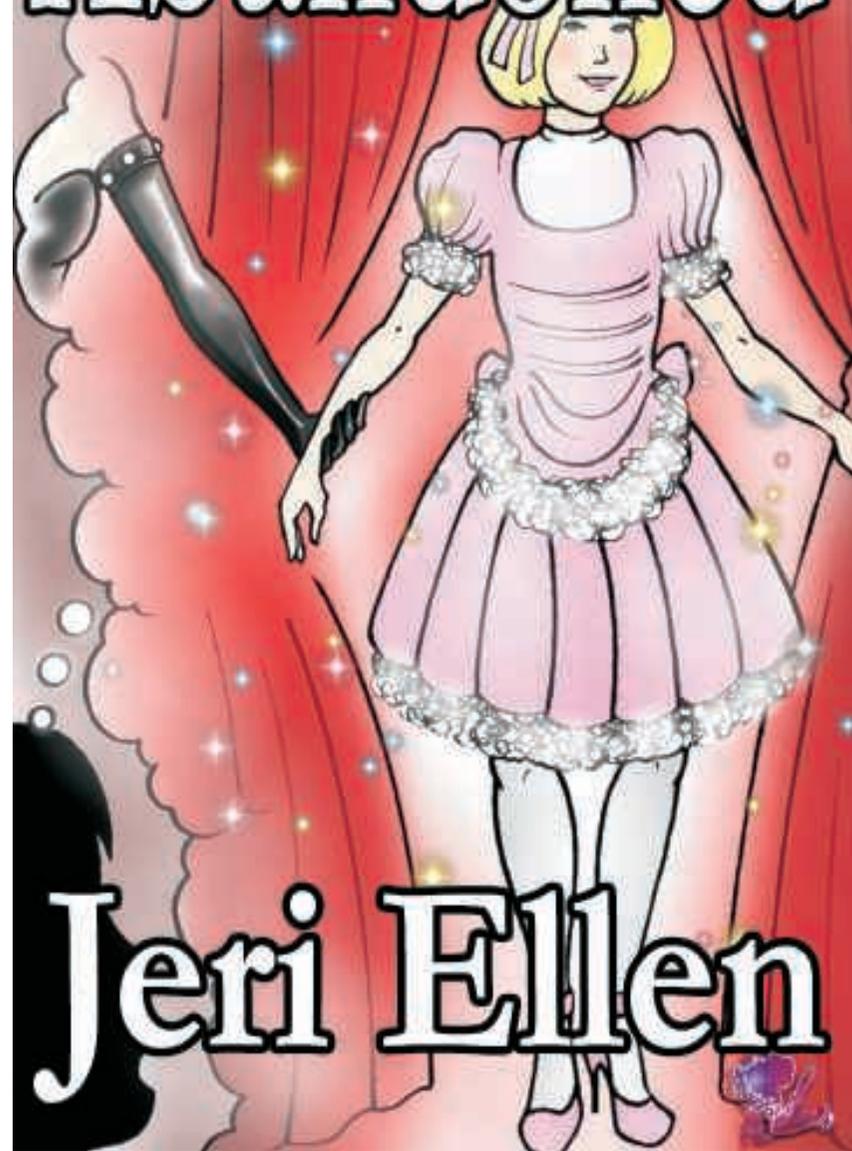


Abandoned



Jeri Ellen



Copyright © 2017

Published by Mags, Inc
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Mags, Inc.
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

www.magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net,
reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call
800-359-2116 to get started.**

ABANDONED

By Jeri Ellen

My dad managed a hardware store and my mom was a phys-ed teacher at the local high school. We lived in a small town northwest of the Twin Cities Metro area. It was about an average middle class upbringing as you could get, except for one little fact.

From the time I was first aware of my being I knew something was wrong. I couldn't put my finger on it exactly but I knew I didn't belong in the boys clothes that my parents had dressed me in.

I know that sounds crazy or weird but it was true. I was simply in the wrong body. I knew I was a girl and should be wearing girls' clothes. I wanted a doll for Xmas and instead got a toy M-16 assault rifle. I shuddered at the thought of shooting at somebody let alone killing them.

2 Jeri Ellen

My dad was an army vet who had served in the Iraq invasion. Though he was in a supply unit and not in combat he had seen the effects of war close up. As a young child I was taught the importance of guns and how they kept this country free.

His job left little time to spend with me. Most of his free time was spent fishing with his buddies. I never expressed an interest but like my mom I preferred the game of golf. Maybe it was because I felt better in her company rather than my in my dad's with his loud and rowdy friends.

It wasn't long before even at a very young age I became pretty good at it. I practiced diligently every chance I could. In addition I studied the DVD's of the courses mom played and soon knew the courses and especially the greens like the back of my hand.

As I got better and my scores improved the instructor told my mom "He is a natural, maybe even the next Tiger Woods." That gave me the confidence to continue to push myself.

In school I made good grades. I got along well with the other students. On the outside I appeared to be a happy kid just like all the others. Nothing could have been further from the truth.

Unfortunately deep down inside I still had that nagging feeling that I didn't belong in the body I had been given. I wanted to dress and act like the girls.

The dress code was casual at my school as most others. As a result, except for a few, the girls wore jeans just like the boys. I wanted to wear a dress or denim skirt like those few. In addition I wished I could wear pink nail polish like some of them did. That of course was a no-no to say the least.

As I grew older things didn't get better for me as far as those feelings were concerned. My golf scores improved to the point where the coach of the high school freshman team talked to my mother even though I was several years away from trying out for the team.

I found solace in the internet sites that sold wedding, prom and cocktail dresses. The lingerie sites were also among my favorites. I enjoyed closing my eyes and imaging myself parading down the runway in those beautiful gowns, high heel shoes with my hair and make up perfectly done as well.

Occasionally at night I would have a dream of being able to go to the women's department store after hours and try on all the dresses and high heel shoes to my hearts' content only to wake up and find I was still a male who wore men's briefs and not a girl who wore pink panties.

After gym class one afternoon I overheard one of the older kids say the word's "transvestite sissy" in reference to one of the boys in his class that had committed suicide the previous summer.

That night I googled that expression and found numerous websites that pictured men in either French Maid or sissy dresses. They also wore makeup, wigs and high heel shoes. In addition I found websites that sold those products to men. I was astounded to say the least.

I imagined myself wearing a pink bra, pink panties and a pink garter belt holding up pink seamed stock-

4 Jeri Ellen

ings. The pink satin puff sleeve mini “sissy dress” was flared out with several pink petticoats.

At the top of my blond wig was a large pink satin sissy bow and on my feet I wore pink leather stiletto heel pumps. In addition I wore pink blusher on my cheeks that matched my pink nails and of course a thick layer of creamy pink lipstick.

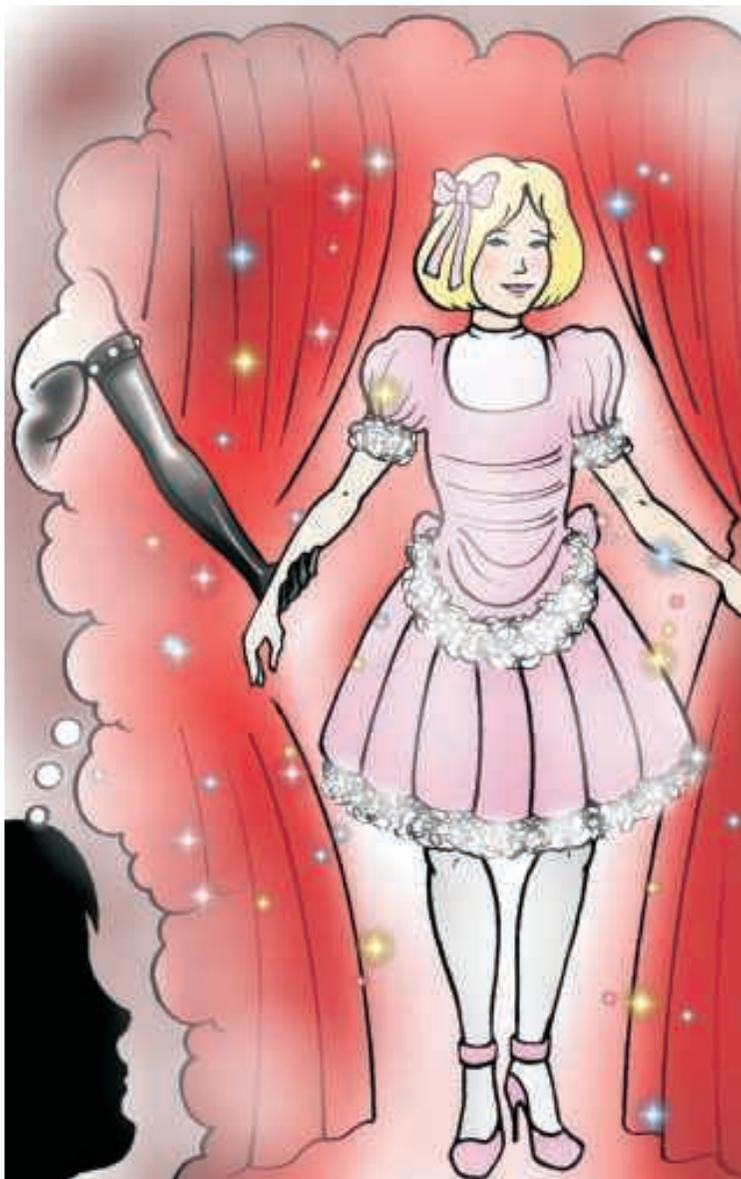
I would be the perfect sissy boy as I minced effeminately and coquettishly on the arm of a black leather clad woman who enjoyed showing me off to her other dominant friends. They all loved to see how feminine I was.

They burst into laughter as my master grabbed the hem of my mini dress and petticoats and yanked them up so everyone could see my pink panties with four rows of white ruffles along the back. I wasn’t embarrassed at all as I was enjoying being encased in all those pink very feminine things.

My French Maid fantasies were very similar. In this one I was dressed in black satin lingerie, a black satin mini dress, white petticoats, fishnet stockings and black leather stiletto heel pumps. Atop my black wig was a white satin maid’s cap to match my white ruffled apron, wristlets and choker. I had bright red nails to match my cherry red lipstick and blusher.

It was hard to come back down to earth when I could derive so much pleasure with those fantasies in my mind. But for now that’s all they were, just fantasies in my mind with no hope of them ever coming true.

With no money or credit cards I couldn’t buy any of the clothes or shoes. If I did where would I find a woman or girlfriend who would be understanding



6 Jeri Ellen

enough to let me indulge my fantasies in her home or apartment. That was just another fantasy that would probably go unfulfilled.

Even if I could, like Cinderella, eventually everything would have to come off and I would have to return to my frustrating male existence. It seemed I was going to be forever living in one existence while fantasizing about living in another.

I had no doubt that the frustration of vacillating back and forth could drive some men over the edge and do something irrational. Just like the boy who had killed himself. I certainly didn't want that to happen to me. I knew I had to find a solution or maybe I would go crazy too.

In addition to the cross dresser sites I also found some informational sites that dealt with men and women who wanted to change their sex. There were many clinics with professional therapists who worked with what they called "transgender" people.

There were some striking photographs of those who had completed transitioning and were now working and living their lives 100% in their new chosen gender. They had "crossed over" so to speak

This transition had made them a "whole person" in the sense that now their biology and gender or emotions were the same enabling them to live what they saw as a normal life.

I wanted that "normal life" for myself as well. Just how I was going to be able to go about getting it was another matter. For the time being I was just stuck or

maybe imprisoned would be a better word, in the wrong body.

At home I had no idea that there had been problems between my mom and dad. The divorce came as quite a shock. It was one of those things that I didn't see coming as they say.

My dad moved out and I made the decision to stay with mom. She would be getting child support of course. I said nothing during the separation or after everything was finalized. I wanted to stay on good terms with both of them.

It wasn't like he had totally abandoned us. If he wasn't happy then I guess he felt it was the right thing to do. Apparently there was nothing either one of them could do to salvage the marriage so an amicable split was the only solution and of course I had to accept it.

A month after everything was settled I overheard my mother's conversation with a friend as they sat at the kitchen table sipping coffee. She thought I was still in the basement practicing my golf swing.

"I didn't want to have a child but I thought it would save the marriage, you know, bring us closer together. Now I am sorry I did. I thought about an abortion but went through with the birth anyway."

I stopped short at the top of the basement stairs. Those words really hit me like a ton of bricks. I had never been wanted by either of them. I suddenly felt very alone, almost as if there was no one else in the world but me.

It was the second time I felt "unwanted" so to speak. First there was the divorce and now this sud-

den revelation that I had been an unplanned child who had been used as a pawn to keep a marriage intact. It was a hell of a lot for a kid to come to grips with.

It was not like dad had run out on us or that either one of them had totally abandoned me. I still maintained a good relationship with my dad though I saw much less of him now.

With my heart beating fast I went up the stairs and down the hall to my bedroom. I closed the door and turned on my laptop. I visited some of my favorite web sites and then shut it off. I lay on the bed for a while thinking about the life that was ahead of me and what I was going to do.

Of course I never said anything to my mom about overhearing her conversation. I tried to put it out of my head but it was something that I knew would always be there no matter how far back in my subconscious I put it.

My life continued though I never looked at my mom or dad the same way again. It was almost as if they were two strangers who were going to be responsible for me, at least until I was eighteen. I wasn't lonely in some sense of the word but the feeling of being alone really never left me.

At sixteen I passed my drivers test. I rode the bus to school and to the mall where dad managed the hardware store.

Dad hired me to do stock work in the store on weekends and a few nights after school. I was able to put most of the money in a savings account for a car.

I would have preferred to work in the large women's department store next to the hardware store where I could sell makeup, shoes or wigs. My discount could easily supply me with the feminine things I would need.

Once again my only solace and the one thing that kept me going was the time I spent looking at those websites. My dedication to my golf game was a big help as well. They kept me sane at least for the time being so I would not be pre-occupied with my desire change my sex.

My golf game continued to improve and I was looking forward to the competition I would face when I started high school the next year. It was a good outlet for my frustrations though the solution to my conundrum, as one transgender male put it, was still pretty far in the distance.

I was never an undisciplined or unruly child. My parents had always taught me right from wrong. But sometimes things happen. People, kids especially, sometimes make bad choices and I guess I was no different.

It seemed pretty harmless at the outset. I joined a couple of friends at a nearby park. We drank some illegal beer and had a couple of drags off a joint. The accident that followed wasn't serious. Nobody in the car I was riding in got hurt but the couple in the other car sustained some minor injuries.

We all appeared before a judge. The driver was fined and had his license suspended for six months. The rest of us got a stern warning and had to report to the morgue the next weekend for some "additional instruction."

Obviously my mom and dad were disappointed in me. I expected to be grounded for a while but I wasn't. The only thing was to report to the morgue the following Saturday and endure whatever the court system had planned as "additional instruction."

That Saturday I and my friends reported to the morgue promptly at ten am. It was in the basement of the local hospital. A police detective met us there along with an attendant. My friends and I weren't sure what was going to happen there but if it took place in the morgue it probably wouldn't be very pleasant.

The detective began by lecturing us on the importance of obeying the law. He opened one of the drawers and showed us the body of a teen aged boy who had been shot during a drug deal.

When the detective pulled back the sheet that had covered the body the boy looked like he was asleep. There was a small hole surrounded by a dark stain on the front of his shirt where the bullet had hit him.

It wasn't as creepy an experience as I had thought it might be but it had served its' purpose. I guess it was better to see a dead person our own age than someone much older with whom we wouldn't have much in common.

Another attendant burst into the room. We turned to look at him along with the detective who had a perturbed look on his face.

"A guy from the sporting goods store called again wanting to know if they could get their bowling ball back,"

The detective clenched his jaws as he answered.

“Tell him the deceased’s daughter is on her way from Milwaukee. Until she gets here, claims the bodies and their effects it stays here.”

The attendant nodded then turned around and left the morgue.

“May I ask what all that was about?” I said.

The detective thought a minute and then shrugged.

“A local couple who liked to bowl entered a drawing sponsored by a company in Mexico that manufactured bowling balls. They could win a free weekend trip to Mexico all expenses paid to try out the company’s new line of bowling balls. They fly down Friday night. All day Saturday and Sunday they get free bowling.”

“When they return they fill out a customer survey form and then turn that and the ball in at the local store. On the way back from the airport this couple was t-boned at an intersection by a drunk driver. They were both killed.”

A thought suddenly hit me. I remembered when I was much younger my parents had taken me to an Easter egg hunt in the local park.

When we got home I got another basket. There were two plastic eggs. When you gave the plastic eggs a half turn they opened to reveal a half a dozen small chocolate eggs wrapped in foil.

“Could I see the ball please,” I asked.

The detective had a puzzled look on his face and then nodded his assent to the attendant who was with us. I was glad that they were going to humor me.