



Reluctant Press

Ruth Roman's House

Jean Hollis



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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RUTH ROMAN'S HOUSE

By Jean Hollis

The sea stretched out before her, she pushed her toes into the sand. The sun felt good on her shoulders . At last it was all done. She had buried her husband, finished all the paper work and moved out of their former condo. Now she sat at the beach alone. No children, little family, and a rich, but empty future.

She returned to her beachfront room, showered and lay on the bed. Her hands ran over her nude body. No sexual desires at all; of course there had not been much sex with her late husband, just now and then.

Ruth missed him in some ways, but the truth was, she had been bored in the marriage. “Well now,” she thought, “I have a lot of money in the bank and no plan as to how to use it.”

The next day she checked out of the hotel and got a plane back to the city. *At least things are happening there, maybe I can find something I really want to do. I won't be bored again*, she promised herself. The next day she went shopping for a whole new wardrobe. *New clothes for a new life*, she told herself.

She bought dresses, new everything, then off she went to the shoe department. She chose several styles she wanted to try. Her shoe clerk was a middle-aged man who had been kneeling at the feet of rich women for many years. As she waited for him to return with the next pair, she noticed another shoe clerk. He looked so young, like he should be just starting high school, instead of selling shoes. She thought his hair was lovely, sort of longish, blond, with a natural-looking wave. His customer wore lots of jewelry and expensive clothes. She was berating this young clerk. Why couldn't he get something in heels that she liked? Why was he so slow, etc. etc.?

He kneeled before her with a shoe in his hand, his head bowed as she told him what a poor job he was doing. When he did look up at her, her finger was pointing at him. Ruth felt sorry for him , but she also knew how brutal some rich woman can be, and people who serve them just have to take it.

Later after the woman had left , Ruth watched him as he straightened up the shoes lying on the floor. She couldn't get over how pretty he was. Yes, pretty was the right word for him. Delicate features, light skin with a glow to it—Ah, the glow of youth, Ruth thought. She followed him with her eyes as he walked back to the stock room. He moved so well , such grace in his movements. *My God, he is so girlish*, she thought. She paid for her purchases and arranged to have them delivered to the hotel she was

staying in. Before walking away, she glanced over at the boy again . He stood staring off into space; he looked sad. *Well, she thought as she walked away, the rich bitch did a number on him.* Then she thought, *My God, I wonder if he is really a girl, passing herself as a boy.*

Back in her hotel , she called the store and got the manager. “I want to ask the name of a clerk in the shoe department.” She described him and was told his name was Jamie Malery. She assured the manger that she had no complains , and in fact would ask for him her next shopping trip. She wrote his name on a note pad. *Wonder why I’m doing this, I don’t know , its just he was so pretty.*

Ruth was browsing in a book store one day, when she saw in the next aisle a blond holding a book and reading it. She waited ‘til the person looked up. It was the blond shoe clerk, Jamie . *I thought so, she told herself.*

Ruth was lonely , and beginning to get bored. She walked over to him “Hello, Jamie “. He looked up, surprised. “ How do I know your name ? I’m a gypsy fortune teller,” she said, smiling. He looked dumbfounded. Then she felt bad , “I’m sorry Jamie, I didn’t mean to trick you. I know your name from the store where you work. I’m Ruth Roman,” and she held her hand out to shake. Jamie was not used to shaking hands , but did at last. Then he looked down at his feet. Ruth couldn’t help but notice. “Jamie, is something wrong?” “No, not really.”

Ruth decided to act. “Jamie, I’m going to have a nice cup of coffee, and I want you to go with me.” Without waiting, she took Jamie by the arm and they walked over to the coffee shop . She sat him in a booth and brought back drinks for them. She tried to make small talk , but he didn’t respond. “ All right Jamie, this is enough. You are going to tell me what’s wrong! “ He looked up at her, his face one of sorrow. “I was fired from my job today, and my step father told me to not come home. He does not want me to live there any more.” “Oh my God, Jamie, you poor dear.” She reached over and took his hands in hers. “What are you going to do?” “I have no idea,” he said. Then the tears ran down his young cheeks. Ruth scooted close to him, gave him her hankie and put her arm around him. As they sat there, Ruth began to think. “I don’t know this boy, why should I offer to help him?” Then she thought, “I’ll just give him some money, and be on my way.” But her heart told her no. She decided to take a chance.

“ Jamie I want you to listen to me, don’t speak. I’m going to tell you what we are going to do now.” Unknown to both of them, that moment Jamie’s life began to change, and so did Ruth’s, in ways they could never imagine . She told him she was going to help him , and he was to do as she said , no questions asked .

A NEW BEGINNING

She called a taxi, they got in, Ruth gave the name of her hotel. Jamie didn’t know what to think, he sat back quietly beside her in the seat. It begin to rain lightly, the sky had darkened, the taxi drove through the busy, rain-streaked streets. Jamie felt as though fate was pulling him along to he-didn’t-know-where. Ruth reached over and took his small hand in hers.

Jamie tried to ask questions as they went into her hotel . He had never been in a building like this. She told him to be quiet, that she would answer his questions later. Once upstairs in her suite, she had him take off his shoes and lay on the bed. In minutes, he was asleep. She sat and looked at him. *My God, he is so young, and so pretty, beautiful. This poor dear, he loses his job and is told not to come home.* Right then, Ruth made a decision to help Jamie in whatever way she could.

Later, she had dinner served in her suite. Jamie was in awe of the dinner, but could only eat a little. After dinner, she begin to draw him out. Why was he fired? He seemed to not want to tell her. She got angry. “Jamie, I am going to help you, but you must be honest and tell me what happened.” At last he opened up, he knew he needed whatever help she could give him.

“Roberts is the shoe department manger. He likes boys. He wanted me, that’s why I now believe he hired me. He was always trying to touch me in the back room, or kiss me. The other boy who works for him gave in to him months ago. I believe they do things in his office. That boy, Bobby, told me I should give in to Roberts, that he would fire me if I didn’t. Well, that’s what happened.” “Jamie, couldn’t you go to the store manager and tell him what was going on?” “No Ruth, see, they are friends. I’ve heard they go to all-male clubs together at times.” “Well Jamie, we’ll find you another job, I promise you. Now, tell me why your father won’t let you come home.” Jamie just sat there, looking at his hands. He looked lost to her.

At last he said, “Oh Ruth, I don’t know how to talk about this.” He twisted his hands in his lap, then he lowered his head and she heard sobs. Ruth got up and took his hand. She led him to the bed. “Lie down, Jamie.” He did, then to his surprise, she lay down beside him.

She let some time pass; Ruth had always been good at handling males. Her late rich husband did as she told him to. At last she spoke. “Jamie, you are so lost, you need someone who can help you. I can do that. But you must trust me and there can be no secrets. Now unburden yourself and tell me everything.”

He cleared his throat and started talking. “All right Ruth, but I hope you still will want to help me after I tell you this.” Ruth could tell he was nervous; he played with his hands and kept crossing and uncrossing his legs. She was quiet, she didn’t push him. At last, with his head lowered, he begin to talk.

“I’m not like other boys, Ruth. I never have been. When I was little, before my mother married this man, I, uh, well, I lived like I was a girl. My mother wanted me to be her little girl, so I was. I never wore boys clothes, just dresses. I went to a private school and they knew the truth about me. There was another boy there who was registered as a girl, as I was. The truth is, Ruth, I liked being a girl. I was so small and, well, pretty. I would have not made a very good boy, but I did make a very good girl. Everyone thought I was so pretty, and such a nice little girl. My Momma and I were both happy. We had tea parties and I had a few little girl friends from the school come over to play at times. Of course mother explained to me that I had to be careful to not let anyone know our secret. I was careful, though I even went to slumber parties at times. Oh Ruth, I didn’t know I would tell you all of this.” A few tears ran down his cheeks.

“Well, what happened is my mother made investments with money from my real father when he died and the investments did not work out. She lost all her money. That’s why she married Jeff. She didn’t have money and he did. He’s my stepfather. Anyway, I had to become a boy to go live with him. I hated it, I cried and cried .I was so used to being a girl and I didn’t want to give that up. But Momma said this is what I had to do.

“After we had lived with Jeff awhile, I asked Momma if I could just have a dress or two, and underthings to wear in my room sometimes. Well, she understood, and we went shopping. It was just like old times. I was so happy. I only wore my girl things when Jeff was gone and only in my room. Momma would help me get dressed. I loved those times. Then one day, Jeff came home when he was not expected. I was in the hall going to the bathroom and I was wearing a dress and make up. He blew up and said no queer bait was going to live in *his* home.

“Ruth, it was awful. He went to my room and took all my girl clothes, my make up, everything, and threw them away. Momma cried and so did I. Momma did get him to allow me to stay ‘til I could find a place to live. Today he changed his mind and said I was not to even come home.”

Jamie started to cry. Ruth took him in her arms. “Jamie, it’s going to be all right, I promise you.” At last she got him to settle down. She told him they would make plans tomorrow. He could call his Momma then, so she would not worry about him.

They watched a movie on cable that night and Jamie slept on a sofa. Ruth sat up in bed and thought about all of this. All she could think of was that she would help him. After all, she now had money and she could do whatever she wished.

Ruth woke up that next morning with a plan. As she opened the drapes, the sun was shining, a good omen she thought. She stood for a minute and looked down at the park; the greenery was lovely. *I love this view*, she thought . Jamie had slept in his clothes, and they looked it. Ruth told him to go shower and gave him one of her dressing gowns to wear. Ruth noticed how well he minded her. She liked that .They had breakfast on the balcony overlooking the park. Jamie felt good wrapped in her silk robe. “You look pretty in the robe,” she told him. He blushed. *How sweet*, Ruth thought. He liked her so much, she was like his Momma. He felt better this morning and less lost than yesterday. He thought this wonderful woman just might take care of him.

Over breakfast, Ruth told him her plan. “I need a personal secretary to do errands for me. I’m going to hire you for this. You can live with me for a while and do things for me. I’ll take care of all your expenses and pay you a little salary, too. How does that sound dear, do you want the job?” “Oh yes, thank you from the bottom of my heart , Ruth.”

“Now,” Ruth said, “we need to make plans for how you will dress. I know you want to wear girl clothes. That’s fine with me, but if I allow you to do that, I don’t want anyone guessing that you are a boy. In other words, I want you to be perfect as a girl. We need to give some thought to this.” Jamie was smiling. “Oh Ruth, my dreams are coming true, to live as a girl! Ruth, I will mind you always, I promise.” She patted him on the cheek. “That will be good, Jamie. I will enjoy being minded.”

Finally, they had a plan. Ruth would take him to buy some new boys clothes, but she promised he could wear panties under the trousers. Then they would find someone who was skilled in the art of showing a boy how to be a girl. Ruth had an idea; she called her hair dresser, a gay male and told him what she was looking for. He called back later and gave her the name and number of a friend of his who worked in drag shows. "I'm sure he can help you get this boy into dresses," he said.

That afternoon they used taxis to go shopping for a few boys clothes for Jamie. He was happy to have new things. Ruth bought only the best. When they went panty shopping, he just glowed. She would hold a pair up and whisper to him, "Do you like this, dear?" She also got him three lovely gowns with matching panties to sleep in. She had told the hotel her nephew would be staying with her. They would bring a bed for him. Jamie thought he was in a dream, but he never wanted to wake up from *this* dream.

When they got back to the hotel, the hair dresser's friend called. Ruth explained what she wanted. The queen said he would be happy to give Jamie lessons on being a girl. They agree on an hourly fee and the first lesson was set for two days later.

Ruth sat on a sofa and took her shoes off. Jamie rubbed her shoulders. "He has such tiny hands," she thought. Already Ruth was beginning to like having Jamie with her. It wasn't like having a man around; she had enough of that. Jamie was sort of like the little girl next door, even in pants. *My God!* she thought, *what will he be like in a dress?* They had gotten a lot done today. Ruth wanted a drink and a nap. "Jamie, come take my hose off, and then I'll tell you how to fix me a drink." Like many wealthy women, Ruth had no problem telling people to wait on her. Jamie kneeled before her and, following her directions, he reached under her skirt and pulled her hose down. Ruth wore garter belts, she hated pantyhose. It felt strange to him to have his hands up under her dress. But it did feel intimate and helped him to feel closer to her. He had helped his Momma undress many times, so he was sort of used to doing personal things like this for an older woman.

She gave him directions on fixing her drink and told him to rest while she napped. "I'm taking you out to dinner tonight so we can celebrate our new relationship." "Thank you Ruth...for everything." "Do you feel better now, little one?" "Oh yes Ruth, I'm not frightened like I was yesterday." "Good, come give me a kiss then." Jamie bowed to kiss her cheek, but she turned her head and kissed him on the lips. "Go rest now," she said.

He went and lay down on the bed which had been brought in. Then he got up, went in the bathroom and tried on his new panties. He stood in front of the full-length mirror and admired himself. Jamie knew how pretty he was. Now seeing himself nude except for his new panties, he felt a stirring "down there". *How will I look in a bra?* he wondered. He pushed his boy breasts up in his hands. Then he turned and looked over his shoulder at his cute little cheeks in the skin tight panties. *T and A*, Jamie thought, that's what boys like to look at, and what they want, too. He looked under his arms. *I need to shave there*, he thought. *I better go rest as Ruth told me to. I believe I had best learn to obey her just as I've always done with Momma. After all, Ruth is taking care of me now.*

He put the silk robe around him and went to his new bed. He was tired, a lot had happened. At last, Jamie dozed off, with the robe wrapped around him, both his hands down between his legs and a sweet smile on his lips.

She woke from her nap, refreshed and ready for a night out with her new little friend . Ruth touched her breasts and pinched her nipples a little. She rose and went over to wake Jamie. She stood and watched him sleep. *He is so pretty, he will make a beautiful girl*, she thought. Then Ruth thought, *I'm excited about doing this to him, making him into a her. What a rush that will be! But I wish I knew if this pretty boy is gay or straight, or double gated. I need to find out.*

“Jamie, time to wake up, honey. We need to get ready to go to dinner.” Jamie looked up at her with his big blue eyes. Still sleepy, he smiled at her. *God*, Ruth thought, *this kid makes me horny. How can that be? But it is.*

Jamie wore his new clothes, including his new panties; Ruth wore a bright green dress. In the limo going to the restaurant, in answer to her question, Jamie did his best to explain why he loved to wear panties. “Part of it is because I started wearing them when I was 3 or 4, so they are so familiar. Boys shorts feel strange to me. But the most important thing, Ruth, is when I’m in panties, I just feel so safe, secure—complete I guess, is the best word for it. Then too, it’s the girl thing , I mean part of being a girl is wearing panties and I want to be a girl *so much*.” Ruth took his hand and held it in hers. “I understand, little one.” Their limo took them through the darkened night , these two new companions brought together by needs and desires they did not fully understand . Holding hands, they sat together, as life pulled them towards the unknown.

LEARNING TO BE A GIRL

At the appointed time, the new teacher came. His name was Gale Writte. He was in his early 20s, strawberry blonde, pretty eyes. Gale was a few pounds overweight , but graceful in his movements. He had been doing drag for almost 3 years. He loved his work and was excited about teaching a young boy how to be a girl. He told Ruth he just loved to help a boy cross over into the girl’s world. Jamie liked him and was excited . Ruth was glad that he didn’t ask questions about why they were doing this, Gail just wanted to get to work. He seemed to act as though all middle-aged rich women spent their time turning young boys into girls.

He told Jamie how lovely he was and what a great girl he would make. Jamie just glowed. They took to each other at once, as if Gale was the older sister. Gale was very feminine and spoke in a soft, almost girlish, voice. Ruth sat in with them as Gale made a plan in a note book. “These are the areas we will work in: Dressing, walking, standing, sitting, posture, doing tasks, serving coffee, touching up your make up in public,

etc., etc. Talking. How to act when with men, and women.” Then Gale said, “It will be best, Jamie, if you are in femme clothes for all of the lessons.” Ruth had told him it was their goal for Jamie to live full-time as a female. Gale said, “even though you are not ready to do that yet, still the more he is in dresses, the better for when he does cross the line and begin to live as a girl. It will help you pass , and passing is what it’s all about for girls like us.” They all agreed with that. “And Jamie,” Gail said, “when you *do* come out as a girl, it’s so exciting!”

Then, Gale was told that Jamie did not have a wardrobe. “So,” Gale said, “we must go shopping and I know all the best places to go.” Then Gale explained to them that a lot of men cross dressed, and that certain stores valued them as customers. In these stores they would get excellent service , and complete understanding of Jamie’s need for female clothing.

They made a plan to go to one store a day and Gale would outline a wardrobe list to use. He and Ruth discussed when and how he would be paid. He gave them free tickets to the show he was in and they promised to come watch him.

When he left, Jamie with Ruth watching, called his mother to tell her he was all right and that he had found a friend to stay with for now. He would stay in touch. After the call he cried and Ruth held him on her lap; she enjoyed protecting him. “Mother asked if I needed money, I told her I would let her know.” “No Jamie, you don’t need money from any one else, I’m taking care of you now,” Ruth told him.

“So, let’s relax tonight and just have fun. What would you like to eat tonight, dear?” “Oh Ruth, could we have pizza please and ice cream?” *God*, Ruth thought, *what a kid he is*. “All right , but you must say Please Ruth.” “Oh please Ruth, pretty please with sugar on it.” “All right sweetie, I’ll order it later. Now I want us to rest for a while.” Jamie started towards his bed. “No Jamie, I want you to come lie on my bed with me. But first, let’s go put our robes on.” They walked to the closets together. Ruth begin to take her clothes off. Jamie blushed and tried to look the other way, but she was talking to him about the ice cream, so he had to look her way. He could not help but notice how big and powerful-looking her breasts were; he tried very hard not to look at the mass of dark hair between her legs. “Come on, Jamie dear, get undressed so you can put your robe on. Don’t you just love the way the silk feels?” “Oh yes Ruth, it feels so soft and, well, silky.” They both laughed, then she took his hand and they walked to the large bed. Ruth could tell he was excited laying there with her, having just seen her woman’s body. She smiled to herself, then thought, *go slow now, this is a very young boy, who may be a virgin yet*. Then she thought, *I’ve got lots of time*. She smiled, *after all, Jamie belongs to me now*.

The shopping day came, Gale showed up at noon fully dressed as a young career woman and the three of them had lunch in Ruth’s suite. All three crossed their legs under the lunch table and talked about clothes, girl’s clothes. Then it was off to the first store on Gale’s list. Jamie hated that he was still in boy’s clothes.

The weather was lovely , with just a bit of a breeze. The air smelled good, it made them all feel good. Jamie was so excited, the lure of panties and dresses and all things female was pulling at him so strongly. The cab let them out at the store, Iris Fields. It was a very upscale store offering evening clothes for younger ladies. Inside, Jamie

caught his breath; there were so many beautiful clothes, he couldn't believe his eyes. As they looked, a sales woman came over and introduced herself. "Hello, I'm Irene and I'll be happy to help you in any way I can. Are all three of you looking for dresses?" Ruth took over. "No Gale and I," she pointed to Gale, "we are just here to help Jamie choose some things. He would like to get some nice evening dresses." Irene turned to Jamie. "Of course dear with your lovely hair and eyes, I'm sure we can find lots of things for you to try on." Ruth was watching Jamie, he just glowed. *Here he is, she thought, picking out his first dresses without his mother, at last being a girl on his own. Except of course for me. I'll be sure he does not forget that.* Ruth was very possessive.

Then Ruth felt a little rush of warm feelings. *Jamie needs me, I'm so glad I'm taking charge of him. We'll make him the best dressed girl in town!*

They were there almost three hours, most of the time in the large dressing room which had sofas and lots of full-length mirrors. Ruth learned this dressing room was one of two that the store had just for cross dressers. At first, Jamie was a little shy about changing with everyone there, but that passed. He had a screen to undress behind. Later in the afternoon, Irene went behind the screen to help him pull a dress over his head. Ruth was pleased to see how easy it was for a woman to be with him when he only had panties on. Ruth's interest in Jamie was growing. She still wasn't sure why being with this young feminine boy was turning her on so much, but it was.

A maid came in and served them coffee. She didn't speak, but seemed surprised to see Gale, as though she might have known him. Her maid's outfit was just beautiful, a black skirt, with lots of petticoats under it. and a very frilly blouse with a ruffled neck and sleeves. Her little white apron matched the large white bow in her hair. Her make up was perfect. When she was finished, Irene said, "That will be all, Teddie." When she left the room, Irene said, "Teddie was our stock room boy, then the store owner, Mr. Whits, promoted him to the maids position. He went through some training to become a maid. Isn't she lovely?" Jamie, Ruth and Gale all agreed. Ruth thought, *there's more to this than I thought. This isn't just a few boys dressing up as girls, this is a whole culture and I have no idea how many of these girl/boys there are. Guess I better have a talk with Gale and learn more.*

They arranged for their purchases to be delivered to the hotel. Jamie had picked out three dresses, all very dressy and all the things to go with them. Although she didn't care, even Ruth was surprised at how much it all cost, as she wrote a check.

They returned to the hotel, Gale had to leave to get ready for his gig at the drag club. Ruth promised him they would come to the club soon to watch his act. In the hallway, Ruth whispered to Gale, "I need to talk to you soon, just you and me. I'll set a time."

They had pizza and ice cream and Jamie called his Momma again to assure her he was doing fine. He promised to meet her soon for lunch. Ruth was concerned. What would the woman think when she found out her little boy was living with an older woman, a rich woman at that? Ruth was beginning to feel some real ownership of her young charge and had no intention of losing him.

After ice cream they watched a movie. It was funny and Ruth watched Jamie laugh for the first time. She reached over and took his hand and held it. In a while he moved

closer to her and she put her arm around him. *This is so different*, Ruth thought, *than being with a man*. The man always took charge. Now she was taking charge and she liked the feeling. After the movie she tickled him and he giggled. Next thing they were on the floor, laughing together. Then Ruth pulled him to her and held him close. “Do you like living with me, sweetheart?” “Oh yes Ruth, I just love living with you, I feel so safe and good with you.” “Soon we’ll have lots of girl clothes for you and you can wear them with me all the time. I do want you to be a happy girl, Jamie.” “Oh Ruth, thank you for all that you are doing for me.” He buried his head in her bosom and sobbed. Ruth decided to take a chance. “Momma loves you darling, this Momma, me.” He replied without hesitation, “I’m so glad, momma, I love you too.”

“Let’s get ready for bed, Jamie, it’s been a long day. You know what, sweetheart? I want you to sleep with me tonight and we can cuddle up together.”

“All right, Mommy.” Ruth smiled and thought, *this is progress*.

Jamie came out of the bathroom in his gown and panties. Ruth was already in the bed and she held the comforter back for him. He snuggled up against her. Ruth smiled, “I’m going to really start owning you tonight, little one, owning you down deep where it counts.” He wiggled closer to her. They lay together in the darkened bedroom, the rose night light barely lit the room. “Jamie, this is a very personal question, but its one I need to ask you. After all, we are together now and we can’t have secrets, don’t you agree?” “Yes I agree.” She put her arm around him and pulled him close. “Jamie, have you ever done things with girls or boys? “What things do you mean?” “You know sweetheart, sex things.” He moved closer to her, she could just barely hear his whispered little voice say no. “That’s good darling, I’m glad you haven’t because I want to help you with your sex experience. Would you like that?” “Well, uh, yes, I guess I would. But Ruth, I mean, it sort of scares me.” “I understand sweetheart, so we will go very slow, I promise you. You don’t need to be scared and Momma will protect you. There is just one thing, Jamie, you must agree to. That is anything we do or talk about that is about sex must always be our secret, you must never talk to anyone about it. Is that clear?” “Yes Ruth, I promise.” His face looked a little frightened.

She held him a while and felt good about it. It was still strange to her, to be so attracted to this young feminine boy, but she *was* attracted. Perhaps it was the idea of having complete control that attracted her so much. What ever it was, she liked it a lot. She put her hand between his legs. She could feel him get excited through his panties and gown. “Jamie, when you touch yourself there, does it feel good to you?” “Do you mean when I do the naughty thing?” “Yes, yes, it does.” “Well, I’m going to touch you there and it will feel even better because I’m doing it. I want you to trust me and just let me make you feel good. Now close your eyes.” Under his gown she pulled his panties to the side. It stood up in her hand. It felt good to her to hold it. *This is real control*, she thought, *he is so helpless with me*. Ruth could feel herself get damp. *I like this*, she thought.

She felt him stir as she begin to use her fingers to tease it. “It’s all right, Jamie, Mommy is right here, everything is fine. You’re going to be my girl all the time soon and I’m going to take care of you. You will be so happy in your panties and bras and pretty dresses.” She could feel the effect of her words about wearing girl clothes. It was throbbing in her hand. She begin to slowly stroke it. As she did, she talked to him in a

low voice about how he would always be with her and how he would always do as she told him to. They belonged together and now he belonged to her.

He was so close now she could feel it. "No Jamie, not yet, hold it 'til I say you can go. You must never let your milk come out without Mommy's permission." She released her hand, she waited and then she took it again. It felt thick in her hand, she gave it hard, deep strokes. "Now Jamie, give it to me, all of it!" Her voice was stern, commanding, she was fully in charge of him. His flow was so strong, it went up and over his gown, panties, legs and her hand. They lay still for a little while, Jamie breathing hard. Then she got up and washed her hand. She brought a towel back to the bed. "Jamie, hold this on yourself and go change your gown and panties."

He came back to the bed in a clean gown and panties. She held her arms open to him as he got into the bed. "Sweetheart, Mommy is going to teach you a lot of good sex things we can do together later. But you must never let anyone else touch you down there in any way, do you understand?" "Yes I do and I won't let anyone." "And Jamie, you must never let your milk come out without my permission. This is an important part of your training." She pulled him to her and she kissed him long and deep. "Go to sleep now, Jamie." "Ruth, I love you." He was soon off to his teenage sleep. Ruth lay in the dark and thought about all that had happened. *Well, she thought, I really have a lot going on now and I love it. To think I was worried I might be bored. No way.* She reached her hands under her gown and, as she thought about how much power she was acquiring over Jamie, she thrust her fingers down there and satisfied herself. It felt so good! The power was exciting to her.

MORE "HOW TO'S" OF BEING A GIRL

Ruth began to do research. She read all she could find on cross dressing which wasn't much. Gale took her to a sex store. She found more there and she bought an armful of books and mags. Then she found the Internet and keep busy with that. She wanted to understand all of this. She was surprised at the size of the crossdressing culture, with all the suppliers, stores and clubs, etc. Jamie watched over her shoulder and learned a lot also. Ruth had gotten him a maid's outfit and was training him to wait on her, hand and foot. He loved it and was glad to accept the discipline and punishment she was now giving him when he failed to perform to her standards. Just as Jamie seemed to like and need the discipline, Ruth found she enjoyed giving it to him. To her surprise, she found she liked giving it a great deal! His maid's name was Marie.

Now Ruth did more research on domination and submission. There was a lot to study on these interesting subjects. Crossdressing was a most important part of this as well. As time went by she was leading him further and further down the path to new sexual acts with her. Jamie proved to be a most willing student. She loved his

ability to go several times a night. For Jamie in the bloom of his teenage years, the sex was wonderful. For Ruth as a middle-aged woman, it was just what she needed. In fact as she looked in the mirror now, she thought she was looking younger. She smiled and winked at herself. *See lady*, she thought, *getting a lot **does** make you feel good!*

The next time Gale came, Ruth sent Jamie to the closet to polish her shoes while she talked to Gale alone. She had learned a great deal by now about crossdressing and shemales. Her questions to Gale had to do with whether or not she should arrange for Jamie to begin female hormone shots. Gale who knew many boys who had received this type of treatment, told her all that he knew. He had been taking the pill, as he could not afford the shots. "Ruth, with the shots and pills, Jamie will be much more female. His breasts will begin to fill out, his hips will be fuller and his voice will be higher, more feminine. His skin will be smoother, more girl like. But his feelings will be affected also. He will cry more often, love deeper, use his logic less and use his feelings a great deal more." "So," Ruth said, "he will need a strong person to look out for him and take charge of him, as most girls do?" "Well yes, I guess that's true. Of course as you must know, Jamie is blessed that he belongs to you and that you are taking charge of him. Hundreds of boys in this city would give anything to belong to a wealthy mature woman who wants to help them be a girl. Jamie is a very lucky boy, or girl, I should say! "I guess you're right, Gale." "Oh Ruth, you just don't know. I mean when someone is this way, as I am and as Jamie is, I mean, it's the single most important thing in our life. Dressing is every thing and all the rest comes after that. Males like us will go to any lengths to crossdress.

"I've heard, even in prison, the boys find ways to get some panties and a scarf and maybe a lipstick. All against the rules, of course, but they have to have these things. These boys get boyfriends and later a husband who takes care of them. The guards let it all take place because the sissy boys take good sexual care of some of the men and it's more peaceful then. I'm just saying Jamie should be grateful to you; he should lick your shoes if you tell him to." Well, the truth is he is learning to do that. In fact, he's in the closet right now polishing my shoes." "That lucky girl," Gale said.

"All right Gale, go to your sources and get me the name of a good doctor to take him to. I want him to be all the girl he can be, but still keep his male sex drive." Gale had assumed that Ruth was using Jamie sexually. He had heard that older rich ladies liked these kind of sex boy toys and gladly kept them in panties and dresses. They referred to them as "girls who can get it up". At bridge parties, one matron would say to another, "My girl can get it up three times a night when I order her to."

Gale was fine with what Ruth was doing. Jamie was a lucky little bitch. Gale couldn't do that; the idea of having sex with a real woman scared and turned Gale off. Gale had a bisexual boyfriend, a married man who liked shemales. Gale would have preferred a gay boyfriend, but so far no luck. Gale loved to go out on dates with his married boy friend. After all, a girl needs a stiff one whenever she can get it.

Ruth, as Jamie ,and Gale were both learning, once her mind was made up, acted quickly. As soon as Gale gave her the doctor's name, she called and set up an appointment for her and Jamie. Gale had given her the name of a rather high-priced doctor, knowing that Ruth would want the best for her girl-to-be.