



Reluctant Press presents:

Angel in a Mini Skirt

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Angel in a Mini Skirt

By: Heather Berdrow

Part 1

The night was inky black, the roads wet and slippery. Rhonda was nearing her cut-off when suddenly two brilliant lights filled her windshield. She braked hard and turned the wheel to the right, in hopes of avoiding the oncoming traffic. Her car began to skid and she rode the vehicle down into a muddy ditch. As suddenly as they appeared, the lights were gone. Rhonda was breathing hard and her pulse raced. "Wow," she thought. "That was way too close for comfort."

When she looked out the side window, she could see that it was still dark; the rain continued its monotonous rhythm on the roof of her car. There was steam rising from the front of her car. She thought, "Just how long have I been sitting here?" Rhonda then began to worry. "I have to get out of these clothes before someone finds me here, all dressed up," she thought, as she began to take stock of her surroundings. She decided she had no pain to speak of, and she didn't see any blood. Her clothes were in one piece, but the car was not so lucky.

Rhonda looked into the back seat where she had placed the suitcase with all her male clothing. "I hope I'll be changed soon, and get myself out of this ditch," she said to herself, as she reached for the handle of the suitcase. As she reached the handle, her hand went right through it. "This is too strange," Rhonda said out loud, as she began to

feel her pulse rise once more. She tried to unbuckle the seat belt that had her firmly in the driver's seat. The same thing happened as with the suitcase handle. She was unable to release the buckle. In the blink of an eye, Rhonda found herself outside the car, standing in the road, looking down into the ditch and the dented vehicle.

It was still raining, not quite as hard, but she wasn't wet. Not her hair, hands or clothes. They all remained dry, despite the constant flow from the sky. A car was moving in her direction, and as it passed, the headlights reflected into the gully and onto the car. Then Rhonda saw herself slumped over the steering wheel. Her hand went to her chest, then to her mouth, as she couldn't believe what she was seeing. The darkness forced its way into Rhonda's mind and everything seemed to fade from her sight.

Rhonda now found herself lying on a soft surface. She could tell, even without opening her eyes, that she still wore all of her lingerie, a skirt, and her silky blouse and heels. The air around her was warm and it had a very pleasant scent of lavender. She had to work at it, but she was finally able to open her eyes, sit upright, and look around. She was on a green, grassy hill, overlooking the city in which she lived. White, puffy clouds slid by her, and the sun shone brightly overhead. Then she felt the presence of another person she could not see, no matter which way she peered. "Oh no, I guess the accident was worse than I thought."

Then a voice filled her mind. "Yes Rhonda, you're quite right. I get the sense you know where you are. Am I right?"

Without speaking, Rhonda simply thought the word 'yes', and she could hear it in her mind as well.

"So, is this heaven or what?" Rhonda thought out loud.

"You are in your heaven, Rhonda," the voice answered. "How are you feeling right now?" She looked at herself; the royal blue silk blouse that she had been wearing remained on, and was wrinkle free. Her dark blue leather skirt was also on, as was the suntan pantyhose. She was still in her three-inch pumps that were her favorites.

"Are you the Big Guy?" she asked.

"Let me put it this way, Rhonda. There is no one higher up right now," the voice replied.

Rhonda was embarrassed. "So you know just what I am?" she thought.

"I have known everything about you from before you were born, and I am very proud of you. You have tackled adversity, and overcome many a road block. That is why you are here. I need more angels that have your experience to guide others through their lives. "

"But you must know that I am not a religious person, at least until now that is," Rhonda said, with a little nervous laugh.

“This is about something more important. It is about gaining insight over negatives, and still having the capacity to love,” the voice replied.

“Maybe this is a moot point, but am I a girl angel, or a boy angel?” Rhonda thought.

“You are neither, yet you are both. Let your heart guide you, not your genitals. How is it you want to be perceived?” the voice then asked.

“If you really know me, than that should be easy to answer,” Rhonda said, in her mind.

“So be it, my dear one. Enjoy a little peace and quiet and your stay with us. We will be calling upon you soon enough,” the voice said, and was gone, Rhonda could sense that.

Rhonda looked around. She was now sitting on a park bench, seeing nature all about her. She was wearing a green, yellow, and blue sundress with wedge sandals. As she crossed her legs, she noticed that they were hair free, and very soft to the touch. She could feel the familiar tightness of panties, as they stretched across her hips and bottom. There was an unfamiliar feeling on her chest. When she investigated, she found a pair of well-developed breasts. She cupped one of them in her hand. She could feel the tingle deep inside of her. Where, she wasn't quite sure. Rhonda just smiled as she watched the children at play and the birds that flew not far from her seat on the bench in a most lovely park.

Light was just starting to break through the heavy, dark clouds, as Richard drove on his duty route. He was the newest deputy for the county; therefore, he had been given the most boring assignments. As he drove, he thought of his young wife, Sarah, and their new son, Benjamin. He smiled as he thought he was the luckiest guy he knew. He and his wife were only in their mid-twenties; they had moved to this town just a few short years ago, so he could get on the sheriff's department. This is where they wanted to raise a family. Richard was a solid 5'8" and 160 lbs. Sarah was a petite woman at 5'2" and 110 lbs, soaking wet. They were truly in love, and it showed in everything they did and said.

Even though Richard worked in a very masculine environment, he had a secret feminine side to his personality. He had shared his needs and desires with Sarah early on in their relationship, well before he proposed. He had heard too many stories about crossdressing kept secret from a spouse, causing the relationship to fail. He had gone through several of them himself. But Sarah was different. She was a real beauty, both inside and out, and loved being a woman. She felt that it was important that a woman accept and support her man, even if he liked to wear the same type of panties she did. They had spent many evenings and weekends as girlfriends. Rebecca, Richard's feminine name, was a classy dresser. There were but a few not-so-classy things in her wardrobe. Sarah made sure that Rebecca was well grounded, and that she dressed in a realistic feminine fashion.

Richard was daydreaming about Rebecca and Sarah, when he caught the flash of chrome out of the corner of his well-trained eye. There was something in the drainage channel. He flipped on his emergency lights, and pulled to the side of the road to investigate. After he exited his patrol car, he saw the wreckage of a mid-size sedan. He saw that there was someone at the wheel. He called for help, as he made his way down the bank to the car. There, he found what he thought was a woman, with what looked like a severe head injury. He checked for a pulse and found none. She was gone. He saw that she was quite a snappy dresser, in a blue silk blouse, blue leather skirt, and matching pumps.

He then saw something out of place. Instead of seeing a purse, he saw a man's wallet on the floorboard. He went to the far side of the car, reached in, and retrieved the wallet. In it, he found ID and credit cards with the name of Steven Davis. He was a 34 year-old man who lived in the next township. When he compared the ID picture to that of the accident victim, it was a pretty good match. He saw that "he" had large hands for a woman, and then he spotted the victim's Adam's apple. She was, in reality, a man.

Richard became sick to his stomach when he realized that this could have been him, on any of several occasions. He felt such sorrow for this guy that he began to quietly sob. He knew his back-up would be there soon, so he blotted his eyes and made his way back up to the road. The fire department, ambulance, and his deputy sergeant all arrived about the same time. He told the sergeant that the victim had died in the crash, and that he had called for the Coroner's wagon. It took several hours to remove the body from the wreckage. Once they did so, they all saw that this person was a male. All the men, with the exception of Richard, had quite a chuckle, and made crude jokes as the body was placed in the wagon. Soon, the wrecker was on the scene; it towed the car out of the ditch, and to the county parking and storage lot.

Richard followed the wrecker. Once the accident vehicle was in storage, he began to inventory the contents, for his report. Inside, he found a suitcase, filled with men's clothes. In the trunk, Richard discovered several overnight bags, all with various articles of women's clothes, heels, make-up, and a couple of wigs in different colors and styles. The lingerie was black satin or silks, like the bras, panties, and slips and camisole tops. There was also a small case with jewelry. Richard put that aside, for safekeeping, just in case there was any one to lay claim to it.

In his search, he also found some literature about crossdressing, and a receipt for a motel room in the bigger of the local cities. Richard copied down some of the addresses and phone numbers for a local chapter of a national organization for crossdressers, and their significant others. Steven Davis was in the front of Richard's mind. He wished that he could have met him, under better circumstances. Maybe someday, he would feel confident enough to go out in public, like Steven had. Richard was sad, and a little jealous. What would it be like to feel free enough to have others see you as you see yourself? He packed everything away in a locked storage cabinet, and went inside the station to continue his paperwork.

As he investigated further, Richard found that Steven had lived alone after his divorce. He had two children who lived with their mother. There were no other relatives that he could find. He also had found some other ID in the wreckage. It seems that Steven preferred to be called Rhonda, when dressed. The name ran over and over in his head. Finally, he finished the preliminary report, and turned it in to his captain. There were a few details that remained, but they would have to wait until the autopsy had been completed. Richard then called Sarah to let her know he was on his way home, and would probably be there in about twenty minutes. He then went to his civilian car and began his trip home, thinking of Steven/Rhonda the entire way.

Rhonda awoke with a start. She stretched, as she felt the satin nightie move with her. She loved that feeling as it passed over her bare skin. Rhonda realized that she couldn't remember any of her dreams. "This is new," she thought. Rhonda knew every dream she ever had. This amnesia was somewhat disconcerting. Rhonda swung her long, smooth legs out of the bed, and placed her feet on the floor. Funny, Rhonda didn't remember going to bed, but she did notice just how warm and soft the floor felt under her feet. When she looked, all her nails, both feet and hands, were neatly manicured, and the nails were painted a matching pink, her favorite color.

She looked around the room, and saw that there were no tables, chairs, dressers, or closets. There wasn't a bathroom, kitchen, or a window within view, yet the room she was in was bright and cheery. Rhonda stood and scratched her firm bottom as she tried to take in all that she was experiencing. She then remembered the accident, and the conversation she had had with someone. She wasn't sure who she had spoken too, but things were getting clearer by the moment. Rhonda thought she should get dressed, and decided that a good place to start would be her bra and panties. The nightie was now gone, and she was wearing a matching bra/bikini panty set. Next, she thought about a short, pleated skirt in black, and a bright yellow blouse. They, too, were now in place. On her feet were black, patent leather 3-inch spiked heels. She fluffed her hair, and saw that long red curls framed her face, and trickled down her neck and shoulders.

Rhonda was trying to remember. Wasn't she supposed to be somewhere, right now? Then it came to her. It was the first day of Angel Class 101, along with the other rookie angels. Like Rhonda, they all found themselves in their own heaven, and had yet to earn any type of wings. That would take time, but Rhonda figured there was no rush. Nothing moved fast here, but everything that had purpose did move. She then thought about the directions she had been given, and she found herself standing at a large door, in front of a classroom. There was a name on the door, written in gold: Ms. Peters. That told her she was in the right place.

She opened the door, stepped in, and found that she was in a large group of people, all sitting at student desks. Without thinking, Rhonda smoothed her skirt under her, and joined the crowd in sitting, in a ladylike manner, with her knees closed together, and her hands folded in her lap. Her feet were placed firmly on the floor.

There was a light tapping sound from the front of the room and all eyes moved in that direction. A tall, statuesque woman, wearing a long skirt and billowy blouse, stood before the gathering. Once everyone became silent, she began to speak. No angel heard the same message, in the same voice. She spoke to each individual, but her mouth never moved; she maintained the pleasant smile she had shared from the start with the assembled group. After a brief introduction, she went right to the purpose of the class.

Ms. Peters voice was sweet. One could almost hear flowers growing with each word. One could even smell the fresh aroma that constantly changed. She began with an overview of Angel 101. Everyone there had been chosen as a guiding angel for some soul back in the living world. As angels, they could speak to their charges, but not with words, more in feelings. If the angel did a great job and helped their soul charge grow beyond themselves, then the angel would be granted their wings, and the rest of their heaven would be opened up to them. If there was a problem, the angel would have to start over from the beginning with a different soul. Rhonda began to imagine what her assignment would look like, and what type of person they would be.

Then Rhonda found herself quite alone, sitting at her small table, with Ms. Peters standing right in front of her. Ms. Peters continued to smile as Rhonda heard all about her assignment. She quickly learned everything about this soul, from birth to the present. Then Rhonda was alone once more, back in her room. Rhonda tried to digest all the information that she had received. She knew that the soul was that of a young man, and his name was Richard. He was married and had a young son. The couple wanted more children and had been placed on the schedule for at least two more, another boy and a girl. But Rhonda knew that Richard held a deep secret. Then a light went on.

"That's why they assigned him to me," Rhonda thought. "He is hiding the same secret I carried most of my adult life." Not only could Rhonda see her assignment's entire life, but her own as well, from the start in the hospital to the end in the muddy ditch. It was then that she could see just who had discovered her in the wreckage. It was the same Richard she had been sent to guide.

She had to learn just how she could influence Richard's thoughts with her own experiences. It seemed to take forever for her to even come close to being adequate let alone master the skills she would need. "And I thought that learning to walk in heels was difficult," Rhonda thought as she practiced over and over. Ms. Peters was gentle and encouraging with Rhonda, as she showed her the steps required.

Finally, Rhonda finished the lessons, and graduated to Apprentice Guiding Angel. Rhonda was a bit apprehensive, but she knew she had to move forward. Rhonda couldn't help but think she really wanted to spend more time as a woman, something she had thought about her whole life. She knew if she completed the task before her, the next place for her to go would be the gender neutral part of heaven.

Part 2

After Richard got home that day, when dinner was done, he was very reserved and deep in thought. Sarah asked if there was something wrong, did something happen at work. Richard explained to her about finding the accident. And about the victim he had discovered. Sarah sat open-mouthed as she listened quietly to her husband share all the facts he was aware of. She realized what was bothering him. She went to his side and tried to comfort him, at which she was somewhat successful. But Richard just couldn't put Steven out of his mind. He also was upset with the reaction of the men that had come to the scene. Their comments didn't sit well with Richard. Richard and Sarah had a wonderful lovemaking session, but he still found it hard to sleep, as the pictures in his mind kept scrolling by.

Sarah suggested that Rebecca come for a visit, as he always became more relaxed with her, but dressing was the farthest thing from his mind over the next several weeks. Gradually the desire grew within Richard; Sarah saw this, as she really knew her guy well. Although the incident had affected him deeply, he knew that he would never be able to completely stop dressing. He had tried that before, but the feelings always came back. Sarah was patient and waited for the feelings to grow. Sarah not only loved Richard, but was also in love with Rebecca. This was her little secret.

It began like it always does after a respite. First, the nylon briefs, then a night gown to sleep in, finally a full blown change. Richard had earned a long weekend off, so when he got home that Friday afternoon, he was restless. Sarah only needed to suggest a Rebecca weekend and he was headed for the bath, to shave what little hair was on his body. Wearing only a towel, Richard went into the spare room, Rebecca's room. After pulling a pair of silky panties up his smooth, freshly shaven legs, he chose a matching bra. Both were in pastel pink. As a gift to Rebecca, Sarah had given her a new pair of top-of-the-line silicone breast forms. They were a full C cup in size. He loved how they warmed to body temperature and moved like the real thing, making him giggle with every step.

Next he rolled pantyhose up each leg, which was followed by a tight panty brief. He then tucked himself in. No tattle tale bulges for this girl. He now was smooth and flat. He continued with choosing a skirt in bright red; it was one of his shorter of skirts, but he thought, "Just for me, and Steven." He paired this up with a nearly transparent white blouse. Being able to see his lingerie thru the thin material was an extra turn on. Richard was gone and Rebecca made her appearance.

She carefully applied her make-up, and brushed out a long blonde wig, arranging it just so on his/ her head. She finished with a pair of clip-on earrings, necklace, and bracelet. Rebecca looked at the image reflected back to her, and turned this way and that, looking for any errors. After finding none, she was ready to see Sarah. She slipped a pair of low-heeled pumps on, and then went into the kitchen, where Sarah was cooking dinner.

After a couple of careful kisses and hugs, Rebecca and Sarah sat at the table and did each other's nails, as they chit chatted. Sarah had been missing her girl talk with Rebecca. Sarah did have a few friends, mostly in the city that they had lived in before moving here. Many of their neighbors were much older, so they had little in common. Sarah also saw that Rebecca was much more animated than Richard. She was just more fun to be around. They finished making dinner, and when that was done, they shared cleanup duties. They then spent some time playing with Benjamin until his bedtime. Afterward, they sat together on the sofa, holding hands, and watched a movie.

Bedtime was exciting for Rebecca and Sarah. They had shopped for matching baby doll nighties, and found two in a soft mint green. After they cleaned up from the romping, they would lie in bed together and make plans for their future.

That night, after falling asleep, Rebecca was visited by the image of Steven. Only it wasn't Steven she saw, it was the image of Rhonda. This scared Rebecca, and intrigued her as well. This was the first time she had dressed since that terrible morning, so the memories were quite fresh. She chalked up the vision to her sadness at the passing of Steven. Rebecca knew she was sleeping in her baby doll, next to Sarah, but the sight of Rhonda in her blue blouse and leather skirt dominated her thinking. Then suddenly, Rhonda changed outfits in the blink of an eye. They were now sitting together at a local bar. When Rebecca looked around, she saw that most of the bar patrons were crossdressed; some looked



better than others. Some were scared, some very comfortable in skirts and dresses. They all had large hands and very prominent Adam's apples.

They were sipping white wine, which Rebecca thought odd, as she didn't drink alcohol. The two were talking, but Rebecca couldn't hear what Rhonda was saying. Not that the music or noise level was too loud, it was like Rhonda's voice had been put on mute. Then she heard, "There is no reason for you to be afraid, Rebecca," Rhonda was saying. "You are a very pretty girl, and no one could tell that you weren't born that way."

Then Rebecca found herself on the small dance floor, in Rhonda's arms. They were dancing slowly and very close. She could feel Rhonda's breasts press into her own. She wore breast forms and didn't have her own real ones. She then felt a hand on her bottom pulling her even closer, if that was possible. Rebecca felt small and frail next to Rhonda, but also very safe and secure. The dancing seemed to last forever, then the two women were back at the table, as if they had never left. Then she saw that she had been wearing a pair of four-inch Stiletto heels, in black patent leather. She had never worn anything close to that height, but here she was, dancing and walking as if she grew up wearing them.

Once again, Rhonda was looking right at her, with her lips moving, but without sound. Rebecca asked Rhonda to repeat what she had just said. Then someone was tugging at her arm. When she opened her eyes, Sarah was up on one elbow, looking at her with a frightened expression. "Who is Rhonda?" Sarah asked. "You have been yelling her name for the past five minutes. I tried to shake you, but you wouldn't wake up."

Rebecca shook her head, as she tried to clear her mind. "I'm so sorry. I just had one hell of a dream, hon. Sorry if I woke you," she apologized.

"Do I have someone to worry about? Is there another woman in your life?" Sarah asked. Rebecca then shared her dreams and her visions with an astonished wife.

"That is some story, dear," Sarah said, once Rebecca had told her the whole dream. "I wonder if it's just because you saw her in the wrecked car or if it's something else."

Rebecca considered what Sarah said. "I don't know. I guess time will tell," Rebecca replied.

Both tried to go back to sleep, but to no avail. They got up, showered, and went to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. After they discussed the dream some more, Rebecca went back upstairs to change out of her night gown. She put on a nice summer weight sundress and wedge heels. By the time she was done with her make-up, Benjamin was awake, and quite hungry. She watched Sarah breastfeed and felt a touch of jealousy rise up inside her. "I wonder what that feels like," she thought, as she continued to marvel with fascination.

Rhonda found herself back in Ms. Peters' classroom, trying to figure out her most recent intervention with Richard. "When he is dressed," Rhonda said to her mentor, "he calls himself Rebecca. I think that I may have touched his mind, but I can't be sure. Is there a way for us to tell?"