



*Reluctant Press*

# Roberta Dee: TS Girlfriend

Roberta Angela Dee



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# **ROBERTA DEE: TS GIRL FRIEND**

**By Roberta Angela Dee**

## **DEDICATION**

The author dedicates this novella to the millions of people in the world who are actively or inactively, consciously or unconsciously, knowingly or unknowing members of the transgendered community.

## CHAPTER ONE *The Dominant Woman*

Marriage, for many people, was often a mask. My marriage was certainly that a mask, an illusion I maintained to make it appear that my life was worthwhile. In reality, my life was boring and it bored me.

I had been married to the same woman for far too long, worked at the same job for far too long, and ate the same dinners for far too long. The same applied to my clothes, the television shows I watched, the types of books I read, and the friends I knew. My entire life had been little more than a collection of things I had done for far too long.

I married Belinda because she seemed like the right girl to marry. She was somewhat boyish, but she was *acceptably* boyish. And it was fashionable for women to be a little mannish for a while. No one thought anything else about it. Women were becoming more liberated and Belinda was merely following the fashionable tastes that followed the spirit of those years.

I loved her. Not terribly, but enough.

My primary motivation for marrying Belinda was my age. I was 30 years old and felt that it was time that I lead a normal life. And Belinda was there.

She was tall, about 5-feet, 8-inches, and weighed about 135 pounds. Her waist was small, she had full hips a nice *derrière*, a nice set of melons and a thin neck. With little effort, she might have been a model.

At that time, I was still a bit shy. Belinda recognized my shyness and made a pass at me. She flattered me. Everything else just seemed to fall into place. It even turned out that Belinda wanted marriage as much as I did, perhaps, even more so. Again, not so much because she loved me, as because of the fact that I was available and convenient.

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We bought a house in Forked River, New Jersey. I continued to work for General Powers Company, as a Contracts Administrator. Belinda worked as a private nurse, mostly caring for elderly patients. It was only a part-time endeavor. Mostly, we lived on *my* income.

The first 3 years were typical. We were passionate enough and made love frequently. After our third year, however, the frequency diminished. And instead of making love five nights a week, we settled for once or twice. It seemed enough.

Our first real fight was on the evening that Belinda was putting away some of my undergarments and came across some photographs. We had been married for 6 years.

The photos were tucked away in my dresser drawer. She noticed them and when she looked at them, she was shocked. They were photos of me cross-dressed.

She had three questions: Why was I crossdressing; where were the clothes; and was I gay? I told her that I had just done it for the fun of it; that I no longer had the clothes; and that I was neither gay, nor had I ever any sexual interest in men.

The discovery troubled her for several months, but then things seemed to return to normal. We started making love again, and her affectionate demeanor seemed to return.

After our sixth year of marriage, family members finally stopped asking about children. Although we had married with the intention of having a family, we later decided that it was a better choice not to have any. Basically we reached the mutual conclusion that we were both very independent, and that neither she, nor I needed or wanted the responsibility of child care. We were content enough just as we were.

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Never, before or during our marriage, had I ever thought of Belinda as being a dominant woman. Boyish, perhaps, but certainly not dominant. I mean, she was basically the girl next door. She had been raised in a traditional family that honored traditional moral and ethical beliefs. Her Dad worked and retired at age sixty-five years and died 3 years later. Mom had raised the kids. The dog had slept in the backyard, and the kid that delivered the newspaper never managed to hit the front door. They were a normal family. She was a normal girl. It was *that* simple.

Besides, as an all-knowing American male, I understood that women were not supposed to be dominant. Domination was not a component of their genetic makeup. They were never designed, nor intended to be aggressive or assertive. They were, shall we say, passive and submissive by nature.

As testosterone made men aggressive, estrogen made women non-aggressive. It made them obedient. That's what estrogen was supposed to do: make them good wives and mothers. They were born to be nurturing and romantic, fragile and docile.

Dominant women were not real. They were nothing more than the erotic subject matter of dime store novellas, such as one might find at one of the poorly fabricated adult bookstores placed in the poorer section of any American town or city.

As a kid, and even after I had married, I read stories about women who had dominated their husbands and forced them to be maids. They appealed mostly to cross dressers. Basically, it was every cross-dresser's dream: to be forced, by a dominant woman to become a French maid and wear a frilly little costume. The woman could be his wife, his aunt, even his mother. All that was important was that a situation occur that provided the cross dresser with an escape from the social pressure of being masculine at all times.

Stories of domination were to the crossdresser, what romance novels were to many women. No one believed they were real stories about real people. They were just a form of erotic entertainment. They were merely an escape.

As far as I was concerned, the closest that any woman could come to being dominant was to be bitchy or to be a nag. Women were certainly capable of these attributes. It was almost *expected* of them.

When a woman was on the rag, when she was having her period and suffering from PMS (Post-Menstrual Syndrome), then her bitchiness could be understood. Or when a

woman grew irritable because of some emotional thing going on in her mind. It was understandable. It was, after all, a woman's nature.

Women were never expected to be emotionally strong or stable like men. They weren't capable of stable emotions. That's why they could even be bitchy for absolutely no reason at all! It was just their way of letting off steam.

Some people might have argued that my thinking was chauvinistic, but that would be unfair. My views on what it meant to be a woman were not fantasies that sprung out of my mind. They were taught to me by my Dad. And I saw the behavior he described while growing up as a child. I watched it on television and read about it in men's magazines. There was absolutely no reason for me to think any differently. Nor was there any reason for me to believe that the feminist movement was anything more than the frivolous ravings of a small group of dykes with money and political power. Most of the women that I knew personally fell into the range of behaviors that I expected of them.

My secretary was a perfect example. She brought my paper up to me from the corridor downstairs. She always made sure that my coffee was freshly brewed, always saw that my correspondences were neatly typed and spell-checked, and took care of all the events that I never had time to remember, such as my wife's birthday, our anniversary, my Mother's birthday, Valentine's Day, and so on. She did everything. And the good thing about it was that she didn't make a whole lot of money for doing it. Her salary was only a few dollars better than minimum wage. It was a perfect arrangement. And she was a perfect example of how a woman is supposed to behave.

Her name was Stephanie, and she was a totally awesome secretary and typist. Besides handling all my personal affairs, she also had some very nice curves.

I never fooled around with Stephanie, but I *did* flirt with her. And I shared dirty jokes with her, occasionally, never routinely, just when I was in the mood. And she liked it too. I mean she laughed at all of them. Never complained. Never asked me to stop. So, I just assumed that she enjoyed them as much as I did.

Every once in while I'd put my arm around her waist and then casually let my hand slip down to her backside, and like a typical woman she'd moved it away. But it was all innocent. It was not done out of any sense of disrespect. I did it simply because I enjoyed doing it. And she never complained. I mean, I never expected her to go running to management complaining about sexual harassment, like some women these days. Not Stephanie. Stephanie had a good head on her shoulders. She knew how to work in a business atmosphere and maintain a professional demeanor. She wasn't one of those radical feminists or sex starved radicals preaching women's rights for this and women's rights for that. Stephanie was a *good* woman. And I had a lot of respect for her.

My wife was quite normal too. She was an excellent homemaker, an attentive wife, a good cook, and she had a good decorative sense about her. And she was good in bed.

I'm not saying that I'd discuss politics with her, or anything technical. I doubt that she could handle abstract ideas. And I never expected her to be able to do so. She was sexy and gave good head. What more could I ask for in a woman?

She served me a good breakfast and always had supper hot and ready when I got home. She washed and pressed all my clothes, except for things she had to take to the cleaners. And she never left my clothes hanging around on the bedroom floor like some wives. She'd see dirty underwear on a chair or on the bedroom floor, and she'd pick it right up and put it in the hamper where it belonged. She was just perfect at those types of simple chores.

Aside from the crossdressing episode, things were going relatively well. But I did notice changes in her behavior. Subtle things. She'd be a few minutes late with dinner, occasionally, and sometimes she'd make my coffee a little lighter than I care to have it. Just little things. Nothing major. And I never made a big deal about it, either.

I'd mention it. But only so she would be aware of her shortcomings and work harder to be a better wife.

Overall, I was a good husband. A very good husband. I never hit her. I never yelled at her. Basically, I didn't see how she could ask to belong to a better man.

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But on our seventh wedding anniversary, everything changed. Everything changed, radically.

I had gone out to visit a friend. While there, I remembered it was our anniversary. And I expected a nice candlelight dinner when I got back home. Instead she was sitting at the kitchen table with some recent photographs she had discovered along with my female clothing: bras, slips, garters, sexy gowns, and several other items.

None of the clothes were cheap either. These were things a lot of women would envy, or might even be jealous about. Even the brands of makeup were the best money could buy: Adrienne Arpel, Estee Lauder, and Flori Roberts.

The funny thing was that she didn't seem angry. As a matter of fact she was calm to the point that it was almost scary.

She began by calmly admonishing me for spending more on female items than I had ever allowed her to spend. She said I'd have to learn to budget my female wardrobe more prudently.

Her comment completely caught me off guard. She was actually saying that I could spend money for female clothes, but that I would have to spend less. But then I figured it was not surprising that a woman would say something and not make any sense. But why did she say it at all?

The answer to my question came very quickly. She announced that she would be wearing the pants from now on and that I was going to become Roberta Dee. She added that I could no longer be her husband. I would become her girl friend and that I could have as many male companions as I wanted, and that she would have as many male companions as *she* wanted.

I told her it was true that I enjoyed crossdressing, but that I didn't have any sexual interest in men. And I certainly wasn't interested in being her girlfriend.

She replied by saying that it didn't make sense for me to spend so much on makeup, jewelry and clothes just to take photographs. Then she said, that I *dressed* like a woman because I wanted to *be* a woman, and that she was going to make sure that I learn all the rules involved with being a *real* woman.

“You're out of your freaking mind,” I said.

“Am I?” she asked very calmly.

“Damn right, you are!” I answered.

But she wouldn't budge. She told me that if I didn't go along with her plans for me, she would send copies of the photos to my employer and friends. She would file for divorce and produce the necessary evidence to prove that I had cheated her out of seven years of her life. And to top it all off, she would fake a nervous breakdown.

“When I get through with you,” she said, they'll not only garnishee most of your salary, they'll garnishee your dreams. You won't even be able to afford toilet paper!”

I told her that she was a crazy bitch, and that she had better get off her high horse and fix dinner. Then I got up and left to take a shower. When I returned, I found divorce papers on the kitchen table, along with huge manila envelopes addressed to my employer, family and friends. And I immediately realized that she was quite serious.

But how could she do this to me? What was wrong with the bitch? She had to be suffering from some form of dementia, some form of schizophrenia. Evidently, she had developed two personalities. Yes, it was the only logical explanation. My wife had developed a personality disorder. She had gone crazy, insane.

But through the entire time that we argued, she remained perfectly calm. I, however, ranted on like a lunatic.

Maybe she wasn't crazy after all. Maybe this was simply another dimension to my perception of her, or a side of her I had never seen.

## CHAPTER TWO *No More Masks*

We slept in the same bed, the night of the argument. But she wouldn't allow me to touch her. And I couldn't figure out what I could do to get out of this predicament. Nor could I fully understand why was she being such a stupid bitch.

Initially, I went to bed with the thought that a few minutes of vigorous sex would turn her around and get her back on the right track. Regrettably, sex wasn't what she wanted. All she said was, “Don't touch me. And trust me: you don't want to force it.”

I could tell in her voice that she was as serious as cancer. So, I just turned my back to her. But I couldn't sleep. I just lay there.

The next morning, there was no hot breakfast, not even coffee. The kitchen table was bare, except for the divorce papers, pre-addressed envelopes, and a plate of bacon, eggs and toast that she had prepared for herself.

And she sat, still in her robe, eating. I could barely believe she had made breakfast for herself, but not for me.



“Aren’t you going to work today?” I asked. “Do you plan to just bum around the house all day?”

“Not really,” she answered, almost cheerfully. “I’ve got to go to the post office, so I can send these packages out by registered mail. Then, I’ve got to drop by the attorneys office to sign a few documents. And after that, I’ll be going shopping for some new clothes.”

“Didn’t you just buy a uniform a few months ago?” I asked.

“Yes, but it was just a cheap one. I’ve always had to buy cheap clothes so that you could go to work wearing expensive silk and wool suits as if you were president of your own company. But that’s all going to change. Today, I’m buying some nice uniforms and some expensive dresses like the ones you have. You know, it’s just killing me that my so-called husband has a better wardrobe than I do.”

Her sarcastic remarks pissed me off big time. I had to put a stop to her crap and I had to do it right then and there. I had taken all I was going to take.

I had awakened hungry. There was no breakfast. I had had no dinner. And my dirty clothes were still on the bedroom floor where I had left them. She hadn’t even laid out my clothes for work.

“Listen, to me you goddamn bimbo,” I began with a voice as angry and as threatening as I had ever used with her. “You file for divorce and we lose this house. You send out those packages and I lose my job. And you know damn well that we can’t maintain what we have on your income alone. So, you’d better get off your freaking high horse and come back to reality by the time I get home this evening.”

Without batting an eye, she retorted, saying, “If I file for the divorce under these circumstances, the house will be mine. You’ll just be paying for it. And if I mail off these packages, you’ll be out of a job, but I’ll have my income, plus alimony, plus the opportunity to work more hours. I’ll do very well, thank you. And as for coming back to reality. I’m being as real as a heart attack. And if *you’re* not off *your* high horse by the time you leave for work this morning, your life is going to be changed very, very dramatically by this evening. And, then well see which of us is the *real* bimbo.”

She had apparently been thinking about her course of action for a long time. While I had been a loyal and faithful husband, she was busily plotting against me, viciously figuring out ways she could destroy my life.

I was scared. I could not leave the house until this matter was resolved. I could not, under any circumstances, leave the house for work and take the chance that she would mail out the pictures that showed me cross-dressed.

But what could I do? What were my choices? Was there any alternative, except to listen to her and go along with her demands? I would be a fool to ignore her and end up destroying my relationship with my family and friends.

I had worked for fifteen years to establish contacts as an administrator. They would all be useless, if her actions resulted in my termination. And what other kind of work could I do? Dig ditches?

“Okay,” I began, feeling trapped between a rock and a hard place, “lets say I go along with this pathetic little plot of yours, just for the sake of argument. What exactly are you expecting me to do?”

“I have no expectations as far as you're concerned, Michael. None whatsoever. You have two choices: either accept my offer to become my girl friend and female roommate, or reject my offer and suffer the obvious consequences.”

“But I'm your husband,” I protested. “How could I possibly be your female roommate? You're being ridiculous!”

“You're my husband as far as a piece of paper is concerned,” she answered. “Realistically, however, you have stolen seven years of my life.”

“What have I stolen from you?” I asked.

“You've stolen my dream, my lifelong hope and desire to be married to a man who could love me as his one and only woman. That's a hope every woman pursues; and it is an enormously important part of being a woman. These photographs shattered my illusion by revealing the existence of another woman. It doesn't matter that the other woman is you, nor that she is an illusion.”

“So what do you want?”

“I want payment for those seven years. And since it is clear to me that I have not had a true and faithful husband, I will accept in exchange for a husband a true and faithful girl friend.”

“And you expect me to become that girl friend?” I asked.

“That's up to you, Michael. You already know your choices. The decision is yours.”

“If I accept,” I began, “tell me how you expect to go about accomplishing this transformation.”

“First, you'll need to sign this document that transfers all property to my name and in which you agree to undergo seven years of behavioral modification. Afterwards, you will be totally free to do as you wish. Then, we can re-negotiate a property settlement.”

She showed me the document that she intended for me to sign. The sight of it made me furious.

“You stupid little bitch!” I screamed as loudly as humanly possible. “You discussed this idiotic idea with an attorney?”

“My attorney is professionally and legally obligated to keep this matter confidential,” she replied as calmly as a gentle *woman* asking a gentleman to ignite her cigarette.

“I should bash your head against a brick wall,” I yelled out in anger.

“In which case, copies of all the photographs and letters would be mailed out by my attorneys secretary,” she interjected. She then informed me that she was expected to contact her attorney each week to inform him of her well being. If she failed to call or if she reported so much as a single scratch or bruise, the whole matter would be made public.”

With this revelation, and in spite of my anger towards her, I considered the matter closed. She had me by my balls and there was absolutely nothing I could do about it. I begrudgingly agreed to her terms.

“You’ll need to sign this,” she said, as she passed the document across the kitchen table.

The contract detailed her terms that required me to transfer complete control of all financial and real estate properties to her. In addition, I was to undergo seven years of behavioral modification under her direction. There were several other minor details, but the transfer of properties and the consent to undergo behavioral modification were the most significant.

I signed the document and handed it back to her. She immediately inserted it into an envelope addressed to her attorney. Then she instructed me to have a seat while she provided me with an overview of what was to happen to me over the coming months.

According to her plan, I would continue my position with my present employer for about a year. At that time, she had estimated that my transformation would have become so pronounced as to make it impossible for me to continue working as a male. At that time, I would begin to seek new work as a female.

In addition, I would begin a diet to lose 35 pounds. At a height of 6-feet, I weighed 185 pounds. She suggested that 150 pounds was more suitable for a woman of my height and would enable me to wear most clothes off-the-rack with minor modifications.

I asked her how she determined that I should lose 35 pounds. I had always considered myself to be well-proportioned.

She explained that as a woman I could not afford to carry as much bulk and muscularity. I needed to look more delicate and fragile. She said that the ideal weight for a woman is based on her height and frame. For a woman with an average frame, the formula is 100 pounds for the first 60 inches or 5 feet, then 5 pounds for each inch above 5 feet. For me, the figure came out to be 100 pounds plus 5 times 12 pounds, or 160 pounds. She then said she added an additional 5 pounds to work on my waist and to give me a margin of error, in case I strayed off my diet for a day or two. She also added that it would be unlikely that I would ever stray, and even if I did it would be under her direction.

Then she continued on to tell me that I would begin taking female hormones. She had managed, somehow, to procure an endless supply of Premarin 2.5 mgs. And she instructed me to take one tablet each morning in her presence, and two tablets each night before bed, again in her presence. I would also shave, or through use of a depilatory, remove all manly traces of body hair and would even trim my pubic hair in a manner that would allow me to wear panties without the hairs sticking out.

Finally, I would begin treatments of behavioral modifications to change my sexual orientation from female to male. It was her intention that I develop a sexual desire to be with men rather than women. At the time, I felt that such a change in orientation was impossible. But I said nothing.

I was also informed that I would learn how to cook and would be responsible for all the domestic chores for the next seven years. And, at the conclusion of each day, she would evaluate my performance.

A good performance would be rewarded with permission for some form of pleasurable activity. Poor performance would be rewarded with a suitable amount of punishment. She would not specify what the punishment would consist of, but assured me that it would be severe.

After our discussion, I telephoned my secretary, Stephanie, and told her that I would be taking a vacation day. Although I hardly considered *this* to be a vacation.

I then went into the bathroom and began the ordeal of removing my body hair. It was an unbelievably degrading, humiliating and painful exercise. And I quickly realized that I would either master this skill in a short period of time, or bleed to death. I lost count of the number of times I had nicked both legs while trying to shave them with a razor. This was my first attempt. I had never done it before, but quickly promised myself that I would improve at least this one skill toward becoming more feminine.

The depilatory cream was helpful but did not remove all of the hairs. So, I used the razor, again, for those areas where removal was less than a total success. With the task completed, I stepped into the bedroom for Belinda's inspection.

She turned on the ceiling lamp and began inspecting every inch of my body. Then, she handed me a pair of panties and told me to put them on. I did as I was told and she checked to make sure that none of my pubic hairs stuck out beyond the edge of the crotch. A few did, but I figured it to be no big deal.

After her inspection, she ordered me to bend over.

WHACK! She had struck my bottom with the back of a huge hair brush.

"What the hell are you doing?" I screamed. I stood up but continued to feel the sting of the hair brush.

"Just bend over, you careless bitch," she ordered. "And learn to take your punishment like a woman."

I refused, but then she started to walk toward the kitchen, and I immediately knew her intentions.

"All right," I yelled out. "Ill do as you say."

I received ten more smacks. Then, she asked if I knew why I had been punished. I told her I did not.

"Because you still have hairs on your toes, as well as your hands and fingers," she said. "Now do you want to be a lady or not?" she demanded to know.

"Yes, I want to be a lady," I pleaded.

"Then you had better learn the importance we women place on the appearance of our hands and feet. You had better learn to keep them moisturized and pretty looking. Am I understood?"

"Yes, I understand."

“Say, `Yes, ma'am,” she insisted. “We women tend to address each other with respect.”

“Yes, ma'am,” I replied.

“And I also told you to trim those pubic hairs.”

“I’m sorry.”

“That’s better,” she remarked. “Since this is your first day, I was light with your punishment. Don't force me to resort to more drastic measures.”

After I corrected my errors, she handed me two tablets of Premarin and told me to take them. I did. Then, I was given a long list of household chores that would take more than an hour to complete. And on some days, the list of chores would require several hours.

I had never realized that mere housework could be so time consuming, and how I would complete all the household chores while working a full-time job seemed an impossible challenge. I didn't know how I would manage, but I certainly didn't want to go through the hair brush ordeal again.

I worked feverishly. But I was still somewhat in shock that Belinda was actually committed to carrying out her threat. Little did I realize how many more surprises were in store for me.