



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# Just Do It For Me



**Cheryl Lynn**

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

*Copyright © 2012, Reluctant Press*

***Mags, Inc/Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet***

We need *your* help! We spend several hundred dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain.

Mostly, though, we just want to be able to keep offering this service to our authors and our readers.

**Report stolen books by using the contact form at [reluctantpress.com](http://reluctantpress.com) or call us at 800-359-2116**

*Thank you.*

# Just Do It For Me

**By Cheryl Lynn**

Jean Davies was at her wits' end. Her lowlife ex-husband had stop paying his child support and now she was facing very hard times. To make matters worse, she was living in a foreign country. She had taken her son to live in Cartagena, Spain. Living in Spain was ridiculously inexpensive. She also wanted to get as far away from that SOB of a husband as she could and, best of all, her villa overlooked the Mediterranean Sea. That decision was now going to cost her dearly. Without child support, she couldn't pay the rent on her villa and her meager savings weren't enough to get them back to the States.

She was sitting at the kitchen table, sipping an espresso and looking out the window. The sun was glinting off the aqua green waves a hundred yards away. "If that SOB had the decency to continue with

Pat's child support, I wouldn't be in this mess. He knows we don't have any income. How am I going to support the both of us? I don't have enough savings to get us back to the States," she thought.

Finished with her coffee, she concluded that her only option was to find employment. She had no marketable skills, however. It was 1956 and American wives were not expected to work. Their job was to stay home and raise the kids. During the war, she had worked popping rivets into airplanes but those jobs were non-existent here.

"I've got to find some kind of job or we'll be out on the streets. Maybe Señora Villa can help. She's been nice ever since I rented this place from her. Hopefully she'll be kind enough to let us stay here until I find work. I'm not going to get anything done sitting here sipping coffee and she should be home by now," she thought.

Jean was thirty-four years old, had gotten married at seventeen and was a mother before she turned eighteen. Her husband, Patrick, like many young men, joined the military right after Pearl Harbor. After the war, they settled into one of the new subdivisions that were becoming popular. The house was a nice ranch style brick three-bedroom, a short drive to the city. Everything was fine until the day her ex came home, packed his bags and left. Later she discovered her husband had moved in with his secretary, a nineteen-year-old bimbo. Adultery was one of the few legal reasons for getting a divorce back then. One was quickly granted along with a nice child support payment and community property settlement.

Her neighbor and dear friend, Mrs. Torres, was from Spain and had often told her how wonderful and

cheap it was to live there. With all the manufacturing plants returning to peacetime production, her old riveting job was no longer available. After giving it a lot of thought, Jan decided that Spain would be an interesting option. With Pat Jr. in tow, she left for Spain to check it out. A two-week excursion turned into a more permanent arrangement when they found the villa overlooking the sea. Now, she ruefully regretted that decision.

Señora Villa was home when Jean knocked and was invited in. "Señora Villa, I have a problem and I hope you can help me with it. I...I don't have any more money. My husband has stopped sending me his child support payments. I need to find a job and I beg you to let us stay in the villa until I get one," she beseeched.

"Señora Davies, I'm a poor widow. I depend on my rent to live. I'm so sorry, but I cannot allow you to stay if you cannot pay my rent. However, if you need a job, I might have a suggestion. Doña Marta Alvarez, I hear, needs a live-in housekeeper and a maid. She has the big hacienda in Murcia just to the northeast of here. If you are interested, I will loan you my old car but you will have to pay for the gas," Señora Villa informed her.

The hacienda was huge with a pastel pink painted privacy wall and a fancy steel gated entrance. The grounds were well-tended and there was a large rose garden in the back, along with a marble pool and guest house. To say that Jean was impressed would be an understatement. When she knocked on the large carved mahogany front door, she was greeted by an elderly maid.

Doña Marta Alvarez was an imposing woman of obvious great wealth, related to the royal family. She

stood almost six feet tall in her three-inch spiked heels with her black hair styled in a French braid. She was wearing a sparkling white satin long-sleeved blouse and form-fitting black satin pencil skirt. Her skin was porcelain white with a hint of caramel coloring and she had piercing blue eyes.

The interview went well until Jean told her she had a teenager, Pat. "Children I don't mind but I will not tolerate a teenaged boy in my casa. If you have a son, this interview is over," she imperially stated.

Jean sat stunned for a moment or two, trying to figure a way to get this job. "Just my luck, she doesn't want my son around. She's offering really good wages and a roof over our heads. I can't let this pass me by. There probably isn't anything else paying as much for my limited skills but what can I do about Pat? Pat is a well-behaved, obedient boy," she thought.

"Doña Alvarez, I certainly understand your dislike of unruly teenagers. I don't particularly care for them either," she started but Doña Alvarez interrupted.

"Yes, very good, you understand me. Young boys are disruptive and rebellious. I don't need their distracting behavior upsetting my household. Now, you said you have a daughter. Is she still a virgin? Is she of good moral character? Would she be willing to work?" she asked.

"Of course. My... my Pat is a very fine person, Doña Alvarez," Jean replied stunned by the question. "Oh she thinks Pat is my daughter. Geez, what am I going to do now? I can't lose this job. It's the only thing keeping us off the streets. I'll just have to figure something out. Pat's not that big and he hasn't started growing a beard either. His father could barely grow a

mustache so maybe, if he is willing, I can have a daughter," she thought.

"Fine, then you are hired and may bring your daughter to live here as well. You met Maria at the door. She has been a very valuable servant and my housekeeper since I was a child. I hate to lose her but she is old and wants to live with her grandchildren. She will stay only long enough to be satisfied that you can do the job. I want you to start your service the first of the week. Will you be able to begin then?" Doña Alvarez asked.

"Of course, Doña Alvarez. I, err, I mean we are looking forward to this opportunity," Jean replied.

"Good, before you leave, spend some time with Maria so she can discuss your duties and responsibilities. Give her your sizes so she can order your uniforms. Oh, of course, your employment here will depend on my judgment of the suitability of your daughter. If she is well-mannered and knows her place, I will welcome her into my household. Good day," Doña Alvarez said, dismissing Jean.

## Ooo

That evening Jean sat down with Pat and told him everything that had transpired. She also explained that they had no choice. Either he became her daughter for the summer or they would become beggars on the cobblestone streets.

"I'm sorry, Pat, but with your father not sending me child support, we can't continue to live here. I told you all about Doña Alvarez's generous offer and what you will have to do. It will only be until summer when your

father sends you a ticket back home. As much as I hate being apart, you will stay with him until I can join you. I'll try to make this as easy on you as I can but you will have to make many sacrifices. You will have to pass as a proper Spanish lady or we'll both wind up on the street. Are you willing to make this short-term sacrifice for me? Will you do it for me?" she asked.

"Mom, you can't be serious. You want me to become a proper Spanish lady? Look, I understand what being broke in this country means and I don't like the idea one bit. We probably wouldn't last a week out there. Come on, me, as a girl? I just don't see that ever happening. I'm the star forward on the soccer team. I'm all guy and don't know the first thing about acting, much less looking like a girl," he nervously replied.

"Pat, I think you would make a pretty girl. You're thin, not too tall and haven't started growing a beard. With a little work and a lot of practice, you could pass as a young girl. At least give it a try. If it doesn't work, we'll know soon enough when she kicks our asses out onto the street. Please do it for me," she said.

"Alright, Mom. I don't like the idea at all but it doesn't look like I have any choice. You've got to promise me that it will only be for the summer and I won't have to go out with any boys," he finally submitted.

"Of course, honey. I promise and you know Spanish girls do not go out with boys like they do in our country. She must be under proper female escort at all times to go on a date here. Let's go to my room. I picked some nice clothes for you to wear. I can't wait to see how they look on you," she replied.

"Now?" Pat said.



“She wants me to start now? I just agreed to this. I was hoping to have more time to get used to the idea before I actually had to go through with it,” he thought as he followed her.

“Yes dear, the sooner you start, the quicker you will learn. We only have four days to get you ready to meet Doña Alvarez. I stopped at a little boutique and used up most of our saving to get you some clothing. It’s not much but we will add to it as we go along,” Jean said as they entered her room.

On the bed were several bags; hanging from the closet door was a white short puffed sleeve, empire-style mid-calf length cotton dress with pink satin sash and bows spaced evenly around the ruffled hem. Similar bows were attached to the sleeve cuffs and collar.

“Mom, isn’t that dress a bit over the top? It looks like some kind of party dress,” Pat complained as soon as he saw it.

“Please sweetie, stop fussing. You’re doing me a huge favor here. Don’t look so glum. Like I said, it’s only for the summer, then you can go to stay with your father. Yes, the dress is a bit formal but very appropriate for a young girl meeting her Mistress for the first time. Go in the bathroom. I want you to take a nice bubble bath, make sure you use my bath beads and shave off your body hair.

“Call me when you are ready to do that. I’ll show you how it’s done. I don’t want you cutting yourself into little ribbons. Go on, scoot. While you are doing that, I’ll get your new clothing ready,” Jean said.

“Meet my new Mistress? I don’t have no stinking Mistress. I’m going to look so stupid in that dress.



Maybe when she sees me in it, she'll understand I can't be her daughter. Now she wants me to shave the hair off my body. It took me like forever to grow what little there is. I don't want to shave it off. Boy, am I going to give my dad fits over what he has made me do. It's all

his fault that I have to wear stupid dresses," Pat thought as the tub began to fill.

He was embarrassed when his mother came into the room and showed him how to shave his legs and pits. She did one leg for him, then watched as he did the other. He managed that with only one or two minor nicks. The only thing that kept the experience from becoming totally humiliating was the layer of thick bubbles that kept his privates covered. She left him to finish up, telling him to be sure to rub baby oil all over, then use her scented talc when he got out of the tub. Pat went back to the bedroom wearing a towel around his waist. She had taken his boy clothing out with her when she left.

"Good, you're here. Darling, that is no way to cover yourself. You have to remember that from now on until summer, you have to act like a girl. A girl would never leave her upper body uncovered. Even in the privacy of her own home, she would be covered. Now pull that towel up around your chest and tuck it in," Jean instructed.

She gave him a pair of white nylon brief-style panties with a pert pink bow at the center of the narrow elastic waist band. He pulled them up his now hairless legs and a shudder ran down his spine. They felt alive as he slid them on. He wasn't familiar with the soft lightweight fabric that the panties were made of. They were so light and smooth, completely different from his boxers. The next two items she gave him were totally unexpected and unwanted. The first was a white satin with small pink flower imprint training bra.

"No way, Mom! I'm not going to wear that! This is too much," the boy said.