

Executive Secretary

Part 1



Deborah Leigh Johnson

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) 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. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2026

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags Inc/Reluctant Press
4645 Van Nuys Blvd., Suite 101
Sherman Oaks, CA 91403
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Mags Inc/Reluctant Press, 4645 Van Nuys Blvd, Suite 101, Sherman Oaks, CA 91403 USA - or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Executive Secretary

By Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter One

When I was nineteen years old, I graduated from the business college that I was attending. The certificate that I received was in the area of study concerning the qualifications of a legal secretary.

That may seem a bit strange to you, as I am a male. In fact, I was the only male in the class of twenty-three students. I had entered business college as soon as I got out of high school. I had been able to graduate from high school two years early, as a bright student. The fact that I also had no friends and a practically nil social life meant that I could spend most of my free time studying. And that was what I did with my time. So, I was able to get ahead of all of my classmates.

I was pretty sure that I just did not have what it would take to become a lawyer, as I did not have the

drive or that cutthroat instinct that many successful lawyers employ. Nonetheless, law was a fascinating thing to me.

So, I did the next best thing. I enrolled in the legal secretary course. You can bet that I took a lot of ribbing over the entire length of the three-year course, being the only male in the course. But I was used to taking ribbing for being, or for doing things that are usually identified with the feminine gender.

You see, all of my life, I have been looked on as being a sissy, and for being more effeminate than masculine. Ever since I can remember, I have been picked on by others, because I was so small and delicate for my age.

I'd always been far more comfortable being with girls. I found that I was kind of scared of boys, so I had learned to just accept all of the ribbing as a normal factor of my lifestyle. I did not like it, but it did not bother me too much either. It was just one of those things. And the fact was, I knew that most of what they said was kind of true, anyway.

I *was* a sissy. After all, I really did get myself all dressed up as a pretty girl, every day, didn't I?

Not only was I small but I was also really cute. I had thick shoulder-length hair that my mother just refused to let me cut, so that I would look more like all the other boys in my school. She felt strongly about it, and thought my hair was too beautiful to cut off. So, from an early age, I was called all kinds of rather derogatory names, because everyone thought that I was really a girl, and that my mother made me behave like a boy. She'd even refused to get my hair cut after the school principal had asked her about it.

That was not the worst of it though, to be entirely honest with you. We lived out in the country, on a farm. We did not farm, as there was just my mother and I, and neither of us could ever hope to be able to run a farm. My mother leased out most of the land to local farmers for haying, or other truck farm types of crops. That was how we paid most of the living expenses.

My Dad had been killed when I was quite young by a drunk driver. I guess that because we were so remote, Mom just figured that she could do things with me and to me, that were not exactly considered to be normal by society in general. I just put up with it all.

I kind of liked getting all of that attention anyway.

Ever since I could remember, whenever I got off the school bus, I was usually alone for the first half hour or so of the day after school. My Mom worked, but she was able to get home in a half an hour after the school day ended, because she only worked part-time. She did not have to work full-time, as we were left pretty well off from my Dad's death.

We had developed a game. I guess she thought that it would keep me very occupied for the half hour that I was alone.

The game had started while I was still in the sixth grade.

I had come home as usual; I had gotten to exploring in the barn. I was in the loft when I heard mom's car as she came into the drive. In my hurry to get down to meet her, I slipped off a rather unsteady

bale of hay. I had fallen onto a rafter, then to a large pile of hay that was stacked on the barn floor.

In the fall, I caught my jeans on a rather large spike air. I had ripped the leg of my jeans almost completely off. I had also banged the side of my head really bad. I must have knocked myself out, as I came to in my bedroom with the doctor hovering over me.

Fortunately, he confirmed that I had no lasting damage but he recommended to my mother that I not be allowed to roam around in that old barn unsupervised.

Mom heartily agreed with him and promised him that it would never happen again.

The result of that fall was that I had a black eye for two weeks. I also had this new game that I had to play whenever I got home from school.

It started like this.

My Mom had been really worried about my fall. At first, she was worried. Then when she learned that I had not been hurt seriously, she was thankful. But a couple of hours later, she was really mad at me. She did not even talk to me for two days, because she was so mad at me for my foolish behavior.

I swore to myself that I would do absolutely anything to get back into her good graces again. You know how kids are with their mothers, so I am sure that you can identify with what I am saying.

I don't know how it happened but somehow she came up with the conclusion that if I had not been

acting like a foolish little boy, I would have been safe from all harm. What she thought was true; but I have no idea of how she came to that conclusion.

Her cure for my reckless behavior may seem to many of you to be rather far reaching, if not just completely over the line for reasonable reaction, but I had no choice about it at that time. She was my mother, the only living relative I knew about. I must have had other relatives but none of them had I ever met. Besides, I was willing to do anything to stop her from being so mad at me.

My mother came to the conclusion that since it was a typically boyish behavior that had gotten me into trouble, that it would be typically girlish behavior that would keep me out of trouble.

I do not know if I agreed with her, or not. I did not have that option anyway.

On the third day after the accident, when she returned home, she was in a wonderfully cheerful mood.

I was quite happy about that turn of events. I'd been praying for her to not be so mad at me anymore. It looked like my prayers had actually been answered. It felt so good to not be under that cloud of her foul mood.

She breezed into the living room where I was watching television. She gave me a peck of a kiss on the forehead and told me that she had a whole lot of stuff in the back seat of the car. She asked me if I would be a dear and go get all the stuff and put it into the guest bedroom for her.

I was so happy to be out from under her visage of anger that I was willing to do anything she asked of me, in order to keep her happy. I gaily responded to her request.

I remember that it took me ten trips up and down the stairs to get everything she had brought from the back seat of her car into the house. There were boxes, bags, and big green garbage bags too. The garbage bags all seemed to be filled up with clothes. They were very awkward to carry for such a little person as I was.

By the time I was done, I had worked up a sweat. I was also very tired. But the smell of my favorite meal cooking, made it all right. The smell and the sound of the frying chicken took away all of my tiredness as I made my way to the kitchen to let my mother know that I had done as she had asked me to.

Mom looked at me and she smiled. She told me that I should take a bath, as I had really worked up a sweat. She told me to take my bath, and then to go into the guest bedroom before I got dressed.

I agreed, just happy to have her talking to me again. All was happy on the home front again, so it seemed to me.

When your Mom is the only person you see around your home, and she does not talk to you for two days, it can get really hard to take. I would do anything she wanted, as long as she was not mad at me anymore. I was thankful that her anger seemed to have passed.

My Mom had always had a hard and fast rule in our house. If I was to take a bath, I had to be in the

bath at the very least for three quarters of an hour. She'd even gotten me an hourglass to time myself by. It was her opinion that even if I did not do a very good job of cleaning myself, being in soapy water that long would insure that I was clean by the time I got out of the tub.

When I ran the tub of hot water and put in the bubble bath, I turned the hourglass over, then slipped into the hot oily water. I had never liked taking baths before she started letting me use her bubble bath oil. I loved the way it made my skin feel when I rubbed my legs together. The floral scent of the bath never really bothered me either. It was kind of nice too, not usual for a boy.

My Mom told me that she could never find any boy-scented bubble bath, so I used hers.

By the time I was out of the bath, I hung a towel around myself and went into the guest room, as my mother had instructed me to do. I was amazed. It did not even look like the same room that I had dumped all of the bags into less than an hour before.

Now the windows had frilly pink curtains to decorate them. The bed too was different. It had a big pink bedspread on it, with pink and white frilled pillow shams. And, seated on one of the pillows, was a little girl doll. I entered the room, and stopped dead in my tracks. As I looked around and noted all of the changes, I wondered if a little girl was coming to live with us.

On the walls now were three big posters. One poster was of a very pretty girl with a horse nuzzling her neck. One was of three white furry kittens all rolled up together in a big ball. The other was of a

preteen girl in a ballerina's costume, perched up on her toes, with her hands held gracefully up over her head as she was looking up.

Slowly my eyes made their way back to my mother, seated on the bed. I am sure that my face had an awed and inquisitive look, reflecting my confusions over these rapid and unexpected changes.

Mom looked at me; she had a very wide grin spread across her face. I saw her happiness in the sparkle of her eyes.

The guest room had been turned into a little girl's room. Once again, I wondered if some girl was going to come and live with us. I did not like that idea very much. I did not want to share my mother with anyone else. I wanted to keep her all to myself.

"Come over here, dear."

I slowly walked over to where she was sitting. I stopped right in front of her.

She reached down, picked me up, and placed me on her knees. She had not done that to me for a long time. It made me feel like I was a small boy again.

"I want to explain something to you, dear. It is very important that you listen, and that you understand what I am saying. So please do not interrupt me while I am talking. Just listen to what I have to say. Any questions that you have, you may ask when I am done talking...okay, darling?"

She kissed my forehead as she spoke the last word.

I nodded my head. This was very strange indeed.

“Now honey... pet... I want you to know how upset I was when I saw you lying on the floor of the barn with a nasty bruise on your face, blood on your cheeks, and your pants half torn off. I was so scared that you had been seriously hurt. I was so scared... I could never express to you how scared I was. You are so important to me, my pet. I was afraid that I had lost you. You are my precious, you know.

“Well, my darling, I have come up with a plan that will make sure that I will never have to worry about you again when I am not at home to look after you. I want you to promise me that you will do everything I ask of you. Do you promise me that you will do what I ask of you?”

I did not know what to do. I was happy that she was not mad at me anymore. I also felt guilty for making her so upset when she found me on the barn floor. It had been a stupid and careless act and I knew that. I decided that I would do whatever she would ask of me. I did not want her to be that upset with me ever again.

“Okay, Mommy. I will do whatever you ask of me.”

She hugged me and rained kisses down on my face.

I knew that whatever she was going to ask me to do was going to make her very happy. I could not guess what it was, though. I was curious because she seemed to be so happy about it. I knew that if it made her that happy, then I would go along with it, no matter what it was.

After a moment or so of pouring out her love on me, she let loose her grip, so that she was not hugging me so tightly.

I was sort of leaning back so that I could look up into her face, secure that her strong hands on my shoulders would not let me go.

“Now honey, I want you to understand something. You may not be able to grasp this, but I will try to explain it to you. This is not a punishment, though you may think it is. It is just my way of being sure that you are always safe, especially when I am not here to look after you.

“What you did the other day was a very foolish thing. You did it because you were acting just like any other normal boy of your age. I can understand that. You are a normal and a healthy young boy, and so you act like a normal healthy young boy. I suspect that that is the root of the problem.

“Remember the school play that your class put on last Christmas? You were one of the dwarfs. Crystal played the part of Sleeping Beauty. You had to put on a costume. When you put on that costume, you were supposed to try and act just like the dwarf that you were portraying. And you did an excellent job of it too. Everyone told me how good you were, how you seemed to have such a natural talent for acting. I am sure you must remember that.”

I nodded to let her know that I remembered it.

“Well, I am going to ask you to put on a costume and pretend that you are someone else, just like you did in the school play. I want you to put on a costume and pretend that you are someone else, every day after school, till I get home.

“Now, I went out today and bought you some pretty new things. They are the costumes you are to wear. I want you to come into this room and select one of these pretty costumes to wear. Then I want you to put it on. Then you must try and act like the kind of person who would normally wear one of these outfits, just like you tried to act like a dwarf in the school play when you put on his costume.

“The outfits that I bought for you today are just so cute, I am sure you will love them. When I saw them I just could not resist buying them for you, sweetie.”

“Pretty? Cute? What kind of costumes are the...”

“Hush, dear... I asked you to not say anything until I was finished explaining things to you. You promised...”

“So, this is my plan. I have fixed up this room, just like a real girl’s room. It is sort of like part of your costume, if you can understand that. In that closet, and in the chest of drawers are some very pretty girl’s clothes. I made sure to only get very pretty clothes for you.

“I know that if you try to act like a little lady, I will never again have to worry about finding you half dead out in the barn. Do you understand what I am saying, pet?”

“Yeah... I guess so.”

“Okay, tell me what I just said but in your own words.”

“Well, every night when I get home from school, you want me to come up to this room, and put on

some girl's clothes. Then you want me to pretend that I am really a girl, and act like a little lady, until you get home..?"

She squeezed me very tightly then.

"You are just so smart. I am so proud of you. You got it perfectly, and you did not even need any help from me... I am so proud of you.

"Now, little girl's clothes are very different from little boy's clothes. Also, little girls act very differently than little boys do. You need to learn how to wear little girl's clothes if you are to put them on by yourself, right? And, if you are to try to act like a little lady, you have to be taught how little ladies act, right?

"I will help you get all dressed up tonight. After that, you will know how to put on the clothes, so you will be able to put them on by yourself.

"After supper, I will have to show you how to act like a little lady. It is hard work if you do it right. If you do it right though, it will become like part of your personality and you will not have to try to act like a girl. You will be able to act like a girl, as though you really were a little girl."

With that, she set me back on my feet. She turned around and I discovered that she had a pile of girl's clothes on the bed behind her. She brought the neat little pile around, and placed it on her lap.

She told me to take off the towel, as she held up a pair of lacy pink panties. She smiled and rubbed them against her cheek. Then she gently caressed my left cheek with them. They were very soft.

“You will just love how soft these are, pet. You will be able to feel them against your skin, all the time. You will really like wearing these. Look at these closely. You see how there is a bit more material on one side than on the other side? The side with the most material is the back side. Now put these panties on. You will like wearing panties, dear.”

I took them from her hand. They had lacy ruffles going across the seat and lace trim around the legs and the waist. I turned them around, bent over, and stepped into them. I pulled them up my legs. I was amazed at how soft and cool they were. My amazement must have shown.

My mother sat back and just clapped her hands together, with a big smile on her face.

“See? Didn’t I tell you that you would love how they feel? If you want to, you can wear them all the time when you are at home. But you cannot wear them to school, okay? In fact, I think that I might like knowing that you are wearing panties all the time. Maybe I should get you some more pairs? Enough of that for now, though.

“Now, here is the cami. It is called a camisole but lots of girls just call them a cami. You must always wear one. It is like your boy’s undershirts. You would not wear a shirt without an undershirt and you should never wear a girl’s top, like dress or a blouse without a cami on, either.”

I took it from her. She showed me that the lower part of the neck line went to the front. I lowered it over my head. It was soft and silky, just like the panties. I looked down at the lace trim around the

top of it. It had very delicate blue and pink flowers stitched into the lace trimming.

“Next come your socks, honey. Girl’s socks are a bit different from boy’s socks. You will like these. They are much softer than your boy’s socks. You put them on, just like this, and once they are stretched all the way up to your knees, you turn the top cuff over. You see this little trimming of lace? It should always be showing on the outside, just like this. And the little bow should always be at the side of your leg, yes... Just like that, honey.

“You will find that girl’s shoes will feel different than boy’s shoes. They are made for little ladies to wear. You mustn’t ever try to run when you are wearing girl’s shoes. Unless, of course, you are wearing girl’s running shoes. If you want to run, you must put on a pair of sneakers.

“If you ever try to run while wearing these, you will tear them apart. If you tear them apart, I will be very angry with you. Now, you do the strap up like this. You might have to take a bit of time to get used to the one-inch heels, but you will get used to them quickly.

“Now, this is called a half slip. You step into it like this and pull it up to your waist. You must never wear a skirt or a dress without wearing a slip and a cami, or a full slip under it. A full slip is like a cami and a half slip in one piece. Now, isn’t that soft lovely feeling on your thighs ever so nice... Ummm?”

I watched as she held the half slip up to me, to show me what it was. It had a froth of stiff lace around the bottom hem, that tickled my knees, when she had it fitted on me. It was made of the

same material as the panties and the cami, and was of the same color. It did feel ever so nice, as she had said. Then she pushed her hand between my thighs, which made the material caress my upper legs. I felt like I was being turned into a girl. I liked the feeling.

“Now... when you wear a slip, there is no front or back to worry about, not like your panties or your cami, unless there is a slit in it, but you would not be ready to wear a slip like that for a long time yet, so you do not have to be concerned about that now.

“And... now... you are all ready. It’s time for you to put on your very first dress. Dresses have to be put on in a special way, a little bit like you might put on a pullover. They go on, over your head. But before you do that dear, what you have to do is put your hands up into the skirt... just like that. That’s right, dear. And then you have to work your hands up through the inside and out through the sleeves...

“Girl’s dresses are made of soft and delicate material; you have to be very careful to not push your hands in too roughly, or you might rip the material. You have to gently work it up over your elbows, just like this. Now you raise it up just like this.

“You let the skirt fall down, then the dress’s bodice will follow it. When you feel it on your shoulders, you gently reach around and pull the zipper up, just like that. Now, this big sash has to be tied in a big bow at the back. It will take a wee bit of practice but I can see that you will have no trouble putting dresses on by yourself. You seem to have as much agility as any other little girl that I have ever seen putting her dress on.

“You are lucky to be so small and slim, almost like a real girl. That helps to make you a bit more agile so that you can easily stretch around to do up your own zippers, or when you get older, your own bras. Now... take a step back to the doorway and let me see how you look.”

I felt so very different in these clothes. The dress, which was red with large white polka dots all over it, seemed to flare out from my hips. It seemed to flop around with every step I took. The small elastic cuffs at the middle of my upper arms made the sleeves seem to puff out. I'd never before felt lace-trimmed cuffs in the middle of my upper arms. The neck too seemed strange. It was round, with a white lace trim on it, and it felt nothing at all like the open collared shirts that I was used to wearing. I also heard its faint rustling.

The shoes felt very different than boy's shoes. As I stepped backward, I could feel the daintiness of the shoes. I was very aware of how the strap across the top of my foot felt and how the instep of the shoes seem to push up at my arches. I was also aware of the height of the heels, as I was not used to that either. Overall, I liked the way the shoes felt.

I reached the door frame and stood with my ankles touching. I liked everything about how these clothes felt on me. They made me feel like I was delicate and dainty. I smiled and looked over at my mother.

She sat there with an almost beatific smile on her face. She looked like she had died and gone to heaven. I did not have to ask her how she felt about how I looked as a girl. I could see it written all over her face. She loved it. I knew that she loved me more now than she had even an hour earlier.

“Oh my... You are so precious looking. You look like a pretty little princess, my pet. You are so pretty. Why, if you had a little bow in your hair, and a few curls around your ears, you’d have boys falling all over themselves, just to be close to you. You are a pretty little doll. I can’t get over how pretty and natural you look. Come... you must see yourself.”

Like she used to do when I was a little boy, she took my hand and led me down the hallway into her room where she had a large mirror on one of her sliding closet doors. I felt like I was once again a small person, as I felt the pressure of her hand in mine.

All the way down the hall, I heard the unfamiliar clicking of my new shoes on the hardwood floor. I also heard and I felt the soft swishing sound of the skirt of my dress and slip. It was a pretty sound to my ears. I liked it. It sounded almost like how my mother sounded whenever she walked. I’d always connected that sound with warm feelings.

At the doorway she made me close my eyes as she led me into her room. Then when I was situated where she wanted me to be and after I felt her fussing around with the back of my head, she told me to open my eyes.

What I saw nearly made me faint. It was me all right, but it was a girl me. I blushed because I also suddenly realized that I was pretty... and I *was* pretty. I caught my breath as I stared at the new me. I liked her much more than I had liked the old me.

I was a pretty girl now.