



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Who Am I?

Blind Ruth



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C HAIGHT

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A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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# WHO AM I? *WHAT AM I?*

**BY BLIND RUTH**

## **TICK-TOCK**

The sands of time are running down, the clock has started, the pendulum swings. The hours, the minutes. The seconds count down. Three months to go and events are about to happen that will change many people's lives.

### Tick-tock

Artie Hardgreaves had just finished lunch at the staff canteen of Cooper and Cooper, where he worked as a management consultant. Well he should have had that title, but he was used to being an office boy. That was why he sat in the in the staff lounge with a cup of tea on the small table at knee height. He was looking at the jobs ads in the local paper to see if there were any for management consultants.

As far as Artie was concerned, he was wasting his time; no one seemed to appreciate his talents. His boss seemed to block any move for promotion. If he found nothing soon he would have to pull up roots and go to pastures new.

Artie was a young man of 24, 5 foot 5 inches tall and 8 stone 7 pounds. He had fair hair and was slim hipped in body. From a distance he could be mistaken as a girl, unless you took a closer look. It was his longish, fair hair that did it. Artie had a lot to thank his parents for; they had put him through college, where he passed his business management courses with flying colours. He now lived in his own flat and liked the free and easy life of a bachelor, however he hoped to marry some day. That was one of the reasons his face

was buried in the vacancies column. He had to have a proper job for a future wife, and family.

His study of jobs was interrupted by a female voice saying, "You're so right, Heather. Artie is just what we are looking for," followed by another pleasant female voice asking, "Can we sit here and have a talk with you, Artie?"

Having lowered his newspaper, Artie was looking straight into the deep valley of a pair of 32 double D breasts. These belonged to Heather Macintyre. Heather was about the same age as Artie, and roughly the same height and weight. Her red hair flowed over her shoulders; she was dressed in a black mini skirt, her long shapely legs were encased in glossy honey-coloured tights and on her feet were a pair of black stiletto heel shoes. Artie was mesmerised by the sight of Heather's breasts as she bent forward in front of the small table.

"Eh, what?" said Artie

"She said 'Can we sit down beside you and talk with you, Artie?'" This was Iris Taylor.

Artie recognised the voice but it did not detract him from staring at Heather's magnificent breasts. Iris was an older woman. No, "older" was the wrong word. Mature, yes, mature. Although at 45, Iris was old enough to be both his mother, Iris had always kept herself in good condition. What did these women want with him? As far as Heather was concerned, he had been trying to get up the courage to ask her for a date. Word in the office was that Heather was a right little mover and had been around. It seemed a little odd that she should be a companion of Iris'. That was no business of his, though.

"Yes, sure, ladies. What can I do for you?"

Both women sat down, one on either side of him. Both now put an arm round his shoulder; Artie could feel a leg of each woman rubbing against his. Artie said to himself, "This can't be true, I'm dreaming."

Heather snuggled up to him, sweetly put her mouth to his ear, and whispered, "How would you like to come to my flat tonight for dinner? You could get into my knickers!"

Then Iris whispered, "And maybe you could get into *my* knickers!"

Artie's face went a bright red. How could he refuse such an offer? He *must* be dreaming.

"We are waiting for a answer," one of the women whispered. Artie spluttered out a Yes.

Heather whispered, "We'll see you at my flat at half past seven. I can't wait." Both women then rose and gave Artie a big kiss on both his cheeks; the red imprint of lipstick was left for all to see. They giggled as they left him.

After the women left, Artie got a ribbing from all his buddies. "Hey Artie, what you got between your legs? Even old Iris has the hots for you. Maybe her old man is not giving her any."

Job vacancies were forgotten for now; Artie's thoughts were on Heather and her 32 double Ds and getting into her knickers.

## Tick-tock

Artie was driving his car on the way to Heather's flat, still in a dream. *Somebody pinch me, somebody kick me. I'm going to wake up soon. If only I could get my hands on Heather's double Ds before that happens, I could be happy man.*

Artie lived in a different town from Heather and Iris, but it was only a half hour drive from the town where he worked at Cooper and Cooper. Taking the short cut bypass over the lonely and deserted moorland with the occasional farm, soon Artie arrived at the multi-story flats where Heather lived. He drove into the underground car park, picked a spot and parked. In the lift, he hit the fourth floor button and the lift ascended. On reaching the fourth, Artie made his way to Heather's flat. At the door he was welcomed by Heather. She was dressed in an even more revealing dress than this afternoon; her breasts were almost spilling out the top.

"So glad you could make it, Artie. We were afraid you would opt out, and I cooked such a good Scottish meal for you."

Heather then put her arms around Artie's neck and gave him a great big kiss. Artie could feel her firm breasts squeezing against him and detected the exotic smell of her Odyssey perfume. He already had an erection. Heather could feel this through her mini skirt.

Looking at him, she said, "I see you're happy to meet me again, just as I am happy you came here."

Taking his hand, she led him to the dining room where, already seated, was Iris Taylor. This did not please Artie; he had hoped to have Heather all to himself this evening.

"What delights have you concocted for us tonight, Heather?" Iris asked.

"Well, I did say it was a secret but I guess I'll have to show you, Iris. But promise you won't give it to anyone else." Heather giggled.

"Oh course, but that's not what we came here for tonight, is it? It was to get Artie into our knickers, wasn't it, Heather?"

Artie was getting red in the face. "Look at him, Heather. I bet he can't wait to get into our knickers. Better show him your bedroom and let's get started." Iris giggled. Heather led Artie by the hand to the bedroom.

"Well Artie, if you get your clothes off, Iris and I will join you soon." Just like that, Heather promptly left.

Artie stripped off quickly in anticipation of what was to come: two beautiful women alone with him, his wildest dreams coming true. There was a long wait before he heard a knock at the door and Heather's sweet voice asking, "Are you decent, Artie? Can I come in?"

Of course he wasn't 'decent'; he was standing there without a stitch of clothing on. What game had Heather up her sleeve? Before he could reply, Heather turned the handle and entered, followed by Iris. Both women burst out laughing.

"He really fell for it, hook line and sinker, Heather. It's a shame, we really did not want to embarrass you, Artie, but it was the only way we could entice you here."

Heather looked at him. "We have to have a very serious talk with you about something that is very important to Iris, myself, and others. By the way, you *can* get into our knickers. We won't disappoint you. Here."

Heather and Iris produced from behind their backs a pair of knickers each, and both laughed, at the same time sitting down beside him.

Iris turned to him. "Listen to us, Artie, we are both serious now. There was a point to us leading you down the garden path, so to speak. I will explain all; there was no intention of making fun of you, please believe me."

Heather was dressed in a more somber outfit, a plain black dress, going all the way to her ankles, high necked, completely covering her chest area. Heather, looking like a prim little miss, spoke. "Well, you must cover yourself while Iris and myself talk to you."

Heather held out a thong, a black backless nylon lace thong. Artie stepped into it. This brought an immediate hoot from Iris.

"I told you, Heather, he would never fit into your thong. Look."

Iris was right, the thong was too small to conceal Artie's penis; a portion of it was peeping out the side.

"Here, put on a sensible pair of knickers," she said, holding out a pair of her own French Knickers. Artie discarded the thong and pulled the French knickers up his legs.

"That's better, now we don't have to look at your nasty bits while we relate why we wanted you here."

Iris then started to explain the reason for inviting Artie there.

"It all started at the fitness classes Heather and myself attend. One evening after our workout, we sat in the cafeteria. Heather nodded her head.

Iris continued. "For some reason, the conversation eventually turned to our fantasies about men. As it turns out, we both have thought about feminizing a man. We decided that we'd like to do that for real. Problem was, we didn't know who we could do it to.

"A few days later, during one lunch break Heather came to me and said that she found the ideal candidate, just what we were looking for. Can you guess who we selected, Artie?"

"Hold it a minute, girls." Artie could see where this conversation was going.

"Let me explain further before you say anything," Iris said.

"You know Joe Dobson, Artie. He was off with the flu for two weeks. The board of directors appointed you to take charge of his department while he was off. A good job you made of it; that office was running like clockwork. Everyone was happy, then Joe Dobson came back. He realized if the board saw what a good job you were doing, he was out of a job. You didn't know it, but he made sure you never got near his office again. I mean, look at the tedious job you now have, with no chance of promotion. We thought you, of all people, would want to take revenge on him."

Artie still wasn't sure exactly what they had in mind, but he could not dress as a woman even if it meant bringing Joe Dobson to ground.

“Look girls, I sympathize with everything you say. I want to bring that bastard down as much as anyone. But dress as a woman! I couldn’t. There’s no way I could look like a woman, even if I *wanted* to, which I do not. But if there is any other way I can help, I will.”

Both women heaved a sigh. “Well, it was worth a try, Heather. I suppose its back to the drawing board,” Iris said

“I’m really sorry to have embarrassed you, Artie but it seems we’re at the end of the road. I’m most remorseful for the way I tried to tempt you into it. Can you ever forgive me, Artie? I’m not really that kind of woman, but desperate measures were needed,” Heather said.

“Yes, of course I understand. Let’s say no more about it. Now if you ladies will leave the room, I can get dressed.”

Both women left and Artie dressed; he didn’t hold any ill will against them. When he returned to the dining room, he offered to run Iris home, which she kindly accepted. On the journey back to her house, Iris said nothing of the night’s proceedings, just made small talk about how their jobs were going, et cetera. Artie never mentioned the night’s happenings either.

### *Tick-tock*

Ten weeks to go with time still counting down.

Artie Hardgreaves was in the office performing some monotonous errand for Joe Dobson. *Yes, he thought, I really am an office boy. I can’t stand it here much longer. I have to try for another job, and soon.*

He passed the secretarial department, and looked through the glass partition into Iris Taylor’s office. Some junior in a distressed state was crying on Iris shoulder. Iris was comforting her, patting her on the back. *I must enquire about this at lunch,* thought Artie.

After lunch, in the staff lounge, Artie made his way over to the sofa Iris Taylor was sitting on. Iris welcomed him; they made polite conversation.

“Heather not with you today, Iris?”

“No, she has a few days off.”

Artie turned more serious. “Iris, what was all that this morning with that junior crying on your shoulder?”

Iris looked solemn now. “You saw it, did you? It’s that bastard Joe Dobson again. He harassed Holly, who only started a month ago. She should never have been sent to him. I’ve made Heather his secretary.”

Artie cut in. “Then why did Holly go as his secretary, Iris?”

“Because I was called away for some other matter and Heather was off for the day. My second-in-command Dottie, who knows nothing about Joe Dobson, allocated her to him. Before she knew what was happening, he had a hand up her skirt. She dropped everything, ran out his office and came to me. She was all for resigning right there and then.

“I persuaded her to stay as she had a good future with the company. So there you have it, Artie. That man has to be sorted out somehow.”

The conversation turned to other things.

*Tick-tock*

The matter had not left Artie's mind; that night he lay in bed, sleepless, thinking things over. Iris had said she was a coward, at Heathers flat. The more he thought about it, he was the coward. He wanted to get even with Joe Dobson. The girls were right, that man was holding him down. So what if he had to dress in woman's clothes? He must play a part in the downfall of Joe Dobson. Yes, he would do it. If it meant putting a dress on for a day, so what? He would see Iris and Heather about it tomorrow.

*Tick-tock*

The following day at lunch, Artie went over to Iris in the staff lounge. "Iris, do you remember that conversation we had a few weeks ago?"

"Yes Artie, I remember it very well. What of it?"

"You and Heather suggested putting me in woman's clothes."

"Yes, Artie?"

"Could...would." Artie was red faced, and embarrassed. He looked around the room to see if anyone was watching. He had to say it, though. The words spluttered out his mouth. "Could you...would you dress me in girls clothes, *please!*"

Iris said nothing for a moment. "I'll have to discuss this with Heather. I'll let you know before the end of the day."

"But," said Artie, "I thought both of you were so enthusiastic about the idea. It took a lot of pondering for me to come to such a decision."

"Yes we were, but that was then, and this is now. As I said, I will have to have a long discussion with Heather. See you here at five."

*Tick-tock*

*Women are funny creatures*, thought Artie Hardgreaves as he sat in the staff lounge, waiting. He had made the move that Heater and Iris wanted, and they had to discuss it! Eventually, Iris and Heather turned up.

Sitting beside him, Iris spoke. "We have come to a decision. We will are willing to let you become a woman. Come to Heather's flat tomorrow night and we will deliberate what has to be done."

"Deliberate? *Deliberate?* What is there to deliberate? The last time I came there, both of you were falling over yourself to get me into dresses. And now it's a privilege for me to wear a skirt. What's with you two?"

Heather took Artie's hand and smiled at him. "Oh, don't be so cross, Artie. Everything will be explained tomorrow night. And don't think we are ungrateful, sweetie, we both know how hard this was for you. I'll make up for it, just you see."

Heather gave him a great big kiss, this time on the mouth. *Here we go again*, thought Artie.



## Tick-tock

“Well, let’s get down to the problem on hand. If you had said OK last time, all would have been okay. Now we are two weeks behind schedule and...”

Artie jumped in here. “Whatever are you talking about, two weeks behind schedule? It’s just a matter of putting on a frock, right?”

Both woman looked in horror at each other, and said “NO!”

“No? What do you mean, no?”

Iris nodded to Heather. “Go get that dress and we will see what develops.”

In a short time, Heather appeared with a red polka dot dress and a pair of black glossy high-heeled shoes. She showed it to Artie. “Take these to my room, put them on and let’s see how good you are as a woman.” At the same time, she handed Artie a pair of matching polka dot knickers.

Artie stood there, pulling up the red knickers, then he slipped the dress over his body. He sat on the bed and put the high-heeled shoes on. When he stood up and tried to walk, he found difficulty; his legs did not respond the way he wanted. Still, he managed to walk, with difficulty, back to the living room.

“There’s nothing to it, see?” Artie said.

“Okay, smart boy, walk up and down while Heather and I watch,” Iris said. Artie’s legs and feet seemed to be going in different directions. In no time, he found himself on the floor, to peals of laughter from Heather and Iris.

Iris said, “Easy is it? Give us your hand mirror, Heather. Look at yourself! Joe Dobson will see right through you the minute you arrive. Hairy arms, hairy legs, and your face! OK, I know you haven’t shaved since breakfast, but even so. You’re a mess and you’re not going to fool Joe Dobson or anyone else, as you stand. I should drop the whole thing. What do you think, Heather?”

“Give him a chance, Iris. When I suggested Artie, I saw something there we could work on. I still do. It can still be done, Iris, I know it. I believe in him, don’t throw the idea on the fire.”

“We are two weeks behind already. You have more faith than I. We would need to work overtime. I say forget it.”

“Please, please, let’s try. You will do as we say, Artie, won’t you? I mean you are awful now but with hard work, we can turn you into something. You can look like a proper woman, although, as Iris says time, is running out. Please say that you will knuckle down.”

What Artie failed to realize was that Iris and Heather were playing good cop/bad cop. They had planned it beforehand. While all this was all going on, he stood there as an astonished bystander.

He didn’t know why, but he jumped in, saying, “Ladies, if Heather says I can be dressed as a woman, I’m quite willing to go wherever it takes me.”

“Attaboy, Artie! See Iris, he can do it. Go and get the schedule. Come hell or high water, we *will* get there.”

Iris returned with a file in her hand, and put it down on the table. Both women read it carefully, talking to each other in low voices. Artie could not make out what they were saying. Finally Iris spoke.

“Heather has convinced me it can be done. What has to happen is a crash course in womanhood. The first time Joe Dobson looks at you, he has to have the instant impression that you are indeed a woman in appearance, voice, and walk. We have already made up a cover story for you, which you will receive in a printout in the next day or so.

“You must learn all the details by heart so if any questions are asked about your background, you can give a instantaneous answer. Now Heather, how soon can you take him to Janine’s Beauty Salon for a waxing?”

“Lets see, this is Thursday. I’ll phone her tomorrow and try to get an appointment for Saturday. And yes, I know the cover story. Artie is my boy friend; I don’t like his hairy chest arms or legs. To please me, he wants to be waxed.”

“That’s right, Heather. Artie, from Friday night till it all ends, your spare time will be devoted to being a woman. Heather has arranged for you to stay here; we will make the spare room up for you. However do not think you can take advantage of Heather.

“Every night when you come home from work, you will change into women’s clothes, and all weekend. As much as possible, think woman, *be* woman. Your hair at present is reasonable but by the time Joe Dobson meets up with you, it will be long and in a female style. Any questions Artie?”

Artie Hardgreaves was absolutely dazzled at the words Iris spoke. Just what had he let himself in for? He could not back out, he had to go through with it, and he could not look the girls in the face again if he betrayed them. Artie wondered if he would really enter the World Of Women in some small way. The women smiled at each other; they knew their task was hard, but with a willing participant, it would be easier.

“Oh, one thing Artie, that name will have to be dropped and a more appropriate female name taken. What about Aretha?”

“No Iris, that sounds too close to ‘Artie,’ and we do not want Joe Dobson to have any clue it’s Artie. My suggestion is Debbie.”

“Okay I’ll go along with that. What do you say, Debbie?”

Artie nodded his head. Debbie sounded nice for a girl’s name, he thought, so Debbie Hardgreaves came into existence. Before leaving, Heather handed him a pair of low-heeled shoes and said in an aggressive manner, “Now wear these at every opportunity. You have to be trained in a different way of walking. A woman’s balance changes your walk.” As Debbie left, Heather gave him a sweet kiss on the cheek.

### *Tick-tock*

It was now mid-September. D-day would be the day before New Years Eve when the office broke for the holidays. Cooper and Cooper always had a party that day. That was ten weeks away. The story was that Debbie was Heather’s country cousin who had come

to visit her, and was looking for a job. As Artie, Debbie would phone in on the day of the party with the flu and not come in.

Heather would ask Joe Dobson if her cousin could come to the party; she was looking for a job and staying at her flat. Heather would introduce her to Joe, then Debbie would give Joe the come-on. That worried Debbie. What if Joe suspected he was not what he was supposed to be? Joe Dobson was a strong, muscular man compared to Artie/Debbie. He would slaughter her/him. Debbie felt he/she was actually putting his/her life on the line.

On waking in the morning, new girl Debbie become aware she had an erection, something she had not had at night for years. Debbie concluded it must be because of the material of the nightdress she wore. It was a long, Royal blue nylon nightdress, reaching her ankles. It seemed to caress her, and she was excited by the soft feel of the nylon against her body. It was like a hand tenderly stroking her all over. Her penis was proudly standing, throbbing, twitching, jerking, and he hadn't even put a hand on it.

Debbie had masturbated many times in the past but never, never had anything like this happened automatically. Artie would have to get ready quickly to not be late for work. Joe Dobson would use any excuse to fire him. Joe Dobson hoped he would leave of his own accord; this made Debbie more determined that she would become a woman, one that Joe Dobson would take a fancy to.

At lunch, Debbie made her worries about his erection known to the girls. What if such a thing came about when dressed in a skirt?

"Don't worry, Debbie, we anticipated that sort of thing. We will tell you more about it tomorrow night. But remember, that was only a nightdress. What do you think it will be like in a full outfit?"

Debbie said nothing but thought plenty.

### *Tick-tock*

Friday night arrived and Artie was driving Heather back to her flat after work. It had been arranged that Iris would catch up with them later that night, after making a meal for her husband Alex. From the minute Artie stepped over the door of Heather's flat, he was expected to be Debbie.

"Debbie, what do you fancy to eat?" Heather said, opening her fridge. "I've got some lamb chops. How about potatoes, peas and chops?"

"Yes, that would be okay. By the way, if I'm to be here weekends, I must give you some money for my keep. It's only fair."

"Well, that's kind of you, Debbie. I'll teach you how to cook as well. I'll bet living as a bachelor, it's all out of tins and frozen packets."

Heather giggled; she was looking forward to making Debbie into a girl. It sent tingles up and down her back. Heather did not know why she was looking upon Debbie as a girlfriend, one she could mould whatever way she wanted. It was new ground for her; she felt such a thrill. A man to turn into a woman! Such a challenge.

The meal was lovely. Debbie washed the dishes at Heather's command without a word of protest. Heather was glad; she had control of Debbie.

By now, Iris had arrived, and Debbie was shown her room. There she found a dressing table, on which were many items relevant to woman's make up. Moisturising creams, beauty lotions, makeup brushes, face powder, lipsticks, blushers, eyeliners, eye shadows, mascara, and the lot.

"Debbie, you are about the same size as Heather, so she will lend you many of her clothes."

Debbie had not to just appear as a woman, she had to get into the role and really think she *was* a woman. Heather was right. She had picked him/her; of all the male members of the office, Debbie best fit the bill.

"Heather will teach you the clothing sense of a girl your age. What I will do is teach you makeup. We have a hairdresser friend who will teach you all about hairstyles. Now to start, put these panties on while I make your face up. Don't be modest, we are going to see plenty of each other in the next ten weeks."

Before putting the panties on, Heather and Iris gave Debbie a complete rundown of all the girlie items in the room. There was a wardrobe full of dresses, drawers filled with panties, slips, brassieres, stockings, pantyhose, garter belts. There was also a rack with shoes of all types. Debbie had noticed one peculiar pair of shoes with uneven heels. Holding them up, she said, "What are these?"

Heather and Iris glanced at each other, then Heather spoke. "They are special shoes and you will be wearing them on the day you meet Joe Dobson. By that time, you will be an expert on how to walk in woman's shoes."

"But these shoes are not even and I'll walk with a sort of limp."

"Enough to wiggle your ass, Debbie, all the better to attract Joe." Debbie could visualize the scene, but wasn't keen on the notion of wiggling her ass for the likes of Joe Dobson.

By now Debbie had the panties on. Heather quickly took one of her bras and told Debbie to hold her arms out as she put the bra around each arm and pulled it up to her shoulders. After adjusting straps and clipping eyehooks at the back, it was all fixed, except that the bra cups hung slack and empty. Iris handed her two plastic bags filled with birdseed, which Heather dropped in the bra cups.

"I've ordered the proper breasts. They should be here in a few days. In the meantime, these will have to do. But they are realistic, the breasts will move up and down, won't they, Debbie dear?"

*What a ingenious contraption*, thought Debbie.

As Debbie sat in front of the dressing table mirror, Iris got to work on the makeup, while Heather, with brush and comb, worked on her hair. Iris set about applying makeup, giving a running explanation as she put it on. Debbie had to learn because, as Iris said, she would be putting it on herself without help soon. Debbie's transformation had begun, and she enthusiastically took note of all that was said and done to her. She had to get into that role of being a woman. She *must* or Joe would... Debbie could not even think about it.

After a long period, Iris said, "There we are. Have a look in the mirror."

Debbie did.