

Miranda



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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Miranda

By Jessica Matthews

I didn't go to university after I left college. Military service was compulsory in the country where I grew up, so I enlisted straight away. It wasn't that I had an ambition to make a career in the service. I wanted to get it over with and, by volunteering, I got more choice.

I decided to join the navy. I'd always been a strong swimmer. I'd entered competitions; not that I was ever going to be an Olympian, but because it felt so good to do well at something which came easily to me.

Once my two years were completed, I got a nice stipend and set off to see the world. I found quite quickly that the colder parts didn't appeal to me at all, so I drifted around the warmer places. I knew the money wouldn't last forever and the need to get some sort of job was evident.

I drifted into aqua shows. I could swim with the dolphins, even some of the sharks. The secret, I

learned, was to make sure that they were well-fed before doing so. Then I wandered out to the coast and got a job in a mermaid show.

Miranda was our star attraction. She was the star amongst displays to music by a synchronised swimming team. There were several girls who played Miranda over the season. They were usually blondes and always had really long hair to trail through the water.

As one got fed up or moved on to something else, I got the job of teaching the routines to the new girls, then to the whole team. We had a few hopeful girls waiting for their big break and filling in until it happened. Mostly it didn't.

Imagine: me as their teacher, even though I was younger than some of the performers.

So you're going to ask how I got that job. I was always good at mimicry and in the water and I wasn't afraid to copy the choreography I'd seen in old movies. Teaching the girls came easily too. I could show them the moves.

Of course they had to be strong swimmers, and have a good figure. It helped if they'd had dance lessons too, but that wasn't essential. Once they learned to keep their eyes open under the water and show a big smile with lots of teeth, they passed the audition.

The smile was essential. There were glass sides to the pool and places where they could be viewed from below. It was all a bit of a fantasy, but audiences held up and my pay was decent too.

I've left out one essential fact that you need to know. Miranda was a mermaid. She had a tail like a fish and no legs showing. It was a tightly fitting tail; neoprene, elastane, something like that. It covered

the girl from her lower ribs downwards and fitted very tightly.

Miranda entered the display through a concealed panel. Once she was into the tightly fitting tail, she had to be carried or wheeled to enter the water. After taking her bow, she'd swim out underwater, to emerge backstage.

There was a special way of swimming with it. Once learned, the speed and elegance of the movement made it look like the tail was for real. The various girls playing the Miranda role wove their way in and out of the synchronised swimming display quite convincingly.

Of course, to teach them I had to demonstrate how to use the tail. I got really good and I have to own up to showing off sometimes. It was fun and I was never short of female company. They were like showgirls with waterproof makeup.

The owner of the show was Eddie Mazda. He was a small guy, almost as wide as he was tall, with a bad suit and an attitude which would have suited him well if the show had been a great money spinner. It didn't look as if it was, but there was always money for mew costumes and equipment.

I remember asking how we could afford so much. He tapped the side of his nose and shook his head, then put a finger over his lips. I didn't know this for quite a while but the pool and all that went with it was rented from a property company. I'd thought it was his and he let me believe it.

I guess I was naïve when I started, full of my own importance. I soon got put in my place. One day I rushed into Eddie's office bursting with plans I'd

worked out for a new show. As soon as I was in there, I knew it was a mistake.

Eddie was sitting there. Across the desk was a sharp suited guy, looking like a really successful business man. You know the type; about sixty, silver hair carefully styled, with a slim build and a suit that probably cost more than I earned in a year.

On the desk, there were bundles of cash. Obviously my eyes were drawn to this display. I'd never seen so much money. They both looked at me.

"Get out! You didn't see anything," he said softly but unmistakably threatening. "Remember what I said. I'll speak to you later."

I hesitated a moment. He stood and pushed me forcefully towards the door.

"Honey, can you look after this guy for me?" he said as I was pushed into a side room where a blonde girl sat languidly, reading a glossy magazine.

"I guess you need a drink." She looked me up and down as the door closed behind me. "Eddie's good whiskey is on the dresser. I'll get you one of the best."

She stood, almost as if she was uncoiling herself, standing slowly so that her red silk dress looked tighter and shorter. I couldn't help looking at her.

"Have you never seen a girl like me before?" she said, her voice deeper and huskier than I'd expected.

"I'm sorry," I replied, forcing myself to look away.

There was nowhere else to look as she walked across the room, opened the bottle, and poured a generous measure into a glass. She saw me watching as she took a sip from the glass and then held it out to me.

“Oh dear; I’ve left a lipstick mark there.” She smiled as she held my hand which held the glass. “I’m sure a bit of lipstick won’t harm you.”

I didn’t know how to answer as she stood so close. She was slightly taller than I was but that was probably due to her skyscraper heels. I couldn’t help but stare; her long blonde hair cascaded over her shoulders and rested over her breasts.

I couldn’t help looking at her cleavage so generously displayed by the low cut neckline. I stared too obviously and it wasn’t because the hair was an expensive dye job.

“I’m really up here.” She smiled and put a long red manicured finger under my chin. “You can look me in the eye. You’d better or I’ve wasted all Albert’s money on my makeup girl, not to mention these lash extensions.”

“I’m sorry; I didn’t mean to stare.”

“That’s all right. Albert loves it when men look at the breasts he bought for me.”

I sipped carefully. I’ve never been good with strong drink. She didn’t step back. I could smell her perfume; a heady mixture of citrus and lavender and very feminine.

I guessed she was a year or two older than I was back then.

“You’re still staring at me.” She giggled in that husky way and stepped back. “I think Albert wants to speak to you. I’ll tell him that you’re cute and not to worry if you’d like me to.”

“I don’t know why. I’ve no idea what’s going on.”

“That look in your eyes tells a different story. You’ve guessed.”

“They’re involved in some scam. This place doesn’t make that kind of money.” I hesitated. “But it’s a good way of paying in money from other sources.”

“Careless talk like that could get you into trouble.”

“Hey, I don’t want any trouble. Tell them I saw nothing and didn’t say anything.”

“He’ll tell you to keep it that way,” she replied. “Let’s pretend we’re friends. I’m Crystal, at least that’s the name he wants me to use.”

“It’s not your real name?”

“Of course it isn’t, but I’m not going to tell you what that is. I might scare you off.”

“I think Albert could scare me off.” I replied, feeling a little braver.

“Don’t worry; he doesn’t mind if I make friends, even with a boy like you.”

She turned and walked back to her seat, giving me a view of her shapely behind and the way she was using it. Her figure was perfect in that tight red dress. I knew that I could never afford a girl like this.

“You’re wondering.” She looked up at me. “I can tell by the way you’re looking and not looking.”

“I’ve never been in a situation like this before,” I mumbled. “I don’t know who Albert is, and I don’t know who you are. Are you his daughter?”

“Heck no, I’m not his daughter. I’m not anybody’s daughter.” She shook her head. “I’m his boyfriend, but he likes to pretend that I’m his wife. It’s all for show, but he likes having me as his arm candy, his plaything, as well as everything else.”

“And is that what you like?”

“Honey, if you could get a job like this, you’d be a fool not to take it.” She came to stand next to me. “What’s not to like about being a kept woman? I get the best of everything. Apart from a bit of sex whenever he feels like it, I don’t have to do much except make sure that I look this good all the time.”

She stepped back and did a twirl round.

“I *do* look good, don’t I?”

My eyes must have given away my reply.

“It’s not difficult.” She smiled, showing white even teeth behind generously shaped glossy lips. “I go to the salon whenever I like. I don’t have to worry about my hair and nails. My makeup is always perfect and in the latest fashion.”

“What if he gets tired...? I didn’t finish the sentence.

“I have a pre-nup agreement,” she replied. “Okay, I’m not a girl and we’re not married, but I insisted on a settlement before I let him have me operated on. A girl’s got to look after her future.”

Suddenly I understood why her voice didn’t match her appearance. Sure it was light and breathy, but there was an undertone. The voice was a little too husky. Apart from that, she looked perfect.

“You’re still looking at me.” She smiled as she sat opposite me again. “You’re probably wondering.”

“How did you guess?”

“It’s what happens sometimes,” she replied and reached out to take the glass from me; she sipped

and looked directly at me. “Albert’s friends know not to notice. If they wonder, they know better than to ask.”

“Does that mean you want me to ask, or you want to tell me?” I was feeling bolder.

“I’ve nothing else to do, and I’d rather talk than sit here waiting.” She looked at me again and her face relaxed. “I was the office wimp; a guy so unimportant they didn’t notice if I was missing. I was going nowhere and watching the pennies. Albert saw me and started using me to run his errands. The office gossip told me that he’d split with his wife or whoever his last boyfriend was.”

“So you made a play for him?”

“I did nothing. I was simply there. You’ve seen him; what you don’t know is that he’s really vain. The suit and the hair have to be right; the tie fastened just so. It all started when I came into his office and his manicurist was there.”

“He has a manicurist?”

“It goes with the territory.” She took another sip from the glass. “He asked if I wanted my nails done.”

“I don’t understand.”

“I think it was a challenge; he expected me to refuse but I called his bluff. It was nothing really. I got my nails filed, my cuticles trimmed, and a coat of colourless nail polish. I made a big thing of admiring them and admiring his at the same time. He seemed amused by that and gave me a tip as well as the nail technician.”

“How did that get you from there to here?”

“Nothing happened for a week or two. I did my job and made sure I let him look at my nails when I

handed him papers or anything; whenever I went into his office.”

“That’s cute.”

“I knew what he wanted,” she replied. “The office gossip wasn’t subtle.”

“So what did he want?”

“He wanted a new boyfriend; one that he could control. Heck, for the kind of money he flashed around, I’d have let him install an electronic remote control.”

“But why did you let him do all that to you?” I asked. “Unless I’m mistaken, those breasts aren’t the kind that comes off at night.”

“Don’t knock it; I like being a girl.”

She sat back in her chair and reached for her purse. She looked at her cell phone and put it back.

“I remind him if he needs to be moving,” She explained. “His lawyer’s appointment is next.”

“Does that mean you’re his personal assistant as well?”

“I’m everything these days.” She laughed. “I’m like his secretary, his carer, and his squeeze all in one.”

“His squeeze; that’s old fashioned.” I laughed.

“But you know immediately what I’m talking about.” She laughed with me. “Anyway, you want to know what happened next.”

“I confess to being fascinated.”

“When he was having his nails done the next time, he called me in, and asked me to try something. He said he was wondering if my hands could be made to look as sexy as his ex’s hands.”

“Did you know what he meant?”

“I had a good idea. I guessed he was daring me or testing me, so I agreed.” She held out her left hand for me to inspect.

“Those rings... are they real? They must have cost a fortune.” I knew I was meant to be looking at her nails, but these were too striking. “How do you manage to do anything with such long nails?”

“It’s easy when you get used to them, and I’m very used to them by now. I think I’d feel naked without having my nails done each week.” She paused. “Yes the rings are the real thing. Albert likes me to wear a wedding set all the time and he can afford the best.”

“It must have felt awkward though; going from normal nails to manicured ones.”

“I’d love to pretend it was easy, or that I knew what I was doing but I didn’t and I hadn’t. She pulled her hand from mine. “To be honest, I was shocked when I realised what the nail girl was doing to my hands, but I kept a straight face, made the right noises and pretended that I loved them. Of course, they weren’t anywhere near as long as these.”

“They weren’t the same colour surely,” I said.

“Not quite but they were very noticeable.” She smiled at the memory. “They were very red, and I wondered what on earth I’d done.”

She held out her hands and admired her nails, adjusted her rings and looked at me, waiting for me to speak. I just looked at her, waiting for her to go on.

“I knew Albert was waiting for me to protest. Maybe he wanted to hear me demand for them to be taken off. I kept my cool and smiled at him.”

“Did he react?”

“He smiled too and then I told him that the nails didn’t match my clothes. Back then I wore a plain shirt and black chinos to work. He asked what I wanted and I told him that my clothes should look as expensive as my nails.”

We were interrupted than as Eddie peered round the door and gestured for Crystal to come into his room.

“Next thing, I was being dressed for success,” she said. “I waved a not-too-fond farewell to Boy World and joined the girls.”

I wasn’t alone for long as she soon returned.

“He waited until the nail girl had packed up and left us alone, then he pounced. I don’t know if I was prepared for what came next, but I knew to keep calm and go along with everything.”

“I bet you had no idea what was going on.”

“You’re right but I sort of guessed and any path to an easier life was what I was looking for.”

“But you weren’t gay back then.”

“What makes you think I’m gay *now*?” She smiled again and then looked severe. “Just because I have the figure and some of the aspects of a girl, that doesn’t mean I have to conform to your stereotype.”

“I’m sorry.” I could feel myself blushing.

“Don’t apologise; I didn’t know what I was back then, but I knew a few things. His wasn’t the first cock I’d sucked.”

The room seemed to chill a little as I absorbed what she’d said.

“I guess I’ve shocked you.” She took my hand gently. “I didn’t have a gentle growing up and I was ready to grasp at anything. I knew I could be gay if it paid me well and this was an opportunity.”

Before she could say more, the door opened again. Albert appeared and held out his hand. Crystal smiled lovingly at him and allowed him to pull her to her feet. She picked up her purse and his arm went possessively around her as she moved to the door.

“I’ve enjoyed talking to you,” She said. “Please be here next time and we can talk some more.”

My thoughts returned to that conversation over the next few days. I knew better than to say anything, though, after Eddie’s warning.

“Now you know some things you shouldn’t know. This is really Albert’s place. We take the smell off some of his money,” he said later that day. “Don’t cross Albert if you know what’s good for you.”

“Does that mean you’re laundering his money?”

“Yes, but you don’t know that if you know what’s good for you.”

“I guessed that; he looks like he could be dangerous. I’ll make sure I know nothing,” I replied. “But his wife was really nice.”

“She’s the prettiest boy you’ll ever see.” He smiled. “Be careful; he likes boys like that. He likes watching them change, and you’re small enough. Your hair’s long enough too. You could join his collection.”

“He has a collection?”

“One is never enough for Albert.”

“Thanks for the warning, Eddie; I don’t think it’s for me.”

I returned to my job with the girls. We’d just gotten a set of new costumes and, as ever, there was a new girl and new routines to practise.

You may be wondering where all these routines came from. That’s easy; I cribbed the choreography from old Esther Williams movies, with some of the Busby Berkeley numbers from black and white backstage musicals. Oh I almost forgot. I also copied a little of the styles used by the synchronised swimming teams. None of those ever used the mermaid tail.

The latest mermaid tail came from one of my favourite manufacturers. It was a three-piece set; panties, a top and, of course, the tail itself. The set I liked best came in a light silver grey, with a hint of the scales that a real mermaid might have.

Well, they might have looked like that if they ever existed outside legends and fairy tales.

I remember the first time I tried one of the tails. It was what got me into this job. It was awkward to get on at first. It clung to my skin through its own elasticity. In the water it looked good.

On the land, I found that putting it on and off was a problem. I swam to demonstrate the moves for our current Miranda to copy but I had to stand at the side to watch. I needed to direct and constantly think up a new display.

I couldn’t judge the effect unless I could look from the audience’s position. They looked from the side as if the girls were on the stage. We had some big screens to show the overhead patterns and cameras where the pool had glass sides so that we had close-ups. Remember I said that the girls had to smile under water.

In the end, I used two arm crutches and got about as if I had only one leg. It wasn't elegant, but it worked. Miranda got into the water out of sight of the audience so it wasn't the same problem for the girls.

Of course, I only needed one piece of the set; the tail. It was amazing, once I got used to the leg movements required to give me the greatest propulsion under the water. I could dive and turn, weave in and out of the girl's legs.

Now all I had to do was train our new Miranda to do the same.

I loved the grace and speed of the turns. I could dive to the bottom of the pool and thrust myself up, leaping like a dolphin. Then there was the elegance of slower swimming, making delicate patterns in the water.

I worked and tried to forget Crystal, but she kept slipping into my mind. So did Eddie's warning.

It was in a break from a training session that Eddie came looking for me.

"Albert's here," he said nervously. "He says you're to take Crystal for lunch. We have business to discuss. Don't hurry back, it's serious business."

I dismissed the girls and hurried to change and get ready. Crystal was waiting for me when I got to the reception outside the office. She looked like a princess who liked slumming.

That's not fair. She looked like a dream girl. If I hadn't known that she wasn't for real, I think I would have been awestruck. She rose when she saw me at the door and came towards me.



I was enveloped in a hug; a cloud of perfume and blonde hair engulfed me. I remember the touch of her earring against my cheek. The rings on her fingers glittered expensively; her bangles jingled together and her nails were the deepest red against my white shirt.

She was in a dark green dress, figure hugging and low-cut enough to keep my attention. Her green stilettos matched, making her taller than me by a couple of inches. She stood back and looked at me.

“You didn’t know I was coming today.”

She held me at arm’s length and looked me up and down in my creased chinos, trainers, and my crumpled linen shirt. I hadn’t brought a jacket that day either.

“I didn’t expect to be taking you to lunch either, so we’re even.” I know it didn’t make sense but she had that effect on me.

“It’s Albert’s treat.” She took my hand. “I’ll drive and we can get out of this town.”

Her car was a pretty ordinary Audi SUV parked outside. I sat back and let her drive.

“How can you drive in those heels?”

“It’s a skill.” She smiled across the car, her perfect teeth against her generous lips. “Albert likes me to drive. He treats me like a cross between the wife he pretends I am, a chauffeur/personal assistant, and his own personal call girl.”

I didn’t know what to reply. She looked at me and let the silence last.

“If you’re wondering, then I’ll tell you,” she said deliberately. “We have sex. I have sex with him and he has sex with me; that’s both ways.”