



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# From Jamie With LOVE # 4

Jamie



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A 'HER TV' COLLECTION

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# THE RANCHER'S DAUGHTER

**By Jamie**

Matt had worked as a ranch hand and a cowboy, Meg taught school right up until they moved to Texas, which happened just before her baby was due to be born.

The baby was delivered by an almost illiterate Indian Squaw, who died of a flu epidemic that went through their little village the next winter. Meg was disappointed when the baby was a boy; she had her heart set on raising a daughter.

Record-keeping in that sparsely settled section of Texas was anything but accurate and no one ever got around to reporting the birth of Leslie Brown. When this child began to need clothing, Meg kept her in styles acceptable for either gender.

Matt was concentrating on raising crops, a herd of beef; a little one was just a nuisance under foot, so Leslie was kept close to Meg's apron strings. Meg aimed all of Leslie's training on her being female. It was much easier to cut out a dress, run the sewing machine up the side seams, then do the shoulder straps, and make up a simple blouse, than to have to make a pair of pants, put in the fly, and pockets, then make a long-sleeved shirt.

Bloomers were made from plain cotton sheet material, or from Meg's threadbare petticoats after she had made herself some new ones.

Leslie was home-schooled, because there were no schools nearby. Meg was a teacher anyway. The den was turned into a class room, and Meg made sure that Leslie was femininely to attend school.

There were no barber shops, so Meg cared for their child's hair, letting it grow long and keeping it brushed. When it got to shoulder length, Meg began to trim the ends to make it easy to care for. She also trimmed the front into bangs to keep it out of Leslie's eyes.

This child was taught to always sit down on the outhouse seat. Meg began to add little decorations to the sack dresses she made for Leslie. The bloomers were gradually converted into panties because they were simple to make.

Matt had a good sized spread running, but he didn't want Meg to have to struggle with all of her domestic and school responsibilities. He had built a big windmill to pump water for the livestock, so he connected it up to the house, a toilet was set up, followed soon by a bathtub. They had a celebration, torched the old outhouse and burned it to the ground.

Leslie was now ten years old, Mom still kept her trained as a girl, and Leslie learned to ride horses in her school clothes. Matt suggested frequently that Meg begin to teach their child to be a boy, but he was busy, and occupied with the cattle ranch, and left the child's training to Meg.

The school was going well, Leslie was sharp, anxious to learn, quite creative, able to cook and sew, and was starting to assist with the ranch chores. She learned to milk the cow, feed the chickens, collect the eggs, work in the vegetable garden, and she even had a small flower garden of her own.

Meg made the clothing for Leslie with freedom enough to allow for horseback riding, milking, splitting wood, and garden work.

The panties began to sport some decorations. The T-shirt tops began to hint at a V-shaped bodice, and the dresses began to follow that same pattern. Being isolated, Leslie never had any other kids to play with.

A neighbor rancher showed up one day with a wagon and his teen aged daughter was with him. Her outfit had a full skirt, petticoats, bloomers, and lots of feminine trim. She wore ribbons in her hair. There was even a light coating of lipstick on her lips.

Leslie was quite embarrassed by the Plain Jane appearance of the outfit she was wearing. After they left, Leslie questioned Mom about the obvious contrast. Meg explained that the girl was a few years older, and her mother had dressed her for a social visit.

One day they went to the river over on the back of the ranch's land. Matt stripped to his undershorts, Meg instructed Leslie to remove her dress, socks, and petticoat, but to keep her panties and top on. Meg told Matt that Leslie had very thin skin that would burn easily, and therefore she should keep her upper body protected.

Matt had a deep tan from all of his hours in the sun with no shirt on, but his legs were as pale as Leslie's. Matt had fenced off a section of the river to keep the cattle out of it.

Leslie was now fourteen; after her birthday celebration, when Leslie was getting ready to undress for bedtime, Meg showed up with a different article of clothing. It was a home-made bra, which Meg had made for Leslie to wear. It was made with the bra cups already filled with stuffing and cloth stitched across the backs to retain the stuffing. Meg put it on her the first time, then began training which lasted until Leslie could easily reach up behind her back and connect the hook and eye closure of the bra band.

Meg explained that most girls of Leslie's age already were growing their own breasts, but it seemed that Leslie was going to be slow like Meg's mother had been. Leslie's nightgowns looked quite a bit different with the top stretched out snug, with no wrinkles.

Leslie was now old enough to operate the old sewing machine. It took coordination to be able to pump the foot treadle, handle the cloth, and needle, get the stitching started where it needed to start, to be able to continue along the whole seam, then stop at just the right point. Leslie was left with some studying to do, while Meg took the wagon and team into town for supplies for the ranch, food for Meg's kitchen, and material for making clothes for the family. Meg brought back a generous bolt of material.

Meg made them each some nightgowns; with the small cut-off pieces she had, Leslie make both of them panties. Now they could lounge around late in the evening in their matching pink nightgowns.

Leslie was instructed to create a pair of ladies' jeans for working with Matt, and while on horseback.

Matt fell sick and had to stay in bed. He took a turn for the worse in a few months and died. The Foreman Jed didn't know that Leslie was born as a boy; neither did Leslie. She was instructed to make herself more bras, fancy dresses, petticoats, and panties. Meg bought them each some of the new silk stockings, and some garter belts to hold the stockings up.

There was a need for Leslie to assist with the handling of the herds of cattle. She had her jeans to wear, and her blouses were now tailored. They fit close enough to leave no doubt that this was a lady; those bumps on Leslie's chest were quite convincing.

At age eighteen, Leslie graduated from the home school. Meg began to teach her some of her fancy cooking techniques. Meg ordered some high-heeled shoes, and a pair of boots with the same heel height, three factory-made corsets, more silk stockings, and a supply of silky panties too.

It was now the early Twenties; even ranchers with a little spare money were sporting automobiles for faster travel. There was more trafficking of people to and from the ranch. A neighboring rancher's son began to drive the twenty-five miles to visit with Leslie on a routine basis.

Meg warned Leslie that boys were always wanting to do to girls what the bulls did to the cows. Leslie should be sure to resist their approaches until she was married. She told Leslie that all males were persistent, which made it tough for a lady to avoid the pressure to have intercourse.

Leslie had grown up with no children of her own age to play with, and this attention from Jeff was exciting. They were allowed to sit on the front porch swing, and talk. Jeff would get his hands onto Leslie's dress front, and feel those prominent breasts. He would ask her to release the back of the dress and let him see them, but she would shove his roaming hands away

Leslie began to grow hair on her face and body. Meg complained that there must be too much of Matt's hormones in Leslie's blood. Leslie was taught to shave very carefully so as not to nick her face with the straight razor. The next step was to use the makeup from a kit

from Sears Roebuck to cover the shaved area. Sears also sold lipstick; Leslie now carried a tube in her purse, and also in her jeans pocket.

Corsets could only be worn with dresses, because the lower end of the garment came to the thighs where the permanently attached garters grasped the tops of the silk stockings to hold the stockings up in place.

The panties were up under the corset; this created a problem on toilet runs. The low end of the corset deflected male roaming hands from getting into private areas.

Meg insisted that Leslie could entertain either inside the house or out on the front porch swing, but she was never to get into a car or a buggy. Meg was always alert to just how bold her suitor was becoming.

Kissing and petting were acceptable, but only as long as the clothing wasn't disturbed. One evening Meg went out the back door, carrying the egg basket. She went around to the front, and came up on the porch. She found Leslie's with her dress and petticoats raised up in serious disarray. Meg ordered the boy off of the property, and chased Leslie into the house.

Leslie said, "I know that you can't see what is happening to me under my panties, but it is the same thing that happens to the bulls and stud horses. It is not at all like the cows and fillies when they are ready for breeding. It gets painful because of the corset. I guess this is some sort of response to the petting. It makes me want to tear these restrictive clothes right off, and relieve that pressure."

"Leslie, go take a cold water bath, put on a bra, panties, and one of your pretty night-gowns, then come back to me for a special discussion," Meg instructed.

Leslie was back in a short time. She appeared to be over most of the pent-up passions of a few minutes past.

Meg said, "I have done you a very serious injustice, Leslie"

Leslie couldn't believe what her mother had just said. This woman had always done her utmost to see that Leslie was well-dressed, even pampered. She was certainly loved by her mother. What kind of injustice could she have possibly done to her?

"Leslie, you are a boy, not a girl. The injustice is eighteen years of lying to my only child, my son Leslie, about who you are. I am sorry about this, I can't continue to lie any-more. I have devoted my life to you and your education, and to your exposure to the world of femininity, but now it must stop," Meg confessed.

"Mom, how could you?" Leslie asked.

"When your father and I got married, we wanted two children, a boy and a girl. When the old Indian woman told me that you were a boy, I decided that after a few months of rest and recovery, we would try for a girl. Then the old Indian woman told me that you messed up my insides, and that she didn't believe I would ever have another child. I would lose out on my dream to raise and educate my own daughter about how to be a perfect lady.

"Your father was very busy with the efforts to make the ranch a success, and he left the child care to me. I got busy raising my daughter. Now my lie has to be confessed. Son, I

am very sorry to have lied to you, but I am very happy that I had your love as my daughter for such a long time.

"I can possibly go to prison for what I have done, but I will go peacefully if you decide to involve the law." Meg concluded.

"Mom, you have spent a lot of time and effort in teaching me all that I know. I am quite shook up by this revelation from you. I want to take some time to sort out this information, and my thoughts. I will wear jeans and something that resembles a man's shirt, find a pair of man's boots, but I'll come in and we can dine as ladies for dinner. Leslie will help in the kitchen too.

"In a week or so, I may be able to form a better idea of my desires, and my future. When I am ready, we can again meet here in our nighties and discuss my plans. In the meantime, you will have to tolerate a fence-jumping young adult as I sample both of my worlds," Leslie said.

Meg said, "Thank you for your promise to weigh your choices. I will say goodnight, then leave you to try to sort out your emotions."

After their usual embrace and kiss, Meg said, "Oh I almost forgot, I saved two sets of your dad's clothes, and a pair of his boots. There is also in that same garment bag two pairs of his undershorts. Now you can step forward starting tomorrow morning as Matt Brown's successor, his son Leslie Brown. Make me proud, son."

Leslie rushed into Meg's bedroom. Hugging a garment bag and carrying a pair of boots, he said, "Thanks Mom, you are the greatest" and he disappeared into his bedroom.

The next morning, a wonderfully clear, bright, day, at an early hour, Leslie Brown emerged from the house, appearing to be an apparition of Matt Brown. This version was slightly smaller, lighter, and walked with a slightly feminine gait. He hurried across the yard, then down along the side of the barn. There, Leslie stood to urinate behind the barn just as he had seen his father Matt do.

He borrowed the foreman's plug of chewing tobacco, bit off a chaw for himself, mounted his horse, and rode down to check on the cattle along the river. As soon as he was out of sight of the ranch buildings, he was off his horse and retching in the sage brush. That chaw of tobacco was a bit too much for him to handle.

A green-faced Leslie remounted and continued on towards the river. A ride south along the river bank began to restore Leslie's composure. The ride was what he needed to take his mind off the fact that his life had been totally shattered just last evening, when he learned that he wasn't a girl named Leslie, but a boy named Leslie. He had to admit to himself that as a male, he knew more about the life of a female than other males twice his age.

He had planned to ride into town and get a man's hair cut, but now he began to doubt that action. He liked the look of his nice long auburn hair.

How could he be a real man, and have long hair but how could he tolerate having it cut off? Riding his horse at a fast walk, feeling every jolt of the animal's feet hitting the ground, shook Leslie's whole frame. Yesterday riding in her ladies dress ensemble, those

jolts or shakes didn't even bother at all, because of the corset supporting her torso. He must ask Mom if they made corsets that didn't extend down to the thighs.

What would happen if Leslie wore ladies clothing covered by men's outerwear when outside on ranch business, and took over the running of the ranch that way?

The foreman might object to taking orders from a female, but wasn't he doing that right now with his Mom in charge?

People might be surprised towards the end of the day to detect beard stubble on a lady rancher's cheeks and chin. His voice, if it became anything like his Dad's voice, would certainly betray the female image. Would people refuse to buy his prize beef because of his long hair, boobs, male voice and ladies boots?

Wearing the corset with panties underneath meant nearly stripping in order to urinate, but by sliding the panty leg opening over sideways, Leslie's male appendage could be freed up enough to allow seated elimination without disturbing the corset and the rest of the ladies outfit.

Mom had avoided teaching sex education because it would have alerted her "daughter" to the differences between boys and girls. There had been a close call once when they went to the river for a swim. There were three boys skinnydipping in the river as they were approaching. These boys got right out of the water when they saw the wagon approaching, slipped on some clothing and disappeared. Matt and Meg had seen them, but Leslie was sitting crossways in the back of the wagon, reading.

Leslie made mental notes of the myriad thoughts going through his mind, trying to sort out this very confusing situation. He was so proud of these slightly oversized threadbare clothes of his Dad's that part of him wanted to wear them forever. He wanted to preserve them as memories of his father. He wanted to put all of this turmoil aside, enjoy this horseback ride, wearing his Dad's clothes, then go home and tell his mother that he truly loved her and ask her if she could accept Leslie as an male with long hair when he was outside, and as a lady when he was indoors.

By the time he was approaching the ranch, he was convinced he had resolved his dilemma. Meg was working at the sewing machine when her son entered, wearing his father's clothes and boots. He looked a little lost inside that outfit, but he walked so proudly that she knew he was enjoying what he was wearing.

Her first reaction was that she had lost her daughter. Could she survive that blow? She had known that it would come to this; this was a time for decisions. She had tried many times in the past to picture the result, to wonder where she and her son would end up. Would he hate her? Would he leave home? Would he throw her out? Would he be able to cope with this terrible hoax?

Leslie got a drink of water, then returned to where his mother was working. He asked her if they could talk for a few minutes, and she agreed to do so.

They went out and sat on the front porch swing and Leslie began to explain his thoughts to his Mom. "Mom, Last night was quite an enlightening evening for me. I know that there was no other way to do it, so I forgive you for the abrupt announcement that I was a boy, not a girl.



"I have to make a decision, and I am ready now. Mom, I want to be the man who runs this ranch, as soon as you deem me qualified to do so. This will be along with my other responsibilities of assisting you with the preparation and cleanup of our evening meal, as the daughter you have so capably created.

"The ranch boss will have long auburn hair and may be wearing, but not displaying, delicate lingerie under his work shirt and jeans.

"Mom, I believe that you have done a great service by letting me live and believe that I was a female. The understanding of females you have given me will help me to understand you, and hopefully any lady whom I might have the fortune to attract and convince to marry me."

"Leslie, my precious offspring, your decision has come much sooner than I expected. To have had a daughter for eighteen years was much more than I could have hoped for when you were little. To have you sit here beside me wearing your father's ranching clothing is an honor to that good man we lost. To have you say that although you are dressed as a male, you desire to continue to personify the girl child I have raised is overwhelming. I am so close to tears of joy that you may have to excuse me while I succumb to that emotion.

Mother and son moved close together, their arms wrapped around each other, and they both shed tears of joy.

As it grew dark, they went inside. Meg took to the kitchen to start dinner, Leslie went to his bedroom. Soon a very pretty lady appeared in the kitchen, and picked up an apron to put on.

Meg rushed over with her face streaked with tears and embraced her precious daughter, Leslie.