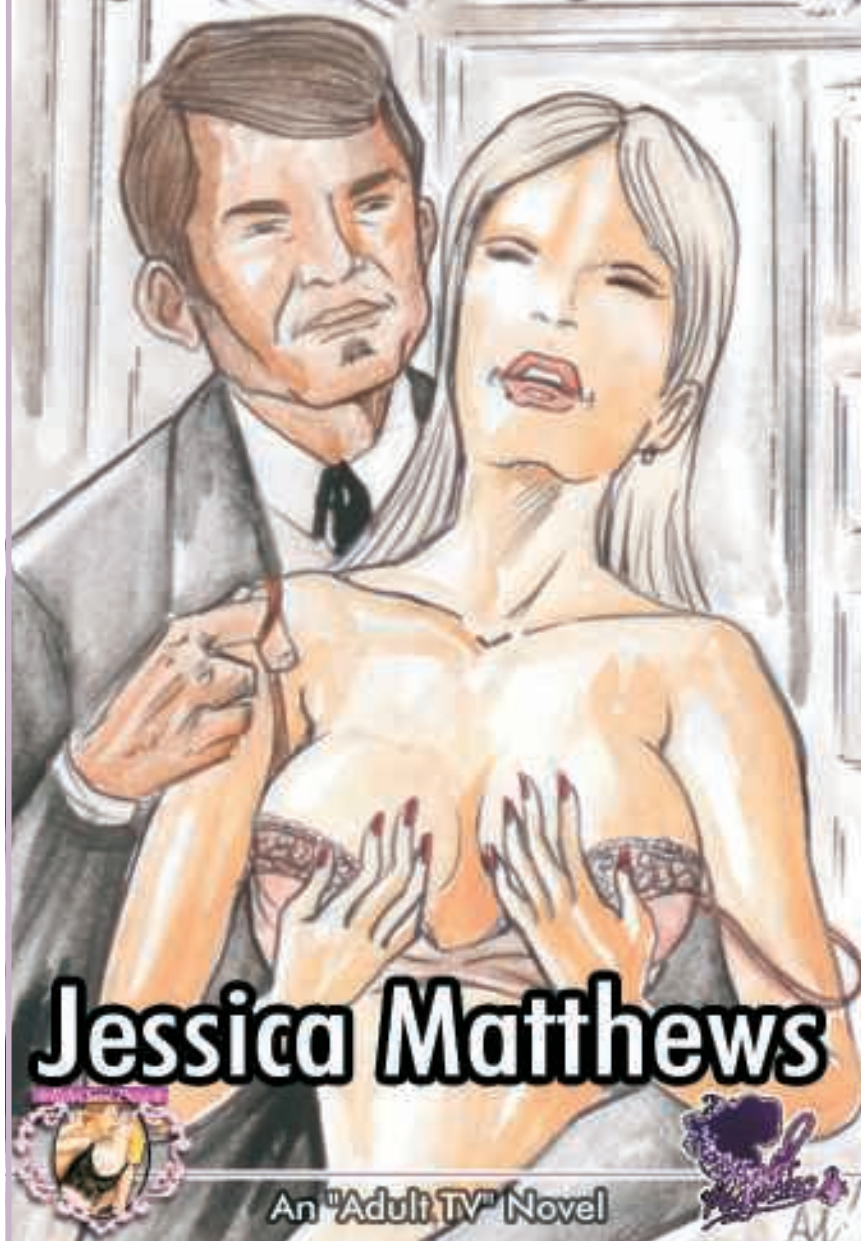


# High Kicks in High Heels



**Jessica Matthews**



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# High Kicks in High Heels

**By Jessica Matthews**

The band played as they danced across the stage, linking arms and turning as one. Lace-trimmed shoulder straps emphasised their movement as they shook to the rhythm. They danced forwards, lifting their can-can skirts; shaking the hems high over their heads.

Big earrings dangled and rings flashed. Bangles caught the light and glittered, emphasising the movement and the sheer femininity of it all. A glimpse of ruffled panties and garter belts holding up fishnet stockings was all that was allowed as the girls danced. If there was an unsightly bulge, it was only glimpsed for a brief moment.

They moved back and reformed into a line of high kicks. The line split into two sections and they turned again on their axis and came together once more. The drums rolled and then one by one they stopped the

high kicks and dropped into the splits. The audience cheered, roared and whistled.

"It was worth all the pain of ballet class to hear an audience like this." Carl gasped for breath as they high kicked their way off the stage.

"I think you're getting used to being a sex object," Matthew said, his hand casually stroking Carl's panty-clad behind as his dress caught on a protruding stool.

"Don't get any ideas," Carl retorted as they took their seats in the dressing room. "I told you that I only took this job to save for a bigger adventure."

"What bigger adventure could a girl have than to be seduced by someone as beautiful as me?" Matthew pouted. "I know you'd enjoy it if you tried."

"I'm not gay," Carl replied. "I know you wish I was, but it's not going to happen. I'm here because I'm a dancer."

"But you suit the girls roles," Matthew said. "You could make yourself a star here."

"But I'm not going to," Carl replied. "I'm leaving at the end of the week."

"You can't."

"I have to," Carl replied. "I've been dancing here as a girl for too long. I'm forgetting who I should be."

"You should always be yourself," Matthew said.

"But I'm not." Carl pulled off his false eyelashes and began to cream off his heavy stage makeup. "That's better; I do like to feel clean and fresh after the show."

"But we always have fun here. You're the life and soul of the party every time."

"I may be, but it's getting too much." Carl started his makeup again; softer and subtler this time so

that he could go and mingle with the audience as usual.

"Look at me." Carl turned to Matthew. "This is my normal look."

"You're beautiful."

"I don't mean it like that," Carl snapped back. "I look, act, and dress as a girl more than I do as myself. I'm losing sight of the real me."

"Maybe this *is* the real you." Matthew took his hand.

"I don't know." Carl shook his hand off and concentrated on his eyeliner. "Some days when I'm not working here, it's easier to stay as a girl. I put on tight jeans and a little kohl around my eyes. I dress in a feminine top and some sandals and spend the day like that. I shop, have lunch, and do it all as a girl because it's too much trouble to clean off all the makeup, tie my hair back and hide it under a cap, to pretend that I look like a normal boy again."

"But looking like a boy is so boring," Matthew said, preening again in the mirror. "You're such a pretty girl and since you went blonde, the guys all stare at you."

"I know. I got carried away and thought blondes have more fun."

"It's sometimes true." Matthew was a brunette always.

"I was dared to do it, and I did. It does make me feel a little more frivolous and flighty. I'm a terrible flirt now, which I never was before I was a blonde."

"So where's the problem? Find a rich boyfriend and the world can be yours."

"Stop it," Carl teased. "I'm not gay and I don't want to be playing with another cock."

"Who's playing?" Matthew licked his lips. "I suck and blow. If I'm lucky, it goes into me too."

"I'm not like you; how many more times do I have to say it?" Carl pretended to be angry.

"You could change," Matthew replied. "It's fun letting someone else do all the work, and they're so grateful when they come."

"Ugh, I don't know how you can stand cleaning up afterwards."

"It's the price one pays for being desired."

"Seriously though, it's easier to buy clothes to fit in with the audience and be a hostess when I'm dressed as a girl." Carl sprayed his hair as it fell to his shoulders, tucking and primping a little with his fingers to make it slightly messy.

"So what's wrong with staying as a girl all the time?" Matthew put on another coat of lip gloss and pouted into the mirror again.

"That's the problem," Carl said. "I'm too much a girl to get a girl of my own. When I meet my friends, they're mainly the people I work with. They expect me to look like this. I socialise as a girl all the time."

"So do I, darling." Matthew fluffed out his chestnut waves and adjusted his neckline a little lower.

"But you're happy having sex as a girl." Carl replied.

"Not quite as a girl, I use a different entrance." Matthew concentrated on more mascara, and turned to smile at Carl conspiratorially.

"Okay, you know what I mean," Carl smiled back, touching up his eye makeup before deciding it was perfect. "But I'm not gay. I want something else."

"But leaving can't really be the answer. What am I to do without you to keep me out of trouble?" Matthew asked.

"You enjoy getting into trouble," Carl replied. "I've never known how you can string along so many suitors at once."

"It's a skill, darling." Matthew inspected himself a final time, turned in the mirror to inspect the sides and decided he was ready. "You can't really be leaving?"

"Yes, it's all planned. I've a job on a yacht, and I'm going with her to the Mediterranean for the summer," Carl said. "I told you that's what I intended. This was only a job to fill in a few weeks."

"But you'll miss the glamour," Matthew protested. "It's getting into your blood with each show. You're getting more into being a girl with every moment here."

Carl pulled a face. "And your point is?"

"You love it all. I've never seen you without earrings and you were the one who encouraged us all to get our belly buttons pierced."

"You were all too squeamish until I made you jealous."

"I still can't believe we all did that."

"Maybe that's why I'm going." Carl ran his fingers through his stiffly lacquered hair. "It's hard work being beautiful. I want a simpler life."

"You'll miss this life Matthew said. "I know I'm going to miss you."

"I've spent more time in makeup and heels than I care to remember. It's almost as if I'm forgetting that I'm a boy. I look at dresses and hairdos. I swoon over diamonds, and I love manicures," Carl admitted. "That's why I'm going, before some guy wants to marry me."

"But think of all you've invested in becoming who you are. The laser treatment to get rid of your beard can't have been cheap, not to mention the nose job."



"It was all done on silly impulses when I had the money," Carl replied. "I didn't know who I wanted to be."

"And you do now?"

"Maybe not but I've got to try something else, or I'll be an old drag queen before I know it," Carl said.

"But I'm really going to miss you. Please don't go," Matthew begged.

"You'll get over it," Carl shrugged. "I leave in the morning. My friend Melissa has arranged a berth on a private yacht for me. I think I'm going to be at the bottom of the pecking order, but you have to start somewhere."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Scylla Four" she was called. He'd flown down to the Cote d'Azur and after a pleasant night in a small hotel, he took a bus to the port.

Carl stood to admire the sleek lines as she rode against the marina berth. He'd almost cut his hair, but then decided to dye it nearer to his natural light brown. He wasn't sure that it really covered the blonde, but he was determined to act male for a change, and tied it back in a low ponytail.

"I'll have to get used to being macho," he told himself, then remembered to put his sunglasses on in an attempt to hide his thinly arched brows.

He checked himself to make sure he was walking like a man again as he walked along the harbour.

She was a sailing yacht; the sort that the rich folk have for a weekend around the keys, or sailing through the Greek isles, and she was beautiful. You've seen the pictures. A girl in a bikini sips an exotic cocktail reclining in the sun. The rear swim deck is lowered to allow the guests to have fun in the wa-

ter. Dinner is served in the evening on the rear deck as the sun slides towards the horizon.

Now, she lay lifeless at the quayside, waiting to take to the waves and feel the salt spray in her face, riding elegantly before the wind. The slap of water against the hull as she floated stern to the marina was the only sound other than the insistent cries of the gulls circling above.

"Hey you must be Carl, you look so different. Come aboard," Melissa shouted from somewhere below. "I'm glad you found us." She came bustling from below and crossed the gangplank to hug him. "I didn't know if you'd take the offer seriously."

"I didn't know either," Carl replied. "But then, high school's over and I've a year free to wander the world. I might as well start here."

"I thought you had a job. You were in a show?"

"I was getting in a rut. It stopped being fun, and turned into a drag." Carl didn't explain the pun.

"Being my assistant steward and general hand on this yacht could be fun." Melissa took his arm and half pulled him aboard. "Don't expect to be Richard Dana and return to write *Two Years before the Mast* or anything like it when you get back. We're only sailing in the safer waters of the Mediterranean."

"I loved reading Dana," Carl replied. "How did you know?"

"Just a guess," Melissa laughed. "Your face told a story all of its own when I was telling stories about sea passages on the internet. I knew you'd be right when you said you'd be interested in working with me."

"I know it can't all be glamour and serving the paying clients," Carl said. "It must get boring when you have to watch them in San Tropez and Cannes, but the voyages between when you're taking the yacht to their destinations must be the greatest fun."

"They're certainly easier when there's no spoiled movie star waiting to be served," Melissa admitted. "But even though the crew is smaller, the paying punters still have to be fed and the boat has to be maintained ready for the next charter at any time."

"I'm not afraid of hard work," Carl replied. "I do want to sail though. One day, I'll have one of these yachts myself."

"Are you sure you can spare a gap year to sail?" Melissa asked. "You should be studying hard to get on the career ladder first."

"I have to have a break." Carl looked serious. "I need to know exactly what I'm working for." He was pleased with himself for inventing the gap year as an excuse to sail.

"I'll show you where to stow your gear, then we'll walk through the boat," Melissa told him. "There are usually four in the crew, including you, and we have to keep as separate from the guests as possible. The captain and mate do the sailing, I do the cooking and the housekeeping, and you're the steward, relief watch keeper and everything else."

"That sounds simple enough," Carl agreed.

\* \* \* \* \*

The captain came on board mid-way through the next morning. Carl soon learned to keep out of the way as fuel and fresh water were taken on board, instruments were checked and a long list of tasks were ticked off in preparation for sea.

At four in the afternoon, "Scylla" slipped her moorings and, under power of her twin engines, crossed the harbour and entered the channel to the open sea. It was a sea trial as they prepared for the first paying customers.

"Don't fall off and don't get hit by the boom when we're under sail," Captain Douglas gave the safety

briefing over the intercom. "You wear your lifebelt and lifeline when I tell you. Don't get in my way, and don't assume you know anything about the sea." It was short and sweet.

Carl wasn't as prepared as he thought he would be. "It's good sailing weather," Melissa told him. "See how the sail pulls and we seem to skim along."

"It's not so good for those of us who haven't found our sea legs." Carl reached for a bucket. "I need to lie down."

"You'll be fine tomorrow," Melissa replied. "You'll get used to the motion once we're in the open sea."

He learned later that they were under sail, tacking close to the wind, against a current pushing them laterally. It gave the deck a corkscrewing motion until the motion changed as the vessel turned to ride with the wind on the second leg of their course.

This time, the hull seemed to sing as it skimmed the waves, surging forwards with a more predictable motion. Finally, when the electric motors hummed to haul in the sails and the engines started once more, they returned to harbour and berthed as the light was fading.

Once in calmer waters, Carl felt immediately better. The sea air seemed to have given him an appetite. When Melissa's dinner was ready, Carl served his crew mates for the first time.

"What are you doing here?" Captain Douglas grabbed Carl's wrist as he placed the platter in front of him.

"I'm the steward's assistant, and deck hand," Carl stammered in shock at the rough hold. "I was hired for the season."

"You're supposed to be a girl," the Captain replied. "I asked for a girl and they said they were sending me Carla something-or-other."

"There must be some mistake," Carl replied. "I'm Carl, not Carla. It was probably a typo."

"You can't typo the wrong sex," the captain grunted angrily. "I read the papers they sent. They told me that someone was coming from a girlie show. It raised my expectations no end."

"I was in a girlie show." Carl didn't elaborate. "But there were all boys in the show. It was a nightclub revue."

"Oh, great," Captain Douglas sighed. "It's probably too late to dump you overboard now. We sail tomorrow or we'll be late for the charter."

"Surely no one will mind Carl being the steward," Melissa interrupted. "Steward, stewardess; where's the problem?"

"I mind, and it's my decision," the Captain snapped back. "He can dress up and play along. The customers expect to be mothered, and that's what we give them."

"But I really want this job," Carl stuttered, wondering what to say or do.

"It's simple." The Captain grabbed Carl's arm. "Get into a little girl suit, Carla, or get off this ship."

"I don't have a little girl suit."

"Yes you do, it's in the crew uniform locker," the Captain shouted. "Get into it now and don't let me see you improperly dressed again."

"Don't you think you're being a little harsh?" Melissa heard the shouting. "It's not his fault if the shipping line managed to select the wrong person."

"Not at all." Douglas turned to her. "I asked for a girl and Carla is either the girl I asked for or we're sailing without her." He glared at Melissa and then back at Carl. "What's it to be?"



"I'll come as Carla." Carl didn't want to miss the opportunity to sail. He saw Melissa's glance. "It's all right. No one's going to know while we're at sea."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that." Captain Douglas leered at him. "Get him below. I don't want to see you looking anything like a cabin boy for the rest of this charter."

Carl looked him in the eye, then stepped aside where Melissa was beckoning him to come away.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Carl?" Melissa knocked on the cabin door.

"It's okay, you can come in," he replied.

She slipped round the door and stopped. Sitting at the mirror was a slim girl with curves in the right places. Her hair was mousey brown, but it shone and fell to her shoulders. She was leaning into the mirror, a brush in her hand, drawing somewhere on her eyelid.

"Is that really you?"

"Who else could it be?" he said, turning to face her.

"Wow, you scrub up beautifully."

"I know." Carl replied. "I came here to get away from this."

"You'd better explain."

"I spent the last year in a drag revue," Carl sighed. "I virtually lived as a girl for most of the time. They paid us to be as authentic as possible and it was fun."

"So why leave?"

"I'm not gay," Carl said. "I was living as a girl most of the time. It was easier than changing back and

forth. I thought I'd better get out before I couldn't be a boy again."

"Why would you want to, when you can look like that?"

"That's what they said when I was leaving." Carl flicked his hair, earrings glistening in the light. "I thought I was getting in too deep and now here am, back again in drag."

"You're stunning."

"That's part of the problem," Carl admitted. "I know I look stunning. You should see me as a blonde."

"You *are* blonde."

"Not like this." Carl ran fingers through his hair. "I mean as a too-blonde type of blonde. I can vamp it up with the best."

"You've got to do that," Melissa gasped. "I'd love to see it."

"I'm not sure that I want to go there again. I'm thinking of jumping ship."

"I can believe it." Melissa took his hand. "You could get any man to pay attention and there'll be some pretty wealthy ones on board soon."

"That's another part of the problem," Carl admitted. "I know what I can do and I did it unmercifully in the club where I was paid to do it, but I never was attracted to any of them. I'm not gay."

"How can you say that?" Melissa challenged him. "If you can look so good and act so girly, why not exploit it? I don't believe you're not gay. Or not a little bit gay, whatever you say."

"That's why I had to get away." Carl said. "I was starting to feel that I wanted to do things that girls do."