



Reluctant Press presents:

Impossible to Believe

Heather Berdrow



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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Impossible To Believe

By: Heather Berdrow

Part 1

“And the award for Best Actress goes to...Kathleen Kelly,” the announcer declared. The applause was deafening as Kathleen gracefully rose from her seat, and walked down the long aisle towards the stage. Her long, sequined red gown, that sported a short train, hugged her every curve. About the only thing that kept her from stepping on the hem were the four-inch red stiletto heels in a rich patent leather. The bodice of her dress stretched across her ample breasts, the waist narrowed in comparison to her widening hips, and firm round bottom, that moved from side to side in a rhythmic sway. Kathleen was a statuesque young woman at 5 feet, 11 inches tall, and she weighed a solid 130 pounds.

Her skin was tanned a golden bronze, and her hair was a mass of highlighted blonde curls that were piled high on her head. Smaller ringlet curls hung down to frame her face. Large diamond studs adorned her perfectly shaped ears, and a matching necklace lay on her chest in a stark contrast to her tan.

Kathleen placed one foot in front of the other at a practiced pace that brought her to the stage in a minute, instead of seconds. The announcer, whose name had escaped her for the moment, extended a hand, then the statue in her direction. Long opera-length satin gloves closed around its base, as she pulled it towards her. With a wide painted smile and glowing white teeth, she thanked him, then turned to the waiting audience, and the cameras that had moved in close to show even the slightest flaw, which she made quite sure there were none. Both her skin and make-up were beyond perfect to the untrained eye.

As she began to speak, the listener would hear a low, slightly husky voice, one that matched her look to a T. The words moved from her mouth very smoothly and sexily.

“Thank you all for this award and for recognizing my most recent film. I would like to accept this not for myself, but for my co-stars and the crew who made this performance so easy,” she said. After raising the statue and mouthing another ‘thank you,’ she was led from the stage, then to the media room. Most eyes, of both men and women were locked onto the swivel of her hips and the sway of her behind, as she disappeared beyond a velvet curtain.

In her early thirties, Kathleen Kelly was a top box office draw. Her last 3 films had grossed more than 200 million dollars each in box office receipts. She had worked with some of the biggest stars, most on a kissing basis, as well as the A-list directors and producers. Fan clubs had popped up from coast to coast, and from the international community, and she required a dedicated staff just to answer the fan mail. She was one of the most popular actresses in Hollywood.

After a million or so flashes of press cameras, Kathleen answered a few questions tossed her way. With a bright smile and a barely noticeable dip, Kathleen headed for her limo, then to the after party that was given by a big name studio, that she had made that much wealthier. The limo slowly came to a stop at the roped-off red carpet, and the door was opened carefully to the intensely bright lights, and the eyes contained behind the barricades. Kathleen easily exited the car and strolled, unescorted, into the massive tent. Cameras continued to catch her every move she made, walking, sitting or standing. They would most likely end up in a newspaper, magazine, or on the web. She was quite used to being under a giant microscope. The tabloids were only interested in the one shot that could document any error she might make, and earn the photographer thousands of extra dollars.

As she entered the event, Kathleen air-kissed stars, their friends, directors and producers, for all to see in a most deliberate fashion, just as she had seen others do when she was growing up. Kathleen had made canoodling into an art form after years of practice in a mirror. Once the toasts were done, several glasses of the golden, bubbly nectar were consumed; everyone then sat down to a catered meal. The restrictions placed upon Kathleen by her dress and her own rules didn’t allow for much more than a taste of the items placed before her. A few brave or drunk stars, some current and some has-beens, asked Kathleen to join them on the dance floor. She accepted two or three from those that might be able to help her career down the road.

Depending on one’s perspective, it was either very late in the evening, or very early in the morning when Kathleen finally entered the limo for the short ride to her home. She had removed her shoes, and was trying to rub the circulation back into her tired feet, and some of the pain away. The limo stopped in front of her newly-acquired home in the hills above the city. Kathleen stepped from the limo and headed for the front door, which was opened for her. Once inside, she dropped her bejeweled clutch onto a waiting table, and headed for the winding staircase and her master bedroom.

In the sanctuary of her room, Kathleen gently sat down at her dressing table. First to come off were the earrings and necklace which were returned to the lockbox in her vanity. Next were the gloves, much to her relief. She hated wearing them, but she had to admit they did have their function. She then stood and pulled the zipper down. It was hidden in the seam of her gown. Due to its weight, it fell right off in a heap at her feet. Kathleen then

bent over and grabbed the dress by its thin spaghetti straps, and hung it on the stand next to the vanity. She next carefully removed the glued-on breast lifts, one at a time. Although her breasts were still as perky as a twenty something's, she needed the support. She took a long gaze at the image reflected in the full-length mirror. "Not bad for an old gal," she thought, and giggled to herself. Kathleen stood there in just a pair of pantyhose, very expensive, but pantyhose all the same, and the briefest pair of thong panties she could find. There would be no VPL's in the tabloid photos for her.

Once they were removed, only one piece of clothing was left; it too was glued into place. Very gingerly, she lifted the edges until it finally released its death grip on her skin. She quickly headed for the bathroom. "So much to drink and nowhere to go," she thought. With the commode business completed, Kathleen slipped on a pair of nylon panties and a matching short nightgown.

She loosened her hair clips and allowed her long locks to fall onto her shoulders and down her back. For as long as she had had long hair, she always loved the tickling feeling her hair gave her on her neck; it made her shudder just a bit. She next creamed her face, removing all the make-up that had been so carefully applied. After a quick once over with the toothbrush, Kathleen pulled the covers down on her bed and slid onto the cool softness of the satin sheets.

Although it had been more than a full day, one that had began very early yesterday morning, Kathleen had difficulty getting to sleep. All of the events of the previous evening flashed through her mind. One in particular seemed to dominate, that of her view of a sexy young co-star from her most recent endeavor. Her firm body, the sheen of her lovely skin, and the fragrance of her designer perfume filled her senses. But before she could shake the image from her mind, Kathleen felt the growing wet spot on the front of her panties, which told her she still had it, thankfully. Her hand snuck down the front of her gown, then her briefs, where she found her old friend, and slowly began to stroke him to his full potential. She closed her eyes and pictured Susan in a most reveling pose. It didn't take long before she had to run to the bathroom and change her panties. But it was well worth the effort.

Kevin answered the phone on the second ring. "Good afternoon. Miss Kathleen's residence," he said, in a most feminine voice.

"Hello. This is Mr. William Foster. Is she awake yet?" the caller asked gruffly

"Yes sir, Mr. Foster. I heard her begin to move around a short time ago. Would you like me to check for you?" Kevin said.

"No. Just have her call my office at her earliest convenience," Mr. Foster replied.

Kevin could have heard the sarcasm from across a crowded room. "Yes sir, I will do just that," Kevin said but the phone line was already dead.

Kevin smiled, as he replaced the receiver. Once again, he heard Ms. Kathleen stir in her room. Cautiously, he minced his way up the stairs, very aware that his very short skirt and petticoats had a lovely bounce to them and skimmed across his smooth legs with each step. He also knew quite well that the ruffled panties he wore each day were quite visible from just about any angle. These thoughts made him blush with excitement. When he

reached the master bedroom door, Kevin gave a gentle tap with his smooth, smallish hands that sported bright pink polish on each finger.

“Yes Kevin, you may enter,” Ms. Kathleen said softly. After entering, Kevin dipped into a nice curtsy, and relayed the message from Mr. Foster. “Thank you. But I think before I take any calls, please have Thomas whip up a light snack and some coffee,” she stated.

Kevin again curtsied deeply and said, “Yes Miss. I will tell him directly.” With that, he turned and left the room, but not before Kathleen had gotten a nice view of his ruffle-covered bottom. He headed for the kitchen to tell Thomas of the Mistress’s request.

Kathleen watched Kevin leave from her seat in the sitting area of her room. She had just stepped from the bath, had dried herself, before putting lotion on her skin. It soaked right in, as the hot lights from the night before had a tendency to dry out the skin. She then slipped on a light sundress and bikini panties. As she was prone to do, Kathleen stared out her bedroom windows at the world just outside of her gated mansion. She then heard another soft knock. Thomas entered, carrying a small tray and silver coffee urn. He placed the tray onto a bedside table, before dipping into a curtsy. Thomas had a preference for longer skirts, but still wore a uniform, and a very white apron he had tied in the back with a large stylish bow.

“I fixed some of your favorite fruits and, of course, your blend of roasted coffee, Miss,” he said, not looking at the Mistress.

“Thank you, Thomas. Have you started to develop a menu for my party next week?” she queried.

“Yes, madam. It’s nearly finished. I shall order the makings a few days before the event, to assure freshness, Miss,” he answered.

“Once again, thank you. That should be all for now,” she said, as she dismissed him. He curtsied again, and left the room silently.

Kathleen sat by the pool, watching the water shimmer before her. She was lost in thought as she looked back over her life and how she had gotten to where she was now. Kathleen had been born a boy to a single mom in a small Midwest town. She had begrudgingly named him Eric. His mother had been told that she was carrying a girl, and was thrilled. She had decorated a small nursery for a girl, and had bought clothes for a girl as well. When Eric was delivered and she was told he was a boy, she was heartbroken. After bringing him home from the hospital, she was determined to have a girl, so that is how he was raised, as a girl until he was school age. His mother moved to a new city, where everyone knew them as mother and daughter.

Just before school was to start, Eric became quite ill and had to be hospitalized. During a physical examination, it was discovered that he was really a girl. The authorities were contacted, and Eric was placed into foster care. Eric didn’t see his mother until much later in life. From the time he was put into a foster family, he was brought up to be a boy. But the seeds of gender identity had already been planted. Even with his “boy plumbing,” Eric considered himself to be a girl, and tried to maintain that identity. The foster family soon had him in counseling for the gender disorder. The therapist was not sympathetic to Eric and tried very hard to get him into a more conventional lifestyle.

Internally, Eric rebelled against convention, but outwardly he consented to the change. Eric was a smart child. He knew instinctively that he would have to wait until much later in life to live as he wished. As school progressed, Eric had no desire to play sports of any type, even with the encouragement of his foster father. Eric never really filled out physically as a male. What Eric discovered, once he had reached high school, was the theater arts program. He was a natural, and quickly became a leading character in most school plays and programs. In 11th grade, just prior to the big performance, the female lead became ill. Eric was asked to fill in for the performance. It took very little prompting by the drama teacher to convince him. His parents were not consulted and had no clue that the request had been made. In preparation, Eric went all out with makeup, clothes, even mannerisms. Not only did the department of theater arts love what he had accomplished, but one of the other students had a father who was a well-known talent agent. He was in the audience for the first performance. Eric had even gone as far as giving himself the stage name of Kathleen Kelly. That was the first time the world saw Kathleen, but it wouldn't be the last.

Because of the unique look he brought to the table, Eric/Kathleen was in great demand. As an actor, he/she could play a variety of roles, from very young to someone much older. And what had begun as small parts grew into starring roles almost overnight. By the time Eric graduated from high school, he was making thousands of dollars a year; as soon as he turned 18, he was offered more and more. But the requests were for Kathleen, not Eric. At this point Eric ceased to exist; he started to live his life as Kathleen, full time.

Kathleen's roles moved from television to the big screen. The offers began to pile up in her agent's office; she would stop by to look through them at least once a week. During one visit, by chance, she came across a role that seemed tailored for her. It was an independent film, so the money wasn't great, but the exposure was. She spent several months shooting the film before coming home. Even before the film's premier, the award buzz was rampant. She garnered a nomination for her work. This would be her first time down the red carpet, but not her last.

The outfit she chose for that night quickly became the talk of the town. The gown, makeup, and hair were a throwback to the glory days of the film business. She began to receive offers for magazine covers, as well as makeup and fashion lines; a perfume company developed a fragrance just for her. Before long, Kathleen could pick and choose her parts and was rewarded quite handsomely.

It was then that she purchased the mansion that she now lived in. Initially, a more conventional staff was hired; maids, cook, chauffeur, and personal assistant. As time passed, however, Kathleen found it more and more difficult to hide her true gender. She was nearly caught with her panties down on more than a few instances. It was then that Kathleen stumbled upon the perfect solution. She had been receiving fan mail from submissive men offering her their services. In return, they would be allowed to dress the part. Kevin was the first to be interviewed. Kathleen did this personally, in as much privacy as she could muster. She knew exactly the type she wanted to work for her. Kevin would indeed be the perfect maid. He was on the small side and had a natural feminine voice. His life's dream was to become the personal maid to a woman of substance. That not only would provide employment, but would allow him to spend the rest of his life in skirts, petticoats, and heels.

Kathleen was about as far from a dominant personality as possible but with Kevin, and later Thomas, she would be able to be free about herself, without the fear of discovery and negative publicity. The wrong news report could end her career as a leading lady, and she didn't want to risk it. But by fostering the perfect pact with these two submissive men, things just might work out. Kathleen took a leap of faith and hired Kevin. She took him to a fetish shop and purchased several maids outfits for him, as well as all the trimmings. Kevin was in tears as she explained the terms of his employment and service. He nearly threw himself on the floor and kissed her shoes, he was so appreciative.

First, there would be a test for Kevin. After several weeks, Kathleen called him into her bedroom. She made up an imaginary incident. She began to act very angry and told him that she had made a mistake, and should fire him on the spot. But he had a choice. Either accept the punishment for the incident, or join the unemployment line. Kevin chose to take whatever punishment she had in mind. He was soon over her lap with his skirts and petticoats up and ruffled panties down to his knees. She began to redden his bottom but good. Unexpectedly, this also had an unexpected effect on Kathleen. She got very turned on, to the point of nearly moistening her own panties. Kathleen had outed herself, as Kevin realized what had been poking him as he was being spanked. Kevin confessed to knowing her secret, and vowed his undying love for her. He would keep her secret with him until he was in the grave. Similar circumstances occurred with Thomas as well, with nearly identical results. Kevin and Thomas had been working for Kathleen for several years now.

Kathleen had made the decision to increase the size of her staff, after asking both Kevin and Thomas for their input. She wanted at least one more maid to help Kevin, and an assistant cook to help Thomas. She then retired to her office, where she kept files on possible additions to her staff. She read quite a few letters before settling on two applicants for each position. She contacted the men and asked if they were still interested in working for her. All said yes, very emphatically. So she arranged for the interviews to begin in a couple of days. She double checked with her current employees to ask if they were still okay with adding to the staff. Besides wanting the help, they both thought that having more submissive men around might add a little spice to the house.

The first to be interviewed was a slight man by the name of David. Kathleen was immediately impressed by his small stature, natural feminine features, and very quiet demeanor. He could hardly look up into her face during the entire interview. She explained what the position was, and what type of uniform he would be required to wear. Blushing deeply, he quickly agreed to all the duties without question. Kathleen tried a slightly different approach with David. Instead of making requests, she issued orders.

Firstly, she told him to stand, which he did very quickly. She then told him to strip down to his underwear. He began to protest, but Kathleen stood up behind her desk, menacingly. He complied with her request. She then saw why he was hesitant in his reaction. Under his pants he wore bright pink, nylon panties. She could also see that there was a growing wet spot on the front of them. She returned to her chair, scooted it back, then ordered him to her lap. The blush deepened across his face as he lay down across her knees.

"I need to impress on you the hierarchy here at the manor. There are rules, and I need to know if I have your full cooperation. Not only am I the mistress of this place, as you know, I am a movie star," Kathleen said, as she brought her hand down firmly on David's

panty covered fanny. "There are, as you might guess, many secrets behind these walls. You will be expected to sign a confidentiality agreement," she continued with quick slaps to his reddening bottom. Soon he could no longer hold back the tears and began to sob openly. As soon as she heard the whimpering, Kathleen stopped the spanking and helped him onto his feet. At some point during the spanking, David had made a large mess in his panties and on her short skirt.

Kathleen stood, and in full view of a sniffing David, removed her skirt. Her true gender was very obvious, as the bulge in her panties was quite apparent. "This is one of the most closely guarded secrets of this house," she said, as she touched the front of her panties. "Knowing this, do you still wish to work here?" she asked. His tear-streaked face brightened, as he readily agreed. She had him sign papers, contracts, and agreements. He could barely hold the pen, his excitement was so great.

"For the rest of today, you will shadow Kevin and see how things are done here. Then tonight, you'll be taken to a private seamstress where you will be measured, and have uniforms made just for you." David excitedly said that she would be very proud of his work and that it was an honor to work for her. "Just to let you know, if at any time I am displeased by your appearance, or the quality of your work, I will personally handle your punishment. Is that clear?" she asked firmly. David again blushed, but acknowledged her warning, before he was allowed to leave her office, in the company of Kevin.

After he was gone, Kathleen sat back in her plush oversized chair, and considered just how things were working out. Not only was her acting career skyrocketing, but the people she had surrounded herself with were both loving and loyal. The only thing missing from her life was that personal touch of someone special. Oh, she had many dates, and never wanted for one. All she had to do was make a phone call and some of the biggest names in the business would be at her beck and call. But she always felt like she was eye candy more than anything else. Not like she was worthy of getting to know. She wanted a real friend, someone to bring home and spend hours in bed with, so the paparazzi would have something to put her in the rags with. She realized she was in her thirties, and her time to shine was gradually running out. But for now, she had other things on her mind to keep her entertained.

The next interview both shocked and surprised Kathleen. Michael was escorted into the office by Kevin, where he took a seat in front of Kathleen's massive desk. Kevin had a wide smile and it took nearly all of his self control to keep from breaking out in laughter. Compared to the rest of the staff, Michael was huge. At more than 6 feet tall, and weighing in excess of 250 pounds, he dwarfed the entire household. Kathleen, too, had to stifle a giggle as she looked upon this mild mannered giant.

The more Kathleen observed Michael, the more she realized that there was something interesting to see. He may have been large, but his mannerisms were perfectly feminine. The way he extended his hand in a greeting, the way he gently sat with his knees close together, and that he folded his hands and placed them in his lap, were all quite ladylike. "Michael, please tell me why you have applied for the cook's assistant position? Your characteristics seem just a little out of place for this location," she said.

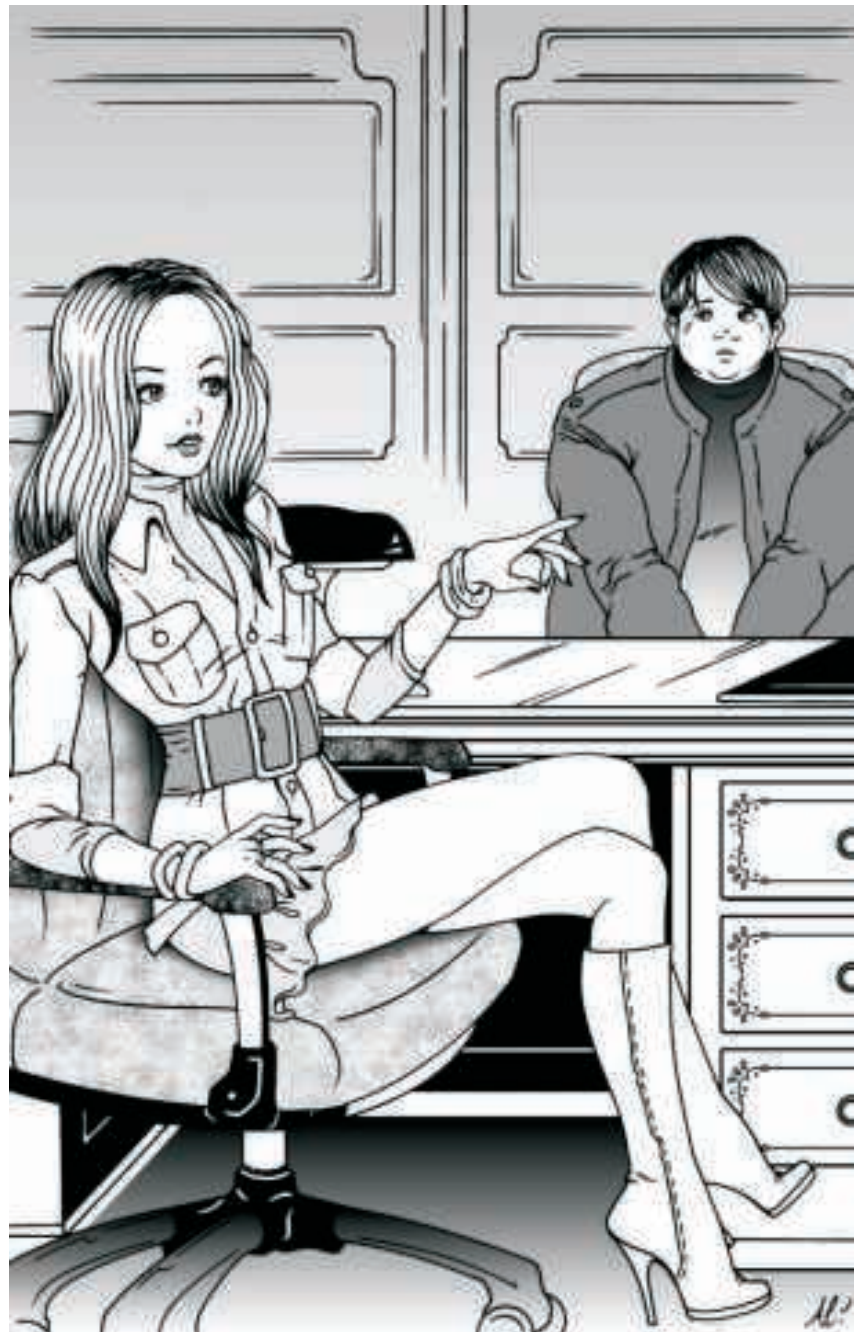
Michael cleared his throat and began to speak with a very feminine tone to his voice. "Oh Miss Kelly, I have been a big fan for so long. After I graduated from cooking school, I just knew that if the opportunity arose, I would do all I could to work for you," he replied.

Kathleen sat back and thought for a moment. "As you must have seen, all my staff dresses in a very ladylike manner. Do you think that this would be a problem for a man as large as you?" she asked.

"Not at all, madam. As you probably have already guessed, I am a submissive and I love women's fashions. I have dressed in the privacy of my home for many years, so that dressing for work would not be an issue," Michael responded.

Thoughtful once more, Kathleen turned a critical eye towards Michael, as she tried to picture him dressed like the rest of the staff. "I don't know how it would turn out, but I'll take a chance and hire you. Please stand and remove your clothes for me," Kathleen ordered. Without hesitation, Michael rose from his chair, and was down to his pretty panties which had rows of delicate lace. As with David, Kathleen let Michael know who the Mistress of the house was. He did fit over her lap, and soon he had a distinct redness and heat about his bottom. "When Thomas arrives, I would like you to go with him and show him that you know your way around a kitchen. I would also like you to make me your specialty for my evening meal tonight. Is that all clear Michael?" she asked.

"Yes Miss Kathleen, quite clear," he replied, with his cheeks tear-stained and red. But he did have a smile on his face as he replaced his shirt and pants. Thomas was



called to her office, where he collected Michael, and they both made their way to the kitchen.

For dinner that night, Michael prepared a most delicious vegetarian stew and fresh bread. Thomas told Kathleen that Michael was a wonderful cook, and would be a nice addition to the staff. Kathleen began to think. "I have a party in just a little more than a week; all my staff still has men's names, but dress as females. "I must change that," she thought. She gathered all her staff, both old and new. "I think we should come up with female names for everyone. Until I can get the names changed legally, the only time you will use your male name is when you cash a check. This way we all can get used to how to address each other. What do you all think of that solution?" she asked the group.

Thomas was the first to speak up. "I've always been partial to the name Linda. Would that be okay with you?" he asked Kathleen.

"Linda it is," she replied. Kathleen then looked to Kevin. "And for you?" she inquired.

"I like Nancy. But you could use Nan for short," he answered.

"So be it," Kathleen smiled.

Michael then raised his large hand. "I would like my female name to be Michelle," he declared.

"That's not much of a stretch from Michael, but I think that it fits you," Kathleen then said. "Well, that's three, and for you?" she asked, looking at David. He was blushing fiercely.

"I've never much thought about it, would you pick a female name for me?" he stut-tered.

"I would be honored. I think that you would make a lovely Debbie. Do you like it?" she asked. David smiled, and agreed with Kathleen.

"Okay. From now on, only use your feminine names when addressing each other and I'll work with my lawyers on something more permanent," Kathleen said before dismissing her new girls.

Part 2

Linda and Michelle had spent the better part of two days preparing the food for the upcoming party. Finger foods, snacks, dinner, and dessert were all made in advance. Kathleen was quite impressed with the amount of food that they had made. Everything was just marvelous. Nancy and Debbie also did a wonderful job. Everything was spotless, dust free, shined to perfection. The floors could rival a still lake. One could almost eat off the bathroom surfaces. Kathleen was thrilled, and planned on handing out large bonuses for all of their hard work. Her mansion had never looked so great. She had hired a landscape crew to do the outsides, which also turned out beautiful.

The morning before the party, Nancy came to Kathleen. "I am so sorry to bother you, Miss Kathleen," she said after a proper curtsy.