

Rae's Tales



Rae Johansen

A "Her TV" Novel



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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.



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By Rae Johansen

GETAWAY ISLAND

CHAPTER I

Before I tell you about the Island, I would like to tell you how it all started. This story was told to me by Ann Jensen who was Mr. James Wilcox's personal secretary. She has been working with him for the past six years in Chicago.

Mr. Wilcox is only twenty-nine years old but his constant drive and shrewd business deals made him a millionaire at the age of twenty-six. He is president and owner of Wilcox Industries, Inc., a multi-million dollar land developer. He didn't know when to slow down. This was a real concern to his wife, Jennifer.

These unusual events began nine months ago when Mr. Wilcox suffered a mild heart attack. One morning in January during a major real estate deal,

Ann noticed that he was holding his chest and his face showed a great deal of pain. It passed in a couple of minutes. When Ann asked him if he felt all right, he brushed it off. She felt obligated to call Mrs. Wilcox, however.

“Hello, Jennifer? This is Ann.” She mentioned the incident to her and Ann was told to make an appointment with his physician for that afternoon. The doctor happened to be an old college chum of Jennifer’s. Doctor Donna White owed James much appreciation for helping finance her last years in medical school.

A few hours later, Jennifer arrived in the office with a determined look on her face as she approached James’s desk. She seldom interfered with his work but today, when she entered, her only thought was caring for his health.

She told him quite sternly but lovingly, “Hang up that phone! We have an appointment for a physical checkup with Donna.”

First, they stopped by the hospital for an electrocardiogram as Donna had requested, and now James stood up on a scale dressed only in an examining gown. He was a little man, standing five foot eight and weighing 138 pounds. His long auburn locks (he had always liked the Bjorn look, being an avid tennis player) gave him a youthful appearance. He had, over the years, disregarded the comments his Maverick look garnered and had continued to keep his hair long. Jennifer even enjoyed stroking his long locks.

Donna entered with a serious look on her face and approached them. “Well, James, you’ve finally pushed yourself just too hard. Your heart and nerves are demanding a break. I must tell you that if you don’t reduce the stress and fast pace, it could be much worse next time.” James looked at her with dis-

belief and noted quickly that he had work to do. As he pondered her words, he didn't even notice Donna take Jennifer aside.

“Jennifer, we have to slow him down. First, I suggest estrogen therapy to reduce stress on his heart. It will probably slow down a little of his male assertiveness and drive, but there may be some other side effects...”

“Please, Donna, whatever it takes! I don't want to lose him!”

Donna filled her hypodermic needle with a month's supply of estrogen and approached James. She raised his gown and inserted the needle while telling him that this would help reduce the stress on his heart while not mentioning the other effects which would take place in his body.

Although James kept insisting that he was fine, Jennifer was handed a bottle of pills and told with a smile to make sure he took them daily till they ran out.

The next few days James's stomach felt queasy, but he continued to drive his deals. Then, as he was thinking about Donna's comments, a piece of real estate came across his desk that caught his eye and interest. He had the option to buy a small Pacific Island. He thought about Jennifer's words of late to get away from work for awhile. A few seconds later, he shouted, “I'll do it!”

He pressed the intercom for Ann and instructed her to get his lawyer and banker on the line. In no time at all, he had the ball rolling to develop his Get Away Island.

The designs were made for a grand getaway home. There were to be tennis courts, a lagoon converted into a swimming area, whirlpools, and so on. The Island was made totally self-sufficient. The local waterfalls that fed the lagoon produced electricity through a generator. Even a sophisticated radio room was built onto the end of the main building.

James made several trips to the Island to make sure all was right. Two months had passed quickly; it was nearing the end of March. James noted to Jennifer one night as they prepared for bed that he felt flabby. He attributed it to the fact that he hadn't been playing as much tennis of late and had delegated a lot of his office work to his vice-president since taking off for his Island Project.

Jennifer looked at him and smiled, saying, "I suppose so, Hon." She hadn't told him that she had noticed a swelling of his breasts and the softness of his skin for over a month. She didn't care that her husband had the budding breasts of a young teen-aged girl, for he had slowed down and even spent more time at home.

As they cuddled together to sleep, she fondled James's ever-changing body. That night, as they shared a passionate love, she felt closer to him than she had for quite a while.

James seemed so much more sensitive to her needs now...

CHAPTER II

At breakfast, they started to discuss their upcoming getaway the following week. They planned to spend two to three months on the Island. Both of them had agreed that James needed time away from

crowds for peace and solitude, so they had opted for a minimal staff of cook and housekeeper.

James decided to ask his secretary, Ann, to come along, for she had always been a loyal and hardworking employee. When James went to the office that morning, he buzzed Ann and made his offer. Ann was single with no ties to home and she jumped cheerfully at the offer to get away.

That entire morning she sat at her desk, preoccupied with the thought of basking in the South Pacific sun. She started planning her wardrobe. She had to buy some formal wear to suit the mood, for Mr. Wilcox had mentioned that every Saturday night would be formal dining. She pictured a touch of elegance as they ate under moonlight. What else should she buy? Some sundresses, sandals, bikinis...

The week was going by quickly as boxes, trunks and supplies were flown daily to the Island for their extensive stay. Two days before the start of their getaway, Jennifer asked James if she could invite Traci, her younger sister, to come along for a month or two. Traci was a fashion designer and makeup consultant. She was in the midst of planning a summer line. Mr. Wilcox was told that the Island would be a great inspiration for her.

He agreed and welcomed her along.

Jennifer and Ann helped Traci prepare and pack. They were packing when Jennifer noted an unfamiliar machine in the apartment. Traci informed them that it was an electrolysis machine that she had been using on one of her models to remove unwanted hair around the bikini line. They had it crated and shipped because Traci promised to give them hair-free bikini lines too.

The day finally came and everyone boarded the Wilcox Industries jet at O'Hare airport. Mr. Wilcox, Jennifer, Ann, Traci and Donna were all ready to get away from the Windy City. All of them had dressed for a typical March windy day but as Mr. Wilcox took off his tie and jacket, they all knew that casual attire would be more appropriate for the balmy breezes of the South Pacific. It was also the first time that Ann had noticed the bulges in Mr. Wilcox's familiar tapered Arrow shirt.

The jet landed on the Island with no problems and Mr. Wilcox told the pilot that he wanted peace and solitude, so any flights to the Island would only be made on his request by radio. He mentioned that they had supplies for six months. Till then, if he didn't call, he wanted privacy! Then Mr. Wilcox proudly took them on tour. The Island was picture perfect, with palm trees, white sand beaches and a lagoon with clear blue water and parrots in the palm trees. They met their two Polynesian helpers, Mewai, the cook, along with Leoni, their housekeeper. They both caught admiring glances as their long black hair, smooth complexions and hourglass figures left little to the imagination in their skintight sarongs.

A short while later, everyone was enjoying the smell and taste of a magnificent luau that had been prepared as a welcoming to the Island. As they were eating, the winds started to increase in velocity until the shutters were battering against the house.

Leoni said that she would close the shutters and prepare for the spring tropical storm. A short while later, the waves were crashing the sandy beaches and the trees were swaying dramatically from the fierce winds. The storm subsided, leaving not too much damage or debris to clean up.

However, a palm tree had fallen across the end of the house where the radio room was located. They all pitched in, moving broken pieces and other debris to get to the radio; they found it inoperable because some wires and tubes had been broken.

Everyone went inside to change their wet and dirty clothes. James asked Jennifer if she had seen his two trunks of clothes that were supposed to be in their master bedroom suite. She commented that she had seen two trunks near the storage area marked, "Wilcox's gear." After finding the two trunks, James found that all they contained was the scuba gear that he had ordered shipped.

A bellowing, "Oh, great!" echoed throughout the house.

Jennifer arrived first. "What's the matter? Anything wrong, James?"

Soon everyone was listening to James's dilemma as he explained that his two trunks of clothes had not been delivered.

Ann looked at her boss, standing, despondent, in his wet clothes. Then Jennifer asked Ann if she had anything James could wear. Ann was about two inches taller but close in size to James' weight and stature.

She nodded and returned shortly with a pair of white panties, turquoise shorts, a floral print Hawaiian blouse and white sandals. Jennifer took them and James back to their room to change.

Soon, James had joined the rest of the ladies back on the verandah. He was surprised at how comfortable his new attire was as they all sat around and discussed the day's activities. When he was getting

ready for bed, Jennifer handed him a yellow cotton nightgown.

While they sat talking, Jennifer was stroking his hair, trying to relax him. All of a sudden, she had an urge to do something with his hair. She reached for her comb and brush. Before long, James's hair was done in a neat French braid with a little yellow ribbon bow on the end to match his nightgown. He started to protest but she put her fingers to his mouth and told him, "Shhh, fewer tangles."

They both fell asleep, listening to the peaceful sounds of the getaway Island.

The days went on and James became accustomed somewhat to wearing Ann's shorts, blouses, tennis outfits and even her one-piece swimsuit.

One day, during the end of their second week, as he approached the lagoon for a swim, he commented to the ladies as they were all applying a white lotion on their legs about the Bathing Beauties of Getaway. He asked about the lotion and Traci told him it was for a better tan. The ladies clamored and soon had him lying under the sun with his legs, back, and arms covered.

About fifteen or twenty minutes later, everyone went to the lagoon to cool down and wash off. It was then that James realized what they had done, for his skin felt exhilarated by the water with its new smoothness. His fingers ran up and down his legs; he couldn't get over how much more sensitive his skin felt.

Jennifer chuckled as she ran her fingers over his thighs, saying, "Nice legs, Jamie!"