

Becoming Lynda



Delphinia Longstreet



A "Her Tv" Novel



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BECOMING LYNDA

By Delphinia Longstreet

ONE

“Coming, Mistress!” I called as I hurried, my spike heels clicking loudly on the parquet floor. My hips swung enticingly and why shouldn’t they? I mean, with my twenty-one inch tightly corseted waist holding me firmly erect, what other choice did they have? Not that I minded because over the months I had served my demanding Mistress, I had learned to love everything about her.

And if she liked the effect of a tight-waisted corset on her personal serving maid, that’s what she shall have!

Oh, it wasn’t always this way.

Oh, no, believe it or not, I was once a skinny, undersized runt of a male who was quite opinionated and vain about himself. Or as vain and conceited - OK, opinionated - as a male of five foot three inches and one hundred four pounds can be. But, I was much too pretty to be handsome, so I went out of my way to cultivate a mustache and sideburns to con-

ceal the “pretty” face. Except the damn hair refused to grow! All I could ever manage was a couple of stray hairs. So, I resorted to subterfuge. I used paste-ons instead and that seemed to work pretty well.

Usually.

The damned glue would loosen at the most awkward times, thereby spoiling the whole effect of virile masculinity to my utter chagrin.

Along with my shortness comes a rich head of bright, shoulder-length auburn hair, which as noted above, does not grow on any part of my body, thereby resulting in a peaches and cream-like skin from head to foot. I have high cheekbones (like a model's, I have been told many times) and shy, hazel eyes (I'm a bit myopic - but I'm much too vain to wear glasses, preferring instead contact lenses). My hands are tiny with long, slender fingers (as compared to the more “normal” sized male) and my feet are quite small at size four (male) or size six (female).

Mommy insisted I take dancing lessons when I was quite small, (I think I was four or five at most) and as a result of constant practice at the Ballet Barre, am quite flexible, able to do splits and les pointes easily. The whole thing about it was that I liked it and I persisted long after she would have let me quit.

And you might as well know it right from the start, I was dressed and raised as a little girl from the very first. How else to explain a girl's name, Lynn Anne? My parents were kind, thoughtful, loving and accepting of my quirks. I was devastated when they died shortly before high school graduation.

Anyway, as shy, retiring and submissive as I am, I somehow managed to get through high school and the local four-year business college with better-than-average grades and bolstered by this, I set out to set the world on fire.

And got shot down repeatedly.

“Don’t call us, we’ll call you,” was the excuse I most often heard, followed closely by, “Things are tough and we’re not hiring right now. Try us again in a year or so.” By now, six months had passed since graduation. Not only was winter on the immediate horizon, my savings and small inheritance from my late parents’ largesse was getting dangerously low.

Fortunately, I owned the house I lived in (inherited), but school taxes would be coming up in January and it had been a squeak in September for land taxes.

The house was rather antiquated, built in a more leisurely era, but it suited me. I liked the huge living room, the library, dining room, huge, modern kitchen, pantry, half-bath and entry hall on the first floor. Having four bedrooms on the second floor (master, two guest and a much smaller maid’s room off the master), three baths and closets galore, was my idea of opulence and refined living.

My parents had been very select in their accommodations and I luxuriated in using them.

To get by, I had registered at a local temp agency and managed to keep the wolf from the door while still on the lookout for more permanent remunerations than temp positions that usually turned out to be scut work, which the regular employees would refuse on principle. A temp could not afford to be so choosy but took what was offered and was “grateful.” I hated to be “grateful” with a passion!

But. . .

Getting on with it, in mid-December, just before the Holiday season was to begin, I secured a temp position with one of the firms that “would call me,” (except they never did) as a fill-in “gofer” while the regular employee was on an extended maternity leave.

What’s a gofer?

That's one who "goes for" what is needed at the time by whoever wants it.

But, it paid twelve dollars and seventy-five cents an hour and was a guaranteed forty hours until the regular employee returned and that was far off in the future, April or May, or thereabouts.

My future assured for the nonce, I was beginning to feel somewhat better about myself and my up-coming financial shortfall (taxes).

Unfortunately, one of my business school classmates had secured an executive trainee position at the firm and she lorded it over me every chance she got. I took one look at her and her thirty-seven inch D-cup breasts and it was obvious what had gone through the mind of her interviewer as she bragged about her coming marriage to the same man.

I had disliked Ms Polly Watson at school and I soon grew to detest her as a fellow employee of the firm! She went out of her way to belittle me, even going so far as to change my given name, Lynn, to a more feminine version, Lynda, pronounced Lyn-duh. I resented this, especially when she addressed me as such before the other employees, but no amount of asking her repeatedly to stop it had any effect on her.

I began to avoid her as much as possible and when she discovered my attempt to keep my distance, she, of course, went out of her way to seek me out for her animosity.

Soon, other employees were calling me Lynda and I resigned myself to my fate.

One day, the firm's owner, Ms Deborah Parsons, came through the office and overheard one of Polly's derogatory remarks. Saying nothing, she continued on her tour of inspection and eventually left to return to her office on the third floor. Most of the ladies were excited by this visit and were chattering happily, each convinced that it was she for whom the visit had been intended.

Later that same day, I was called to the front by the floor manager, Ms Hopkins, and informed that I had an appointment on the third floor.

“Me? Whatever for?” I stammered in disbelief.

“Miss Darwin didn’t say, she just told me to tell you to be there by three, and it’s almost that now, so you’d better scoot, Lyn-duh,” she smiled wickedly.

I almost curtseyed to the woman but caught myself in time, or so I thought until I saw the knowing gleam in her eye. “You may curtsey, Lyn-duh,” she ordered. “After all, that’s what a girl does to her superiors.”

‘Girl?’ I stared at her in shock. “But, I’m not. . .”

She cut me off with a curt, “Your appointment? At three? Git!”

Confused, I took the elevator to the third floor. I hadn’t been there since that day back in July when I had applied for an executive trainee position and had been in the Personnel Manager’s office for such a brief time.

I knocked hesitantly on the door labeled “Ms Parsons,” and at the dim response, “Come,” entered to see another woman seated behind a desk with a small name plate, Ms Joy Darwin, Executive Secretary.

She looked up in irritation. “Yes? What is it?”

“Er, I have a three o’clock appointment to see Ms Parsons,” I explained.

“Yes, she will ring when she’s ready. Have a seat.”

The only chairs were wooden chairs along one wall and they were uncomfortable after a few minutes sitting in one. ‘This must be deliberate,’ I thought resentfully.

Slowly, the clock ticked off the minutes and the longer I sat there, the more irritated I became. Finally, I could contain myself no longer.

“Er, Miss Darwin? It’s almost three forty-five and Ms Parsons indicated she wanted me here at three.”

She paused in shutting down her computer for the day and looked at me in surprise. “Who are you and how long have you been there staring at me?” she demanded querulously.

“I’m Lynn Marion. I’ve been sitting here since three o’clock,” I explained, my irritation showing quite plainly.

“Why, I thought Ms Parsons had seen you ages ago,” she smiled with her feigned apology as she pressed a button on her desk phone. “Er, Ms Parsons, Mr. Marion is still waiting to see you as you requested. I forgot all about him in the rush of finishing those last things to be done.”

She nodded as she hung up her phone. “You may go right in.” And before I could rise, she was at the elevator and gone for the day.

I knocked timidly on the door marked “President,” and at the faint, “Come,” opened the door and entered.

I was greeted by, “Ah, yes, Miss Lynda Marion is it? Please have a seat while I get rid of this irritating bastard.” She nodded at the phone in her hand. “Have some coffee. I promise, this won’t take but a moment.”

Ten minutes later, she was still laughing and cooing into her phone and I could tell that it was not business she was discussing.

“Oh, you’re terrible, Maxine! I’m going to tell Harriet what you said!” she laughed again, then, “Same to you, Dearie.” She sat up straight in her chair.

“Hey, Babe, gotta run. ‘Portant business to discuss. See ya later, Ally Gator!”

And she finally hung the damned thing up.

She sighed as she leaned back in her chair to contemplate her recent discussion with whoever and she shook her head in another long, drawn-out sigh. Then she looked up and saw me still sitting there with an empty coffee mug in my hands.

“What the. . .” she gasped. “Who. . . er, what. . .” she stammered.

I stood. “Obviously I have come at an awkward time. I shall let myself out.” I opened the door, preparing to leave.

“Shut that fucking door and sit your ass down, you impatient twat!” she hissed angrily, coming fully erect and towering over my five-foot three-inch height in her four-inch spikes atop her five-foot eleven height. “Who do you think you are, coming in here and barking at me like some junk yard dog? Why, for two cents I’d take those pants down and spank you until you begged for mercy! Now, sit down and behave like any civilized girl would.” She pointed imperiously at a hard bottom wooden chair into which I slunk guiltily.

“Now then, I have a proposition for you outside the pale. The question is, are you the right person for the job?”

“I. . . I. . . I’m not sure what you mean,” I stammered.

“Of course you don’t, blathering away like some idiot school girl. Now then, Miss Lynda,” she began.

“It’s Mister Lynn Anne Marion, Ma’am,” I corrected her timidly.

“Eh? No, I’m positive I heard Polly call you Lynda and you responded in like vein, or are my ears not hearing what I heard?” she demanded.

“Ms Watson hung that nickname on me as a joke. She’s the only one who calls me that,” I tried to explain.

She peered at me closely. Then, “Stand up.”

“Huh?”

“I said, ‘Stand up,’” she repeated. “Are you deaf too?”

Puzzled, I stood and at her hand motion, spun in a circle easily.

She nodded. “Yes, you have potential. The question is, do you want it enough?”

I had no idea what she was talking about, so said nothing in my defense and stood there like a ninny.

Out of the blue, she demanded, “How long have you been a transvestite, Miss Lynda Anne Marion?”

“Wh. . . what?” I stammered.

“I asked you how long you have been a transvestite?” she repeated. “Heavens, are you really that dense or deaf?”

“No, Ma’am, I’m not deaf and I am not a trans whatever,” I blurted, my face turning every shade of red imaginable because in my heart, I knew that was a lie. I have been addicted to wearing female clothing and pretending to be a female since my earliest memories. But, how did she know?

Before I knew what she was going to do, she had done it, stepped close and slapped my face as hard as she could. Then she backhanded me on the other side and my head rang like a church bell!



“Do not lie to me, little girl, ever. The next lie you tell me, I shall take your pants down and blister that fat ass of yours!” she threatened.

“Ms Parsons!” I gasped with indignation, “I do not have a fat ass!”

“Never argue with your boss, little girl,” she replied calmly.

“But I do not have a fat ass!” I repeated my objection.

“Keep running your mouth and it will be black and blue,” she threatened.

“Ma’am?” I gasped.

“Now, back to the main question, how long have you been a transvestite? How long have you been playing dress-up in feminine finery?”

“Oh, Ma’am, please don’t ask me that,” I whimpered, my face flaming.

“But, I do ask. No, I demand. Is that better? Does that assuage your sense of the feminine inside?”

“Oh, Ma’am, I . . . I . . . am so . . . embarrassed!” I quavered uncertainly.;

“Nonsense,” she retorted. “There are many men who dress as women and there are many women who prefer their men to be women in private. Now, I ask you again, how long have you been a transvestite?”

“Since I was a little boy,” I whispered barely loud enough to be considered speaking aloud.

“Don’t you mean since you were a little *girl*?” she corrected.

I slumped in my chair in defeat. “Yes, Ma’am,” I agreed.

“Yes, Ma’am, what?” she prompted.