



Reluctant Press presents:

Ruthless

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Ruthless

By Blind Ruth

PROLOGUE

When did it all begin for David Lenny? His transgenderism, his desire to wear girls clothes, crossdressing. It certainly did not start with Aunt Ruth. The seeds were sown long before she came on the scene. However Aunt Ruth was the one who took these seeds, nurtured, cultured, made them blossom into the woman he is today.

What were these seeds scattered occasionally in his early life?

The first memory of it, as a boy of 9, was at Halloween. To children this is an exciting time of the year. Wasn't it exciting to dress up, to be something you're not? Pirates, nursery rhymes characters, Little Red Riding Hood, a boy could even dress as a girl, and no one would say anything.

David was a companion to two little girls, Elizabeth and Anne. As Halloween approached, Elizabeth and Anne asked David what he was going to dress as at Halloween. David had no idea, Elizabeth suggested it first: Why not dress in her Junior Nurse Uniform? David was horrified. He'd be called a sissy.

"No you would not, you would look nice, we would look like three sisters. Who would know anyway?" Anne, who was a bit of a tomboy, said with a little threat in her voice.

David became the reluctant partner in their scheme. Elizabeth gave him her Junior Nurse Uniform, white nurse's skirt, well starched, stiffly holding out above

his knees, White ankle socks, little black Mary Jane shoes, little red nurse's peak cap and a blue cape.

The situation had been explained to his mother by Elizabeth and Anne, "David is dressing as a nurse for Halloween, Mrs. Lenny." His mother did not bat an eyelid. Despite his protests; mother sided with the girls. "It's only Halloween, once a year. Everybody dresses up then."

When Halloween arrived, David made his way to Elizabeth's house. On arrival he was greeted by her mother who took him to Elizabeth's room. Elizabeth was dressed as Little Bo-Peep. After he dressed in Elizabeth's uniform, Elizabeth came back to brush his hair. For a boy of nine, it was long. She managed to tie two pink ribbons in David's hair. His appearance was tidy. No one in the house said a word as he and Elizabeth went to meet Anne. Anne was dressed as a pirate, black trousers, white shirt, and black sash round her waist, with a sword in it, and a pirate's hat with a skull and crossbones. What a motley crew they looked.

On going 'round the houses, many people did indeed think he was a little girl. To David, it was not unpleasant to wear this uniform.

The following year, David was again in dresses, having been persuaded once more by Elizabeth and Anne to wear that nurse's uniform. This time there was to be a difference. Beatrice, Elizabeth's fifteen year old sister was in on the act. It was her room David was to go after dressing. There he sat down before Beatrice's dressing table mirror. "Now let's see how pretty we can make you, Master David, or should it be Miss Davina?" She applied face powder, rouge, and lipstick. "There, that's better Davina, you look more like a girl."

David never felt so humiliated in his life. More was to come.

"Do you like surprises, David?" Beatrice said. David nodded his head, not knowing what he had let himself in for. "What are you wearing under that uniform?" A pair of boy's underpants was the reply.

"Just as I thought," Beatrice said. "After all the trouble of making you look like a little girl, to complete the illusion, you will be wearing these." She pointed to her bed where a pair of red nylon panties, trimmed with white lace 'round the legs, lay. "I suggested to Elizabeth, as she was more your size, that she give you a pair of her panties. So off with the pants and on with the panties."

David protested, his face went red, it was no use, Beatrice prevailed. She and Elizabeth left the room to let him put them on.

On returning, Beatrice asked if he had complied with her request. David said yes. Beatrice, winking to Elizabeth, said, "Okay, then show us your panties." David was embarrassed, however he slowly raised the hems of his nurse's uniform high enough for both the girls to see the red-laced panties.

"That's better, off you two cute little girls go."

David felt a little flushed. Whether it was the uniform, the panties, or just being accepted as a girl, he would never know.

David spoke later in life, remembering these early events. "I had joined the Boy Scouts. Once a year the Gong Show was put on. This was a sort of variety show, put on to raise funds for the troops in the region. This consisted of troops supplying singers, jugglers, comics, and that sort of thing. One year I remember our troop had drawn the short straw and was to supply the chorus line of dancing girls for a Can Can number, the highlight of our four dance routines. This was at the time when the Girl Guides were not yet partaking in the Gong Show.

"Twelve of the troop were picked, and as you can guess they were not too happy about that. 'We are going to be called Nancy boys, sissies,' was the talk. The Scoutmaster would hear none of it. 'You're going to be the best chorus line ever,' was his retort. Many mothers were asked if they could help out. Mother, who had been into amateur dramatics in high school, and college, offered her services. She had done her fair share of kicking her legs up and all that. If dad hadn't come along, she may well have ended on the stage.

"My mother drilled us all into a highly proficient, orderly, chorus line. Mother knew her task was going to be hard but she persevered. If any of the boys thought this was going to be easy, they were in for a shock. This took more out of them than playing a ball game. The scoutmaster had a dig at the Can Can line. 'I thought this would be easy for you. It's only girls work' The scoutmaster thanked my mother for her excellent work 'You're a perfectionist, Ella.'

"Mother was indeed a perfectionist. She had asked the boys to bring dresses and skirts along with them, to get used to dancing in them. I had been given my cousin Jenny's dresses to wear at home. Mother said I had to change into them every night when I came home from school, to get the feel of a skirt. Mother had also asked the other mothers to do the same with their sons. As you can imagine, there were a lot of disgruntled boys.

"Mother called me Davina when I had a skirt on. 'It would be silly to call you by any other name when you're dressed as a girl,' she said. I never argued.

"Before the dresses arrived, our hair had to be done up in girls styles. At this time, long hair was in vogue for boys. The mothers doing the hair styles had a field day and woe betide the boy who would undo them 'til this Gong Show finished. For those whose hair was short, wigs were soon found. At least they could be removed at night

"The beauticians soon went to work. They did their work well; a boy's face could not now be seen.

"The dresses arrived and the final rehearsals was to take place as other troops in the county were having theirs. All the troops would come together for the final rehearsals for all.

"Our Can Can dresses were red and black the skirt was full circle and came to mid-calf. The underside of the dress was masses and masses of tarlatan frills in

alternative rows of white and deep red. There were matching frilly knickers, heavy black stockings and black leather lace-up ankle length boots.

After the rehearsal, the scoutmaster congratulated mother.

“I’m not happy, Harry. There is something missing, and I think I know what it is. Let me take Davina’s dress home. Can we have an extra rehearsal, say, next Wednesday?”

“Sure Ella, what have you in mind?”

“Wait and see,” was mother’s reply. This would be two days before the final dress rehearsals for all the troops in the region.

“On Friday afternoon, mother had taken a trip over to visit Sally Lunn, one of the mothers who had been a dressmaker.”

“Come in, Sally, let’s go up to David’s room. David, come with us.” When they arrived, Ella asked her son to change into the Can Can outfit. He obeyed.

“You can see what I was talking about, Sally.”

“Yes Ella,” Mrs. Lunn said, opening the holdall and taking out a measuring tape. This tape was used to measure Davina’s chest, then waist and rear end. She pulled out various items.

“I think these will do for now, Ella.” Sally held up a bra, a small lace-up corset, and various bits of padding. Davina’s mother told her to take the dress off. “She” now stood in her panties and stockings and ankle boots. “First thing we take care of is here, Ella,” Sally said, indicating the breast area of Davina’s chest. “You’re quite right, Ella. Girls of that age would be showing signs of developing breasts, this B-cup bra should take care of that,” she said, holding the bra in front of Davina for him to put his hands through the straps, which he did as they were pulled up on his shoulders and clipped at the back.

Sally, holding various strips of foam and padding, put them in the bra cups one at a time ‘til she had it just right. “It’s not perfect, Ella, this is a rough guide. I’ll work on it at home just to see how it looks.” Mother nodded her head and agreed. Sally, taking the little corset, wrapped it ‘round Davina’s waist, laced it up the back and tightened the laces which pulled the stomach in and pushed the chest and Davina’s rear end out. There were three suspenders hanging down each side which Sally threaded through Davina’s panties. “No need for a garter belt now, Ella. She is starting to get that female shape that I wanted,” Mother said.

Sally took more padding out the holdall, giving some to Ella. They proceeded to stuff it down the side and rear of the panties ‘til they were satisfied. “Yes, that’s it, Ella,” Sally said. “Davina, if you will go into the toilet, remove your panties and hand them out, Sally will get to work on them.”

Davina did and handed the panties through the door, to her mother. Sally took needle and thread out of the holdall and started stitching the padding onto the inside of the panties at the sides and bum area. “This is just rough stitching to give us an idea.” The panties were handed back through the door for Davina to put back on.

“It’s just right, Sally. It’s wonderful. She is going to be a wonderful girl.”

“Yes, she certainly is. On Wednesday we measure the others up. I should be able to fix all the bras and panties the day before the final dress rehearsal. I still have my connections in the rag trade, it shouldn't cost anything. Ella, you certainly are a stickler for detail, I have to admire you for that.”

Davina looked at herself at the mirror and saw budding breasts, a nipped-in waist, swelling thighs, and cute little buns. “Yes,” she thought, “when the makeup goes on and the hair is styled, I will hardly recognize myself.”

On Wednesday, Sally measured the rest of the chorus line for bras, corsets, etc., Davina received a wolf whistle from somewhere as her padding and bra fillers had given her a girls shape. “I’m glad you like Davina’s shape, girls, because you’re all going to have that shape from Friday onward, so get used to the wolf whistles,” Ella said to the “girls.”

Friday evening saw activity as the girls were in the theatre rehearsing their dance routines with Ella. All the dresses and skirts were now fitting perfectly. “Joan, Maxine, we’ll try that again. You other girls limber up, then we’ll all try that routine again,” Ella said. Everyone helped each other. It was teamwork.

It was at the Saturday rehearsal, with Davina standing in the wings, that Jim Silk, one of the lead singers in the show, came over to talk to Davina. Davina did not notice immediately that Jim had put his arm ‘round her waist; when she did, it was removed, Davina was secretly pleased that she could have such an effect on a male. Jim Silk was bewitched and fascinated by boys or men in woman’s clothes. Jim never considered himself gay because in his mind it was a woman he was making love to, even if it was a man in a woman’s dress. He was to have many affairs and make love to many transvestites and transsexuals in later life.

Monday night, the Gong Show started. Everything went all right. Ella’s well-drilled dance troupe was a hit. Everyone was looking forward to the mayor coming on Saturday.

Saturday after the afternoon show found the dressing room a beehive of activity with many “girls” in various states of undress. Joan was sitting in her bra and panties while one of the hairdressers combed out and fluffed her hair. Another “girl” was having her make-up put on: black liner under her eyes, then false eyelashes were applied. “Davina, give me a hand to take this blouse off so I can take my shower.”

“All right Maxine, then you give a hand with mine.” Davina undid the six buttons at the back of the nylon blouse. Maxine took the blouse off, placed it over the back of her chair, unclipped her bra, put that over the chair and sat down. “She” unclipped her smoky gray nylon stockings, rolled them down her legs, then made her way through to the showers.

As Davina followed her, one of the women doing hair shouted, “Don’t forget the shower caps.”

When they were finished and toweling themselves down, Davina said, “Don’t forget to use the talcum powder and scent my mother left for all us, Maxine.”

“Yes of course, Davina dear.” It was a conversation one could never have imagined coming from these boys six or eight weeks earlier.

Ella came in carrying a tray full of sandwiches followed by two boys carrying more sandwiches and several pots of coffee and cups.

As the girls were munching the sandwiches, some prodded Joan. Joan was the best-looking girl of them all, small, petite and pretty, with a girlish complexion. Joan stood up, blushing. “Ella, I have been elected spokesperson. I have been elected to thank you for all the hard work you and all the other ladies have put in on us. It could not have been easy, but you have molded all of us into a very efficient chorus line. I think it is fair to say we all have learned something along the way. In appreciation of the work you have put in, all the girls chipped in and bought you and the other ladies these boxes of chocolates.”

Ella was completely overcome by the gesture. Her eyes glazed with emotion and a little tear formed in her eye. “You really caught me by surprise. I never expected anything like this. I think you have learned more than wearing a skirt. I will always remember you all as my girls. Tomorrow you will return to being boys once more. You may never wear a skirt or dress again, but I hope you will treasure these few weeks. Tonight is your last show and I know my girls will shine one last time, because the mayor as well as a lot of dignitaries will be here tonight. After the final curtain, do not remove your dresses. Photos will be taken of everyone in the show which you all will be given as a memento. Finally, there will be a buffet and disco backstage after the final curtain. I expect you will all turn up in your boys clothes.”

Brenda spoke. “Ella, do we *have* to come in boys clothes? I don’t know about the others but I would like to spend the last night in these clothes,” she said pointing to her blouse and skirt.”

“I see no problem in that. You’re all sweet girls,” she said, shedding a tear. She kissed each and every one on the cheek.

The dance troupe had four dance routines, two in the first half, two in the second, included the Can Can number which was the highlight. In the first half, they did their novelty comedy piece, the old Bobby Vee number Rubber Ball which had everybody laughing and chuckling. The girls came on from the side in a line wearing a white high school girls sweaters, black pleated skirts, white socks and Mary Jane shoes, skipping and singing. Each was bouncing a rubber ball on the floor with her hands. Then they formed a circle, still bouncing their balls.

That was their last routine in the first half. The girls were now busy changing into their Can Can outfits for the second half of the show. The second half started, and after ten minutes, Ella came. "Girls, this is your big one. You're on in five minutes." Everyone had a butterfly in her stomach. Even though they had done it every night that week, all these dignitaries watching them made them nervous.

Their Can Can number started to the music of Jacques Offenbach. The troupe entered from stage right in a line, each with her hand around the waist of the girl next to her. The number came off without error. The girls were flushed with excitement at the ovation they received.

As the girls reached the dressing room, Ella kissed each one and gave them towels as they were sweating profusely after that exhausting dance. "Again, my girls were just magnificent." The got a quick touch up with makeup and they were all ready for the final curtain call.

The MC called out the various acts. One-by-one, each came on and took a bow. "Finally Ladies and Gentlemen, I give you your own wonderful Can Can dancers. Give them a big hand!" The troupe came out and curtsied to the audience, to applause. They took three encores. Stagehands came and presented each "girl" with a bouquet of red roses.

Everyone was now backstage to receive a handshake and congratulations from the mayor his wife. As the mayor's wife came to the troupe, she said to Ella, "Well, Mrs. Lenny, I must really congratulate you. I just could not believe these were boys. They all look so sweet. I wish all boys were as nice as them. They *are* boys, yes, Mrs. Lenny?"

"Yes, of course they are. My son is among them. You would think I would know my own son." There was a lot of laughter at that.

Photos were now taken of all the "girls" in their Can Can outfits.

As they all filed back to the dressing room, Ella said, "Girls, you can all wear the dresses from your first number to the party. The Can Can outfits may be a bit too heavy for disco. Have a good time at the party. Enjoy yourselves, let your hair down. After your hard work, you deserve it, girls."

All the girls now wore the same outfit, which consisted of smoke-blue and charcoal-gray striped silk blouse, fitted bodice, off-the-shoulder neckline and cuffed edge. Above-knee-length cerise-pink silk-taffeta gathered skirt, worn over navy-blue silk petticoats with scalloped hems, wide buckled belt in matching fabric and colour to the skirt. Navy-blue satin shoes, pointed toes, high stiletto heels, honey-colored nylon stockings. Under their petticoats they wore wide-legged navy-blue silk French knickers to match their petticoats.

As they left the dressing room, Maxine said, "No one will want to dance with us. We're a lot of poofy boys, that's what they will think. We'll just be standing around on our own."

Joan replied, "Oh Maxine, don't be such a party pooper. If the boys won't dance with us, then we will dance with each other. Girls do that, don't they? We don't need any old boys, we have ourselves. Let's have a good time, boys or no boys." That cheered everybody up.

DJ Debbie Delight looked down at the girls and went to the mic. "Come on boys, give the lovely ladies a chance. They're just waiting for you to ask them. I've got some hot rock for you to boogie the night away " Some of the boys were reluctant to dance with a bunch of Nancy boys, although some did admit to themselves that the girls really did look good. By now the secretly spiked fruit punch was doing its work; one boy came over to Brenda and started to talk to her. These girls were not so bad after all. This was a sign to Jim Silk to go over to Davina and bring a glass of punch to her and start to chat her up. His hand slipped 'round her waist; Davina took no action. Two boys came to little Joan. Joan was laughing and giggling with the boys, as some of the other girls were as well. The disco floor was now getting busy as the girls found partners, except poor Maxine, who shyly stood in the background.

Debbie Delight said, "Now that's better, boys. You're all getting warmed up. In a little while, we will turn the lights down and put some smoochie music on. How about that, girls?"

The alcohol was now loosening inhibitions and everyone seemed in a happy state.

As promised, Debbie Delight did put some smoochie romantic music on and turned the lights low.

Some couples had their arms around each other's waist. Joan was dancing in-between two boys, saying, "You boys only want one thing from a girl." She wasn't making any attempt to get free, though.

Brenda was in a passionate kiss with her boy. Davina was led into a dark corner off the disco floor by Jim Silk, whose lips descended down on Davina's cherry red lipstick-covered lips. Davina's eyes were closed as she received the kiss. Jim pulled her tightly against his body. Jim's urgent hands traveled down her back to the hems of her skirt, to try and pull it up. Davina came to her senses quickly and removed them although she still kissed Jim in a passionate way.

Joan meanwhile was so involved with two boys that she did not know they also had led her into a dark corner. The boy facing her said, "Hey doll, how about coming back to my house? My parents are away for the weekend, we could grab a taxi."

"No," said Joan firmly. "I'm much too young for anything like that. What are you, some kind of pervert?"

The boy was stunned. All of a sudden, he realized the truth of her statement. He turned beet red. "Uh, I'm sorry," he stammered. "I guess you're right. I don't know what I was thinking."

"That's okay," said Joan. "No harm done." Inwardly, she was secretly pleased. The incident, while somewhat disturbing, on another level was satisfying. It proved that she had the "stuff" to attract a boy.

THE EARLY DAYS

David Lenny was now approaching eighteen, his grades at high school were excellent and he was on line to go to collage to study computer management. Then, out of the blue, something happened that was to change his whole life.

It was on a dull and wet January morning at breakfast when Ella, David's mother, excitedly held a letter in the air and said, "Ruth is coming here in 5 months."

Ruth was David's mother's older sister. At eighteen she had left the country to emigrate to Australia to seek fame and fortune. As Ruth was a shorthand typist, this seemed a bit optimistic. Lady Luck was smiling on Ruth, though. After seven tears of hard slog, she met Bill Lohead, a sheep farmer. After a short courtship, they married. Bill was ambitious and did not want to be a sheep farmer all his life. He decided to sell his farm in the outback, come to Sidney and invest in a small engineering firm, which he called Rill Engineering the "R" from Ruth, the "ill" from Bill.

Ruth and Bill worked hard in their company. There were many times that they thought the company was going to fall, but they survived, barely making a living. Ruth learned business the hard way.

Ruth found that she was unable to have children. This made her all the more determined the company should succeed, it was her baby. One of the big car firms had set up a new plant in their area and was in the process of subcontracting work to local companies. Rill Engineering was one such company. The company established a good reputation for reliable work and delivering on time. This led to more work; profits were now coming. Wisely, the money was ploughed back into the company and the factory expanded.

Other contracts were secured and Rill Engineering took off in a big way. Life became easier for Ruth and Bill.

Ruth was forty-three when Bill suddenly died. Ruth was left in charge of a now successful Rill Engineering.

Ruth felt Bill's very much. Reflecting back on their life together she regretted that they had not spent much time together. Ruth decided to make up for lost time. "I have the money, there are others competent to run the business, so work ends and the fun begins."

Back to the cold January morning. Aunt Ruth was indeed coming in five month's time; she was on a world tour. She would be coming to Europe to visit her relatives and staying with her sister Ella. Ruth could have stayed at the best of hotels, but it was family she wanted to stay with. Besides, David's mother insisted on it. So at long last, David was to meet his Aunt Ruth.

AUNT RUTH ARRIVES

Preparations for the coming of Aunt Ruth were going on in the Lenny household: papering and painting the house, installing new carpets and tidying up of the house. During her stay, she was to occupy David's room. David was to stay in the spare bedroom.

The big day soon came and the whole family was there including husbands, nephews and nieces, all waiting for Ruth. Ruth's plane duly arrived. After going through customs, Ruth appeared in the arrival lounge. She had on a neat two-piece red suit. The skirt came to two inches below the knee, her slim legs were encased in champagne-colored stockings, and on her feet were the most attractive little blue embroidered brocade court shoes with three-inch heels. Her hair was done in an upswept style which made her look taller than she really was. She had diamond pin earrings on.

After the introductions, she said, "You must be David." She gave a big hug and kiss on the cheek to him. David could smell perfume and talc emitting from her body. David was enraptured with her and already under her spell. Yes, you could say that David and his Aunt Ruth hit it off first time.

Back home, Ruth had presents for all. For David, she had a Dugong (sea-cow), six inches long, carved in solid walnut, very expensive he was told.

Ruth told many wondrous and exciting tales of her times in Australia. David wondered if his future lay there as well.

After about a month, Ruth said she would be leaving for London and the continent. She would be returning for two months, then moving on to America in her world tour. David could now move back to his own room.

Some four weeks after Ruth left on her tour that David was home one Saturday morning with no one else in the house. David was dressing and looking for a pair

of socks. Opening a drawer in the chest, he noticed woman's clothes at the back of the drawer, Must be Aunt Ruth's.

The items consisted of a pair of pink silk Directiore knickers, a pink whalebone corset, and pink brassiere. David's curiosity got the better of him and he removed them from the drawer, holding them up to examine then. The pink silky Directiore knickers came to about an inch below the knee. They were elasticized there and at the waist. They felt so nice and slippery in his hands. The pink corset was whaleboned, had eyehooks down the front and six suspenders hanging down, three at each leg.

On the pink bra were two adjustable shoulder straps with four hooks and eyes at the back. Now, David was no expert in woman's fashions, but what little knowledge he did have told him that these garments were out of date, compared to his mothers. Aunt Ruth, from what he had seen, was a pretty neat dresser and seemed to be in fashion.

David had an urge to try them on. Ruth was slimmer than David, who found it a struggle to squeeze himself into her clothes. But squeeze he did; by holding in his breath, the hooks and eyes of the corset were fastened at the front. The shoulder straps of the bra were adjusted and, with much difficulty, hooked at the back. Standing in front of the dressing table mirror in this tight bra and corset, the thought entered David's mind that there might be a pair of stockings somewhere. Sure enough, in another drawer he found a pair of rolled-up heavy gray cotton stockings. These were slowly pulled up his legs as he sat on the bed.

He walked over to the mirror. As he walked across the carpet in his stockings, he could feel them stretch and tighten on his legs. At every opportunity 'til his aunt returned he wore these clothes.

A CHALLENGE FOR RUTH!

Ever since she was a little girl Ruth liked challenges. That was why she went to Australia, new country, new life. When she married Bill, they moved to the big town and set up their company. That was a challenge. When Bill died, it became a challenge for a woman on her own to steer the company through the rocky road of heavy industry. She triumphed and continued to relish a challenge.

On her way back to her sister's home, after her Europe tour, Ruth spent a day at her financial advisers. Old Mr. Lowe, the senior partner in the firm, looked over his horn rim glasses at Ruth. He had to admit to himself that Ruth Lohead was a fine-looking woman. One would never guess this was a woman in her forties. Clearing his throat and looking at Ruth, he said, "Mrs. Lohead, as you know, Lowe and Lowe have looked over your finances, some twenty years worth, since your dear husband died."

Ruth looked at the old man and interrupted him. "Please Mr. Lowe, just call me Ruth," she said, gently touching his hand in a kindly way. This made old Mr. Lowe feel nice. If only he was some twenty years younger. Forget it, that's crazy thinking.

"As I was saying, err, Ruth, looking after your money was easy because you invested wisely. When you dabbled in the stock exchange, you seemed to know when to buy and sell. The result is you are a very rich lady."

Ruth gave a surprised look at Mr. Lowe. "Rich, Mr. Lowe? How rich?"

"No no, dear lady. When I said rich, I meant RICH. We are not talking about a million, more like ten and it increases every minute, Ruth.". Shocked was not the word for Ruth's reaction.

"Are you sure, Mr. Lowe?"

"Never been so certain in my life, Ruth. You will never need to work again."

Ruth kissed Mr. Lowe. "Come on, I'm treating you and all your staff to lunch."

Ruth was now back at her sister Ella's home. Money wise, there seemed no more challenges. Yet she was restless. She needed a new challenge of some sort, she thrived on them. Ruth had not long to wait for a most unusual challenge that would affect her life as well as her entire family.

Ruth had decided to take the family out to a meal at a high class restaurant. David declined so that he would have another chance to wear women's clothes. On taking off the clothes that night, he put them in the wrong drawers. That would be his downfall.

On awakening the next morning, Ruth was searching for clothes to wear that day. Immediately she knew something was wrong. Her old "passion killer" underwear was in the wrong place. It should have been in the top drawer. She intended to give them to the Goodwill people. But why were they in the wrong drawer? Hadn't she put them in the top drawer last night? The only thought she could come up with was that David must have worn them, or at least looked through them. Hadn't Ella told her about that Gong Show, all those sweet-looking boys turned into girls for the dance numbers. It was a long shot but maybe David had a hankering to dress in girl's clothes again. She laughed to herself, these clothes would have put most people off.

All this sent Ruth's mind whirling. David was a young man. To Ruth, the notion of him dressing in her clothing was mind blowing; that was one aspect of life she had not come across before. Then it hit her, the recognition of what her new challenge was to be. She felt a surge of electricity go through her body. This was a challenge like no other. This was the ultimate challenge. Change her nephew

David into a woman, not just a crossdresser but a real woman with breasts and a woman's equipment down below. Of course, he/she would wear the clothes that go with that, and the very best at that. Nothing would stop her, nothing would get in the way. Already it was being planned in her mind.

CONFRONTATION!

Ruth's plan of action was now set. She would confront David at the first opportunity about dressing in her clothes. She had no doubt that, one way or another, he would own up. That would be the easy part.

She would be his friend to help him dress as a girl. As time went on she would cajole him, little by little, to dress fully as a girl. What about breasts?

By then hormones would have started. This was better than any buying and selling of shares. You were actually steering someone's life and they had no control over it.

The opportunity Ruth had been waiting for came quicker than she imagined. Ella and her husband, who was chief engineer with the local factory of a well-known engineering company, had been invited to the annual dinner dance and performance awards. He had won for best engineering performance of the year. Ella and her husband would be staying at a five star hotel in London on Friday and Saturday night. The only problem, Ella said to her, was David. Who would look after him over the two days?

Ruth learned David would soon be taking his higher exams. Ella had faith in her son, his grades had been more than excellent for years. He wanted to go into computer management after college. Ruth offered David a place in her company right away; it was only right that her family be involved in her business. The one snag was that David would have to accompany Ruth in her travels. His tutoring would be done over the Internet; if need be personal tutoring would be given by experts. This pleased Ella. Ruth mentioned that soon she would have to spend a few weeks in London on business. David would join her after that.

On Friday night, Ella and her husband having departed, Ruth dropped the bombshell. "Why did you wear my clothes, David?" He of course spluttered and denied any such thing. "Don't lie to me, David, I know you dressed in my clothes." After a grilling, he had to admit it was all true. He pleaded with Ruth not to tell his mother. "Look David, it does not worry me in the least. Your mother tells me that you played the part of a girl in that show. Would you like to dress as a girl? You can be honest with me. I'll tell no one."

David hesitated for a moment, looked at Ruth. That special bond he felt when they first met swung it. "Yes, I would like to wear woman's clothes. I am not gay. You must understand that, Aunt Ruth."

“Then we will do something about that this very weekend. Tell me, David. Would you really like to be a woman, not just dress as one?”

“Whatever can you mean, Aunt Ruth?”

“In this day and age, surgery can change men into woman. You could have cosmetic surgery, even have breast implants before the all-important operation. I could pay for all that.”

“I don’t know if I would wish to go as far as that, Aunt Ruth.”

“Ah, but David, you never know ‘til you try. I can see that you have everything going for you, right height and all the rest. You’ll love being a girl.” Anything to encourage David. Ruth’s mind was now set on her new challenge.

“David, it is after ten, I suggest we have some sleep. There is a lot to do in the morning.”

“What is there to do, Aunt Ruth?”

“Do? Why, buy all the girls clothes you need. No time to waste, girl. The sooner we have you in girls clothes, the better. You’re just going to love then. I know you’re just meant to be a girl.”

The barrage of persuasion coming from his Aunt made David begin to wonder if maybe she was right. Hadn’t that Jim Silk treated him as if he really was a girl? Maybe his Aunt Ruth saw something within him that he had never suspected. After all, she was a woman. Who better to know if he had a female streak in him? It was wonderful that a woman would be giving him a helping hand to find his female side.

“David, come with me to my room and I’ll find a nightie for you. There’s no time like the present to start.”. David was handed a very beautiful white rayon-satin ankle-length nightdress with a very deep V-shaped neckline, formed by two wide-set embroidered velvet ribbon shoulder straps filled with fine rayon-lace.

As Ruth was a smallish woman, the nightdress would be a bit tight. This did not worry Ruth. As far as she was concerned that was all the better. He could now get the feel of womanly garments and be rushed into femininity.

This was wonderful, so heavenly, so exciting, so girlish. Girls were so lucky to have these soft materials caressing their bodies. Yes, he just had to wear girls clothes.

David fell asleep with images of himself dressed in silks, satins, velvet.

THE CHALLENGE STARTS

“Stella, Stella,” David seemed to hear someone say, as if from a distance, as he lay in bed the following morning. He felt his shoulder being gently pushed from side to side.

David woke from his slumber, he could vaguely make out the form of a woman standing over him. Again she spoke. “Stella dear, its time for you to get up.” As his eyes began to focus, the blurred vision became his Aunt Ruth in a pink satin nightdress with intricate patterns embroidered in it, with a tie belt at the side. “Stella, I have run your bath,” she said, looking at David.

“Where is this Stella?” David said looking at his Aunt Ruth. “You are Stella, dear. That's your femme name from now on, in private and when with me. Today starts the first day of your new life. You have a new name to go with the change, Stella Starlight.”

“But why Stella?” David asked

“Well dear, it’s a long story, but if I had a daughter her name would have been Stella. Now dear, get up.”

Ruth slowly walked around David as he stood there in front of her. She took a number of steps back, looking him up and down, from all angles. It seemed like an eternity before she spoke. “Well Stella, it may take time but I am sure we will transform you into a beautiful young woman.” Ruth spoke with a tone of authority in her voice; this challenge would be met. “We need a sturdy back lacing corset, a waist clincher to wear under your male clothing, to pull your body into shape. Your hair will grow long, that’s in the future. Ruth then took a tape measure out a drawer and proceeded to measure David’s chest, waist, hips and height, then entered the details into a little black notebook. “Just noting your size for a dress, slips, blouses.”

Still standing, Ruth took David’s hand and led him into the bathroom. She stood him in the middle of the floor on a towel. Taking some hot water and soap from the basin, she soaped his legs and arms. This was followed up with one of David’s father’s safety razors slowly scraping off the hair. David felt smooth, soft and clean after that.

“Now in the bath with you. All male smells and sweat must be cleaned out.” Aunt Ruth left the room while David bathed himself thoroughly. After some time, David stepped out the bath and wrapped a big fluffy blue towel around himself.

“Now Stella, start here and work outwards to be feminine,” Ruth said, powdering him with talcum powder from head to toe. “Now a little dab of perfume,” she said and put some on his newly-shaved chest, underarms and behind his ears.

David wondered what exciting events would befall him. His body was alive and his skin tingled all over.

“Back to the room, Stella.” David was now placed on a stool in front of the dressing table mirror. “The reason I was taking your measurements, Stella dear, is because I shall have to leave you to go shopping for female clothing for you. Mine are too small.”