



Reluctant Press presents:

Delicate & Feminine

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Delicate & Feminine

by Patricia Smith

I remember a line in a movie that said, 'When you wake up in the morning and you can think of nothing else first, then that is what you are supposed to be.' Gawd! I hoped it wasn't true. I hoped that wasn't the way it worked. I also hoped that it could come true for me someday.

I was only sixteen years old, a virgin and I woke up every morning with an erection as I dreamed about having some handsome older man make love to me. Maybe I was supposed to be gay. I thought I liked girls, and in the conscious world I was not attracted to guys. I went to school with both sexes and I looked at the girls right along with the rest of the guys. I showered with the guys after gym class and I didn't find any of them attractive in the least. But I still woke up every morning with an erection as I dreamed about lying in bed with a man, kissing him, sucking his cock and feeling him inside me.

It was the sort of dream my older sister Connie had. She was a year older than me and she liked to day dream about sex with a man. Fine. She was a girl. I guessed that it was normal for girls to dream about that. But I was a guy so I should be dreaming about screwing a girl, not some other guy! Maybe it was because I didn't have a male role model in my life? No brothers and my father had divorced us when I was a kid. All I had was a mother and two older sisters.

I always felt I was a fairly normal sixteen year old guy. Like the other guys my age, I masturbated about twice a month, though I would never admit it to anyone but myself. There again, I ran into problems. If I dreamed about beautiful girls while I stroked my hard cock I inevitably hurt myself by rubbing the skin off my

cock. Girls just didn't excite me enough that I could jerk-off to the thought of them. On the other hand, if I thought about sexual intercourse with another guy, I could have a satisfying orgasm without causing myself any unnecessary pain. Maybe I was gay and just couldn't admit it.

Childhood was being left behind and I had to start thinking about my future. Mom worked full-time to support all of us. Dawn was finished school and working too, to help Mom with some of the bills. Connie had found a part-time summer job to make extra money just as she'd done last year. I had enough to do at home that I didn't worry about a summer job, yet. Mom had said that as long as I took care of the chores that had to be done that I didn't have to worry about working away from home.

It only took me a few hours one day a week to do all the yardwork that had to be done. I had daily dusting and vacuuming that had to be done. Laundry for my sisters, mother and myself. Tile floors to wash and wax, appliances to clean, the bathroom to keep clean, beds to change. I did the grocery shopping, cooking and baking, the cleanup afterwards and took out the garbage too. Working around the house was a full-time job in itself.

It was the first day of the summer vacation, a Wednesday, and I had a lot to do at home. I also took the time to roast a chicken and make a special kind of meal for my family. Usually, good meals like this happened only on Sundays but I was in the mood to do it so I did it. Connie got home first, tired after an almost full day of work and flopped down on the couch to turn on the TV and channel surf. Mom got home a half hour later and went to her room to change into something a bit more casual for at home. She always wore a dress or a skirt suit to go to work. Dawn got home while Mom was changing and went to get changed herself. She always wore her good slacks to work and changed into jeans for at home.

Mom and Dawn were ready at the same time so I served dinner. "What's all this?" Mom asked with obvious surprise and some delight in her voice.

"I had the time today so I thought I'd make a nicer meal," I told her. "You didn't want it, right?"

"I wasn't expecting it. But yes, I do want it. Thank you Christopher."

Connie dragged herself to the table as the rest of us sat down to eat. Roast chicken, mashed potatoes with gravy, broccoli with a cheese sauce and a tossed salad with the dressing of your choice available to you. For desert I had a freshly baked, homemade apple pie and vanilla ice cream for those who liked it that way. I did and Mom did too. Dawn and Connie preferred a slice of cheddar on their apple pie.

"I am full!" Dawn said with a sigh as she pushed her half eaten pie away from her. She sat and looked at it for a bit, then pulled it back to pick up her fork and continue eating.

"What happened to being full?" Mom asked her.

"This pie is too good to let it be wasted."

Mom smiled as she continued to eat her pie. Connie laughed.

“Don’t make yourself sick with it,” I told her. “I can save it and you can have it later.”

“No, I’ll eat it now and have another piece later. You did really good today Chris.”

A compliment from my sister was a compliment indeed! “Thanks, Dawn.”

“Someday you’ll make someone a really good wife,” she continued. That was more like the Dawn I knew. There had to be a wisecrack somewhere. Mom was laughing lightly and Connie was giggling beyond control. I just shook my head and finished eating.

“Dawn’s right Chris,” Connie joined in. “You clean house, you shop, do the laundry, cook and bake. You’ll make some lucky guy a really good housewife someday.” That brought on another round of laughter as I took my empty plate back to the kitchen and got the pot of tea I’d made. I served the tea and collected the no longer needed plates.

“Maybe being a housewife isn’t your cup of tea,” Dawn said as I poured her a cup of tea. “You could always be a maid. I would really love to see you as a French maid. A frilly little black dress with lots of lace trim on it. Fishnet stockings and high heels. White apron and cap. You’d make a darling French maid.” Mom couldn’t keep from laughing with the girls about that.

I didn’t laugh as I imagined wearing what Dawn was suggesting. Just imagining it gave me a bit of a boner. Me, all dolled up like a girl! Living and working as a girl! If I was a girl, then my thoughts of having sex with a man wouldn’t make me gay. I’d be normal and heterosexual then. I had to stop thinking about it so I could lose my hard-on before I had to stand up again.

“You girls shouldn’t be picking on Chris like this,” Mom said as she tried to hide her grin. “He worked hard today to make our lives a lot easier for us.” The admonishment didn’t ring true to anyone.

“Face the truth Mom,” Connie said. “Chris would make a great housewife or maid.”

“Seriously Chris,” Dawn said, “you did a great job today. The house is spotless and the meal was fantastic! Speaking just for myself, I would love to come home from work one day and find you here dressed just like a French maid. That would make everything perfect for me.”

“Me too,” Connie agreed. Mom merely sighed, but continued to giggle a bit.

I got up from the table and began to clear away the dishes. I left Mom and my sisters with their tea as they continued to giggle and verbalize their thoughts on seeing me as a girl. I did the cleanup first and got all the leftovers put away, then got to work on doing up the dishes. I was washing the roasting pan when Mom came in with the tea cups. “Just put them on the counter please Mom. This water is too greasy for them.”

“I know. I’m sorry Chris. We were just having a bit of fun. You did a wonderful job today and we shouldn’t have been having our fun at your expense like that. But it was funny.”

“You want me to be a girl too, Mom?” I asked her as I continued to scrape at the baked on grease.

“No. I want you to be just what you are.”

“That doesn’t sound like the truth Mom.”

“You calling me a liar Chris?”

“No. I’m saying you’ll avoid telling the truth to try and tell me what you think I want to hear.”

“Well, maybe I would. But I love you just the way you are.”

“And?”

“And I hate it when people know I’m holding something back. How do you do that?”

“ESP. And?”

“Oh alright. Dawn was just joking when she said she’d like to come home and find you dressed as a French maid. But we talked about it and we did laugh about it too. I believe that both Dawn and Connie would actually like it if you were dressed up as a French maid when they got home from work. Talking it out like that and thinking about it too, I wouldn’t mind seeing that myself. There, you happy now?”

“No. Why do you want to see me dressed up like a girl?”

“Can’t we just leave it like it was all one big joke Chris?”

“I can’t Mom. I have to understand why you and the girls want to see me dressed as a girl.”

Mom sat down at the kitchen table and poured herself another cup of tea, draining the pot completely. “It goes back to your father,” she began. “He cheated on me with lots of other women which is why we got the divorce. I’ve learned since then from other women who’s husbands had a wandering eye, that the best way to keep a man on the straight and narrow is to have him dress up like a woman. A man in a dress isn’t likely to go looking for another woman. Conversely, a son who knows what its like to be a girl won’t have the urge to cheat on his eventual wife. Dawn and Connie remember more of your father than you do and since they are girls, they don’t trust men too much either. No, you can’t cheat on us, but you’re still a boy and all of us would love to see you as a girl. A boy who knows what its like to be a girl can only be a better husband to the women he marries. Happy now?” Mom stormed out of the kitchen.

I was finished the dishes and left the kitchen to find Connie curled up on the couch channel surfing once more. She never watched one show all the way through so I saw no point to her even pretending that she was watching television. She was seventeen, almost eighteen and should be out with her friends if nothing

else. Dawn was stretched out in the chair and had the phone glued to her head on a conference call with some of her friends. Both of them had work tomorrow so neither of them wanted to do too much tonight.

I found Mom in her bedroom putting away the laundry I had done for her today. I knocked lightly on her open door and stepped inside. “You mad at me Mom?” I asked her.

“No. Why should I be?”

“I don’t know. Do you honestly believe that I’m going to be just like Dad was?”

“No, I don’t know. Not all men are like that. Just most of them. Most of the ones that I know anyway.”

I gently closed the door to Mom’s room so we had some privacy. “What is your idea of a really great day Mom?” I asked her. I already knew the answer. I knew what she liked.

She stopped refolding the sweater in her hands to tilt her head back and close her eyes for a moment, then opened them to continue what she was doing. “Shopping!” she told me. “To get to the stores just as they open and to leave them when they close. With one or both of my daughters along. To buy them dresses or skirt outfits. To help them try them on and pick them out. To get all the accessories they would need to go with the outfits. That would be a perfect day for me.”

“So why don’t you take one of the girls and go shopping on Saturday then?”

She snorted a laugh. “Girls these days, like your sisters, don’t like wearing dresses or skirts anymore. They like pants, slacks and jeans. When was the last time you saw either of them wear a dress or skirt?”

“I think it was when Dawn graduated high school.”

“Right. How many years ago was that?”

“You can’t go shopping by yourself?”

“Its not the same. When I shop for myself I know what I want, where to get it, what size and color I want and how much I’m willing to spend. Shopping for a daughter adds some suspense to the experience. We don’t know what we’re going to find, where we’ll find it, if it’ll fit or if it will look good on them. That is why I need a daughter along. Why do you ask?”

“I just think you need a perfect day.”

“Those days are over. The next perfect time I expect is if one of them is getting married and neither of them is even dating yet.”

“Well, how about it if you and I go shopping on Saturday then?”

“Shopping for a son is about as boring as shopping for myself Chris. Its just a chore that needs to be done. But thanks for the thought. Was there anything you needed?”

“Yeah. Actually, I need a lot of stuff and I could really use your help with it.”

“Fine. We’ll go shopping on Saturday then. Make a list so we don’t have to spend a lot of time looking for everything, okay?”

“Do you make a list when you go shopping for the girls?”

“That’s different Chris. Shopping for you is a chore that needs to be done. Nothing more. Sorry.”

I went to my room and returned with a pen and a pad of paper to sit on Mom’s bed, with the door closed once more so we had some privacy. “Can we make a list together Mom?”

“If you insist. What do you need first?” She sat down beside me to watch me write on the pad.

“I guess I’ll have to start with underwear,” I told her. I let her watch as I printed out the word ‘Panties’. The next word I printed out was ‘Bras’.

She grabbed the pad from my hands. “What is this Chris?” she demanded.

“Well, if I’m ever going to be a loyal and faithful person I’m going to have to learn what its like to be a girl and the only way to learn that is to have some girls’ clothes of my own to wear, right?”

She just stared at me for a full minute. “You realize the implications here Chris?”

“What implications? You and the girls want to see me dressed as a girl. I’ve thought about it and I want to see me dressed as a girl too. You’ve piqued my curiosity. Can I look enough like a girl when I’m dressed as one? Can I learn to act like a girl too? Can I be dressed like a French maid someday when all three of you get home from work? Maybe it’ll be fun, maybe it won’t. But if I do it I need your help to do it right, and I don’t want Dawn or Connie to know about it until they do come home and find me dressed and working one day as a French maid. Think we can do it Mom?”

“No, I don’t. Dawn and Connie don’t go out much. We need a lot of time at home to train you properly so they will see what is going on. I don’t see how it can be done without them knowing all about it. Besides, you could use their help with some of it too.”

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Mom was a take-charge kind of person. Once she knew she wasn’t going to get a fight from me with what she wanted to do, she knew what to do. The first thing she had to do was enlist the help of the girls. Can’t very well have a boy running around the house dressed as a girl without them knowing about it. I was to stay in my room as Mom went down the stairs to talk to the girls again, this time in a more serious vein than the last time they’d talked about me.

I waited till Mom cleared the staircase, then followed her down. I sat on the stairs and peeked around the corner as Mom ordered Connie to turn off the television and Dawn to end her call. She stood there with her hands on her hips as the

girls complied. Then she moved them to the dining room where they could sit around the table and discuss the issue at hand. I moved close enough that I could hear without being seen.

“I’ve come to a decision,” she told the girls. “It would do Chris a lot of good if he were to find out first hand what its like to be a girl.”

“We’ve already had this discussion Mom,” Dawn said. “We agree.”

“We were joking around before. Now we aren’t. I’m serious.”

“Won’t work Mom,” Connie put in. “We would need Chris to cooperate. If he fights us, not even the three of us can hold him down and make him do what we want.”

“He’ll cooperate with me. Now, what do we do first?”

“Preparation,” Dawn offered. “I saw him cutting the grass last weekend. All he had on was a pair of short pants. He’s as hairy as most other guys are. Legs, underarms, arms, chest, stomach and back. All that hair has to come off. If you can get that hair off of him, I’ll know for sure that you’re in charge.”

“Connie? I want you to get a few of those home waxing kits. I’ll go shopping on my lunch break and get him a thong bikini. We’ll denude him tomorrow evening, after dinner.”

“I can borrow a professional kit from Stella. All we have to pay for then is what we use. We’ll have the opportunity then to do a better job on him.”

“Fine. You’ll have it here tomorrow?”

“I’ll call her now. Can Stella come and help?”

“No. This is a family project. Only the three of us will be in on it. You can borrow whatever you think we will need, but you can’t tell anyone that we’re going to use it on your brother. Once he’s hairless, I’ll take his measurements for the clothes we’ll buy for him. Ideas?”

“Dresses!” Dawn suggested. “Skirts too.”

“Of course. Unlike you girls and the rest of the girls in this city, Chris will not be wearing slacks when we have him done up like a girl. We want him to be pretty, soft, delicate and feminine. But there is one more requirement that I want as well.”

“What’s that?” both girls asked together.

“I want Chris to enjoy being dressed as a girl. That means that we can’t make fun of him or tease him. If he can enjoy it then he will want to do it and he’ll be dressed as a girl more often. That’s what I want. He will have to go back to school in the fall as a boy, but he can be a girl the rest of the time if we work it right. I want him to want to dress, look and act like a girl and like it.”

“Can we think about teasing him?”

“Sure. Just don’t do it. If you make him dislike being seen as a girl, you get to pay me back for all of the clothes I buy for him that he doesn’t wear again.”

“You want to turn him into a real girl Mom?”

“No. I just want him to enjoy learning what its like to be a girl now. It’ll make him a better person when he’s older. Are we in agreement?”

The girls agreed and I crept away silently and got back to my bedroom without them knowing I had been listening. Okay. I was going to be learning everything about being a girl now. That was good. I wasn’t going to be teased for it either and that was fine too. I wanted to enjoy the experience and learn all I could about being a girl. If I was good enough as a girl, maybe I could make my morning dreams come true too. If I was a girl I could have intercourse with a man and not have to worry about being homosexual.

I didn’t think I was homophobic. I had nothing against gays or lesbians. I just didn’t see myself as fitting into those lifestyles. I had to be heterosexual. Only as a girl could I ever have sex with a man and not feel like I had done something wrong. If I was a girl then I could be with a man and everything would be okay. If I was a guy then I had to be with a girl. My dreams were always of men, never of girls. I was going to cooperate with Mom all the way now. She had my best interests at heart, even if she didn’t realize it.

Thursday was a normal enough day for me. I got my chores done early and even did a few extras. I had a light dinner on when Connie got home from work. She had a package with her and took it up to her room before she got into her usual slouching position on the couch to channel surf. Mom and Dawn both arrived at the same time and both of them were early today. They went and got changed as I put dinner onto the table. I had everyone’s favorite, cream of rice soup and a cold cut buffet. It was simple and easy and the cleanup would be a breeze later.

Not much dinner talk tonight, before dinner, during and after. I noticed the questioning look Mom gave to Connie and the nod she got in return, then the smiles that went around the table. I did get some praises from all of them on the soup because it was just the way Mom used to make it. I got the cleanup done while the three of them remained at the table with their tea. I had to wait for them to finish so I could finish the cleanup.

“I have something I want to show you Chris,” Mom told me as she stood up from the table. “The girls can clean up the rest of this stuff.” I merely shrugged and followed Mom out of the dining room, through the living room and the hallway, up the stairs and into my bedroom. There on my bed was a small bag. I up-ended the bag and dumped the contents onto my bed.

“What are these?” I asked as I looked at the half dozen little items heaped there.

“They’re called thong bikinis. Some girls like to wear them as bathing suits. Your sisters and I would prefer to avoid them if possible. I need you to put one on right now.”

“Why? I mean, if you avoid them, why should I wear one?”