

# Dragging His Heels

## Part 2



# Deena Gomersall



An "Adult TV" Novel



## **Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers**

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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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# Dragging His Heels

## Part Two

**By Deena Gomersall**

It was more a scrambled rush on Thursday morning, Candy and Craig had slept together and woke up slightly hung over after a wine fuelled night of sex. Craig still had some make up around his eyes that needed removing as he showered, brushed his teeth and prepared for his second day of work.

There were quite a lot of orders that had come through and Wendy sat and aided him in dealing with them, he was also requested to help in stocking some of the shelves and dealing with a deliver that had come in. Everyone pitched in with other jobs when there was nothing much to do.

Craig learnt that the store had been running successfully for twenty three years, he never would have believed there was such a demand for the kind of things that the shop sold. He was intrigued by some of the forms... as well as full breast plates that ranged from C right through F cup sizes there were both panties and forms that had female genitalia. Some of the cheaper ones looked just what they were...

cheap, others however were very realistic both to look at and to the touch.

He found out, also, that some of the more realistic breast forms were bought by women who'd had a single or a double mastectomy, a thing he had never even considered before.

And the day seemed to fly by, before too long Candy was picking him up again. She had changed her hair and put on heavier make-up, obviously having attended some business or other and making more of an effort... she looked fantastic.

"I thought we could grab something to eat out tonight, baby." She suggested. Craig liked the idea, eating out was always enjoyable and it would let him off the hook at having to wear female clothing that evening.

However, that was not to be, After eating a really tasty meal in an Italian restaurant, they were back home for just after eight and Candy was immediately looking for what he could change into. His pleas to give it a miss for one evening was dismissed.

"Come on Faye, I won the card game fair and square and a bet is a bet." She teased him, using the femme name, Faye Tall, she had created for him.

And Candy was crafty in how she was going about dressing Craig each evening as, each evening, she would enhance what she did and how she dressed him.

For this evening she had already selected a low-cut purple coloured tent dress that just floated around his legs. She spent more time on his makeup finding a foundation that matched his natural colour, the eye makeup was a little heavier than previously, she used a short blonde wig with long bangs swept to the side, clipped on earrings and added a diamante necklace to fill in from the low neckline.

He had black strappy sandals that left most of his foot exposed, strapped to his feet that had a slender two and a half inch heel which he found very hard to balance in as the thin straps of the sandals didn't give much support.

Again he felt foolish dressed as he was, he felt emasculated but he was most conscious of his legs, in their smooth hairless state, as the very short dress and the sandals showed a large expanse of naked flesh. Candy couldn't help caressing them and suggesting that they would soon need working on again.

"Why?" Craig asked, "I'm only doing this until Sunday and while you are away on your tour I am hoping my leg hair will grow back again, quickly." He stated.

They again shared a bottle of wine during the evening as they watched a movie together and Candy played yet another secret celebrity drag race. On this one the three male contestants comprised of a man who was clearly gay and didn't mind in the least being made over. An actor who had quite fine features and another celebrity who was large and rugged looking. Craig thought there was no way he could be made to look the least bit feminine but was astounded when he saw the end result. Candy didn't comment; she didn't need to. The masculine celebrity stated what an uplifting experience it had been.

After waking up in a rush the previous morning, they decided to use their own beds for the night, though Candy wanted a sexy good night kiss. After three love making sessions and plenty of kissing already, Craig had managed to trick his mind into just thinking Candy was a natural female and kissing her hardly raised a concern anymore.

**XxxxxX**

Candy dropped Craig off at his new place of work on Friday morning; she didn't go in with him, telling him she had a busy schedule for her day.

"I hope that you aren't planning on clothes shopping for me again, I really don't need anything." Craig questioned.

Candy smiled. She was in her day make-up and wearing a sleeveless top and flared pants, looking as gorgeous as ever... Craig still couldn't believe she was not just a naturally beautiful real woman. "No, I have

an outfitter who is doing a few repairs on costumes I'm taking with me for next week and I need to get back to the Condo to do some rehearsals, I also will have some friends dropping in who I am working on stage with." She informed him, giving him a kiss as he left the car.

He was starting to get to know the store and the people he worked with, he bid good morning to Elise, William and Donnie as he entered and to Wendy as he went into the back office.

"Good Morning Craig." Wendy greeted. "I opened up the computer and took a peek, first things. There are quite a few on-line orders in from close of store yesterday but concentrate on Bella Beaumont first, she has placed a large order that she needs sending up to Boston, ASAP, for a show she is doing up there... I'll get some coffees ordered."

Craig was still working away at the orders when he heard William and Elise talking to someone outside who had an accent and a deep feminine voice that sounded as sexy as hell.

He was surprised, shortly afterwards, when a drop dead gorgeous brunette looked into the office. She had a rich light brown skin tone and dark eyes. "Hey there, you are the newbie I just been hearing about, how you settling in?" By her complexion and voice, Craig rightfully guessed she was of Puerto Rican descent.

"I'm doing okay, thanks." He replied as he accepted a light hand greeting, her hands were soft, and her long fingers extended with long dark crimson painted nails.

"I'm Maisy Monroe, a frequent customer in here, doll. I just been hearing you are the new guy in Candy's life, I know Candy pretty well."

Just at that point Wendy came out of her own back office, having heard Maisy's distinctive voice. "Maisy, it's good to see you again. How did the show go last week?"

The two of them then got into conversation as Craig looked at Maisy's lithe figure. She had the longest, slender but shapely legs, a tiny waist that then flared out into curvy hips and butt, her glossy black

main of hair tumbled well over her shoulders in loose curls.

Maisy went back into the store with Wendy but not before turning back to Craig “Catch you later, honey.”

Craig was becoming educated enough to know that she, who was almost equally attractive as Candy, was yet another very feminine looking man and, by what he had heard Wendy saying, was another drag queen or, maybe like Candy, a female impersonator. He still couldn't quite get his head around how femininely attractive some men could be.

The rest of his work day was spent on the computer, taking orders, invoicing and adding new merchandise to the website, which Wendy showed him how to do, he didn't even realise that it had turned five thirty and Candy had still not arrived.

She actually arrived twenty minutes late, saying that she had been rehearsing back at the Condo and time had slipped away. Craig left the store saying to Wendy that he would see her on Monday.

Along the way back home Craig informed Candy about his day and that Maisy Monroe had dropped in. Candy, of course, knew Maisy, but it seemed to him that they weren't close as friends and she wasn't over interested.

“I've already put together something for you to wear tonight; I thought that maybe we can get you dressed up and then prepare a meal together.” Candy randomly suggested, as if to move on from the topic of Maisy Monroe. Craig took a sideways look at her in disapproval... was having him dress up as some trannie, all that she cared about anymore?

“Whatever.” He responded with a sigh.

However it wasn't so much about dress up that evening, as he was about to find out.

“You said to me that you couldn't quite grasp how men can create such feminine faces for themselves. I don't want to instantly transform you to your true potential babe, but I do want to slowly show you what make up can achieve.” Candy informed him.



“That’s okay, but is there any point as to why? I mean, I’m just a normal everyday guy, I don’t cross dress I’m not a drag queen.” Craig put to her. He had settled down a bit and accepted that this was his pay-back for having lost at cards.

“Because babe, I want to reveal to you how letting loose your masculinity and opening up to a different side of your persona can be all empowering. You heard what those guys on the TV programme said, how dragging up made them feel... but you won’t fully understand any of that until you experience it.”

Candy began by having Craig put on underwear, a black dress and a pair of flats. She made his face up with light make up; mascara, eye liner and a touch of beige lipstick then they sat down to eat a salad she’d prepared earlier.

Candy then removed her make up. With her pretty boy looks, shaped eyebrows and hair extensions Alex still looked attractive and feminine. Then she reapplied her make up, more extensively, as Craig watched and listened to her describing everything she did until she transformed herself into the dazzlingly beautiful female impersonator that Craig had been so captivated by.

“Okay I want you to try making your own face up for me now.” Candy encouraged, moving off the seat in front of the vanity dresser and having Craig sit down. Craig had already tried once before and the results were a complete disaster. He hadn’t realised just how much he had picked up since then, but this time around he was much more careful with the application and followed Candy’s continuous instructions.

He had been concentrating so much on each detail that he hadn’t looked at the overall affect he had created, not until Candy put a new wig atop of his head, brushed it and clipped earrings to his ears.

“So, what do you think? Faye? Last time you said you looked dreadful and like a total sissy. Do you still think that?”

The shoulder length platinum blonde wig was parted in the middle and the sides curled inwards to frame his face. With his dark lined eyes and soft col-

oured lips; although he could see himself, it was like seeing a female version of himself... he looked like a passable female... no...a pretty one.

“Wow! I look so different.” He confessed. He didn’t know how he should feel... embarrassed by looking so female like... disgusted with himself... amazed; secretly thrilled that he could look like an attractive woman? What he couldn’t deny was that it was in some weird way, a complete turn on. Whereby, he had been surprised at how he looked before, after shaving off his facial hair and wearing make up... he was now, literally, amazed, and, although he couldn’t get his head around as to why... it excited him, seeing himself as an attractive girl.

Later that night, in Candy’s bed, he made love to her as though they were two lesbian lovers... he actually pretended, subconsciously, that he was a girl, and it brought about the most explosive orgasm he’d ever had!

The following day was not a work day for him. The store did open on Saturday’s but he wasn’t required, therefore, he and Candy slept in, in her large comfortable bed, both in make up, his wig securely fastened onto his head, Candy with her extensions in, both wearing silky nightdresses and panties, Craig wearing a bra that had breast forms in the cups.

As they both stirred they made out again, kissing passionately and Craig entering Candy’s rear; he was become more used to and far more adept at making love that way.

Candy then wanted her lover up, taking off his make up, shaving... everywhere, and showering, then getting him dressed up again... this time for the full day.

Candy again did Craig’s make up, adding, this time, a different foundation and powder that made his face glow, she even got away with tweezing his eyebrows even thinner and making him look even more like an attractive girl; he didn’t complain... he was mesmerised by how he looked.

At first she dressed him in a pink topless dress and used her make up to create the illusion of his having cleavage, she allowed him to wear flat shoes until af-

ter they had eaten and did some housework but then she made him swap into a pair of three and a half stiletto heeled strappy sandals and requesting him to practice walking in them. This was difficult and, finally, Craig protested.

“There is no way I can walk in these damn, stupid heels.” He told her irritably

“Yes you can, if you try. You used to do gymnastics for which you needed to have poise and balance... just apply that to walking in the shoes.”

With both shoes on, he let go of the table he was holding onto and found his balance. The first few steps were tentative, but he soon realised that with a little care he could walk without stumbling, if somewhat ungainly.

“Heel to toe, Faye, stand straighter... when you lean forward like you are doing now you counter balance yourself. Hold your head high; remain vertical from your hips up, Point your feet in a straight line and glide smoothly, swing out from your hips... don't drag your heels like that, remember... heel to toe, you are swinging your arms too much...” Candy's instructions were relentless, his feet were hurting and she let him sit and rest after a solid hour and half of practice.

They sat down to watch some old drag race shows with snacks and a glass of wine... he was starting to get a taste for wine but still craved a cold beer.

Later in the afternoon Candy had Craig practice some more walking, this time in four inch heeled court shoes and she had him practicing sitting down lady-like and keeping a good posture. By the end of the day he was happy to get rid of the heels, dress and confines in favour of wearing a soft fleecy night robe and a pair of fluffy mule slippers with a slightly raised heel.

Craig didn't want to admit, even to himself, but he was far more receptive to what Candy was doing to him than he had originally been, he simply told himself that, after the following day, it would be over and he could just go back to being himself, and that included letting his facial hair grow back.

But there was still another day and as he woke Sunday morning Candy had a further challenge for him. After again helping him apply his make up Candy had him put on a basic light pink dress that had short off the shoulder sleeves and, as usual, ended mid thigh, she then put her dare to him.

“I want you to go take a walk out in the street, present yourself to the world.” She suggested

“Why on earth should I want to do that?” He asked.

“Because I want you to feel how liberating it is to shed off the persona you have been all of your life and present as someone else... present as the opposite sex.” She told him, “You will never understand how it feels, the excitement, the thrill, unless you experience it. You are my man; I want us to share feelings and experiences together.”

It was the last thing that Craig wanted to do, it would be gravely humiliating to him for people to see him, a man, dressed as a woman, they would know. He refused, constantly, and Candy pushed and prompted, constantly.

Although Candy was not a real female she looked like one of the most beautiful females on the planet and to have her refer to him as being ‘her man’ gave him a very warm feeling, full of pride. Eventually he began to quake.

“I’d be detected.” He told her, “People will see me and either laugh, stare or shout abusive comments.”

“No they won’t, babe. In the first instance you look extremely passable; people will hardly take a second look; they will just think you are a real woman. Secondly, this is LA, people really wouldn’t care even if they did read you; they’ve seen it all before. Let’s put it to the test and show you just how good you look.”

“I’m not wearing heels then.” Craig insisted, “I’m not ready for stumbling about on the side walk and, being six three, heels will take me to 6’6” or more, my height alone will make me stand out.”

“There’s plenty of tall women in LA, but okay I’ll get you some flat slip-on’s, but they are open toed and so you will need your nails painting... nobody in LA wears open toes without their nails painted.”

Candy wasn't too harsh on him. Once he was ready she drove him out to a main road and got out of the car to walk up and down the street herself several times, both to show him how to walk and hold his body, how much to swing his arms and the length of stride, all whilst he sat hidden in her car.

Candy was wearing a short dress with a cross over front that showed quite a lot of leg, Craig noticed she was getting more concealed attention to those than anything, but many men also glanced at her chest and her attractive face. Candy walked with a bright smile and full of confidence.

Going back to the car, Candy prompted. "Okay your turn; just do exactly like I did."

Craig's legs felt like jello and he was a bag of nerves. Candy, without being close to him, stood on his side of the street and observed and shouted comments when the street was clear. Craig's heart was in his stomach each time someone approached and then passed by, even though he was wearing a pair of shades as extra cover.

"Don't slouch; you are drawing attention to yourself. Walk with your body straight, head up, look directly forward with confidence."

The nerves started to ease after a while and he even removed the shades and popped them in the purse he was carrying for his last few laps. Rather than questioning himself as to what that may have said about his masculinity, he was secretly thrilled that nobody had seemed to notice; that they had taken him for being a real female. The experience gave him an adrenaline rush.

Back at the Condo Craig remained in his pink shift dress whilst they had lunch and he watched afternoon television whilst Candy began packing cases ready for her three weeks away. He had found there was little more on afternoon television than programmes specially designed for women such as young mothers and house wives.

Mid afternoon Candy was ready to drive into LA to go for her dance class, inviting Craig to go dressed as he was, assuring him nobody would even raise an eyebrow. Craig, however, insisted on changing into

his male clothing and washing off his make up, which delayed Candy.

There were a couple of new faces in the class from the previous week but who were regulars, one was an actress whom Craig recognised, the other was a young, tall black guy with dreadlocks who worked as a session dancer. Everyone greeted them and Ruby said how nice it was to see Craig come again.

“I know Candy is away on a mini tour from tomorrow, but please, feel part of the group and keep coming whilst she is away. You won't have much other to do on your weekend and it will keep you fit.” Ruby encouraged.

Candy again went to change into a leotard she had brought with her. This time Ruby invited Craig to join in with the class straight away rather than sitting and watching and said she had spare tee shirts shorts and soft shoes he could change into. She found items in his size and Craig sat to change with some of the other male dancers.

It wasn't until he removed his pants that he remembered that his legs were shaved and hairless. If that wasn't bad enough, when he took off his shoes to put on the soft shoes, he displayed his painted toe nails which he had totally forgotten about. Craig's face turned scarlet and he quickly tried putting on the soft shoes.

“Hey, nice colour nail polish, man,” The black guy with dreadlocks complimented.

Craig thought he was being funny but the guy was smiling in a friendly rather than a piss-taking way.

“Th...Thanks.” Craig replied coyly.

“Names Leroy, by the way.” The man introduced, offering a strong black hand in greeting. Craig shook his hand and gave his own name in return.

Craig enjoyed the dance session again and, at the end, after more persuasion, Craig promised Ruby he would return the following week on his own.

As he really thought about it for the first time, Craig realised it was going to be different and daunting without Candy for two weeks. She had been his backbone in everything he had done over a crazy ten

days since picking him up in Carson City and bringing him to LA.

Because she was going on tour the following day they picked up some take-out to have back at the Condo; Candy wanted to spend the final evening making sure she had everything that she needed.

Although they ate together Candy was eating forkfuls and then be going off to do little things before returning to the table. In the evening Craig sat alone, knowing he was going to miss her around... there wasn't even any suggestion of his dressing up... which, strangely, he missed a little.

"I was thinking you could run me to the airport tomorrow, Babe, and then driving me back on my return rather than my going to the airport by taxi or leaving my car parked there." Candy suggested. "... I have applied for the licence to be in both our names so you should be ok."

"Oh, okay." Craig responded, a little surprised, it was the first time that he'd heard that she had planned to do that. "...What about work tomorrow?"

"I'll phone Wendy, tell her you will be a little later in. You can then park the car up at the lot when you go in and use it while I'm gone. There are buses from Chino to downtown, but they are a little infrequent and a little pricey, you may as well use the car."

That came as a relief to Craig as getting to and from work had played on his mind.

That night as Craig slept alone in the guest bedroom his mind ran through how he now had a totally different life and he contemplated on just how he had got there.

**XxxxxX**

Craig and Candy drove to LAX early morning, knowing it was going to be busy; Candy let Craig drive so that he could get a feel of handling the Aston Martin. She would be flying out to Texas where she would do shows in Austin, Houston, San Antonio and

then finishing in Dallas where she would then make her return flight.

They kissed goodbye before Candy went through the gates to board her plane. Strangely, Craig had mixed feelings about the kiss... with so many people about; surely many would recognise Candy as a drag queen even though she was dressed in every day girl clothes... that would be embarrassing as they would know that he was kissing a guy in make-up... though the embarrassment of that thought was slowly diminishing. The other alternative, how many guys would see him passionately kissing goodbye to a smoking hot blonde?

“I’m going to miss you like crazy.” Candy told him affectionately, Craig told her the same. “We’ll talk every day on the phone... and I’ll text you.” He told her.

He stood and watched her disappear; he then stood until the time of her take-off and watched the plane lift into the sky. He had an almost instantaneous feeling of missing her already. He was now alone, in LA, for three weeks with nothing more to do than go to work each day in a store that supplied outfits for Drag Queens, Gays and Transvestites.

Craig parked up Candy’s car in the lot, an empty feeling encompassing him, and walked to the store where he worked and entered the main door. Just inside the shop Elise was standing talking to some Latino guy wearing a pink tank top and a baseball cap perched on his head with the peak facing backwards, he had a few days growth on his face.

“Good morning Elise.” Craig greeted and then, looking at the stranger, a more formal “Good Morning Sir.”

“Morning Craig and how are you today?” The man asked, walking forward, embracing him and patting him on the back several times.

The gesture was of someone who knew him, the man certainly knew his name, but Craig just looked inquisitively.

Elise laughed. “He doesn’t recognise you Maisy.”



“Oh, sorry Bro’ I never thought.” The man said, laughing himself. “Maisy Monroe... we met last week.”

Craig had to do a double take... the man in front of him was the dark haired Hispanic drag queen beauty he had spoken to the week before... there was hardly any resemblance... S/he was stunning whilst the person before him just looked like any Latino guy.

Craig joined in with some conversation before apologising and saying he should get to work. His head was all over the place though, he had seen Candy that once without hair and makeup... but he/she still looked like an effeminate pretty man... but Maisy just looked like a man. How can a man transform himself into such a believable woman? He had seen himself... especially Saturday, looking very much like a female... yet he could still see it was himself. The thought stayed with him for the rest of that day.

Craig’s first evening, alone in the Condo, had been eerily quiet and boring, he had even watched a couple of Rue Paul’s Drag Race programmes on Netflix on his own, trying to see for himself what drag queens did to turn a manly face into a beautiful woman’s. His evening highlight was chatting for an hour to Candy in her hotel room.

After work on Tuesday he looked at photo albums of Candy’s that were stored in her bedroom showing lots of pictures of herself with slightly different looks and hair; including brunette, photos of herself taken with other drag queens and of her on stages around the globe doing her act. There were lots of photos of her taken with famous celebrities... he was missing her. He never expected to have such feelings for a man who disguised as a woman.

Wednesday, at work, Craig was going through a mass of internet orders when Maisy came into the store again; this time as Maisy, the drag queen. She was good friends with Elise and came into the shop regularly just to chat to the assistant and to pick up odds and ends. She made a point of going into the office to say hi to Craig.

“What you doing for lunch baby doll?” She asked as it was drawing close to 1:00pm.