



Reluctant Press presents:

Put In Skirts, Hose & Heels

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Put In Skirts, Hose And Heels

BY BLIND RUTH

SLEEPY VALLEY

Sleepy Valley is a small town where, behind twitching curtains, everyone knew everyone else's private business.

* * *

ENTER ABBIE

Abbie Crawford, a widow at 40, was a beautiful woman, 5 foot, 7 inches. They said Abbie had Spanish blood somewhere within her. That would account for her fiery temperament at times.

Today, George, her son, told her what his troop in the Boy Scouts, was about to do in the local Gong Show. A Gong Show was held once a year to raise funds for all the scout troops in the area. It was a sort of variety show; every troop contributed something: singers, dancers, comedy sketches. George's troop had drawn the short straw so to speak; they had to supply the dancing "girls" for a cancan number, 12 of them. Many boys were not happy about this arrangement, as can easily be understood. The Scout Leader stood by the decision. After all, he said, other troops had done it.

The show itself was a long way off. There were rehearsals to come, much practice, and a lot of hard work. After all, it's not easy being a girl.

Abbie Crawford was delighted, so delighted that she said, "George, go and get changed." To any other boy they just meant that. To George, though, they meant something else.

George was a fifteen-year-old boy, not small, not tall. Medium would be the best word to describe George. He had a slim, smooth face and black hair, just like his mother.

Thirty minutes later, Abbie exclaimed, "Georgina, how nice to see you again. Come to help Mum?"

The teenage girl standing beside Abbie was of course her son, to whom she was now attaching a nice blue cotton frilly apron, tying a big blue bow at the back. This vision of femininity looked nothing like George. "She" was a very beautiful girl, showing the first signs of womanly curves and budding breasts. How this could be was no secret. Padding & bra fillers do miracles.

"Georgina," Abbie said, "I'm thinking of having you dressed full time 'til this Gong Show is finished."

"Oh Mother!" "Georgina" whimpered. "That's over two months away."

"Yes, I'll see Miss Hester about it." Miss Hester was the headmistress of Sleepy Valley High, the school George and many of the others in the chorus line attended.

George/Georgina knew there was no use having an argument with his/her Mum.

How did Abbie Crawford's son start dressing as a girl in the first place? It's a long story, and it started before Abbie married.

Abbie Collins, single and nineteen, worked in the account department of Crawford and Crawford, a wholesale company. You name it, they sold it. She had been going steady with the boss's son, Iain. The local gossip was, she had flung herself at him. How wrong people can be.

It was Iain who had asked her out. He thought she would be an easy lay. He was very much mistaken. Abbie had played about a bit before; they could kiss, they could feel, but that thing between her legs was only for the man she married. Abbie had her own sense of morality; Iain found this out, which made him admire her more.

Doris Crawford, Iain's mother, kept a careful watch on the girls her son went with. She didn't want any money grabbers or those who slept around. She wanted a nice neat, clean, home-loving girl for her son. She was pleased when her son told her that Abbie said she would remain a virgin 'til married.

Doris wanted to meet this girl; Iain had proposed marriage to Abbie. Doris liked this girl. When Mike, her husband, stepped down from the company and Iain took over, he would need a strong woman behind him, just as Mike had her. Abbie, Doris was sure, was that woman.

It must have been the third or fourth time that Abbie met her future mother-in-law, at a summer barbecue. Mike and Iain were cooking steaks. Doris said to Abbie, "I'm too hot. I'm going for a drink. Coming Abbie?"

"Yes, Mrs. Crawford."

"Stop calling me that, Abbie, it makes me feel old. 'Doris' will do."

"Yes, Doris." They made their way into the magnificent lounge, with its fitted carpets and soft furnishings. "Take a seat, Abbie. As it seems you are to be one of the family, you may as well have a look at the family album." As they went through the photos, Doris said, "This are our wedding photos. Here's Iain as a baby. What do you want to drink, Abbie?"

"A gin and tonic, Doris." Doris left Abbie to get the drinks.

Doris took her time mixing the drinks, a Gordon's gin and tonic for Abbie, Bacardi and coke for herself.

"Doris," Abbie said, "is this your sister Michelle?" She was pointing at a picture.

Doris had a look and laughed. "No dear, guess who it is."

Abbie looked again. She hadn't a clue; it certainly was a very pretty woman. "I have no idea, Doris."

"Can't you see it's Mike?"

"Mike! But how?"

Doris explained it had been for a company fancy dress party.

"But he looks so good as a woman, Doris."

"I know, dear." Doris sat nearer Abbie and whispered. "Abbie, dear, some men make better husbands when put into skirts, hose and heels."

Whether Abbie got her mother-in-law's meaning or not, only time would tell.

Abbie and Iain got married, with no expense spared. Doris and Mike paid for it; Abbie's parents could not afford to pay for this lavish wedding.

Three months into the marriage, Abbie was getting ready for bed. She had put on a beautiful pale blue diaphanous nightdress. Seeing it, Iain said, "That's a really wonderful nightdress, darling. Anyone would look good in that."

Abbie, on impulse, removed it from her beautiful body. "Here darling, you wear it."

"Do you really mean it, darling?"

"Of course I do. I've plenty of beautiful nightdress," she said, removing an equally lovely diaphanous purple nightie from the dressing table drawer.

That night, Abbie was to experience the best sex she had had since they married.

* * *

Two years into the marriage, things were not going so well. Iain seemed restless and moody and was liable to be irritable with Abbie. Abbie gave as good as she got. Nearly every day now was a match; the marriage was on the verge of going on the rocks. Sex was nonexistent. For the last six months, there hadn't been any. This only led to more tension in the marriage. They now had separate rooms.

One night they were about to go to bed; they had been going at it hammer and tongs. Abbie said, "You were much better in bed when you had that nightie of mine on in bed. You were more relaxed. You were a better man and lover then."

Abbie didn't know it then, but she had hit Iain's tender spot. Iain, with tears in his eyes, said, "That's just it, Abbie. I think its time to tell you. The way our marriage is going, this may be my last hope. I've tried to stop it, but I have to tell you why I have been so tensed up."

Abbie could see Iain had something important to tell her. Tenderly, she said, "Darling, tell me. If it will save our marriage, I am all ears."

"Abbie, I don't know if you will like this or not. First of all, I am not gay. What I am trying to say is, I like woman's clothes. I not only like them, I *love* wearing them. So now you know. I would not blame you if you walked out on me now."

Abbie felt pity for her husband. To her mind came the meeting two years ago with Doris her mother in law and that photo album and photo of Mike/Michelle. A lot of things now seemed to fall in place. "Iain darling, forgive me for asking. Did your mother ever dress you in girls' clothes?"

Iain looked at Abbie for some time before answering with a pained look on his face. "Yes Abbie, she did. From the age of six, she had me in skirts, hose and heels. At that age, you think it's fun. However the feel of the fabrics, the softness of the materials, soon has you hooked for the rest of your life. It's like a drug. I've been doing it at every opportunity since."

"I think I understand, darling. You thought you would give it up because of me." Abbie went over to Iain as he sat in his chair, sat in his lap, put her arms 'round Iain's neck and kissed him fully on the lips. "Darling, I think we have cleared the air. I see why you have been tense."

"But Abbie, you're not mad at me? "

"No Iain, I think I must have accepted things two years ago when I saw Michelle's photo."

"You saw father's photo? Mother showed it to you?"

"Yes, but I knew nothing about you, although your mother did give me hints. Like an idiot, I never picked then up."

Looking into Iain's eyes, she said, "Come, darling. Let's go to bed. I have a beautiful nightie for you. Our marriage is taking a new turn."

Abbie now took great delight in helping him with clothes. It was like having a husband and girlfriend all rolled into one. The sex was unusual, different, but wonderful. Abbie never thought of a man in bed with her, anymore but another woman dressed in her pretty nightdresses.

* * *

MIKE/MICHELLE AND HIS WIFE DORIS

Doris Crawford lived not far from her son, so it was no surprise when Abbie, her daughter-in-law, dropped in one day. This was shortly after Abbie and Iain had patched up their marriage. Of course Doris knew nothing of that. She did know all was not well with the marriage. She saw that in the tenseness in her son's eyes and Abbie's. She only wished she could help the couple.

Doris was glad Abbie called. Abbie who spoke first, after Doris had fixed some drinks for them.

“Doris, tell me all about Mike.”

“What is there to tell, dear?”

“You showed me that photo two years ago. I now realize there was more to it than I first thought.”

“Why do you say that, Abbie?”

“Because I have discovered Iain is a transvestite. I want the whole story, Doris.”

Doris gave a sigh, looked at her daughter-in-law, took a sip of her drink, then asked, “Do you approve of what Iain does?”

“I had to have a long think about it. Finally, I said to myself it could have been worse. He could have been fooling about with another woman. Wearing women's clothes is not so bad. At least at night I know where he is and I do love him. I have accepted it but I'm still curious how this all started. He says you put him into skirts, hose and heels.”

Doris looked at the younger woman, took another sip of her drink, then said, “Yes Abbie, you can blame me for putting Iain in skirts, hose and heels. It all started with Mike. We had been married about a year or two. One afternoon I had gone to the shopping mall, Mike was at the office. I came home, put the food in the freezer. I thought I heard a noise upstairs coming from our room. ‘Mike,’ I shouted, ‘is that you?’ No reply. Burglars, I thought. I did a stupid thing, I went upstairs. I should have phoned the police.

“Anyway I tiptoed to my bedroom, looked in and saw a woman sitting in front of my dressing table mirror, in my clothes. ‘Who the hell are you?’ I said. She turned in fright, got up and ran to our adjoining bathroom. I quickly ran after her. As she tried to lock the door, I put my foot in it. As I burst in, this woman was on

her knees at my feet, clutching my skirt, pleading with me, saying, 'Please forgive me, Doris. I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it, I can't help it.'

"Then who the hell are you?' I said. 'It's me, Mike.'" As he said that, he removed his wig. 'God, it is you, Mike, but why?' I am quite an understanding woman, Abbie. I've seen a lot in my life, so I wanted to know more.

"Tell me honey, why you do this?' 'Let's go into the bedroom, honey,' Mike was saying.

According to Doris, this was Mike's story. "As you know, I was brought up by my granny.

"It really must have been hard for her. As a boy of seven, I was not making things easy for her, playing truant from school, getting into trouble. Fooling around one day I threw a stone and smashed somebody's glass house. They, of course, told granny. My granny was a peaceful sort of person, but I think that was the straw that broke the camel's back. When I came home that night, granny confronted me about it. I confessed all. She said you'll not do that again. Go to your room. I had been sent there before, so it meant nothing to me and I never thought any more about it.

"When I came home from school that day, granny was there to greet me, smiling. She had me go upstairs to change. There was nothing new about that. I had to change out of my school clothes every day in case they got dirtied. In my room, I saw, lying on my bed, girls clothes. I went to my dressing table drawers. There was nothing but girls undies. When I looked in my wardrobe, I found skirts and blouses. I scratched my head. I went to see granny. I asked granny where my clothes were.' On your bed, was her reply.

"But, but I can't, they're girl clothes."

"Yes, you will put them on till you have learned your lesson. If you do not, I'll have you over my knee in a minute.'

"I had never seen my granny so angry before. I meekly obeyed, The first thing granny put on me was a crop top in pink with a glitter heart design. Next was a matching pair of panties also with a glitter heart in the middle, which she pulled up tightly. It made me feel sort of nice.

"The pink socks matched the top and panties. Now it was time to put a white cami top over my head, a white cotton matching skirt, then a white pair of open toe sandals with a red heart design on the leather. When all that was done, granny sat me down in front of the dressing table mirror, combed my hair out, gathered it at the back and pulled it tight. Then she tied a white ribbon at the back in a bow.

"I had to dress as a girl every day for four weeks.

"At the end of the four-week period, I had gotten used to wearing girls clothes; to be honest I liked the soft feel. When it stopped, I started to think of other mischief I could get into so Gran would put me in a dress again."

Doris continued. "I listened with understanding to Mike's story. He said he hadn't told me sooner because he was afraid I might leave him.. I told him I would never do that.

"I decided then that I would try to understand more about his crossdressing. I could see he needed some lessons on make up and that maybe my clothes were a little too small for him. I suggested that we could buy some new clothing for him.

Doris now took another sip of her Bacardi and Coke. "I'm sorry if this narrative is taking so long to tell, but it's important that you know all."

"That's alright Doris, I did say I wanted to know all."

"Thank you," Doris said. "We now come to the photo I showed you two years ago. As the company grew, and we employed more workers, Mike said I could stay at home more often. Mike decided to have an annual company fancy dress dinner dance and ball. He also decided this was the time to come out the closet and that he would come dressed as a woman to it. In a way, I was sort of glad, because I knew he was more relaxed when in skirts hose and heels, so much so that I even thought it helped the company.

"We had a lot of fun picking Michelle's outfit. We decided in a bright green silk-chiffon cocktail dress, draped and ruched from the low neckline to the hemline. It had long black stretch-satin gloves. He also wore black satin sling-back strap sandals, with three-inch stiletto heels.

"Underneath, Michelle wore a beautiful pair of emerald green panties. As the dress was strapless, there could be no bra, so we managed to form Mike's loose flesh into cleavage and a pair of breasts. He really looked beautiful. I had a similar outfit and we went as sisters. No one recognized Michelle as Mike, 'til at the end when he revealed himself. No one batted an eye.

"That night, at home, I could not resist pulling Michelle's beautiful green panties down. A magnificent erection awaited me down there. We had sex and it was on that night that I conceived Iain.

Doris took another sip of her Bacardi and Coke and said, "Now we come to Iain.

"As I said, Iain was conceived on the night of that first annual fancy dress dinner dance. Mike still dressed after Iain was born, but we tried our best to make sure Iain was not around when Michelle was. However, things do not always go according to plan.

"When Iain was six, the annual dance came around again. We hired a baby sitter, Iain was put to bed early. As Michelle and myself got ready for the dance, we looked in his room. Iain was fast asleep. We told the baby sitter to look in the room every half-hour or so.

"When we came home, the sitter said he was as good as gold. Michelle and I made our way to our bed room.

“Next morning, I preparing breakfast for Iain and myself after which I would run him to school in my car. Iain said that he had had a strange dream and I asked him what it was.

“He said, ‘Well Mummy, I dreamed I saw you and another lady go into your room.’

“I immediately knew what had happened. Our laughter had wakened him. I quizzed Iain further about what else had happened in the dream. He said nothing, just that he saw her enter our bedroom. He said the lady didn’t look scary, although she was taller than me. I asked him if he would like to meet her sometime and he said he didn’t know.

“I left the conversation with plenty to think about. If my son had seen his father once, there was every possibility that he may see him again. Of course I could always tell Mike never to dress again, but I didn’t think that was the solution. Besides, I felt a sisterly bond to Michelle. We had such fun together and in bed I had this bizarre, odd, different feeling, that a woman, not my sister, was lying beside me.

“Although there was a penis down there between her legs and I knew it was Mike, I still thought there was a pretty woman making love to me. It really was weird, impossible to describe. I never ever thought of myself as a lesbian, but this worried me.

“What was I to do about my son? I thought very hard and came up with this solution, Iain had to find his female side. I decided to play a little game with Iain.

“On picking Iain up from school one afternoon, I said, ‘How would you like to play a little game, Iain?’

I suggested that he could pretend he was somebody else. He could wear different clothes.

“When we got home, he seemed excited by the idea of our little game. I told him to look in his room where he would find the new clothes.

“It was then I put my son into skirts, hose and heels for the first time. I helped him into the little skirt and blouse, ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes. Then I gave him a little hug and a kiss.

“We played this game for a week ‘til Mike came home. My son loved this game.

“Iain became a well-mannered boy because of it, not that he ever was a rowdy boy. Mike still did not know any of this. I felt he had to know. I told him what had happened and he seemed doubtful as to whether this was the right decision. I persuaded Mike this was right . I wished our son to meet Michelle or Aunt Michelle. Again, Mike seemed reluctant

“Finally it was agreed Iain would meet his Aunty Michelle.

“I told Iain she was a very nice woman. For the occasion we would buy him a new dress to meet her. Iain wanted to know if Aunt Michelle would want to meet him as a girl. I told him that Aunt Michelle loved little girls.

“By this time I had taken Iain to shopping malls dressed as a little girl. I said he would have to look very pretty to meet his Aunty Michelle. With the help of a sales lady I picked the following outfit: a red checked dress, with white collar, button front, slight A-line detail. It was made of viscose and polyester. It had matching Gingham-trim ankle socks, black glossy strapped girls shoes, a white cotton cardigan, and of course little red checked silk panties.

“I gave Iain a hug and a kiss as I always did when he was dressed as a little girl. I tried to make this a fun and happy time, nothing to be ashamed of. I had arranged to take Iain to the hairdressers. He had never been to a hairdresser before; his hair was now long.

“The style I had picked was a Ponytail. I had let my son’s hair grow long since we played our little game, long enough to be tied in a ponytail.

“The woman doing the ponytail accomplished this by clasping the hair and securing it with a covered band.

“As a final touch, the hairdresser added a large red floppy see-through bow made of silk to the back of Iain’s head and attached it to a slide. My son really looked beautiful. I could not help myself and I gave him a big hug, kiss and a squeeze.

“Now you look beautiful to meet your Aunty Michelle,’ I said.”

* * *

A NEW AUNTY

As this was all going on, Mike/Michelle was getting ready to meet his/her son, having showered, powdered, talc his/her body and sprayed some perfume over his/herself. He/she was now sitting before the dressing table mirror in a black underwired bra, falsies inserted, black panty girdle, with white satin diamond panels at center front, three suspenders hanging down each leg, to which were attached a pair of honey-colored nylon stockings.

To give her that fuller figure, Michelle inserted pads into the back of the panty girdle. Michelle wanted to make a good impression on her son. Before putting her lovely dress on, Michelle wriggled into a pretty pair of blue and white vertical striped satin panties, which snugly fitted over her padded rear. Michelle liked having many pretty pairs of panties; it made her feel so girlie.

It now was time to slip the navy blue and white striped knitted cotton dress over her head. The dress had a hip-length unfitted bodice, a wide neckline in plain red knitted-cotton to match the deep cuffs and bound hem of gathered miniskirt. Red leather shoes with almond-shaped toes and wide bar straps with 3-inch heels came next.

The last item was her wig, one of many of all styles and colors. This was a long blonde one that hung down her back, below Michelle’s shoulders. In front it

stopped above her eye brows. Michelle now combed her long blond shining hair. There was no longer any trace of Mike.

Michelle lifted her blue leather stud fastening clutch handbag. She put on blue and white leather gloves over the highly red polished finger nails. Michelle was now ready to meet her son.

It was arranged that Mike/Michelle leave the house, then come back when Iain and Doris were there.

* * *

“I had now come back home with Iain, my little girl. How absolutely becoming and radiant she looked in her red checked dress, her chestnut hair in a ponytail style with the big floppy bow at the back! So sweet so innocent, I could not help myself. I gave her a big hug and kiss again.”

“Oh, you just look so wonderful to meet your Aunty Michelle, darling.”

“Will she be long coming here, Mummy?”

“No dear, very soon. Just sit like a good girl and wait for her.”

Doris asked her son if he liked playing as a little girl.

“Oh yes, Mummy. It’s so different. Girls have softer clothes and things. They’re so pretty, and so many different colors! The clothes make you so relaxed, not like my boys clothes which are so dull, so rough.”

“Then you like girls clothes, Iain, you wouldn't want me to take them away from you?”

“No Mummy, it’s nice being different, like a girl.”

Just then the door bell rang. Mike/Michelle had arrived.

“Sit up dear, this could be your Aunty Michelle.”

Iain was so excited that he stole a glance out the window. He saw a very attractive, and elegant looking woman standing on the doorstep, greeting his mother with a kiss on her cheek, to which she replied with the same. The two women now came in, arm in arm with merry laughter. The attractive woman was carrying a brightly-covered package, tied with bows.

“And who is this pretty little girl, Doris?”

“It’s my little girl, Michelle.”

“Mummy, it’s that beautiful lady I saw in my dream.”

“Are you afraid?”

“No, Mummy.”

“That’s good, Iain, because this is your Aunty Michelle. She has brought you a little present. Haven't you, Aunty Michelle?”