

# MYTHIC MISS

*By Jasmine Jeffers*



*ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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## **MYTHIC MISS**

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### **PREFACE**

A faint hint of a breeze seeped through the tall windows at the back of the classroom. Hardly enough to mitigate the humid heat of a late May afternoon as the students labored over their final exams.

The proctor and professor of the class, Gene Yonalingi, loosened his tie, unbuttoned his top button and glanced at the clock. Thirty minutes to go and he, too, was free for the summer.

The class is Introduction to Mythology. Yonalingi is known at the university as a gifted scholar and avid lecturer on the subject. A former student of Joseph Campbell, he had gone on to achieve a bachelor's degree in anthropology and a master's in Comparative Mythology.

His summer would not be entirely free since he would be working on his doctoral dissertation. He had purchased a secluded cabin near the Oregon coast the previous winter and planned on spending the summer there, thinking and writing.

Yonalingi's special interest is gender in mythology, the descriptive attributes and behaviors of each, similarities, differences, and genesis among different cultures.

He surveyed the students scribbling frantically into their blue books, trying not to stare at the gauzy blouses, thin t— shirts, and shorts of the coeds before him.

The lacy camisole of a young woman in the front row caught his eye and he felt a familiar tingle shoot through his nipples.

The professor lifted his long thick pony tail from his neck allowing the faint draft to cool the perspiring nape. Despite his medium height and slight build, his deep blue eyes, softly sculpted features, his shy smile and gentle sense of humor made him popular among his students, especially the coeds.

Occasionally he made a note of something he needed to do or to purchase. He still had two weeks to get ready but grading papers, stocking supplies, and packing would eat up the time rapidly. The entries included computer discs, typing ribbons, and here and there were some that seemed incongruous: cosmetics, hair dryer, rollers, sun hat, summery dress, nail enamel, sandals...

Finally the magic moment arrived:

"Time is up, pencils down, make sure your blue books are signed and pass them to the end of the row. I will post your grades on my office door next Friday. I have enjoyed having you as students, have a great summer!"

With sighs and some smiles, the students departed and Gene's adventure was about to begin. He had prepared for it for a long time.

Gene was planning to spend the summer dressing and living as a woman.

## Chapter One: METAMORPHOSIS

Gene could hardly wait to get home and to remove his suit. It was already 2:30 and he had a special appointment at the Isis Boutique at 7:00. It's proprietor, Christine Kama, had taken a special interest in Gene's secret passion almost two years ago.

As he settled into a floral scented bubble bath, images floated through his mind. He recalled how he had spent hours gazing at the pretty lingerie in the display window of her shop before summoning the courage to enter. One day he swallowed his fears, strolled in and casually rummaged among the racks of clothing.

Gene was ignorant of woman's sizing in those days, perplexed by “junior”, “misses” and appropriate numbers. He did know he wore tall pantyhose and 11/12 in old fashioned stockings when he could find them in thrift stores or catalogs. Surreptitiously holding a skirt up to his waist, or sleeve to his arm, his purchases were often too tight, too short, or otherwise ill fitting.

“Can I help you find anything, sir?”

He turned to see a tall 40ish woman smiling at him.

“I, oh, am looking for something for my girlfriend,” he blurted trying to calmly swing the hanger and skirt away from his waist.

A twinkle of merriment crossed her face as she followed with, “Do you both wear the same size?”

“No, oh, I mean, I don't know,” he tried to recover awkwardly, his face reddening.

Miss Kama's gentle and straight —forward manner somehow calmed him, “I have several male customers, whom, shall I say enjoy my fashions. I cater to their needs but not during regular business hours. The store closes in 15 minutes.

“If you wish my assistance, you may go back to one of the fitting rooms, and slip out of your street clothes. I will measure you then and help you select some outfits.”

A mixture of relief, excitement, and fear crossed his face. Still blushing, he replied, “Er yes, if you don't mind, this is so kind of you,…”

“Very well then, see you in 15,” with that she strode back to the front counter.

With a start he remembered he was wearing a white bra, panties, and coffee colored control top pantyhose under his clothes.

*‘What the hell,’* he thought, *‘she already knows.’* He soon stood in the booth shivering expectantly in his feminine underthings.

She had hardly batted an eye when she called him out, took his measurements, and filled out a complete size chart. Christine was a take—charge kind of person and insisted that he follow her requests and tastes carefully. She expressed distaste for the hair on his chest, arms, and legs insisting it must go if he was to be presentable as a woman.

From the start, her goal was to help him pass in public. She found his intellect, humor, and interests compatible and soon expanded her efforts to include feminine de-

partment and other training exercises on some week nights and weekends at her home.

Although nothing sexual developed between them, Christine became intimate as a big sister or mother might be, strictly supervising his “development”.

And so “Regina” was born. “She” was to be completely crossdressed whenever she appeared at Miss Kama's shop or home. Tuesday nights became “student night” when 3 or 4 other transvestites would appear at Miss Kama's as she was addressed at all times. Their uniforms would consist of white blouses, black skirts, tan stockings, and black pumps with 4” heels. They practiced sitting, walking, mannerisms, and speaking over tea and cookies. They might discuss articles in fashion magazines or play cards.

Christine soon realized Regina was a great bridge player and invited her to join the Wednesday bridge group when her former partner had to drop out. The other “real” women found Regina to be sweet and charming and helped her along.

When a fourth replacement was found, Regina still attended, but attired in a complete satin maid's uniform which Miss Kama had tailored for her. She flitted about in her stiff bouncy petticoats, in black seamed stockings, serving snack trays or hovering attentively in a nearby corner.

Regina deeply appreciated the acceptance and lessons and adored Miss Kama, and was willing to do anything for her. Miss Kama, in turn, had come to rely on Regina's efforts and soon Regina served as a weekend maid, too. She did the laundry, cleaned the house, served her dinner guests which often included men, and even helped Miss Kama bathe and dress.

So, as the reverie ended and Regina began dressing for the appointment, she thought about what summery frocks, lingerie, and shoes she may select. She brushed and styled her hair into a pageboy and applied long red fingernails. She wore a floral print knee length dress with a full slip beneath. Her pantyhose were a soft pink shade with a lace texture. Regina had purchased expensive breast forms, so she jiggled ever so slightly as she leaned over to put on her t—strap patent pumps with 5” stiletto heels.

A tight belt and silicone hip padding helped perfect her feminine figure. She opened her shoulder bag and placed her cosmetics, tissues, wallet, and change purse inside. She carried the appointment confirmation card with Miss Kama's phone number. When crossdressed, Regina carried only female identification which even included a driver's license with her photo.

Regina would never forget the Saturday when Miss Kama had her dress in her student uniform except for an especially frilly blouse, dangling earrings, and a bright scarf tied in a large bow at her throat.

She drove the nervous Regina down to the DMV office. She was instructed to go in, explain who she was and to apply for a female version of her license.

Regina was embarrassed but on her best behavior.

The lady behind the counter was courteous and managed: “Show me your prettiest smile, dearie,” and soon the ordeal was over.

Regina doused herself with a spray of Chanel No. 5, rolled some dangly gold bracelets onto her left wrist, a gold watch to her right, and fastened the clasp to a gold chain around her neck. Examining herself in the full length mirror beside her dresser, she looked every inch an attractive young woman about to go on a date.

*'It's only 6:15, plenty of time to get to the shop,'* thought Regina, glancing at her watch. *'Miss Kama would approve of me practicing in these 5" heels,'* looking down at the glistening white leather.

Her home was 3/4 mile from the boutique near the top of a hill overlooking an older elegant part of town. Regina always enjoyed walking down the long winding tree-lined boulevard. She folded a light sweater with pearl buttons over her arm, tossed the keys into her shoulder bag, and she was out the door. She focused on her walk at first, —hips swinging, upper thighs moving loosely from the hip to the knees, short steps with one heel alternately placed in front of the toes of the other foot. Her right hand soon found the hem of her dress as the late afternoon wind became gusty.

Toward the base of the hill, Regina's attention was often focused on the estate of a young woman who lived in a large English Tudor style house. From this section, she could see over the high wrought iron fence to the front driveway and entrance. The homeowner was Joy Cummings, a highly successful model and fashion designer.

As Regina made her way down the hill, she saw Joy's red Mercedes 450 SL pull into the driveway and ease to a stop in front of the house. As the driver's door opened and the trunk popped open, two maids attired in short French maid uniforms emerged from the house. Joy did not appear to acknowledge the maids. Closing the car door, she casually kicked off her shoes onto the pavement.

Regina had reached the bottom of the hill and tried to catch glimpses of the scene unfolding behind the shrubbery..

Miss Cummings was apparently quite pampered. One maid scurried to the trunk to fill her arms with shopping bags and what appeared to be several hat boxes. The other attended her mistress, stooping to pick up her shoes.

Regina thrilled as she caught a peek of the maid's voluminous petticoats and stocking tops. Miss Cummings had reached up under her skirt to slide down a thigh top stocking which was flung over her shoulder and repeated the action with the other. Each floated through the air landing in a wispy puddle on the driveway. The maid retrieved them, straightened them and strangely, placed them lengthwise between her lips.

Regina was now transfixed, standing and peering through the bushes about 15 feet from the front entrance.

Joy Cummings had unbuttoned the back and unzipped her slim knee length skirt and it slid down her legs as she stood facing the front door. The servants had reached the front steps. Abruptly the woman turned and flashed some sort of hand signal. Instantly the maids dropped to their knees, heads bowed. Joy Cummings slowly unfastened the front of her blouse and let it slide from her shoulders. Her lips moved as she issued further orders to the domestics. She was clad only in a yellow satin camisole with matching tap pants.

Suddenly she became aware she was being watched. Her head turned and she stared directly at Regina peeking through the fence.

Regina panicked. She stood up and turned quickly to resume her pace. Her strides were too long and the footing which had turned to cobblestones was much too precarious. Still she could not resist a last look. Joy had taken several steps forward glaring angrily at the onlooker. Regina didn't see the lamp post or the break in the cobblestone which caught her left heel and twisted the ankle. She did not have time to do anything but shriek as her ribs glanced off the brick retaining wall and her head bounced against the iron of the lamp post. Regina's world turned to black.



## Chapter Two: SURVIVAL

The dim light of dawn washed across a landscape already moist with the dew of night. Eyes, clouded with strands of lost dreams, fought to greet the morning with seeds of familiarity and continuity. These eyes were not the picture windows hidden behind the faded drapes of the previous evening. Something had happened to the lenses and spectral capabilities of the organs.

A distant memory of falling mingled with a growing awareness of surroundings, countless images compounded in a multiplistic pattern. Tiny dewdrops of water clinging to what looked like a dimpled knee clad in white fishnet hosiery. A honeycomb of convex crosshatching appeared to pulsate slightly.

A sensation of vertigo, of blood weighing heavily in the head. Looking down at one's legs and feet and seeing what? Many legs and feet attired in black stockings and shoes with impossibly pointed toes and stiletto heels that seem to converge to a single point. One of the ankles (or was it several?) appeared to be wrapped by the threads of the fishnet.

The pallid flesh behind the netting now became translucent taking on a cast of blue. The concept of sky thundered across the threshold along with memories of pink legs, of arms, wrists, and fingers circled with golden bands. Still, these kaleidoscopic eyes revealed black arms waving freely apparently clothed in long opera length gloves. Or maybe they were mittens but no thumbs or fingers were visible.

The awful sense of plummeting continued to hover on the edges of the new stimuli.

The gathering light continued to reach beneath the covers of ancient beds of memory filled with the emotions fear, pain, and loss. The growing network of stimuli interlocked with slowly meshing thoughts, a sentience nourished by a primitive language. A sentience knowing only that it is alive and must stay that way.

Twisting its head produced another flood of information. It's back was clad in a brilliant orange cape with black polka dots. An opposing memory of a flowery cloth could not sway the perception. The cape seemed rounded, hard, shiny like a vinyl raincoat.

*...a cape royalty would wear.. raiment fit for a queen or lady of the court. Victoria Regina.. —Regina...* The words and thoughts continued to erupt seemingly independent of the instruments of the body housing them.

*'Upside down, trapped,'* and fear resurfaced along with a shadow dimming the bright blue of the sky. A long hairy series of legs flashed across the convex vision field and a stabbing pain exploded in the abdominal region. An opening door in the distance quickly became a deep cavity of the darkest midnight ringed by jagged inverted peaks.

The fangs and maw of a spider!

Realization and crystallization of thought instantly gave way to instinct's action. The elytra of orange and black opened and began to flutter. Beneath, the diaphanous folds of a chiffon peignoir caught the air and flapped mightily against the inertia of the web's adhesion.

Closer came the darkness. The ferocity of struggle taxed the strength of the imperiled lady bug. At the last moment, with a miraculous snap, the insect broke free of its bondage and became airborne.

For a time it flew aimlessly, confused by its vision and desiring only to find shelter and sustenance. Soon it flew over a garden of bright flowers and broad leaves and curving stems.

Below, a glistening field of movement and enticing aroma lured the beetle to a soft landing on a carpet of green velvet. A sparkling cluster of insects seemed to be feeding on the carpet like a herd of cattle in a field of clover.

The graceful long legged creatures could have been ballerinas dressed in body stockings of sequins and silver dust. Their fragrance was mouth watering to the exhausted ladybug which crawled nearer for a closer look. The creatures were lost in the single minded pursuit of feeding and paid little attention. The beetle wasted no time pouncing on the nearest one. Had this been a dancer, she would now be missing her toe shoes, tight covered legs, and most of her tutu. The second bite consumed her entirely. Some of the slow moving creatures crawled away but those that remained seemed impervious to pain and accepted their role as food just as the leaf became the aphid.

The lady bug soon felt a heaviness in its lower abdomen and it crawled beneath the carpeted plateau. A tube extended from its bottom and deposited a jelly like mass of bright yellow eggs on the surface near the food supply which had replenished its strength. It returned to the sunwarmed plain where it rested. Death had been avoided, sustenance found, the next generation was to be.

When the shiny rounded red shaft appeared suddenly before the ladybug, curiosity impelled it to climb up onto the glistening surface. Instantly it was transported through the skies, a blur of blue and green rushed past. The rounded point of the shaft came to rest against a brownish conical mound. The beetle crawled to a new perch, the steep sides fell off sharply to a white sloping plateau which quivered gently in rhythmic motion. Suddenly a wind that seemed to emanate from a distant red rose rushed around the precipice.

The upward movement and swirling breeze spurred the reemergence of memory that had begun in the web. The shape below was connected somehow to the pink legs and arms of a forgotten creature. A great quivering orb that ended in just such a protuberance. Nectar spurting from an opening at the tip into an object like the rose in the distance. Consciousness completely alien to the ladybug coalesced, dissolved and reformed to hover in a realm of prescience.

The friction of the beetle's egg tube against the steep sides of the perch caused a new matrix to form. An ancient mother possessed these objects. A goddess whose milky orbs bestowed sustenance to the newborn of her universe. As the beetle descended to the soft white plains below it encountered the flat red shaft. Again it climbed aboard for the safety of relative camouflage.

Again it was lifted through air and sky and found itself next to the mysterious rose like petals that generated the winds of its world. Only it was two curving surfaces with a deep fissure between them. It began to explore the upper surface following the edges

upward to where they dipped slightly. Directly above was an overhanging monolith with two dark caves at the lower end. These opening were instinctively threatening to the insect and its six tiny legs hurried its tickly pace across the ruby rounded surface.

Suddenly the footing and shape moved with a cataclysmic motion, stretching and curving upward. A loud high vibration emitted from the crevice below and the ladybug slipped toward the opening. Regaining its balance, its vision glimpsed something unmistakably similar to the spider's fangs. White, squared off but the opening darkness behind instantly triggered the flight response. With no bonds holding it, the ladybug lifted its bright elytra, fluffed its gossamer rear wings and flew for its life.