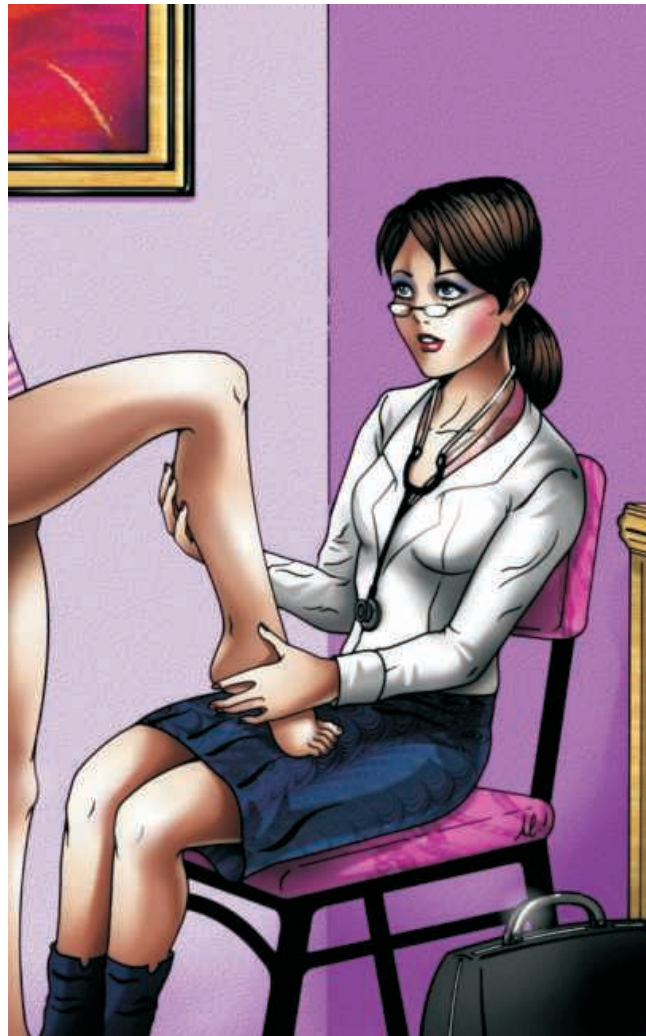




Reluctant Press presents:

Auntie's Girl

Blind Ruth



A 'Her TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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AUNTIE'S GIRL

By Blind Ruth

CHAPTER 1 WEARING GIRLS CLOTHES

There was no false modesty with Aunt Marcia; she put it plainly and firmly. "In my house, there are no boys and I don't intend to have any. You, therefore, will be a girl. Understand, James?"

When you're a little boy and your mother has just died and you have no other living relatives, you don't argue, even if you have reservations. Aunt Marcia was a tall, burly woman, my mother's elder sister and a spinster. They say she never married because of a hatred of the male sex.

Aunt Marcia wasn't kidding. Within the hour of entering her house, I said goodbye to my male clothes forever. Maybe because of my young age, my transformation from male to female went smoothly and despite my initial reservations, I went without a fuss. This pleased Aunt Marcia; I think she was expecting some resistance, as at a later date, I discovered a paddle in her room, which was never used on my body. In fact, after a few days of no resistance on my part, Aunt Marcia showered me with hugs and kisses and promised to take me to a shop that specialised in pretty little girls' dresses. I had never seen Aunt so happy before. Aunt told me from that point on, my name would be Josephine. So I changed my name from James to Josephine; since then no one has ever addressed me as James.

The woman at the clothes shop commented that I looked a nice young girl. Aunt said she wanted the nicest, prettiest, frilliest frocks and lingerie in the shop. "But of course, Madam, anything for the little Miss," said the woman who was known as Leona. Then she proceeded to show Aunt various frocks and dresses made of the finest materials. Aunt, of course, had me try every one on. I received a kiss from her as I displayed each one. Her eyes clearly lit up as she saw the skirts swish and swirl round my legs. Aunt bought a

number of dresses and promised Leona this would not be the last trip to her shop. By this time, Aunt Marcia was eyeing some pretty panties and petticoats, which she said I just had to have.

Aunt Marcia that night placed all my frocks with loving care into my wardrobe. The lingerie was placed into the lavender-scented drawers of my dressing table.

My boyhood was quickly evaporating. How lovely it was to be a girl, with soft lily white skin and lovely flowing hair. Aunt had already told me that I would be attending a special girls-only school in a year's time. Meanwhile, she would teach me all she knew about how to be a girl.

In connection with this, although I did not realise the connection at the time, a strange woman came to visit us one afternoon, for tea. A strange woman she was, almost from the Victorian era. There she stood in a fussy white satin blouse, with frills round the frontage, her hips and legs swathed by a long black pleated skirt, underlaid by petticoats which swished and crackled as she walked. You could see she was tightly corseted as her waist was nipped in. Her hands were encased in long black silk gloves; on her feet were high heel laced-up boots of polished black leather; the effect of the high-heels was to make her glorious bottom stand out. To finish this Victorian effect, her hair was tied up in a tight black bun at the back. Miss Agatha, for that was her name, would from time to time give me a look, then carry on talking to Aunt Marcia. Then Aunt led the woman to the study where an earnest conversation took place. I was left on my own for over a half-hour.

Finally, Aunt emerged from her study with this woman. "Josephine, soon you will be going to Miss Agatha Brute's school for young girls, where your education of becoming a fine young girl will continue. Isn't that right, Miss Brute?"

"Yes, of course. Our record is outstanding. As I explained to you, we specialise in girls such as Josephine. Have no fear, when we are finished, Josephine will be the perfect young lady. You understand, that will take many years."

"Yes, Miss Agatha, I have every faith in you. Many mothers recommended your school. Your methods are well-known, and approved."

"Good, then soon we shall see little Josephine at my school." With that, she ran a hand through my golden hair, which was by now long and soft. There was something strange about Miss Agatha and I felt a shiver run through my body. .

CHAPTER 2

SCHOOL DAYS ARE THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF YOUR LIFE!

The day came when Aunt Marcia took me to Miss Agatha's School for Special Girls, as the sign on the entrance above the wooden gate said. Aunt drove her car along the pine tree-lined avenue leading to the school.

I was to stay at the school as it was some hundred-mile distance from Aunt's house. Aunt Marcia took my hand and led me into the dimly-lit corridors of the school. The corridors resounded to the noise of our footsteps, an eerie atmosphere to say the least. One could see classrooms as we walked through the corridor; the sound of girls' voices drifted

from the various rooms. Then a deeper more womanly sterner voice was heard over the more shrill girl voices. What it was saying was hard to hear.

Suddenly, Aunt stopped in front of a door marked in bold golden letters PRINCIPAL MISS AGATHA. Underneath, it said, "Please knock and wait till told to enter." It was several moments before a authoritarian voice answered, "Come!"

On entering, we saw Miss Agatha who was wearing the same severe and sombre black dress she had on when she came to visit last year. From behind her desk, she looked up at Aunt. "Ah, Marcia dear, you have brought young Josephine." Then turning to a girl I had not noticed standing erect at the side of her, she said, "Now Victoria, let that be a lesson to you. In the future, you will act like a proper young lady."

Victoria, who was sobbing and rubbing her backside, answered, "Yes, Miss Agatha." The strange thing about the timbre of her voice was that it sounded male.

"You may leave and go back to your class. Oh, tell Veronica to report here at once." Victoria had a black skirt tied at the waist with a white belt, something about which I was to learn more later. While Miss Agatha turned to Aunt Marcia all smiles.

"Little Josephine is here to start life as a girl. You have chosen wisely with this school. I do hope you are going to enjoy the many years you will spend here, Josephine. Of course you will be allowed to go home to your Aunt when we break at each quarter."

Miss Agatha put a hand round my waist and turned my head to look into her eyes. "You will be a good girl, won't you, Josephine?" I had nowhere else to look but into her eyes, a dark pool which stared into my body. I became even more frightened of Miss Agatha.

Just then a knock at the door interrupted Miss Agatha. Miss Agatha boomed, "Who is it?"

"Veronica, Miss Agatha."

"Enter, Veronica." A tall girl, several years older than me, entered the room. Her uniform was the same as Victoria, only she had a red belt tied around her waist.

"Veronica, I am putting Josephine here under your care. Take her to be fitted with the school uniform and have her fitted out with the other items needed for the school. You will be responsible for her, understand? I do not want to hear any bad reports about Josephine, otherwise you will answer to me. Josephine, kiss your Aunt. You may not see her for some time."

I am sure Aunt Marcia regarded me as her girl; she was always kind to me, even though I had discovered that paddle which she never used. It was probably a safety measure in case I rebelled, which I never did.

We parted company. Veronica took my hand. As we walked down the corridor, Veronica looked at me. "Now listen, Josie, I want no nonsense from you. You do as I tell you. I don't want to end up in front of Miss Agatha for the likes of you, understand?"

I meekly answered yes. Eventually we landed at a classroom converted into a school shop, with uniforms. I was fitted out with the same black uniform as all the girls, with a white belt. This I was told was for Novices, of which I was one now. I learned those with

blue belts were intermediates, of whom I had not seen any to date. Red belts like Veronica were Head Girls. I also learned that Novices wore white cotton knickers, Intermediates wore blue ones and Head Girls wore red knickers. I would wear white ankle socks and Mary Jane shoes; Intermediates were issued blue socks and Head Girls got red ones, although Head Girls were entitled to wear stockings if they wanted.

Woe betide anyone who wore the wrong colours according to their station at Miss Agatha's school.

As I stood there getting fitted out, another girl entered and stood talking to Veronica. I noticed this girl also wore a red belt.

"You got landed with this one? Well, make her toe the line like I do with that brat, Victoria."

"Yes, Wendy, I certainly will. By the way, what misdemeanor did Victoria get up to that she was sent to Miss Agatha?"

"Not making my bed to the standard I expected. She got a swatting from me before I reported her. But I made up some cock and bull story about her giving me cheek to Miss Agatha. You know how Miss Agatha is a stickler for discipline. Since I'm a trustee, she took my word. As you know, Miss Agatha needs no excuse to use her cane."

"Yes, you're right, Wendy," said Veronica but her voice did not sound convincing. Tuning to me, she said, "Josie, quickly gather your uniform up and follow me to your dormitory." I followed Veronica up two flights of stairs. Veronica opened the door.

On observing this dorm, I noticed it was for twelve persons with six beds with a locker at each bed down one side of the room. Opposite them was six more beds, laid out the same way. At the very top of the room was another room. This, I learned, was for the dorm mistress who was responsible for the discipline of all under her charge.

"This is your bed and locker. Sort your things out and wait here. Classes will shortly be dismissed; the girls will be here soon to prepare themselves for dinner." So saying that, Veronica left me on my own.

I sat on my bed to reflect on the next ten or so years of my life. What was going to happen to me? What kind of person was Miss Agatha? Why was that girl crying in her study? So many questions and no answers.

Just then my thoughts were interrupted as a girl came into the dorm. She held her hand out to me in a friendly way.

"Hi, I'm Victoria. Welcome to Miss Agatha's." I returned the handshake. She said, "I do hope we will be friends." She was the one I had seen in Miss Agatha's study.

I must say that incident in Miss Agatha study had made me most curious. This school was such a strange place. I asked Victoria straight out, "Was that was to be a lesson? Is that what Miss Agatha meant? And why is your voice so strange sounding?"

Victoria looked at me. "You are a innocent, aren't you? I bet your aunt never told you the real reason why she sent you here."

"What do you mean, Victoria?"

"Well, for a start, every pupil here is a boy or should I say, has been a boy at one time. You see, some of them already have had a sex change operation, as you will before you finally leave here!"

This shocked me. True, Aunt Marcia dressed me in girls clothes but now I was to lose my male member!? By the look of it, there wasn't much I could do about it.

Victoria continued on, "Today, I was caned by Miss Agatha for allegations that I gave cheek to a senior girl, which I never did. It was just Wendy's way of seeing that I was one step nearer to the sex change op. You see, if a girl is sent to Miss Agatha too often, she will take notice of it. One night, an ambulance will turn up and that girl will disappear for a couple of weeks. When she comes back, she will be very docile, and will have developed breasts, although that may very well start to happen before she leaves here.

"It is something that will happen to me no matter what but I want to have my male organs as long as possible. As a novice, normally you will not have the sex change till you become a Head Girl. But one or two have displeased Miss Agatha. You can tell who they are when we have our morning shower by looking around. There are more in the Intermediate classes. One of the things you will notice, the Intermediate girls will all have developed breasts.

"You have been lucky to be assigned to Veronica. She is a kindly Head Girl and will not be so strict as some I can name."

Just then a woman came in the dorm. "Stand up, girl. I will not have any of my girls slouching about. You must be Josephine. I am your dorm mistress. In the future, you will address me as Miss Souter, understand?"

"Yes, Miss Souter."

"Good. I am responsible for discipline here and will not hesitate to use the cane if necessary, as Victoria will tell you. I hope you've learned your lesson," Miss Souter said, looking at Victoria "You're a disgrace to this dorm. I've never had one of my girls sent to Miss Agatha before. For such behaviour tonight, you will receive six strokes of the paddle before all in this dorm."

Poor Victoria was in tears. "Oh Miss Souter, please, no, not in front of all in the dorm."

"I am determined to make an example of you to let the rest of the dorm know what will befall them should they step out of line." So saying, Miss Souter strode off without another word to her dorm room.

All the other girls in the dorm came back from lessons and introduced themselves to me. The dorm was now active as the girls freshened themselves and prepared for dinner. There was no privacy and one could see all changing.

"Come on, Josephine, hurry up. Miss Souter will not stand for slowness," Victoria said. "Here, I will give you a hand." She eased a black school frock over my head, and smoothed it down. Now took a brush and comb from off her bedside table and combed

my hair. Then, lifting a white ribbon, she tied it onto my hair. "There, don't you look pretty?"

I blushed as she took my hand and led me to the communal dining room. All within stood to attention till Miss Agatha entered with the other form mistresses and sat down. Then all the girls sat down.

Miss Agatha spoke. "I am sorry to say that today I had to cane one of our number, Victoria Summers, for insolence to Head Girl Wendy Anderson. I will not have such conduct here and those who disobey will be severely dealt with." So saying, she sat down. Miss Souter then rose.

"Miss Agatha, Victoria Summers will be dealt with by me with six blows of the paddle before the girls of her dorm."

"Good, Evaline. I hope all the girls in your dorm will take note."

After these speeches, dinner was served in silence.

After dinner, the girls went back to their various dorms for evening study and home work that had been set by their form mistresses.

As I had not been to any classes, I had none.

"Josie, come and give me a hand with my studies, seeing you haven't any." Victoria beckoned me to her bed. This I did and spent a hour with her. Victoria and myself were becoming very friendly. I had forgotten that Victoria was to get six of the paddle.

After a couple of hours, Miss Souter clapped her hands "Girls, study time is up. Make yourself ready for bed, then come into my room. Victoria is about to receive six of my paddle."

Miss Souter, in a long white cotton night dress, stood before her vanity beside a plush blue velvet-covered high back chair, on top of which lay a blue velvet cushion. She placed herself on the blue velvet cushion. Now she turned the chair so that all the girls would have a clear view of what was about to happen and proceeded to the matter in hand.

Looking at Victoria in her beautiful blue nylon baby doll nightie with matching panties, she addressed her. "Come over here, Victoria and bend over my knees."

It was obvious that Evaline Souter was taking great delight in the task she was about to administer. Dutifully, Victoria laid herself over Miss Souter's knees.

Miss Souter, now with a paddle in her right hand, lifted the baby doll nightie and pulled Victoria's panties down to expose her rosy red bottom cheeks for all to see. Lifting the black leather paddle high above her head, with a quick motion she swiftly brought it down on Victoria's derriere. This she repeated five times.

From the look on Evaline Souter's flushed face, one might say she was getting excitement, sexual excitement, from this administration of punishment.

"Let that be a lesson, Victoria, and to all you girls as well. Now off to bed with the lot of you." No more was said.

I could hear Victoria sob in bed most of the night and I felt sorry for her. I was now in fear of this place and the so-called teachers here. I could only wonder about what was to befall me here.

Morning saw a flurry of activity as girls made for the communal bathroom and showers. As I washed myself and took a shower, I saw that Victoria was right; one or two of the girls were missing their male parts. No one took any notice of them. It was expected that was the way all of us were going!

When finished, it was school uniforms on, then we made our way to the dining room for breakfast. After breakfast, Miss Agatha stood up to address the school.

"Josephine Coles, stand up." This I did with all the school looking at me. "Josephine, you will report to Miss Parson who will be your form mistress for this term." Turning to Miss Parson, she said, "Ellen, I expect the best of manners from Josephine. You have my permission to cane her if she gets out of line." Ellen Parson nodded her head and beckoned me towards her.

When dismissed, she held my hand tightly as I was led to the classroom. Ellen Parson was a pretty, small young woman in her twenties with sparkling blue eyes that stared into the depth of me. Still holding my hand as we entered the classroom, she said, "Girls, this is Josephine. I want you all to make her welcome." All the time she was holding my hand, not letting me go. I could not break free even if I wanted to, so tight was her hold.

"Now Josephine, find yourself a seat," she said, letting go of her hold on my hand. Looking round the room, I spotted Victoria and sat next to her. "Glad you picked me, Josephine. We will become girlfriends."

I discovered that Miss Parson had a quick temper and if any girl displeased her, she soon let them know. Miss Parson was primarily a French teacher, although was expected to teach other subjects; this morning it was math, something I excelled in, Miss Parson commended me in my knowledge of that subject.

Victoria said that I had gotten off on the right foot with her, which was all to the good. "Why?" I asked.

"Because many teachers round here do not need a excuse to use the cane on you."

"Oh." I thought maybe that was why Miss Parson had run her hands through my hair as she dismissed class.

Victoria mentioned that tonight, I would be initiated into the club. "What does that mean, Victoria?"

"All new girls go through it. It means that, in the dead of night, the girls in the dorm will take you to Miss Souter's room, blindfold you and each will take a turn of slapping your bottom cheeks."

"Will Miss Souter not have something to say about that?"

Victoria laughed. "Never, as she will not be there."

"How do you know that?" I queried.

"Because every Tuesday night, Miss Souter sneaks away and heads for Miss Agatha's room. Some of us followed her one night. She is usually back before we are awake, sometimes not, but she gives the excuse she has gone for a morning walk."

"What does she do in Miss Agatha's room, Victoria?"

"You really are an innocent, Josie. Why would she sneak away in the middle of the night to another woman's room? I'll leave you to work that one out."

CHAPTER THREE STRANGE GOING ON'S AT NIGHT TIME IN THE DORM

I wondered what was to befall me; I could not go to sleep. Because of that, I did see Miss Souter sneak out of the dorm in her white cotton nightdress. Not long after that, I heard a voice say, "Right girls, let's get her." Soon a crowd of girls had assembled round my bed.

"To Miss Souter's bedroom!" was said by a girl called Sally who, I was to learn, was the ring leader in such events.

There was nothing I could do to stop them lifting me out of bed and taking me to Miss Souter's room. Once there, my hands were tied behind my back and a blindfold put over my eyes. I was lifted and laid on to Miss Souter's bed with one of the crowd holding my hands and top part of my body on the bed while my feet touched the floor. Of course, in this position, my rear end was a prominent target for their purpose.

The leader, Sally, then spoke. "Get that paddle of Miss Souter's out of her bedside drawer, Abigail."

"Now Josie, learn your lesson. This will be the first time you have received the paddle here at Miss Agatha's but not the last, I can assure you. Be thankful it was your dorm friends and not one of the form or dorm mistresses. Now take that and that."

Every one in the room took turns at paddling me. Some tried as much as possible not to hurt me, and I thought I could count Victoria in that number. Others took a great delight inflicting punishment on me.

When it was finally all over and the blindfold was removed, I was kissed by all on the cheek and received as one of them. Victoria was at hand with some soothing liquid to gently rub into my sore derriere. Then she kissed it.

"Oh, you are a good friend, Vicky. I like you."

"Thanks, Josie. I like you too. Together we will survive this hell hole."

The other girls in the dorm were more friendly to me after that paddling. I was to find that my classes were not all math, history and English when, one day, Miss Ellen Parson said, "Girls, I hope you have all brought your makeup in with you."

I, of course, had no make up with me so I stood up. "Miss Parson, I do not have any makeup with me."