies, and I poured a glass of milk. I then smiled at them, and went up to my room.

In my mind, I kept seeing how pretty Kevin had looked, sitting there so prissy and primly like, in my mother's clothes. I wondered how he could do that. I wondered why he would do it. I wondered how he felt about dressing up like a woman. I wondered why he did it.

I also had questions about why my dad was attracted to Kevin. The fact is, Kevin was a man, and there could be no question about that. I was curious about what it was like for Kevin to be like that.

I lay almost motionless on my bed, and I listened carefully. I wondered what they were saying about me. About twenty minutes later, I heard someone leaving the house. I assumed that it was Kevin. That meant that he would be going outside, wearing my mother's clothing.

Ten minutes later, I heard a light rap on the door. The rapping was so light, I almost wondered if I had only imagined hearing it.

“Come in?”

I wondered how my dad was going to explain this to me. I was not upset. If anything, I was curious about how Kevin felt when he wore women's clothes. I knew that if he wore the clothes, that he also took the woman's role when my dad made love to him. I wondered how that made him feel.

I was amazed to see that it was not my dad, but Kevin who entered my room.

“Uh... does this come as a... a real big surprise to you, Doug?”

“Well, not really, I guess. I had sort of figured out that you were my dad's lover... I just kind of always knew that, but I did not know that you literally walked in my mother's shoes for him, as well.”

He laughed a nervous laugh. He was still dressed up, and he still looked pretty. In fact, he even sounded more like a girl than a guy. His voice was softer and a higher pitch than normal.

“Uh... are you mad about this, Doug?”

“No, I'm not mad. I was kind of surprised, but I am not mad at you, or at my dad, Kevin.” I was not angry. I was just stating a simple fact.

Kevin came into the room and walked over to sit on the bed. He smoothed out his skirt under him as he sat.

“I am amazed that you are not real mad. If I had been you, I think I would be really, really mad. Uh... I really would like to try and explain about this, Doug. Will you listen to what I have to say?”

“Sure... I guess...”

“Well, as you know, your dad and I are in love. I have loved him from the very first minute that I saw him. I was not gay when I first met him. I have been wearing girl's clothes all of my life, but I was never gay. It is just something that I have to do. I can't explain it any other way.” Kevin nervously continued.

“Well anyway, I did not like guys, I liked girls. But when I first saw your dad, something clicked very deep inside of me, and I just fell madly in love with him. I can't ex-

plain it any other way. I don't know what happened, it just hit me like that. I love him, Doug.” Kevin looked at Doug with a slightly pleading, but intent and serious look.

“I guess that you should know that we have been talking about having me move in here. In fact, we just did not know how to break the news to you. That was what we were just talking about.

Uh... I met your dad... about four years ago. I was a singer in a drag club revue, and he came into the club one night.”

“A what?”

“A drag club. It's like a night club, where a lot of guys like me, that is, ones that like to dress up in women's clothes, who want to work and who like miming and lip syncing to popular records, or doing strip tease acts.”

“You mean, there are a lot of guys that like guys, like you?”

“Yes, there are. Your dad is one of the kinds of guys who like girls like me. There are a lot of guys out there who really get turned on by being with someone who looks and acts like a woman, but is really a man. Your dad liked me as soon as he saw me.” Doug was completely shocked.

“Anyway, your dad was in the club one night, and after my show, he asked me to have a drink with him at his table. I said okay.

In the club, they like us to drink with the customers, even if we are not gay. He treated me like I was a real girl, and I found out pretty quickly that I liked the way he was treating me. I just love everything about being feminine, and that includes being treated like a lady.

Anyway, I think that was when I realized that I could really love him, like any other girl might like a guy. It was hard for me to believe that a guy could make me feel like that, but your dad did it. He liked me to.

Well, we had a couple of drinks, then he asked me to go out for a bite to eat with him. I figured that I wanted to explore these new feelings that I was having, so I agreed to go with him.

After that, he took me back to my apartment, and I asked if he could stay with me for the night. I could hardly believe that I wanted a guy to make love to me. I fell madly in love with him.

He started to come to the club about once a week and we started to go out together, like boyfriend and girlfriend.

Well, after your mother was killed, he really needed someone to be with. The someone that he chose was me. I loved being needed by him.

After a few weeks, he asked me if I would start to come here, to clean the house and stuff. He asked me to only be a man when you were around. But, after you went to bed, he wanted me to dress up as a woman for him. I did it, because I really love him, Doug.

About four months ago, he asked me if I wanted to start wearing some of your mother's stuff. I did. We are about the same size, and she has some absolutely beautiful clothes.

Actually, for your dad, I sort of replaced your mother in many ways. He even likes for me to use her name when I am dressed up.

So, he calls me Karen. I love your dad very much, Doug, and if he wants me to wear your mother's clothes when we make love, I am delighted to do so. I will do anything that I can to please your father. I just love him, that's all there is to it. I know you think that I am just a faggot Doug, but you should never judge someone till you have walked in their shoes."

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense."

"It... it does not bother you too much to see me in your mother's clothes?"

"Nah... not really. I sort of already guessed that you were the female with my dad. Nah... it doesn't bother me.

But tell me, Kev... I mean, Karen... how did you ever start wearing girl's clothes in the first place? Why do you do it?"

"Well, that started when I was about eight-years-old. My mom earned her living by doing a lot of sewing, in our home. She was a pretty fair seamstress. It was the only thing that she knew how to do, but she was not good enough to be able to work as a seamstress at one of the fashion stores.

She specialized in designing and sewing little girl's fashions. I was the only child around, and I was small enough and pretty enough for her to use as a dress dummy. So she used me as her dress form, if you will.

It was not uncommon for me to wear dresses that she was working on at home. Because it was important for the dresses to hang right, my mom ended up buying me a complete supply of girl's lingerie. She said it was because the dresses had to fit me right, and they could not fit me right if I was not wearing proper underwear.

So, I almost always wore girl's panties and camisoles under my school clothes. They are silky and ever so much nicer to feel than boy's stuff. I hated wearing boy's underwear after the first time that I put on a pair of girl's panties. I loved wearing girl's underwear.

Actually, I was so hooked on wearing girl's clothes, that by the time I was nine, I only wore girl's clothes when I was at home. As soon as I walked in the door after school, I put on one of the dresses in my closet.

My mom seemed to like me much more when I was dressed up as a girl, which greatly encouraged me. I loved wearing girl's clothes far more than boy's clothes. I just felt much more comfortable in dresses.

Then, one day, a school chum dropped into the house, without telling me that he was coming over first. Mom was not at home. He knew that because he saw that her car was not in the driveway.

I did not hear him knock. So, he just walked in. I was sitting on the couch in a pretty, bright red summer frock, with red hair ribbons on... the whole works. Boy was I scared to get caught.

He told me that if I wanted to guarantee that he did not tell anyone at school that I wore girl's clothes at home, that I would have to do something really special for him. He told me that he wanted me to have sex with him.

I felt so strange as I sat there on the couch, with this boy sitting beside me, holding my hand, like I was a real girl. He leaned over and kissed me. I just sat there like a lump on a log, scared, and not knowing how to act. When he told me that I would have to do that to him, for him to keep quiet about my secret, I said that I would do it.

Well, I did it, and I found that I really did not like doing it for him. I hated it in fact, but he had this blackmail over my head, so I had to do whatever he wanted me to do.

He was my first boyfriend. I really kind of liked him, though I did not like the things that he made me do to him. He really did make me feel like a girl though, most of the time, and I really liked that.

I was his secret girlfriend all throughout high school. My mom never even got suspicious when he started staying over at our house, one night a week.

That was really amazing, because I did wear girl clothes all the time, and I did wear nighties to sleep in, and she knew that he was sleeping in my bed. Maybe she did know it all along, and just thought that that was what I wanted.

He was the one who made me realize that I would rather live in the girl's role in life. I did not like having sex with him. That is why I said that I did not think that I was gay. I did not like it very much. I sort of felt like a battered wife in a way, I guess, because I could not stop it.

I never ever wanted to have sex with a guy, at least not until I met your dad. He's just so damned masculine and so good looking. I fell under his spell.

For him, I wanted to be a complete woman, and I mean complete, including all the things that a woman does for her lover. Well, I guess that's basically it... in a nutshell."

"Wow... that is strange..."

"Yeah, it is. So now you know all about me."

"You... you really do like wearing girl's stuff all the time?"

"Oh... Doug. If you ever did it, you would never want to wear guy's clothes again, if you had a choice in the matter. I love them. They are so sexy feeling. And, they make me feel like a woman, and I really love that feeling.

I can't explain it. I just love that special feeling that I get when I am dressed up prettily, especially if there is a guy like your dad in my life. I really do think that I love him, much like a woman would feel for a man. I know that I certainly would like to live the rest of my life as his lady."

"Wow..."

"You are asking an awful lot of really good questions, Doug. Do... do you think that you would like to try dressing up as a girl, sometime?"