



Reluctant Press presents:

Woman By Mistake

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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WOMAN BY MISTAKE

BY Blind Ruth

PART 1 **REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR**

I look into the mirror of my vanity; the reflection that comes back is of a very beautiful and pretty woman, it is me. You may think I am vain, conceited, and have a high opinion of myself. Then you would be wrong my friend. These words come from others, my sister in particular. .

To think that at one time, I considered ending my life. Oh, how I thank my sister for giving me the strength and courage to carry on. It took many years to come to the stage of my life I am now at. Years of bitter struggle, years of sacrifice, tears, and yes, thoughts of ending my life. But if my sister had not been there for me, God knows what would have happened.

I look again into the mirror; I am naked, sitting on the high back wicker seat, having discarded the delicate cream silk nightdress, which now lies on top of the satin sheets of my bed. I apply the last part of my makeup, to my lips, already having outlined them with the soft plum-colored lip liner. I take the plum lipstick from the table, take the top off, and twist the container. The plum lipstick rises up; with the tip of my lipstick brush; I slowly apply the lipstick to it, and brush it to my lips very slowly, painting it within my outlined lips. Filling every crevice, now blotting the lips with a tissue to remove excess lipstick. I take this task seriously, as I have done with every part of my makeup.

My face and body have already been prepared with beauty cleansing creams and lotions. After my shower, I sprinkled a soft musk talc all over my body, leisurely and languidly rubbing it in, then I sprayed myself with a clear Eau De Parfum that smelled of velvety sandalwood, amber and winter mimosa. My pressure points having been taken care of with the scent, I dabbed some on my wrists and rubbed them together, behind the ears, knees, between the breasts, on my vagina. A strong womanly smell now emitted from my body, a smell that will attract men to me, if I want that. I ponder this, a hard decision for me.

Again, I look at the mirror; I cannot help it. My blond hair streams over my shoulders to below my breasts, and down my back, I have brushed it with loving care; I love the sheen that comes from it. My face is small, with a petite nose to match, shallow cheeks, deep blue eyes like a pool, a cupid mouth.

My hands travel down my body over the soft, tender, and supple skin, a skin as smooth as satin, every day covered with my beauty oils and lotions and slowly massaged by my loving hands. It's flesh that greedily devours its daily feed of beauty oils, lotions, and creams; they give me a shape that many women would die for. Stopping at the breasts, the nipples become erect from the soft touch of my hands and proudly stand out in all their glory. I play with them, rubbing the tender skin of the breast area, squeezing my nipples between the thumb and fingers. My breasts tingle with the anticipated excitement of what is to come.

I leave them for now. Opening my jewel box, I withdraw golden hoop earrings, a small chain mesh gold necklace with a golden crucifix, a friendship ring an emerald mounted on it and a golden bangle. I just love jewelry, don't you? I take out my keeper earrings from my pierced ear lobes and insert the golden hoop ones. How nice they look. The necklace is next; I clip the catch, adjust it and let the crucifix hang down in the cleavage of my ample breasts.

The emerald friendship ring now goes on the middle finger of the right hand, the only ring I wear on my hands, hands whose long fingernails have been painted with Avon Lilac Glaze, matching the painted toenails. The golden spiral bangle now slips up the left arm, winding itself three times round, a beautiful ornament that adds to my beauty. My jewelry sets me off nicely as it sparkles and glitters on my naked body. I think about how fortunate I am to be a woman. To think at one time I didn't want this! How stupid one can be.

My rosy complexion smiles back at me from the mirror; it knows what I am going to do next, since I accepted what I am. I always do this as I look again in the mirror; my hands have slipped down my body to the vital spot in all women. I open my legs and look at the wonderful site unfolding itself to me. With the tips of my fingers, I gently open the lips of the outer labia, to reveal the pink inner lips of the labia and the vaginal opening; my clitoris is becoming aroused and inflamed. That area on me is a place no man has ever entered or touched. No, it's not that I am a prude; if the right man came along, that would be different. At one time, such thoughts would have been abhorrent and disgusting. Not now.

A slender lilac-painted fingernail touches my clitoris and gently slides over it, not once or twice but many times. I feel the wonderful sensations that are coming from there. I think how lucky I am to be a woman to feel these sensations no man could comprehend. I

push on within the inner lips of my labia and further into vagina opening; not one finger this time but three, then four.

I undertake this task slowly to make it last. I do not kid myself; I like it. I think of the time when a man will be doing this, and I can give him the love that only a woman can bestow to a man. Have I the courage to let a man do this to me? Meanwhile I enjoy the sensation building up within me; it lashes me to a fury as fingers work in and out.

My other hand has again gone to my breasts and urgently touches the erect nipple. My breathing quickens; the nub of the nipple hardens in my hand as I pinch it. The hand in my vagina goes at a faster pace. I breathe heavily, I moan loudly.

My vagina is slippery as secretions in the walls seep on to the fingers; my clitoris is now erect and stands out in its splendor. I feel the passion within my body I know will be released soon. I try to hold back; I want this sensation to last. I stop to let my emotions subdue and think of other matters.

That was another life, a life that was good, but also bad. I remember my mother, who cried for me. I can now understand why. She was confused by my condition. I love my mother who took the trouble to find out everything she possibly could about what I was to become.

The excitement of my body having receded, my hands have automatically gone back once more to those secret and sacred places within a woman's body. My slim frame slides along the seat of the satin-covered chair; up and down I move my body to the rhythm of my fingers in my vagina. I moan once more, I howl, I shout illegible words. There is no stopping now. I tighten the grip on my erect nipples.

Then it happens; the juices in my body spray all over the fingers in my vagina, hot and sticky. There are full minutes of delight as my face smiles with enjoyment, happiness and bliss.

I slump back in the seat; my breathing is now normal and my heart returns to a regular beat. Withdrawing the fingers from my vagina, I wipe my hands and down there between the legs.

I raise and go to the toilet, wash my hands and down there between my legs, rub some hand cream in. I stop at the mirror again, looking at my 5 foot 6 inch body. My eyes travel up and down my naked body, first stopping at my bosom and I admire the swelling of the two firm breasts. The magnificent 34 double D breasts proudly, firmly protrude out from my body. The red nipple on the end of each breast stands out, like a cherry waiting for someone to bite it. But my eyes cannot wait, there is more to behold as I travel down my svelte and supple frame. I see how it shines, sucks itself in at the navel, then swells at the hips. My posterior sticks out behind me proudly, not too much, not too little.

I dally over my body with my eyes. I'm waste too much time; I have to dress. Opening my lingerie drawer, I withdraw my panties, brassiere, waist clincher, and stockings in their cellophane packet. I sit once again in the high-backed wicker seat. I begin my dressing and contemplate the effect these clothes have on me. They keep me in a constant state of sexual excitement, from breakfast to bed. I break the seal of the cellophane packet, taking out the barely black seamed hold-up stockings with three-inch black lacey top. I ease my right foot into the stocking, wriggling my toes into them, I slowly pull the stocking up

my leg as I stretch it and pull up to the leg top. The elasticized top of the stocking bites into my leg top; how pretty the lace is.

I repeat the process with the other leg. I now stand up to admire myself and run my hands up and down each leg to make sure that the seams are straight. I must stop this or, as I know from past experience, I will become excited. I lift the black nylon panties with the red rose emblem in front on the right leg. I slip them on and gasp when they caress my slit. "Control yourself," I say to myself, "you haven't even started yet."

The black brassiere matches the rest of the underwear. The straps are put over my shoulders and I lean forward, easing my breasts into the diamante and embroidered cups. Putting my hands round my back, I clip the three hook and eye attachments now as I stand up to adjust the straps.

I lift the waist cincher; wrapping it round my body and clipping the three knobs in front, I now pull the laces at the back and feel my waist contracting. My hips and behind become more prominent, just the shape needed to fit perfectly in my dress.

I need no slips today although I have plenty. Now going to the wardrobe, I take out a white cotton dress, with a black spotted pattern, bloused bodice, padded shoulders, short puffed sleeves, knot trim, high round neckline bound in plain red, matching pleated belt and mock underskirt. It has an above-knee-length straight skirt.

This I now ease over my head and wriggle it down my body, smoothing out any wrinkles. How lovely I look as I gaze in the mirror again. I ease my feet into the black leather, pointed patent-leather toecaps, 3-inch heeled court shoes.

I am now fully dressed. I look at myself again; I turn, twist and look at myself from all angles. I walk this way and that way, staring all the time in the mirror. I sit down again and stare; yes, I am beautiful.

But what is this I see? The mirror ripples like a wave on the sea; it seems to be going back in time. Images in my mind take on a life of their own.

Who is this little boy I see? He fails to notice me. He is speaking and I listen intently. This is the story he tells.

NEW NEIGHBORS

My name was Glen Campbell. No, not the Rhinestone Cowboy one, but my mother was a fan of his and married to a Campbell. When I came along, what else was I going to be called but Glen? I always got kidded in school about it. "Give us a song, Glen."

"Bert, I was talking to our new neighbors today; they seem like such a nice family. Connie told me all about her two daughters and son. I invited them over for a meal tomorrow night. That's okay, Bert?"

"Sure, Emma. Does the husband play golf by any chance?"

"How would I know, Bert? You better ask Matt when they come over."

Well, the two fathers talked about golf. The two women quietly left the men talking about golf and took us children into the sitting room. Of course Nicky was not the least bit interested in me; I was too young for him. So was Raylene.

The two mothers spoke to each other about their families and seemed to get on well with each other. Nicky and Raylene left to play with their friends; little Jean happily played on the floor with her doll. My mother stopped her talk and looked at little Jean.

"That's a nice dolly you have there, what's its name, Jean?"

"She calls it Jolynn, don't you, Jean?" Mrs. Parker cut in

"Yes Mummy. Baby's feeding time!"

Connie opened her handbag, removed a little feeding bottle and gave it to Jean, who put the teat in the doll's mouth, and the liquid disappeared into the doll.

"Well, I never," my mother exclaimed.

"Watch this. Jean, its Jolynn's bedtime," Mrs. Parker said, making room on the settee for Jean to lay the doll down, which she did, the doll's eyes closed.

Jean was a happy little girl, and like her mother, a lively person.

"Emma, I have arranged for Jean to go to nursery school on Monday. I had a talk with the teachers down there."

"Oh, have you? Tell you what; I'll give Jean a run down there in the car. I give Glen a run there every day."

"Oh would you, Emma? That's right neighborly of you. You run the kids this week and I'll take them next week."

The two mothers were getting on well with each other. Just then, a cry came from Jean's doll.

"Jean, your baby's crying, see what the matter is."

"Mummy it wet itself."

"Then you will have to change its diapers," Connie Parker said, removing small doll diapers again from her handbag. Jean took them, removed the damp ones and replaced them with the dry ones.

The doll even said, "Thank you, mummy."

My mother burst out laughing. "Whatever will they think of next? They never had anything like that in our day, Connie. Tell you what. I'll make some clothes for that dolly and you can come and help me. Jean, would you like that?"

"Oh yes, Mrs. Campbell," little Jean said.

I think my mother had taken little Jean to heart. As I learned in later life, my mother had a difficult birth with me, and was told to have no more children. My mother always wanted a daughter, so Jean was always welcome in our house.

As women friends do, my mother and Connie Parker told each other their little secrets. Connie told her daughter Jean she could call my mother mum. Jean said she was lucky to have the two best mothers in the world.

NURSERY SCHOOL DAYS

That Monday at breakfast, mother had given me a long talk.

"Glen, I want you to watch after little Jean' she is such a fragile little girl. You have to be a gentleman and see no harm comes to her, protect her just as if she was your sister. A man has to protect the woman, just like your father does me. You understand, Glen?"

"Yes, mother."

"You're a good boy, Glen."

My mother ran Connie Parker, Jean, and me to the school where she introduced all of us to the teachers. Miss Redmond took little Jean's hand and led her to her class, where she played with all the other little girls.

Jean was a popular girl and got on well with everyone. Jean was a funny-faced freckled kid with pigtails. Of course, at four years old, I was not the least bit interested in girls.

One day after about four months after Jean came to nursery, I heard a fracas coming from the girls' corner and Jean's voice shouting, "Stop that, you!"

I turned my eyes to the sound as did all the boys and saw a bigger boy than me pulling Jean's pigtails. I remembered my mother's words about Jean; I dropped my building bricks, ran to her and grabbed this boy although he was bigger than me. There we were, rolling about on the floor. Not for long, though, as Miss Redmond flew from her chair, stopped it and hauled the two of us apart.

"I'll have no fighting in this class. Do you hear that, Glen Campbell and Jim Harrison?"

Taking the two of us by the ear, she put us in opposite corners of the room with our backs to the class.

Jean spoke. "But Miss, it was not Glen's fault."

"Quiet, Jean. I will hear no more of this; they were both at fault. I'll have no fighting in my class and that's the end of it," Miss Redmond said.

When Jean's mother came to pick both Jean and myself that afternoon, Jean told the whole story to Connie Parker. I was in her good graces for standing up for her daughter; after that, I was always welcomed in the Parker household. My mother was also proud of me.

The day after that incident at school in the class, Jean came over to me, dragging her big doll. "You're so brave, Glen, fighting for me. When I grow up, I'm going to marry you and have your babies."

So saying, she put her little hands round me and gave me a soppy kiss. I went all red in the face. Girls are such funny things.

"Glen, come and play with my dolly," Jean said.

The years rolled on. Eventually, I went to primary school, then high school. With Jean going in and out our house so often, I just thought of her as my kid sister and took no special notice of her. Our grades were good and Jean decided that she would like to be a teacher; she liked children. I was undecided about what I wanted to be. Selling things interested me, though. My father said since I was good at math, maybe I should go to college and study accounting, so that was it.

When the coming out dance at high school came round, I still wasn't interested in girls. I took more in playing ball games with the guys. When asked who my partner was, I had no idea. With Jean going in and out of our house, it entered my mind to ask her to the dance even though she was in the class below me and a year younger.

"Oh Glen, I would love to be your partner at your coming out dance. Thank you for thinking about me."

The evening of the dance, I went to collect Jean in my tuxedo. There she was in a lovely cream satin ball gown with all the trimmings. To me, she was still my kid sister, and to be honest, I never really noticed her.

Jean was a delightful partner, and made pleasant small talk with all.

When I took her home that night, I thanked her for being my partner and gave her a chaste little kiss on the cheek. It seemed taboo to I do anything else.

THE KIDS GROW UP

Both Jean and I had been to college; although I had taken accountancy courses I still had a feeling to try sales. The first job I applied for was a salesman with a heavy engineering company. At the interview, I explained about my accounting courses and certificates and that I had no experience in sales. The sales manager was taken by my keenness and said he would take a chance. I thanked him for giving me opportunity to prove myself.

I took this chance with both hands and made a success of it. Meanwhile little Jean had gone to college, passed her exams, and now was a primary teacher at a local school. Jean, even now at 21, still came in and out of our house with patterns for dresses for herself, sometimes for my mother and they both had fun running them up. She was like a real daughter to my mum. I still saw her as my kid sister.

It was around then that I fell out with my then current girlfriend over some stupid thing that I can't remember now. One of the guys in the office said, "Glen, there's a party this weekend at my flat. You're welcome to come and bring your girlfriend."

Harry's parties were always a bundle of fun. I did not want to miss it, though of course I had no partner.

It was at dinner one night that mother was talking to my father about Jean and how well she fit in as a teacher at school. Mother took a keen interest in all that Jean did.

Seeing that at the present moment I was between girlfriends, Jean might fill the bill. I went to the Parker household. Connie Parker answered the door

"Come in, Glen." Connie Parker always liked me.

"Is Jean in, Mrs. Parker?"

"Sure Glen, she is upstairs in her room with Raylene. Go up there, you know the way."

I knocked on the door.

"Come in," Jean answered. Going in, there was Jean sitting on a chair in front of her vanity, Raylene standing beside her, smearing some sort of gooey substance on her face. Her hair was done up in curlers with a hair net on top. I wondered then if I had made a mistake thinking about asking Jean for a date.

"Take a seat, Glen. What can I do for you?"

"Jean, could I ask you for a date a week from Saturday?"

"Why of course, Glen. Where are we going?"

I explained that it was to a party.

"Oh, that will be nice," Jean replied.

Raylene smiled at her sister as she slapped gooey stuff on Jean's face.

"How's your job going, Glen. We haven't seen you for a while around here, have we, Jean?"

Raylene was making conversation as she worked this gooey stuff into Jean's face. Raylene was my height of 5 foot 7 inches. I told Raylene and Jean all about my job as we chatted about this and that. Raylene had a boyfriend who was a solicitor who worked in the same office as her.

After a few pleasantries, I left, still looking at Jean with her hair in rollers and curlers, and a hair net on top, her face still plastered with the gooey substance. I still wondered if I had made the right move asking her for a date.

On that Saturday I went over to Jean Parker's house having borrowed my father's car. Connie Parker again answered the door.

"Oh, come in, Glen. Take a seat. Jean won't be long. You should know a woman is never on time for a date," she said, giving a laugh.

After 10 minutes or so, Jean appeared at the top of the stairs and I gave a gasp. It certainly was not the Jean I had been expecting. Was it even Jean at all?