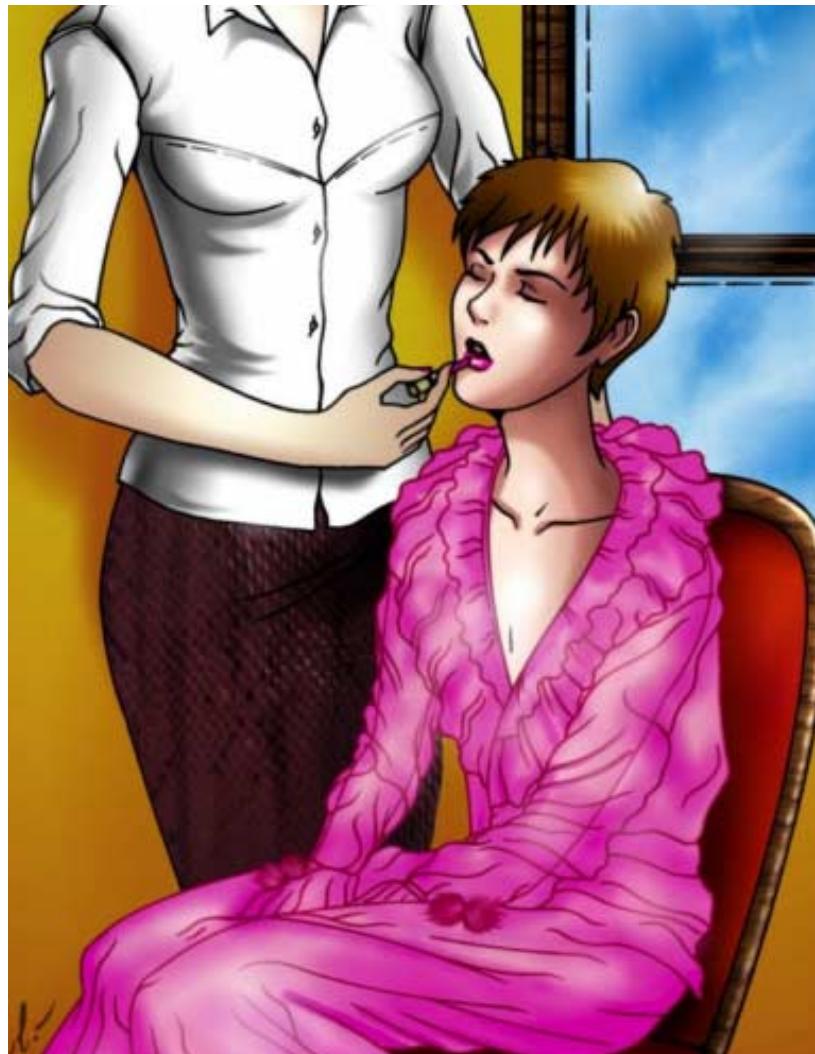




*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Tale Of Two Sissies

Norman Way



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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# A TALE OF TWO SISSIES

**By Norman Way**

## **PRELUDE:**

Talk show host Tonya Brockton uncrossed her legs and reached for her coffee cup. She knew few men were watching television at three in the afternoon; those that were just wanted to get a glimpse of her fabulous gams as well as her ample breasts which always seemed to be on the verge of bursting out of her blouse.

She took a sip from the cup and crossed her legs again. She knew the guys behind the cameras were gaga over her too ever since she had been hired off her college campus two years ago. A year of general assignment reporting had led to a morning show interviewing local people about upcoming events. That, in turn, led to getting her own afternoon talk show. Ratings had gone up which pleased the management though it was more due to her looks than anything the show had to offer. She set her cup back down and saw the director hold up five fingers. Shortly, the red light came on. She smiled, momentarily flashing her famous pearly white teeth at the camera, and then she began.

"Welcome ladies and gentlemen to another edition of 'Hot Topics.' Today's show deals with a subject of an adult nature, so if you have small children with you, please ask them leave the room. My guests today are Laura Clifton and Teri Hamilton. They are co-authors of the book 'A Life En Femme.' In addition you should also know they are MEN!"

A buzz rippled through the studio audience as they stared, amazed at the two guests. Both guests were dressed in pantsuits and flat shoes. Their hair, makeup and nails were immaculate. They appeared very relaxed and comfortable in their surroundings as well as unaffected by the audience's reaction.

"Looking at the two of you, I am completely amazed at how totally feminine you are. If I hadn't said something at the outset of the program, I doubt if anyone here would have been able to tell you are men. How do you maintain such a great appearance? Teri, let's start with you."

"While I would hardly describe myself as high maintenance, I have always believed in eating healthy and exercise. I spend thirty minutes in the morning with general calisthenics and another thirty minutes in the evening on either my treadmill or stationary bike. I prefer fish or chicken to meat and love a variety of salads, breads, soups, fruits and vegetables. I drink plenty of water to keep my system flushed and have one percent milk or a diet, decaffeinated soft drink with meals. I have never smoked or used drugs and my only alcohol consumption is an occasional glass of wine. I have standing appointments to get my hair and nails done. I just love being pampered!"

"Don't we all! Laura, what about you?"

"Well, I am pretty much the same. I eat a light breakfast, my big meal at noon and then a light one at night. I never eat or drink after seven PM. I get plenty of rest. My exercise routine is the same as Teri's and of course the love of being pampered isn't lost on me either! I also don't smoke or care for alcohol."

"Teri, what does your beauty routine consist of?"

"I use cotton balls dipped in a solution of vinegar or lemon juice and water to cleanse my face and cold cream at night. Vinegar and lemon juice are very cheap and do just as good a job as the expensive cleansers sold in department or drug stores. Twice a month, after bathing, I vigorously rub petroleum jelly on my body. I wear heavy socks, a granny nightgown and cotton gloves to bed. It is an inexpensive way to keep my hair-free skin girly soft."

"Laura?"

"Again, it is pretty much the same routine as Teri's. Of course, we also use something called E-2000 which is a special hormone we take in addition to a daily multivitamin."

"Someone who is taking hormones is usually planning on a sex change, but you two aren't."

"That's right. E-2000 was co-developed in England by a psychiatrist and a medical doctor. It essentially has the same effect as taking estrogen except our breasts do not become enlarged and we can still have an erection. Our skin tone and texture change but nothing else happens except hair growth is inhibited which also contributes to its popularity. It is really popular with female impersonators and cross dressers though it is expensive at \$100.00 for a thirty-day supply."

"I see. Speaking of hair, how do you deal with that, Teri?"

"The same way women do. As the E-2000 takes effect, which is usually within thirty days as opposed to six months with estrogen, the need for waxing or shaving becomes much less, though both of us can get by for about two weeks before we have to shave or wax again. We've had electrolysis to get rid of our beards."

"Let's talk about fashion for a minute. Both of you are impeccably dressed. How do you buy women's clothes if you are men?"

"Both of us started out with mail order catalogs. There are a few Internet companies that make women's clothes cut for a male body. A local tailor helps us out quite a bit too. Neither one of us is a large man so we can buy most large women's sizes and have them tailored to fit us," said Laura.

"You both have a shapely bust and perfect hips. How is that accomplished?"

"From the beginning we used fiberglass prosthetic breast forms because they hold their shape and their weight gave us a little 'bounce,' if you will, that simulates real breasts. Our foundation garments have side panels to give us the hips we don't have," answered Teri.

"What about shoes?"

"Mail order again," answered Laura. "Some department stores will occasionally have some large and wide sizes. Now with the Internet, we found a company that makes women's shoes in men's sizes."

"What about jewelry and accessories, gloves, purses etc?"

"Actually we learned more by looking at newspaper and magazine ads and, of course, from seeing what women are wearing. Our clients and our tailor have been very helpful in that regard as well."

"How did you learn about make-up?"

"There are many books at the library. There is also an Internet company that sells a CD-ROM and a DVD that teaches makeup application and removal as well as deportment."

"I noticed the way you moved when you walked in here. Your walk, your mannerisms and the way you sat down are very ladylike."

"After viewing the DVD, we practiced a little and that was that. Even walking in high heels was easier than we originally thought. Of course our shoes fit us better than the shoes most women buy!"

"This next part is the most difficult for me and I'm sure for most of the audience. Both of you are straight men. Yet you live as women. What shocked me and probably everyone here is the fact that for over twenty years, you have both worked for an escort service providing sex for money, correct?"

Both of the guests smiled and then Laura spoke first.

"We provide straight sex for a special clientele. We see only women, mostly married and only by appointment. These women are lonely, starved for affection or just desperate for attention. Their husbands are too busy with careers or away a lot. In some cases, their husbands ignore them or are having affairs. It gives these women a sexual release as well as pleasant companionship. Of course in the event their husbands are suspicious and come home early from work or hire a PI to follow her, we provide a perfect alibi because she is seen with another woman. Both of us carry business cards identifying us as interior decorators, insurance saleswomen, financial consultants, etc."

"Fascinating. Teri, how and where do you meet your clients?"

"Usually we meet them at their home or apartment. The escort service has several small suites at a motor lodge close to a large shopping mall. The client parks at the mall.

She buys a few things, puts them in the car and then hops the bus for a six-block ride to the motor lodge."

"What has been the reaction when one of your clients sees you for the first time?"

"They are told that we will be in drag and to act as if we are an old girlfriend. Sometimes we will have lunch or a drink, sometimes not. By all outward appearances, we are just two women out together. Most of them are quite surprised at how good we look. One woman said I looked better than most women do. Once inside, whether at home or at the motor lodge, they can't wait to get us out of our dresses or skirts. We even have even been asked for makeup or fashion advice."

"Do you have regulars or is your business pretty much just a one-time thing?"

"About eighty percent of the business is with regular clients. The other twenty is one-night stands, bi women or just curious women who have heard about us and want to see what we are like."

"Has there ever been any trouble?"

"Not once. A couple of times the husband came home and the wife simply introduced me as a high school classmate or interior decorator. I bat my eyelashes a few times and smile as we are introduced and none of them have been the wiser. You know how men are!"

Laughter rippled through the audience.

"Yes, I sure do!" replied the host.

The director pointed to his watch and slid his finger across his throat.

"I would like to continue this and talk about how you two got into this as well as how you met but we are running out of time. We want people to buy your book to find that out. Laura and Teri, thank you for coming. The name of their book is 'A Life En Femme'. Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for joining us and have a great afternoon."

The director signaled that they were "off." Tonya got up and shook hands with her guests. As the guests departed, she noticed some of the men laughing; one of them rolled his eyes and shook his head. She unclipped her mike and carried a copy of the book back to her dressing room.

For the next hour, she went over some notes for the next show. She placed the book in her briefcase and drove home. That evening, with a glass of wine, she opened the book and began to read.

## PART I: TERI'S STORY

I use the first name Teri because it is the feminine derivative of my real first name Terry and I keep my real last name confidential for obvious reasons. I use the last name "Hamilton" after a city in Canada where my great grandparents were originally from.

I was born on January 3, 1967 in Naperville, Illinois. My father worked in a bank and my mother worked in the office of one of the local high schools. My mother's pregnancy was a difficult one. She had miscarried twice and the doctors said this would be the last

try. I was a tiny baby and they kept me in the hospital until my weight got over five pounds.

I grew up in typical Midwest fashion. I liked school and earned good grades. I was kept out of most sports because of my size. I was too short for basketball, too small for football, not strong enough for wrestling. I tried soccer but didn't like it. I did like tennis and soon I became an accomplished player.

I also enjoyed jogging in the evenings. Even in the cold weather, the solitude gave me time to think about all kinds of things. In addition to my tennis lessons, my father bought me a small weight set but I didn't seem to be able to build much muscle mass as quickly as I would have liked so I sold it. This didn't matter to me that much until I entered freshman year of high school.

The only students that were looked up to were the football and hockey players. The rest of us just didn't exist. The difference between middle school and high school was like the difference between night and day. The middle school had not yet reached full capacity but the high school was getting overcrowded to the point where a bond issue had been approved but construction wouldn't start until the summer of my sophomore year. Controlled chaos was a good way to describe it.

Because I was short and had a slim build, I became a target of some of the bigger kids. Being on the tennis team didn't help me any. I heard the word "sissy" for the first time. After a couple of shoving matches in the hallway, my dad showed me a few things he had been taught in the Army. The next jostling I got in the men's room, I flipped one senior over my shoulder and banged his head on the sink. I sidestepped the guy behind him and kicked his friend viciously in the groin. As he bent over squealing in pain, I struck him on the bridge of the nose with the edge of my hand and heard the cartilage snap. I pushed him aside and walked quickly out the door. I was not bothered again.

Throughout my years leading up to high school, I had been conscious of one odd thing. I enjoyed the feel of my mother's lingerie. I would put on her panties and slip when my parents were gone. I had my first erection when I did this and nearly ejaculated on her nightgown. I imagined myself to be dressed entirely in girls' clothes. I had no explanation as to why I felt this way and of course I was not about to say anything to either my mother or father.

I loved paging through the mail order catalogs. I would close my eyes and see myself in those pretty dresses or skirts. I especially liked the bridal and bridesmaids gowns. In January, I would spend a few minutes at the magazine rack and wish I could buy those thick bridal magazines so I could see the latest bridal fashions. In February, I would feel the same way when I saw the prom magazines.

All those pretty girls in their gorgeous dresses, their perfect hair styles, makeup, accessories and, of course, high heels! I was quite envious. Sometimes I would think I was crazy, sick or maybe I was what some of the boys called "faggot" or "queer." At any rate, I knew I was different in this respect and could not discuss it with either a school counselor or my parents so I kept quiet.

I completed my sophomore year and got my driver's license that summer. I drove the family car once in awhile but money was tight and I could not get my own car. I rode the

bus to a part-time job at the nearby hospital. I subbed for vacationing employees in the laundry, kitchen and custodial staff. I did a good job and was asked to stay on working some evenings and most week-ends when school started back up again. I spent very little of what I earned, putting the majority in a savings account.

While wrestling with my inner feelings, I did occasionally date girls from school. I asked out the plain Jane girls since I knew the other girls would turn me down flat. My first few dates were around my work schedule so they were noon lunch dates at the mall or late afternoon movie dates. They ended with a quick kiss and the thank-you-for-a-nice-time routine. I never felt attracted to any of these girls. I just knew I was supposed to date girls. I was not attracted to men either so I knew I wasn't gay.

The second semester of my junior year, a girl transferred in from Iowa. They had moved in to a house just two blocks away. She was taller than I was, muscular, with short blonde hair and she played tennis on the girls' team so we hit it off. That spring, her parents fixed their big back yard up with a net and white outlines so she could play with her friends. There was also a smaller net set up so she could practice serves by herself. We played each other about three nights a week and some weekends when I wasn't working. In between, I would take her to the movies or to the mall for pizza. I never cared much for dancing. The wild music that was popular then was not to my liking either. I liked quieter, softer music like my parents liked. Dancing with Dinah was somewhat difficult since she was much taller than I was even when she wore flat shoes. It brought some laughter from a crowd at the mall once and I never asked her to dance in a public place again.

Near the end of June, Dinah called me late Friday night after I had just got home from work. She told me her parents would be gone for the weekend. She invited me over for tennis and pizza afterwards Saturday afternoon. I accepted her invitation and told my parents I would be going there about 1PM.

Saturday was a real hot day and she was beating me by a slim margin. I was wringing wet. She offered me some cold punch from the jug on the patio table. It tasted a little strong but I was thirsty and didn't care. She continued to beat me but by a larger margin this time and she handed me another cup. She whacked me pretty good the last set. As we walked back to the house, I stumbled, slipped or she tripped me and I fell into a freshly spaded and watered section of the flower bed near the back door. She helped me up.

"God, you're all muddy. Leave your sneakers at the door. Come inside and let's clean you up," she said

At the bathroom door, we stopped.

"Take off your muddy clothes and hand them to me. I'll put them in the washer while you shower. I'll leave a robe on the bed and put the pizza in the oven," she said with a broad grin on her face.

I stepped inside, undressed and handed her my clothes. As I showered, I began to feel a little woozy. I thought perhaps it had been the exertion of the tennis in that heat but the slight strong taste of the punch led me to believe it might have been spiked. I finished showering and dried myself off. Wrapping the towel around my middle, I opened the door. I could hear the washing machine going in the basement as well as soft music coming from the living room.