

He's Her Girl



Lady Claire Stafford

A "Her TV" Novel



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By Lady Claire Stafford

"The Attic"

I can still remember the day it all started.

We were alone in the house, just the two of us, Karen and I. David. Irene had gone away for the weekend, some business deal or something. Irene was always doing something like this, wheeling and dealing. Ever since the crash, the one that killed our parents, Irene's and mine, that is. Karen was a foster sister. She'd lived with us since I was five. We were more like friends that foster brother and sister and always had been. Brothers and sisters are supposed to fight, but we didn't. Well, not much.

But, ever since the accident, Irene had changed. Seven years earlier, Irene had taken over the firm. I was eleven at the time. It was tough at first, but luckily the firm was well-established so fortunately, we

were pretty wealthy. I should mention that a few years back, after our parents' death, I suffered a bout of a mysterious disease. The doctors couldn't explain it but one of the side effects was that I didn't seem to age during its course; although I was now 18, people often mistook me for being no older than 15. It was slightly embarrassing but didn't cause me any physical discomfort.

But I digress.

That afternoon was quiet; it was a Sunday. Karen had been watching TV., the afternoon movie, some old thing, "The Prisoner of Zenda," which, now that I come to think of it, might have given her some ideas. I was buried in a book on finances. I was good at figures, preparing for my go at running the company, which had been my parents' aim.

Karen switched the television off and suggested that we explore the attic. Now this attic had been locked tight since the crash that had left us orphans. I supposed that it held our parents' effects, clothing and so on. It was forbidden for anybody to enter, so I went along, assuming it to be locked. But, when we climbed the stairs, Karen produced the key. She grinned at me.

"I found them on the floor in Irene's room."

I became interested but, at the same time, worried. If Irene found out, or even guessed, we'd be deep in the brown stuff, but I followed Karen anyway. The room was long and well lit; there were some windows along one side of the roof which was very high. It was like a big spare room. Along one wall were large boxes; upright, about the same size as wardrobes. Inside they were filled with clothing; shoes, underwear and coats; They were all female things; dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, petticoats, slips, bras-

sieres, panties. And the shoes! There were dozens of pairs!

“My God, David, look at these!” exclaimed Karen, as if I weren’t. They were all new, at least they were in cellophane wrappers and boxes. Karen started to go through the clothes, holding them up to herself to see how they looked.

Then she started to take her own clothes off, and I turned away, embarrassed.

“David, zipper me up!”

I turned to find that she had put on a short evening dress, electric blue. I zippered her up and I had to admit that it did look nice on her.

She stepped into a pair of heels but they were a bit big for her. She looked at me and then kicked them over to me.

“Here, you try them.”

I kicked my sneakers off and stepped into them. I clattered about on the wooden floorboards, mincing about. With difficulty, I might add, because the heels were quite high.

We both fell about, laughing.

Then Karen stopped. “I’ve an idea. Here, take your clothes off!

I stepped back in alarm. “What?”

“Come on,” she coaxed, “we used to play dress-up when we were smaller.”

“They couldn’t fit me,” I demurred.

The idea had no merit at all as far as I was concerned but she insisted. I couldn't come up with a decent argument. I'd been brought up with two sisters and sometimes, secretly, had wondered what it would be like to be a girl too!

So, I quietly slipped out of my things, down to my shorts. Karen had some things ready for me; a bra and a slip, which she quickly helped me put on, along with a pair of socks to fill out the cups. A pair of lacy panties came next. I turned my back, slipped my shorts down and the panties up, then turned around to her.

It was strange that I didn't stop to wonder why the clothing was there. I was just thinking about the strange sensation wearing these things caused me.

A tight waist cincher and a pair of stockings followed with Karen fishing the garters through the legs of my panties. She then found a lacy petticoat which she helped me get into. Then, the same high-heeled shoes were slipped onto my feet and strapped tightly about my ankles.

"Perfect!" she squealed in delight. "Let me see, what to wear?" She rummaged through the things and pulled out a black dress. The material was very stiff and it rustled as it moved. She told me it was tafeta.

It had short, puffed sleeves edged in white lace. The square neckline was also edged in this same lace. As she zippered me into it, the skirt flared out, the hem coming just above my knee.

"Excellent!" she exclaimed, clapping her hands with glee. As I walked about the attic, the skirts swayed and rustled about.

Then, from somewhere, she produced a white, frilly apron. It was a ridiculous thing to see, all ruffles and lace. She tied it around my waist with a huge bow. There were shoulder straps which were all flounces as well; these all added to my seemingly feminine shape. Walking in the high-heeled shoes made my hips sway more and the unnatural stance made my legs look long and feminine.

I decided that I'd had enough.

"All right, help me undress. I can't reach the zipper. Quickly, before Irene comes home!"

But she sped out the door and down the stairs, quickly returning with something held behind her back.

"All right, turn around." She struggled with the zipper. "I can't quite manage it, so you'll have to put your hands behind you and pull your shoulders back. Put your hands on the bottom end of the zipper and push down," she told me.

I did as I was told because I wanted to get these things off as soon as possible.

Then, before I knew what was happening, she had slipped a plastic "tie" with a slip knot fitting, the sort of things electricians use to secure wiring, around my wrists, and tightened it. I couldn't get my wrists free!

I spun around, yelling at her, "Now you stop this!"

I was furious and I felt my face reddening when I saw myself in a full-length mirror, seeing my boyish head atop this... this... maid's body! For it was then that I realized that I was wearing a maid's uniform!

Karen just laughed, ran out of the attic and down the stairs.

“There’s a knife down here in my room! But you’ll have to come down to get it, if you can!”

I knew what she meant. I was having difficulty managing the shoes and, having ankle straps, I couldn’t step out of them. The stairs were a bit forbidding, but I had no choice.

Slowly, I made my way down the steps, my heels clicking and clacking on the bare floor boards, the skirts swishing and swaying with every movement I made!

I didn’t see Karen. She was hiding behind the door and, as I stepped through, she slammed it shut, locked it, and proceeded to take some photographs with a Polaroid camera.

She stopped and grinned.

“Now, if you don’t sit down in that chair,” she pointed to a heavy wooden chair by her dressing table, “I’ll take these and pin them on the bulletin board at school.”

“You wouldn’t!” I pleaded.

Karen smiled again.

“Oh, but I would!” she replied.

I sat.

Mind you, she took an added precaution by securing me to the chair with rope, tying my wrists to the chair back.

Then she proceeded to put makeup on my face; the works, lipstick, mascara, rouge, eyeliner, blush — I had no idea that women used so much!

At different times, she produced the camera and took more photos.

And then, the final humiliation, the wig; shoulder-length, curly, blonde; followed, of course, by more photos!

Atop the wig she placed a maid's frilly white cap and I fumed with anger. I could see the finished article in her mirror and I looked like a pretty painted doll.

"You know, David, you look so good, I think I'll leave you like this for a while. This is too good an opportunity to pass up!"

I glared at her.

"You can't keep me like this, Karen. Irene might come home at any moment and she'll wonder how I got these things from the attic, so you'll have to release me, I'll destroy the photos, bust the camera, and then I'll make your life a living Hell!"

She came over to stand beside me.

"Don't get mad, David, it's only a game. I promise to destroy the prints when we're finished."

With that, she kissed me on the cheek and loosened my wrists from the chair, but not from behind my back! Helping me to my feet, she beckoned me to the door. "Come with me, David."

We went downstairs to the drawing room. There were some large easy chairs, those big soft things

that you sink into and it takes all your time to get out of, even with both hands free. Karen pushed me into one and left me there. I was almost as helpless as I'd been upstairs. Every time I wriggled forward, I just flopped backwards! Soon, the skirts of the dress were pulled up to expose my thighs in the stockings.

Karen grabbed her coat and bag and raced out the door!

I heard the front door slam behind her. I was alone in the house, frightened. Suppose someone came in and found me like this, dressed in these female things? I fumed in rage. I would make Karen pay for this dearly!

After a while, panic started to set in; suppose something happened to her while she was out? I was more worried about myself than her.

Eventually, I heard the front door open and voices coming down the hallway. I tried again to get up out of the chair. The door to the drawing room opened and there stood Irene with one of her friends. They stared at me.

"Who the Hell are you?" Irene almost roared. It was at that moment that Karen returned. She looked at the two of them, then back at me.

"OOPS!" she said. "Sorry, Irene, this was all my idea. We were just sort of bored and I found these clothes and we were just sort of messing about." I could hear the edge of panic creep into her voice and she was red with embarrassment.

Irene turned back to me.

"I'll be damned, David, I didn't recognize you! What would our dear parents have said?" She turned to her

companion and, with a flourish, introduced us. "Margaret, I'd like to introduce you to the future chairman of 'OCSAC INDUSTRIES.' He's supposed to be getting groomed to succeed me when he comes of age, to control one of the biggest electrical industries in the southern hemisphere."

She sat down and lit a cigarette.

"Doesn't look much like managerial prospects now, does he?"

She stared at me long and hard.

"All these years I've been running this company as a caretaker, for this!" and she pointed at me. "As if I weren't capable of doing it myself."

Then, a hard gleam came into her eyes. "This gives me an idea." She stood up. "Karen? Come with me."

The two of them left the room. Irene called back to Margaret, "Help yourself to a drink while I attend to some business in here."

Margaret poured herself a drink, then came over beside me, sitting on the arm of the chair. Her arm slipped around my back and she checked my wrists' bonds.

"They seem secure enough," she murmured, sipping her drink. Then she bent slightly and began to run her fingers lightly up my stockinged legs.

The feeling was electric! She moved higher, between my legs. I could feel myself getting hotter and hotter and my manhood was throbbing in its silk and lace enclosure. She caressed and squeezed me intimately, kissed my surprised lips lightly, and stopped.

“Later, my little she-male, later we’ll explore your possibilities!” she promised huskily, kissing me again. She smoothed the skirts down over my legs and I felt exhausted.

Then, the door opened and Irene came in with Karen in tow. Karen was wearing a similar outfit to the one I had on; black dress, high-heeled shoes, white lace apron and frilly cap.

“I’ve prepared a small party for tonight, but instead of hiring a serving staff for the evening, I’ve decided that you both will do very nicely in their place. The work won’t be hard; just keep the glasses filled, carry some trays around, that’s all. If you fulfill these duties, well, I won’t say any more about this!”

She produced a pair of scissors and released my wrists.

I rubbed them because they were almost numb.

“I’ll go and attend to the catering. Margaret, if you’ll be so kind? The new maid needs a manicure.” As she left, she handed Margaret a bottle of nail polish.

Margaret carefully polished my nails bright red.

“It’ll match your lipstick,” she smiled as she said this. Every now and then, she dropped her hand to my stockinged thigh for a quick caress and squeeze, keeping me excited and breathless with fear!

On the one hand, I was getting more and more scared and angry for allowing myself to become tricked into this situation. On the other hand, I was somehow enjoying the attentions of a very attractive women. Maybe I was getting to enjoy this too much? After all, it was only a little joke and and tomorrow it

would be all over. In the meantime, Margaret didn't seem to mind me being dressed like this. In fact, she seemed to like it very much, enjoying me even more than I was enjoying her!

As it turned out, the evening passed without incident. Karen and I simply walked around the various rooms, carrying trays of food and drinks. My initial embarrassment faded as I realized the people weren't in the least interested in who was serving them. I was a nonentity as far as they were concerned! I did vow, though, if I ever had servants of my own, they would wear flat-heeled shoes. My feet ached like crazy!

After the last of the guests had left, we returned to the kitchen. There was a pile of dirty dishes in the sink.

Irene just told us to leave them. "The caterers will attend to that."

She walked into the drawing room, leaving Karen and I alone.

Karen leaned in to me and whispered, "I'm sorry, David. I didn't mean for this to happen. It was meant to be a joke, that's all!"

I smiled at her. "It's all right, Karen," I replied. "We'll be back to normal soon, and then we'll see about revenge!"

She grinned at me.

"Mind you, it was funny, the idea of you, dressed like that, serving all those toffee-nosed people! Not one of them realized that the pretty maid was really a boy!"

I blushed at that. She laughed at my discomposure and I felt myself go a bit red. I'd be glad to get out of these skirts and things!

After all, enough was enough was enough, already!

Irene returned.

"Right off to bed with the pair of you! It's late and we've got a lot to do tomorrow. One thing, there'll be some people coming over in the morning and I'll expect you both to help them. You can stay dressed as you are. It won't hurt either of you to understand how women work in the real world!"

"What do you mean exactly, 'as we are?'" I asked but I felt I had a good idea!

She gave me that leer I was beginning to hate.

"It's simple, you were both very good as maids tonight, so tomorrow will be more of the same!"

With that, she led the way upstairs, two very dumfounded and confused young people following her.

I went to go into my room.

"No, not tonight, David," Irene giggled. "The spare bedroom has been prepared for you as my very special maid!"

She pushed me into the darkened room, and when the light came on, I was startled to find Margaret waiting for me!

"Hello, David," she whispered throatily, taking me into her arms and kissing me sweetly.

I felt smothered against her firm breasts and I struggled to escape, but she held me tightly and I couldn't!

“What are you doing in here?” I gasped with indignation, knowing the answer before I asked!

“I've come to help you with your night preparation and put you to bed,” she told me with a soft giggle.

She began to undress me, removing the dress and apron; assisting me out of my voluminous petticoats; removing my shoes before unhooking and unrolling my stockings and removing the too-tight waist cincher.

I stood before her dressed in just my bra and panties, shivering in the coolness. Then, horror of horrors, she unhooked the bra, removed it, and before I realized what she was doing, she'd slipped my panties down my legs and off!

“Hey! What do you think you're doing?” I yelped.

She swatted my bare bottom hard.

“Shut up, you!” she ordered hoarsely.

Thoroughly cowed, I “shut up!”

She sat me down before the mirror and removed my makeup with baby oil before freshening my lipstick and applying a fresh coat of mascara, “To keep you looking more feminine! This one is moisture-proof and it won't smudge!”

I still had the wig on and the reflection in the mirror showed how feminine I really looked. I could have been a very young girl, except I had nothing on my chest except two very hard nipples and a deep blush!

After taking me into the bathroom where I was allowed to sit and relieve myself under her direction and observation, holding my legs wide apart while she held me and pointed me downward,

She giggled, saying, "Oh, my, what a cute little fellow you have, David dear. You've such a pretty little toy!"

Then, when I was quite finished, she took a wash cloth and washed me thoroughly down there and dried me carefully, much to my utter chagrin. She was adamant and I found myself unable to resist her. When she was finished using a soft towel to dry me off, she took me back to my new bedroom.

I stood there, my hands shielding my hardened sex while she picked up a full-length night gown in a soft pink shade of silk.

"Hold your hands over your head, little one," she commanded softly, and once I'd obeyed, she dropped it down over my blushing curls and high reaching arms.

The gown was floor-length with a fitted bodice, long sleeves and snugly fitted wrists; a high, frilly collar; snaps up the back. The skirt was less tightly fitted, flaring over my hips and falling down my legs where the lacy hem brushed against the tops of my bare feet when I moved.

Then, taking me into her arms again, she kissed me lightly.

"Aren't you just adorable, my sweet?" she teased. All I could do was lower my lashes and blush helplessly. I was so humiliated, and, yet, I was greatly excited too!