



Reluctant Press presents:

Dolly

Maureen Glasgow



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MISTY MALVEAUX

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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DOLLY

By Maureen Glasgow

Without boasting, can I say that I am extremely good looking? Unfortunately I am small and not at all strong. I am heterosexual and women find me very attractive. I am not rich but reasonably well off. My father was an inventor and made good money from royalties. When he died, he passed that money on to my mother who raised me. Then she died, leaving me an orphan with a good income.

A lot of men would give their right arms to be like me, right? But I have a deep secret. I am extremely passive with practically no capability to express an opinion. I tried working for a living, but women chased me a lot; I disappointed them, as I wasn't as masculine as my appearance led them to believe. This raised a lot of problems so I stopped working for a living, taking employment only occasionally out of boredom. I worked primarily from my home doing low-class data entry processing. Then I met Ann.

She was about my size, maybe taller. Ann was rather plain and seemed in awe of my looks. She wasn't overly demanding of sex, which pleased me no end because she'd be kinda apologetic when she wanted some – would just simply take it. Naturally this saved me a lot of trouble; it was easy to pretend that I was just lazy in matters of sex, when in effect I had to wait for her. Frankly, it was rather enjoyable being the sought-after partner, with her being sorry for being so 'pushy' afterwards.

There was something else I enjoyed about her. She was adamant that I always be dressed properly. She didn't know how I made my money – and I didn't tell her. She figured that I made a small income at home. As she made a good income as an office manager and LOVED to spend money on clothes and accessories for me, she used her own. I wasn't about to object. I have to admit being a little tight with money.

She had a good friend, Amy, a divorced lady with twin girls of about ten or eleven years old, but other than that, Ann spent most of her free time with me. Again, I thought this as wonderful as I spent my days elegant in new shirts, slacks – a model if you will. I

did nothing constructive except be Ann's boy toy (though she never thought of me in that way) on a sometimes basis. It was a very sedentary, happy, life, which suited me. I rather liked that idea, to tell you the truth.

Then one Saturday, she came over to pick me up and take me to Amy's for dinner. We were a little late - and Ann HATES lateness with a passion. She picked me up and we were passing her place on the way to Amy's when I asked her to stop at a florist so that I could get some flowers to take. Ann was torn between her desire for punctuality and the need that her boyfriend not look cheap. She looked at her watch. "Okay. We've got a few minutes. But don't be long. Okay?"

"Yes dear!" I said mildly and got out of the car. I got the flowers and was on my way back to the car when a pigeon flew overhead and SHAT on me! I was dressed informally in tan slacks, a light blue shirt, and a brown cardigan sweater. Luckily, only the shirt was messed up but it was a mess!

"Jesus!" Ann screamed. "Yech!" She gave me some tissues to clean up my shirt.

She started the car, but then muttered, but then shook her head violently. "You *can't* go like that! Let's go to my place and see if we can clean you up."

This made sense, so I didn't argue any and a few minutes later, we were in her apartment. There she got different wet cloths and tried to clean me off. She glared at me in disgust - as if it were MY fault.

I looked at my watch. "Ann dear? The stores aren't open but we can go back to my place so I can change. Or I can go like this."

She looked at her watch again. "We're just a bit late and if I hurry, we can get there on time. No time to go back to your place, it's the wrong way."

"Okay," I said. "My shirt's clean now. Just a little stained. Lets go like this. It'll probably dry."

She shook her head, aggravated. "You can't go like that. Take it off." With that, she disappeared into her bedroom.

I had no idea what she had in mind, but took my sweater and the shirt off. Then Ann came back in. "Here," she said, handing me this blue 'thing' "Put this on instead. It should look nice on you."

I shook the blouse out because that's what it was. I laughed. "Come on, Ann. This is a *woman's* blouse. Look at it. The sleeves are all filmy and everything. Amy would laugh her head off if she saw me in something like that!"

"Yes, the sleeves *are* kinda feminine," she agreed. "But they'll be hidden by your sweater... and frankly?" She paused, "I think I prefer you in that color. Get it on."

Her tone brooked no nonsense and I knew that I was caught in one of my fantasies - being under the control of a strong-willed woman. I found myself responding weakly. "But Ann, I can't..."

I think she heard the weakness in my voice and took advantage. She was suddenly taking one of my arms and gently forcing my hand through the blouse sleeve. Helplessly, I stood as the blouse was put on me. A pleased look came on her face as she buttoned me in

at the front. "You know? That color looks smashing on you!" She stroked the material and a strange, sort of lustful look came into her eyes. Then she buttoned the sleeves and a look almost of awe crossed her face and she patted the chiffon sleeves lustfully. "Oh! This looks *wonderful* on you! SO pretty! Do you think you have to put that sweater on?"

She was SERIOUS! Hastily, I grabbed my sweater and slid it on, realizing that she didn't really understand the power she had on me, that all she had to do was tell me not to wear the sweater. I'd have argued but I would have done what she wanted. The blouse was feminine enough *without* the blousy transparent, sleeves.

"We're going to be late!" I urged before she changed her mind about the sweater.

Almost as if she was waking from a deep sleep, she blinked and I realized that by appealing to her promptness, I might have got myself out of a jam. But she arranged the 'V' neck collar of the blouse around my sweater. I'll swear that a dreamy look started on her face again as she took the chance to caress it, but I said something and got her moving.

Amy had never seemed to like me very much. She had indicated a few times that I was too 'pretty' for Ann, but Ann just pooh-poohed her. When we arrived, she saw right away that I was wearing a blouse but she didn't question it. I was VERY glad she couldn't see the sleeves. She took the flowers from me and the bottle of wine from Ann with many thanks and we settled in.

The two twin girls, Gwyneth and Gwendolyn – or Gwyn and Gwen - came in and got fussed over by Ann. She really paid attention to them and they lovingly showed her their dollies and the new dresses they'd bought. Ann was all ears and spent a fair amount of time examining them and making comments. This naturally left Amy and myself at loose ends. When she went to pour wine, we drifted into the kitchen. She looked at me directly.

"Why the blouse?" she asked me directly. Then she burst into laughter when I told her about the bird. Knowing Ann's need to be on time, she understood the reason I was dressed the way I was. It was the most human I'd ever seen her. "I thought you were being a pooker, all pretty in your girly blouse," she explained. "Thought you had started wearing women's clothes to look nice." She looked at me with a slight smile, and then commented dryly how nicely I blushed.

We spent what turned out to be a rainy afternoon just chatting and drinking wine. Then Amy served up dinner to the children and Ann and I watched TV a little. Then once the kids were out of the way, the adults had dinner. After that, Amy laughed and said how she'd been amused when I told her about the bird episode.

"Oh? He told you?" Ann said. "I think he looks SO nice in that blouse. Doesn't he, Amy?"

"I guess so," she laughed. "Kinda girlish, but it's not that bad you know, once you get used to it."

"Exactly what I told him, but he was just ridiculous about it!" Ann exclaimed. "Matter of fact, dear? Why don't you take that sweater off and show Amy the full blouse?"

My mouth went dry. "Ha ha! She's not *interested* in what I'm wearing!"

I know that Amy heard a quaver – or something – in my voice because a peculiar smile came to her lips. “But that’s silly, Dennis! If Ann says it should be seen? Why don’t you take that sweater off and show off the nice blouse, huh?”

I looked from one lady to the next. “I’d rather not,” I said. But there was no oomph to it.

“You’re just being silly!” Ann said, coming around to me and half lifting me from the chair. “C’mon now! Show Amy!”

And there I was, standing in front of two women in my pretty blue blouse. Ann examined me anew with measuring eyes and Amy watched with her eyebrows arched in a surprised mode as she took in the flowing diaphanous sleeves.

“Now isn’t that gorgeous?” Ann asked Amy. “I never, *ever*, thought he’d look that good!”

“Looks good!” Amy agreed with a snigger. “Not very masculine perhaps. But nice. Kinda flat at the front though. Know what I mean?”

Ann nodded “I’ve been thinking exactly the same thing myself. Just isn’t fitting properly!”

“Maybe a nice bra?” Amy said. Then she couldn’t help herself. She looked slyly at me and giggled a little

“Can I put my sweater back on again?” I asked in a reasonable tone. “After all, Ann, Amy’s seen it now.”

“Oh, stop it, Dennis!” Ann said. “I really wish you would stop all of this nonsense. Amy’s seen you now, so I think you can forget all this macho stuff.”

“Yes Dennis!” Amy said, almost straight-faced. “There’s nobody *here* who would criticize you for wearing that. It’s lovely!” Then she looked at her watch. “Time I got the twins bathed and put to bed. Why don’t I pour you two a drink and you can retire to the sitting room. Let your dinner settle.”

“No!” Ann said firmly. “Dennis and I will clean up in here while you get the kids ready. That way you won’t have a bunch of dirty dishes to face later on. Off with you. Shoo!”

Amy was pleased. “That IS nice of you. Sure it won’t be a bother?”

“Positive!” Ann said. “But we’ll need aprons.”

“Oh!” Amy said. Then a mischievous look came into her eyes. “I’ve got some clean ones around here somewhere. Let me get them for you.”

“You don’t need to go to any bother,” Ann said.

She didn’t see Amy look at me and wink slowly. “No bother at *all*! If you two are going to act so nice, the least I can do is get you some nice aprons.” With that, she took off.

When she returned a few minutes later, she handed two colorful bundles to Ann. “My mom gave them to me. I use them for hostess wear myself but they’re the only clean ones I have, so I’ll be VERY offended if you don’t use them!”

Ann shrugged. “Okay dear. Off you go. Dennis and I will see to in here.”

“Right!” Amy said with a grin, and disappeared.

Ann shook out one of the aprons. “Oh my! This is nice!” she said. “This one even has some blue in it that goes nicely with your blouse.” She advanced on me. “Let me put it on you, Dennis. Stand still.”

It was a full apron, very full in the skirt and it had a frilled bodice. Mostly white, it had an embroidered skirt and bodice, mostly in blue. Stupidly, I stood there as Amy carefully tied me in, and then fussed with the collar points of my blouse until they were satisfactory.

She sighed happily, and then stood back. “You look SO nice?” she said as if surprised. “Now twirl for Ann, would you, darling?”

“Ann? This is too...”

“Dennis? *Please* do as I ask. It's not *too* much, is it?”

There was a bossy note that I'd never heard before – and I was incapable of disobeying. I pretended that I didn't know how to twirl, but went around.

“That was terrible!” she said somewhat angrily. “Now twirl properly!” Then she smiled and nodded as I twirled for her. “See? You can learn if you want!”

She put her apron on. Just as nice as mine, though different. I was extremely conscious of us both cleaning off the table and the feminine picture we made, but as Ann didn't seem to see this or pay the slightest attention to it, I gradually found myself relaxing and accepting what we appeared as. Finally we had done everything we could. The place was tidied up and the dishes had been rinsed, then put in the dishwasher. We could hear the sounds of Amy's laughter and the squeals of the two kids. “Let's go in and see them before they fall asleep,” Ann said.

“Fine!” I said, reaching for my apron ties to loosen them.

“What on earth are you *doing*?” Ann said with some aggravation.

“Taking this apron OFF!” I said with some degree of sense, I thought.

“Dennis! Those kids aren't out of the bath completely. They'll be WET!” she said reasonably. “Keep your apron on until I tell you to take it off! Now c'mon!”

And therefore, as one of a feminine twosome, I went to meet the little girls as Amy brought them out of the bath. Although they were only pre-teens, they knew that I was a male and squealed at Amy.

“What's wrong, my little girls?” she asked. Then she let them whisper shyly into her ear. Then with a surprised look of phony innocence, she turned around. “Silly girls! Uncle Dennis? He's not a REAL man! Not someone you have to worry about! Just look at that nice apron and that PRETTY blouse! Does he look like a *normal* man to you, one that you have to worry about?”

And the twin girls examined me, as only children can, their pale blue eyes scrutinizing me closely. Then they looked at each other and smiled. “Looks pretty!” they enthused. “But that's a pretty woman's blouse and apron. Should we call him 'Auntie' Dennis? Just like Auntie Ann?” they asked her.

She looked at me with a smile that said a lot, though seemingly speaking to them. "What do you think? Auntie Dennis? Or would you rather be Auntie Denise?"

I stared at her in consternation as the twins thought it over gravely, then voted that I was Auntie Denise. Then they asked if they could give me a 'hello' kiss. Ann grinned at them fondly, while Amy looked at me. "Hope you don't mind, dear. But they're just little girls, you know?"

What could I do but gladly accept? The two bodies, totally nude, but with no shyness now, came and gave me damp kisses and hugs and said hello to their new auntie.

I helped – as would any auntie – get into their pajamas and then kissed them good-night. I was told that they would pray for me. The three adults then retired to the living room, where both Ann and Amy praised me for how 'wonderful' I'd been with the children. What bothered me was how pragmatic Ann was. Amy kept giving me sly glances and winks when Ann couldn't see her. Naturally by that time, I'd removed my apron but somehow the miasma of femaleness seemed to cloak me. Perhaps it was the filmy blouse? Anyhow I found myself getting quieter, cuddling up to Ann more and more.

Slowly, Ann drew me into her more and more and then, despite Amy's facial expressions, she drew me into her arms and enveloped me until I just lay there, the subject of Ann's kisses when she decided to bestow them, the soft and pliant recipient when she took a break from talking with Amy.

"I think he likes you doing all the work," Amy commented dryly, taking a sip of her drink.

"Yes. He's always liked that, now that I think on it." Ann said softly. She stroked my blouse sleeves again. "Maybe it's this soft nice material? Think so?"

"Could be," Amy said lazily, getting up and coming over. She gently touched my blouse sleeves. "Maybe he's just practicing being an auntie for the girls? He seems to be so soft and compliant now. Think it's *that*?"

"No idea!" Ann laughed. "But I must admit that I like it!"

Then they both agreed that Ann better get me home – either that or take me on the couch there and then. But she begged off.

Ann drove me home not long after that. She stopped at my apartment entrance without going in. "I drive us all the time, do I not?" she asked suddenly, without notice.

"Yes," I answered, "most of the time. I must admit that I enjoy feeling pampered and having you drive."

"That's the way it should be," she said. "And you don't need a car for work or anything like that, do you?"

"True," I admitted. "It's probably stupid that I even have one. I don't go out much, except with you and the work I do is mostly on the computer from the house. Kinda silly, I suppose."

"That's why I think you should get rid of that car," she said matter-of-factly. "It's expensive and hardly needed. On top of that, I get nervous when I think about you driving alone. You might hurt yourself."

I didn't realize the seriousness of what I was getting into so I laughed. "But I need a car to get around in sometimes," I said lightly.

"You have *one* – mine," she said. "You admit that you hardly need one –and I'm available at most times and perfectly willing to drive you as needed. So, sell your car."

"But I don't need..."

"Dear? I don't think I'm being unreasonable." She interrupted me calmly. "I want to take care of you and I'm starting to realize how much I care. You can bring the car to my place tomorrow, with the pink slip. I happen to know a lady in my office who wants a car just like it. She'll be glad to take it. Okay?"

Internally, I was thrilled out of my mind! This woman was taking me over! Just like I fantasized. But naturally I had to try and pretend to deny her this right.

"But suppose I..."

"Dennis! You're not going to argue with me now, are you?" Her voice had humor in it – like an adult talking to a child. But there wasn't any 'give,' if you know what I mean.

"Well, no, but..."

"That's fine then! From now on, if you need a ride anywhere, call me."

"But what happens if you can't make it?"

"I'll tell you to call a taxi. But that will be rare. I don't want you out on the streets by yourself!" She touched me possessively. "I'm starting to realize just how precious you are to me."

I was still in a state of semi-shock. I felt that I was accepting what she was telling me and furthermore she *knew* that I was, wasn't in the slightest doubt about it.

"Let's say that this is all right by me?" I conceded. "What brought all of this on? I'm not used to you being so...so... (I was going to say 'domineering' but didn't) protective?"

"That blouse you wore," she said simply.

"Blouse?" I admit that I was somewhat astonished by her quick statement.

"Yes. It dawned on me. As you've probably guessed, I get a great deal of delight – you might even say 'sexual delight' – in helping you look nice. Agreed?"

I tried hard not to sound smug as I answered. "Well, I don't know about the *sexual* bit on your side, but I must admit that yes, I've enjoyed you dressing me so far."

She nodded. "But I always felt that something was missing. You know that feeling when an action feels good but you keep feeling that *something's* missing?"

"I can't think of anything as of this moment, but I guess that you're right," I admitted.

"Well, it didn't dawn on me until I saw you wearing that lovely fabric. Right away I knew that there was something going on inside me. But it wasn't until I touched you! Do you have ANY idea of how sensual, how exciting, how BEAUTIFUL you feel to me when you're wearing that nice fabric? It turned me on like I've never been turned on before!" She was bright-eyed in a way that I'd never seen before.

I blushed. "That's very complimentary," I said. "But it's not something I want to get in the habit of."

"What?" she asked.

I got even redder. "Wearing women's clothes. If you want, I can maybe get some men's that will..."

"No." There wasn't any doubt in her mind as she interrupted me. "I've come to the conclusion that you *need* taking care of. That *I* need to take care of *you*. Maybe I'm wrong, but there's a sense of – dependency? – neediness? – about the nice clothes that girls wear. On top of that? They feel nice. So if I like you in them, what's your problem?"

She was so pragmatic, so practical. I tried to start. "But Ann? I think you're being..."

"Hush, dear. Here we are, at your apartment. I think I want to see you to your door."

I found myself being very shy. "Don't you want to park your car in the garage and come in for a coffee or something?"

"No. This way I can't stay too long and get a ticket, which I would if I were to come into your apartment. And I need some time – as you do."

"What do I need time for?" I asked curiously.

"Tomorrow? You'll bring your car around. At that time, dear, you'll put yourself in my hands. Once you do that, I'll know that you're mine. Let's go. But you stay there." She got out of the car.

To a combination of pride and shame, I sat in the car and allowed her to come around and open the door to let me out. Then she suggested that I link my arm in hers and I did. As we went to my front door, she repeated more firmly what she had been saying.

"I could be wrong Dennis, but I think you need looking after – being taken care of by me. If I'm wrong, just avoid me. Don't bring your car around for me to get rid of. Don't pretend that we're romantically linked anymore. It's that simple. But once you do? You're putting yourself under my protection. After that? I probably won't listen to any bitch you have. Now pout those lips and give me a kiss. We're at your door."

And as I pouted my lips, as she wanted, she took me in her arms to kiss me. Idly, one of her hands came in between my sweater and my blouse. She stroked me and I thought my eyes were going to cross! Her hand came down then and rested for a second on my massive (well, massive for ME) erection. "Thought so," was all she said, other than her good night.

Okay, I *could* say I tossed and turned all night making my decision, but that would be utter nonsense. I had no more way of denying what Ann had told me than I did of getting up and flying in the air. My only problem was how to appear that I didn't understand what she'd said, that I didn't realize that my whole life was going to be in her hands, that I really had no say in the matter, that I was going to do as she told me. I knew that I was kidding myself when I tried to convince myself that she had simply been joking; after all, the girl had had quite a few glasses of wine. But that's what I chose to tell myself.

The following morning, I was a little surprised, even hurt, when I called her and found that she didn't want me over there right away. She said she had some shopping to do. As it

was the weekend, I didn't attach an awful lot of meaning to this. She did ask me to bring my car and the pink slip over there in late afternoon and promised me drinks and dinner. I did say something about getting the blouse cleaned, but she told me NOT to take it into the cleaners – it was perfectly reasonable to machine wash and dry it – and she'd show me how to do this some other time, no hurry.

I must admit to being a little hurt at her demeanor but I showed up at the appointed time. I also must admit that I laughed at myself for being so ridiculous as to take the ownership slip and all. Seconds after I'd arrived, though, she asked me lightly if I had it. Grinning a little – I was sure it was a joke – I took it from my pocket. She delicately took it from me with a slight smile.

“Very good! That's a good boy!” she said, taking the slip from me and giving me a kiss. “I feel that you'll be MUCH safer now.” She looked at her watch for some reason. “Now why don't you get that jacket off?”

“Why? You want us to do something?” I asked as I slipped it off.

“Of course! Here. Isn't this lovely?” She was holding up a blouse, still on its hanger, for my inspection. A tremor of fright ran through me, because I knew what she was about to do. The blouse was pristine white with a 'V' neck and small pearl buttons down the front. It had rectangular lace inserts down the front on either side and long, sort of blousing chiffon sleeves, with heavy white silk cuffs.

“That's lovely!” I said with a dry mouth and I forced myself to feel the chiffon sleeves between my fingers. Then with a forced laugh, I added, “You'll look lovely in it. You seem to have a thing for those chiffon sleeves.”

She giggled softly and looked at the blouse fondly. “Yes! I saw it when I was shopping the other day and thought it was lovely but it's not for ME, silly! I went and got it for *you* this morning. So, why don't you try it on? I'm *bursting* to see how it looks on you.”

I swallowed. “You bought that for *me*?”

“Are we going to get involved in that silly macho nonsense all over again? Come on now, get this shirt off and put your pretty new blouse on.” She was unbuttoning my shirt and speaking very firmly.

“But Ann...please don't,” was all I could manage as the shirt was pulled out of my pants. Then I said weakly as the shirt was removed from my shoulders, “Just for a little while then, eh?”

“Maybe,” she said, slipping my arms into the blouse. “Maybe, *if* you behave!”

Ann was looking at me calmly as she finished buttoning the blouse. She stroked me, then stood back. “Lovely! But I'm afraid that Amy was correct. There's extra material here and it doesn't look as nice as it should. Let's get it off.”

With an inward pang but an outward sigh of relief, I allowed her to take the blouse off, thinking that as she was dissatisfied with the fit of the blouse, she was done. But then my eyes rounded with horror as she spoke to me. “Hold up your arms, darling. I bought this bra for you as well. Didn't know if I'd need it or not but it's obvious that I do.”