

FRANK AND KARIN

By Jean Hollis



ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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FRANK AND KARIN

BY JEANE HOLLIS

WELCOME TO THE WEDDING

Francis Willard was called Frank by a few people, but Francis by his mother and sister Shawna. They were who he lived with at the age of 18 years. Just finishing high school, he was at loose ends, but also most happy living at home. Mom and sister were the two most important women in his life. Francis knew a few girls, but he didn't date like most boys. Mother and Shawna had not said no to dating, but he knew they didn't want him to. When he thought about it, he thought they would find the right woman for him when they thought he was ready for that.

Next door to them lived Karin Moore, who had just returned from Europe. Her mother had passed away and left the house to her, along with a great deal of money. There was one thing, though, as she had told Mrs. Willard and Shawna: the trust fund had a rule put there by her mother. The rule was very strict: if Karin married or lived with a man, she would lose the money. Her mother did not like men and did not trust them.

Francis thought Karin was fascinating. She had been to so many places, done so many things. Sometimes she would take him out for ice cream or a walk. This seemed to be all right with his mother. After all, Karin was 31 and did not seem to be interested in men. Francis loved to go out with her or visit her at her home. Karin wore her hair very short and parted on the side. Francis had never seen her in a dress. She wore jeans or pants and men's shirts all the time. Francis also knew she could cuss like a man; he was not allowed to and had gotten a hard spanking from his sister for doing it once when he was younger.

Karin told him she thought the trust fund hired someone to check on her sometimes, but since he was so much younger and lived next door it was okay for them to hang out. One night after a long walk by a little known lake, Karin said she was going in for a dip. Since she had no suit, she made Francis turn his back while she stripped and went in the water.

She had warned him not to peek. He wanted to so badly, but he minded her and didn't. He didn't want her to see him peeking and tell his mother or sister. Francis' mother kept a belt hanging in the basement, and she and his older sister had needed to use it on him much more than once as he was growing up. His father had left when Francis was 6 years old, and his overbearing mother and sister took over the fatherly duties.

After the swim, Francis covered his eyes as she got dressed. Karin was starting to like Francis. He was easy to be with, unlike other males. He minded her well, and she liked that. Over time he was with her a lot, and she became very much a part of his family, getting along so well with his mother and sister. The three women often spent time talking about what he should do with his life. A common refrain was "What are we going to do with him when he grows up?"

Francis had been trained by the two women in his home to do cleaning, cooking, laundry, and ironing. He was responsible for all the household chores, and he was learning to sew. He thought when he was good enough he would make a dress for his mom and sister. Karin was not good at cooking, so she ate with the family often. Lately Francis had started cooking some meals for her. With all her money she bought him all kinds of cooking things. His mother said, "Karin, you will spoil that boy."

"Oh, so what? He loves his new things so much, let him have them," she said kindly.

By this time Karin was like a member of Francis's family. She and his sister picked out his clothes, books, what videos he could watch, and so on. Karin paid for all those things. His mother no longer objected.

Now Francis was spending a lot of time at Karin's. She went to the trust fund lawyer and explained to him that Francis was a young neighborhood boy who was doing work for her around the house. She insisted that it was nothing for the trust's lawyers to be concerned about. With that out of the way, she was free to have Francis over more often, and was thinking about hiring him to do more house work for her. She liked the way he cooked and picked up around the house.

Karin had also asked Francis to let his hair grow longer. His mother approved, and soon it was getting quite long. Karin liked to brush his hair and tie it up in a ribbon. His hair was now as long as hers was short. Francis had lovely blond hair and china blue eyes.

As Francis begin to do more housework for Karin, she brought him more things: things to clean with and more cooking things. But what Francis liked best of all was the set of aprons she got for him. One for each day of the week. White, blue, pink, rose, taupe were all favorite colors of his. Karin also kept her weekly cleaning lady, so he would not have to work as hard. Francis worked along with the maid on her day, with his apron on, but Karin could tell they did not get along that well.

"I may need a new weekly lady who can handle Francis' apron and peculiar ways better," she figured.

In fact, that evening when the cleaning lady was gone, Karin found Francis in the kitchen by the sink with tears in his eyes. She held him and promised a new lady soon. She liked the way he laid his head on her shoulder and cried. She felt very strong and powerful holding him. At last she kissed his cheek and, giving him a swat on the rear, said, "That's enough, little one. Now you get busy and cook my dinner." He did.

Karin loved the way Francis minded her. His mother and sister had done a really good job with him. She knew about the belt in the basement; his sister had told her.

“Maybe I should get a belt too, just in case I need it,” she thought. That night, she walked him to the ice cream place. She held his hand as they walked home. That night Francis dreamed of Karin, of her short dark hair, of how strong her hand was. How good it felt when she held him as he cried. He came awake from his dream very excited. At last, he went back to sleep, dreaming again of how strong Karin’s arms were as she held him.

THE ATTIC and THE AWAKING

One morning when Francis came over to clean house, Karin took his hand and said, “We are going to the attic to go through all those boxes up there.”

In the boxes they found all sorts of things. Francis opened one and it was full of dresses. He held one up. “Oh, I wore that in high school!” Karin said. She walked over and held it up against Francis. “You would look cute in this, Francis.”

“Who, me?” he giggled.

“Yes you, silly. Come on, don’t be a spoil sport, try it on.”

Francis was at a lost, and he felt embarrassed. It was strange; part of him wanted to try it on! It was a very pretty dress, in the palest pink with white ruffles, and with a white bow in the back. But boys didn’t try on girl’s dresses, did they? “I know,” said Karin, “you don’t want to undress in front of me. Okay! It’s like the lake. I won’t peek, so go ahead.”

He slowly took his clothes off, then wondered how to put the dress on.

“If you don’t hurry, Francis, I’m going to look.”

“I’ll hurry.” He finally got it on right. “Okay,” he said.

She opened her eyes. It was so strange, like she couldn’t believe what she was seeing. He looked just like a girl in the dress. Francis was small for a boy, and with his now long blond hair, pink cheeks and those china blue eyes, he was, to say the least, a real doll. “Oh Francis, you are so pretty in that dress! Come!” She took his hand and led him down stairs to her bedroom.

There she stood him in front of the full length mirror. He could hardly believe it either. Yes, he did look like a girl. And, as Karin kept saying a very, he made a very pretty girl. After he had taken a good look at himself, Karin, standing behind him, put her arms around him. She held him tightly to herself. “I like you like this, so much so that I am not going to call you Francis any more. From now on I’ll call you Fran. Is that okay?”

He watched their reflection in the mirror. She with her short dark hair, her man’s work shirt, and he now in this pretty dress, with his long blond curls down to his shoulders. He said, “Oh yes, I like that name, I like Fran.” Then he smiled at her in the mirror.

A few days later, his mother and sister went to the next town for the day to visit a friend. When Francis, now Fran, came over to cook breakfast for Karin, she told him after they had eaten that this would be a really fun day. Then she took him to her bedroom. Fran never questioned anything Karin did. She was their leader; he was her fol-

lower. They both liked it that way. Karin had even bought a belt, as his mother had suggested and also told her to use it if need be. So far, Fran had minded her so well she had not needed too, not yet anyway.

In her room she had hung a pink dress on the door. Then Fran saw that Karin had lain a lot of inmate things out on the bed. “Fran, you are going to be my girlfriend today; we’ll have lots of girl fun together. So I want you to get undressed and put the things on the bed on first. If you are going to be a girl for me, I want you to be the best girl you can be, and these are the things girls wear.”

“ But you don’t wear all of these things, Karin. I know because I do your laundry.”

“You’re right, sweet, I don’t. “ She opened a drawer in her dresser and took out a pair of jockey shorts. “Most the time I wear these, because I like them. I’m not the kind of girl who wears those things on the bed. I don’t even wear bras, because I work out at the club and have muscles there. I don’t need to! But if you’re going to be my girl today, this is what you will wear. Now Fran, you know your mom told me to get a belt, and I have it in the basement. Don’t make me use it!” Fran was clearly not going to disobey. “Good, lets keep it that way. I’ll wait outside the door; you get undressed and just put on the panties. Then I’ll come in; you will need some help with the bra, and petticoats, and dress. Just say when you’re ready.”

She stepped in the hall, but left the door open. Fran’s hands shook a little and his mouth was dry. After his boy clothes were off, he stood there and could feel his heart racing. Also there was a problem with the panties when he got them on. There was a bulge down there. ‘Oh my,’ he thought, ‘what do I do about that?’ Then Karin stepped into the room. She had been watching him after all! He quickly put his hands over the bulge. She of course saw it, but said nothing.

“Okay, girlfriend, lets get you in this bra.” When that was done she rolled up some socks and put them in the bra, making a mental note to buy some inserts for him. Fran had to wiggle into the petticoats. The two had lots of ruffles. Then the dress came down slowly over his head. Karin hummed a soft little tune as she pulled the dress over him. Fran’s head was going around in circles. He was awash in all kinds of feelings. ‘Is this okay? Should we be doing this? I’ve never... Oh my!’

“Well,” Karin said. He couldn’t speak, tongue tied. She took him in front of the mirror. He just stared at himself. He was so aware, unlike the last time, of all the other things he was wearing. The tight fitting panties, the way the bra with it’s filling made him look as though he had breasts, and the petticoats... All the ruffles held the dress out from his legs and made it look so full, but he could also feel the satin petticoats against his legs. As he looked in the mirror he felt faint. Karin at once put her arms around him and held him close. She kissed the back of his neck. “Its okay, Fran; it’s fine, girlfriend.”

At last he spoke. “Oh, Karin, I love this so!” They stood there for a long time just looking at themselves. Each in their own way was thinking this is just so right.

At last Karin said, ”All right, Fran, you may be my girlfriend now, but you still have to wait on me. That will never change, and I’m hungry after all this work dressing you up. So get your little buns down there and fix my lunch! “

“Yes Ma’am! “Fran cooed. As she sit at the table waiting for you lunch, she could hear him working in the kitchen. Then she heard something that was not a work sound. Karin stepped to the kitchen door. Fran was standing over the sink, crying. Karin just watched a while. ‘That’s good for him,’ she thought. Then she went over and again put her arms around him from the back. “What’s wrong my sweet one?”

Fran sniffled. “Nothing’s wrong.” Fran turned around and put his head on her shoulder as he had done before. “I’m sorry for crying, I just can’t help myself. Oh Karin, I’m just so happy being a girl like this for you. I’ve never ever felt this way. I just don’t know how to say it... I feel so complete, just so much my real self. Oh Karin, please don’t be angry with me, but I... I love you so much.” Then he cried some more.

She just held him, and as she did she too was filled with a feeling of completeness. She thought, ‘I can be my real self with him, I don’t have to play girl for some man; and Fran can be himself, he can be my girl. I’ve always wanted a girl, and now I have one!’ She took his face in her hands and kissed him deeply on his mouth. Then she said, “All right, girlfriend, enough sissy tears for now. You get my lunch ready fast or I’ll get my belt, got it?”

“Yes, Karin, oh yes.” Then she pulled his petticoats up in back and gave him a hard smack on his little buns. Fran kept peeling the potato, but that did feel good! Fran was really starting to know where his place was, and whom he belonged too.

He just didn’t know the words for what he was feeling. Francis, who used to be Frank, had all of his life been ruled by his mother and sister. That was all right, because they did know what was best for him. Just think if they had not trained him to do housework, to cook, do laundry... He would not have been able to do those things for Karin, and that was what she had liked best about him to begin with. And his sister had enrolled him in the sewing classes, which he had missed for two weeks. He promised himself to go Monday night. Fran knew the ladies would all wonder what had happened to me. Unlike a safety group he had been in once, mostly all men and boys, he had not made any friends there. But Fran had made friends with all the ladies and girls in his sewing class. ‘Maybe I’ll make cookies to take to class this week. The ladies will love that and maybe forgive him for missing two weeks,’ he wondered.

As he finished making Karin’s lunch he was smiling and just so full of happiness, overflowing with it. Then his bra strap slipped down off his shoulder. ‘Well’ thought Fran, ‘I might as well learn now.’ He dried his hands, reached under his dress and pulled it back up. Then he pulled his dress and petticoats back down on that side. He felt so proud of himself, having done what millions of women do every day. But, after all, it was a little different with him, and this was his first time.

“Where’s my lunch, girl?” Karin called out. She knew it was taking so long because of all the feelings Fran was going through. That was fine, but she wanted to keep him on his toes too. And this new girl was so girlish, so emotional, she cried every time she turned around. ‘What the hell,’ Karin thought. ‘I like her — I mean him — to act like that. This would never work if he were the male type...’

WE NEVER KNOW WHAT MAY HAPPEN NEXT

As she was going to bed Tuesday evening, Fran's mother fell over with chest pains. Sister called 911; Fran was in tears. They rushed her to the hospital, but it was too late. There was nothing they could do to save her, although they tried. She died at 10:57 p.m.

Shawna had called Karin. When she got there, she told Shawna she would take Fran home with her. His sister nodded her consent. At home, Karin called her doctor, who ordered sleeping pills for Fran. She had them delivered. Fran could not stop crying. At last, Karin undressed him on the bed, ran a tub of warm water, and helped him get into it. It was the first time she had seen him in the nude fully. He did not seem to notice. After his bath she dried him and wrapped him in a sheet, and had him lay on her bed. She fixed him warm milk and held him. She talked to him in a very soothing voice, telling him his mother went quickly, without much pain. "I know how much you loved her, darling, and how much you will miss her. But remember I'm here for you, and you know how strong I am and how you can depend on me."

He nodded yes. She kissed his tear stained face. All ready thoughts were forming in Karin's mind. 'There must be a way I can keep him with me, that's what he needs. And I want that too, but the damn trust rules!' At last Fran was a little more calm. Karin had him take a sleeping pill. He didn't want to, but he did as she ordered him to. She went to her dresser. She had just bought this for him as a surprise, now was the time to give it to him.

She came back to the bed with a box wrapped in gold foil, with a white bow. "Sweet one, I got this present for you just yesterday." She helped him open it. His eyes got so big, even with the tear stains. In the box was a lovely nightgown with matching panties. A light taupe color, with lots of lace trim, it was full length but with a slit in the side up to the hip. The panties were lace trimmed too, and full cut with slits on both sides. "Don't speak, Fran." He didn't. She unfolded the sheet from him and helped him stand. She pulled the panties up to his waist and lowered the gown over his head.

The sleeping pill was taking effect. The last thing he remembered as he went to sleep was lying there in bed, with Karin, wearing the lovely gown. He thought Karin was wearing just a tee shirt and jockey shorts, but he wasn't sure. It felt so good for her to hold him. It had been years since his mother had held him like this. He felt so safe in her arms, and the soft gown felt so good against his skin, he wanted to cry again, but before he knew it he was fast asleep.

KARIN'S SILKEN WEB OPENS WIDER

Karin, who had traveled a lot, knew there were males who dressed as females. She had seen them in clubs in London and Paris and New York. Similarly, she knew from the women-only clubs that she loved to dance in that there were women who lived as men. 'Of course, look at the way I dress,' she thought. 'But what the hell? I love dressing butch, and I've got money now so I can do anything I want...' As all these things went through her mind, a plan was starting to form. She got in her car and went to a bookstore, where she thought she could find info that might help her. In the store she

found a special kind of newspaper, and took it home with her. There was an ad for a meeting for people who preferred dressing as the other gender. “That’s where I need to go!” She called, and a little later someone named Kitty called back. Karin explained what she was planning. Kitty invited her to the next meeting on Friday night.

WHAT DOES IT TAKE TO BE A GIRL?

As Karin got ready to leave Friday evening, Fran’s feelings were hurt. “Why can’t I go with you?”

“I told you, I need to check this out first. Then if I think it’s okay I’ll take you next time.”

“But Karin, sometimes you go places and I don’t even know where you are going, and you always know where I go. It’s not fair!”

Karin leaned over Fran’s chair and took his chin in her hand. “That’s the way this relationship works, my sweet one. I wear the pants, and you wear the panties. I decide the way things will be and you accept. It has nothing to do with fairness. It just has to do with who wears what. Got it?” Fran had two tear drops on his cheeks, but he nodded yes.

Wearing her jeans, a black shirt and her black boots, Karin went out the door, then stuck her head back in and said, “Clean the bath room, Fran!”

There were about 20 people at the meeting, most were males dressed as women, plus a few women who were wives, and several more who were girlfriends of the cross dressers. There were 3 gals dressed as guys. One of them couldn’t keep her eyes off Karin. There was topic discussion, and most everyone took part. Then came plans for the next party, and the dance.

After the meeting, Karin picked the group leader and asked if she could talk to him for a little bit. He invited his wife, and the three of them went into a corner to talk. Karin just laid it out to them: her friend Fran wanted to live as a woman, did not want a sex change, but might want breast implants later. Karin asked if they could give her the name of a doctor for just some hormones, and a place for hair removable, and of course the best place for clothes, makeup, and so forth. The wife just smiled and got a sheet of paper for Karin. “It’s all in here, dear. My husband and I put this together a few months ago, so it’s current. The doctor we like isn’t on there, but I’ll write his name and number and I’ll put our names and phone too. Please call us if we can help. We believe people should be allowed to live the lifestyle they want to. “

“Oh, I just can’t begin to thank you enough,” Karin said. She visited with a few other people, said no thanks to the woman who wanted to buy her a drink, and then she left.

When she went in the house, Fran was just finishing cleaning the bathroom, which really did not need it. Karin knew for his red eyes he had cried some more. “Come here, my sweet little love.” She took Fran in her arms and gave him a deep kiss. “Now come with me.” They sat on the couch together. “Fran, I’ll take you with me next week when I go back there. I just wanted to check it out for my baby first, to be sure you would be safe there. You know I take care of you!”