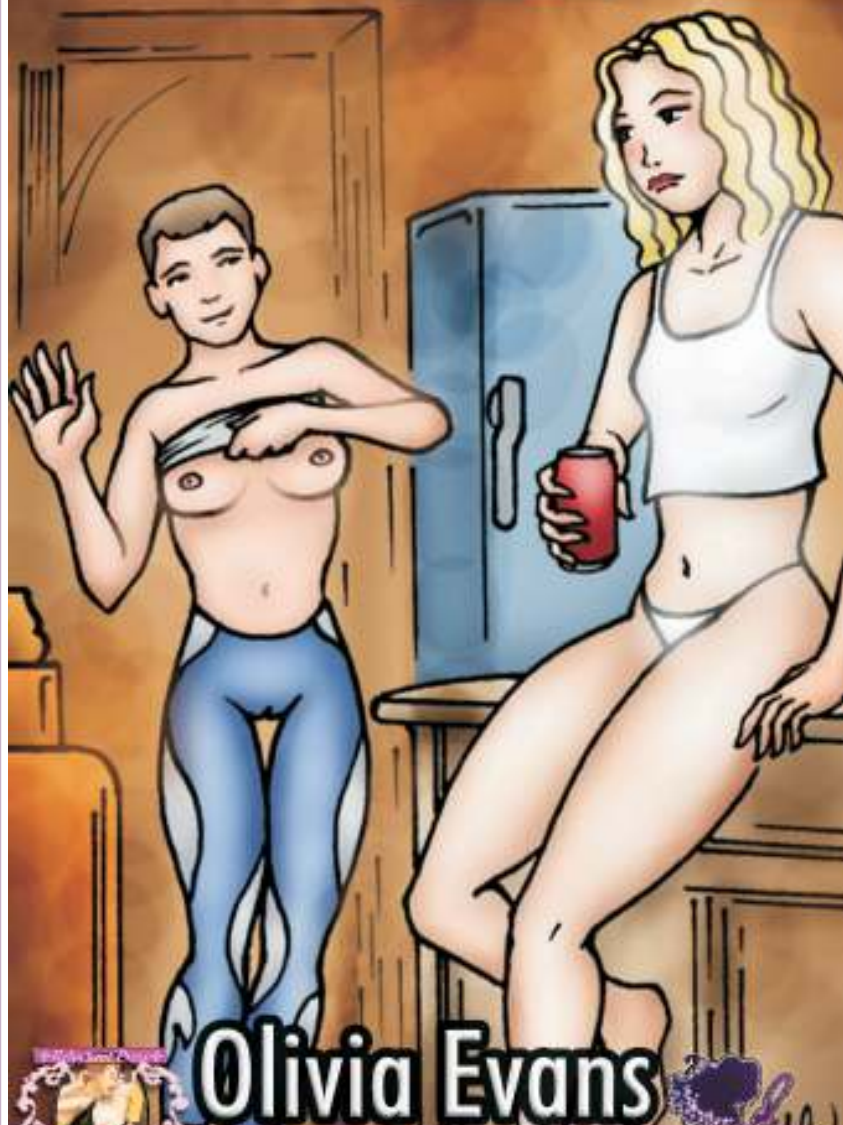


Plain Brown Wrapper



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Plain Brown Wrapper

By Olivia Evans

It began with a package covered with a plain brown wrapper and a pale pink label. It had been laying on Jerry Green's doorstep when he arrived home from work. Jerry carried the package in and set it on his kitchen table, too tired to open it until he'd had a chance to clean up.

Jerry headed to his bedroom and stripped, throwing his sweat stained clothing on top of an already overflowing hamper. After he'd taken a shower and had something to eat, he would start a load of washing, he decided.

A short while later he was in the shower letting the hot steaming water ease his fatigue. Everything at work had gone just a little left of center, almost literally. He allowed his mind to wander as the hot water cascaded down his broad shoulders.

If only he'd had... *No matter*, Jerry thought, running his hand through his mop of blond hair, tomorrow was another day. A good night's rest and he'd go in, even if it was Saturday, and make the final adjustments on the accelerator. If all went well, he would be finished by this time tomorrow night.

Then the so-called scientists could test their theory with the accelerator that he had designed and built himself, almost single handedly.

He laughed to himself; months of hard physical labor during the construction of the accelerator hadn't phased him in the least. Now that he was in the final stage, the fine tuning of the controls, he came home feeling as drained as though he'd been digging ditches all day using nothing more than a pick and shovel.

He had dried himself off and thrown a bathrobe over his naked body before he remembered the package that had been on his doorstep. The high humidity of the night air may have had something to do with the almost unconscious decision not to wear anything under his robe; then again, considering what would happen later, perhaps not.

It wasn't a very large package, about the size and shape of a telephone book and no more than an inch thick. It was addressed to Jerri Greene, so common of a misspelling of his name that Jerry scarcely noticed the discrepancy.

He couldn't remember ordering anything, at least nothing from the street address on the label. It was far too light, a few ounces at most, to be a book or a

bomb. Jerry smiled when he thought of the idea of a bomb. No one he knew hated him enough to send him a bomb — or a book for that matter.

Jerry sat down at the table, not caring that the front of his robe had fallen open, exposing his nakedness up to his waist. It was cooler with it open anyway.

The brown wrapper fell away from the package with surprising ease. The cardboard box it had concealed had a bright blue cover and was marked with an embossed, highly stylized letter “K” in gold.

He removed the lid and opened the overlapped tissue paper inside. Inside the tissue were three items: a slip of paper that looked like an invoice, a pair of bright red panties with a black lace overlay on the front, and a matching bra.

Jerry laughed when he saw the panties; if there had been any doubt before, now he knew that it was nothing he’d purchased, at least not for himself. He checked the address label again, noting for the first time the feminine version of his first name and the misspelling of his last.

Jerry lift the panties out of the wrapper and inspected the lace-covered front. “Jerri Greene, whoever you are, you certainly like sexy underwear,” he thought as he imagined what they would look like topping the smooth white thighs of an attractive girl.

As he held the soft undergarment up, Jerry became aware of his own hairy and naked loins under the open front of his robe. Shifting uneasily, Jerry

closed the gaping robe and tossed the panties back into the package.

The invoice for the panties and bra gave even less information than the label had. It had the same stylized “K” at the top as had appeared on the lid, a line marked “Sold to: Jerri Greene” and showed the sales person as someone named “Kelly”. There was no other useful information, not even a date on the invoice.

Jerry replaced the lid on the package, rose from the table, and walked to the refrigerator. It was, as he expected, nearly empty. He really needed to take the time to go grocery shopping, he thought. He opened the freezer compartment and dug through the packages of frozen peas and corn that his mother had given him. He liked the homegrown vegetables, but wasn't in the mood to cook.

He finally found what he was looking for, an extra portion frozen dinner. It was Mexican style, which he didn't particularly care for but had bought to remind himself, when he was forced to eat it, that it was time, right now, to go grocery shopping. Usually it worked; he would throw the dinner back into the freezer and head to the store.

Jerry checked the time and sighed, it was too late to shop tonight. He would have to eat the dinner after all. He only hoped that he wouldn't get sick.

While the dinner was being bombarded with powerful microwaves, Jerry sat at the kitchen table and stared at the package that had been mis-sent to him.

He had fifteen minutes to wait until his dinner was done.

The image of the red panties was drawing him like a magnet to the blue-topped box. Scarcely aware of what he was doing, Jerry opened the box and removed the panties.

He hadn't noticed before how soft the fabric felt, almost like a mother's caress. A strange thought crossed his mind. Would they feel as sensual wearing them as they did in his hands? An odd thought coming from a man who had never considered wearing a pair of panties in his life.

Jerry shook his head and gently placed the panties on top of the tissue paper. He glanced at the clock that doubled as a timer on the microwave; he still had another ten minutes before his dinner would be done.

Nine minutes to go. Jerry reached for the panties again, holding them up by their waistband. They wouldn't fit anyway, he thought to himself.

Eight minutes to go. Jerry started to return the panties to the box one last time, then hesitated. There was no way they would even begin to fit him. But they really had felt sensuous in his rough hands. Would they feel the same if he slipped them on? If they would fit, that is.

Seven minutes to go. Jerry glanced at the microwave timer. Seven minutes. It wasn't a very long time; he could slip the panties on and wear them until the timer went off. No one would ever know that

he'd tried them on. He would be embarrassed if anyone found out.

Six minutes to go. Jerry stood up and slipped one foot through the panty briefs. The fabric felt soft and cool as it rubbed against his ankle. His other foot quickly followed the first.

Five minutes to go. The panties had felt strange sliding up his hairy legs and even stranger as he pulled the waistband all the way up. It had been years since he'd worn underwear that reached his navel. Yet, the unfamiliar position of the snug elastic band felt comfortable.

He ran his hands down the back of the panties. They did feel as sensual wearing them as merely holding them. They felt even more erotic than he had thought possible. Jerry tied his bathrobe closed and sat back down. Even if someone had seen him right now, they couldn't tell that he was wearing anything unusual.

The remaining five minutes passed as though they had been mere seconds. By the time the timer "dinged," Jerry had already decided that he would leave the panties on until after he ate his dinner. Then back into the box they would go. Tomorrow, he would try to find the rightful owner. For now he would enjoy the feel of the silky material against his body.

Jerry removed his dinner from the microwave, carefully using a folded dish towel to protect his hands. Peeling back the clear plastic covering of the

dinner, he was struck by how delicious the steaming Mexican meal smelled.

Jerry dug into the meal as though it was an exotic gourmet delicacy. A small part of his mind wondered why he'd ever thought that he didn't like Mexican food.

As delicious as the meal had been, however, Jerry couldn't eat more than half of it before he felt stuffed. Jerry reached inside of his robe and rubbed his stomach, right below the waist band of the panties. He would regret eating so much tomorrow, he sighed, feeling the contrast of the roughness of the lace front against his hand and the slick smoothness of the panties against his penis for a moment longer.

Jerry tossed the half-finished meal in the trash can, cleaned up the kitchen, and wandered out into the living room of his small apartment. He had almost forgotten that he was wearing the panties as he sat down to watch the late news on television.

By the time he was ready to go to bed, he had completely forgotten that he was wearing the red panties. On nights like this he would usually wear a pair of undershorts and a T-shirt, a habit picked up when he'd been in the service. While not exactly fashionable, it was a comfortable sleepwear combination and Jerry didn't have to impress anyone.

He removed his robe and was surprised to see that he was still wearing the panties. Running his hands over the smooth back, he debated sleeping in them. Resisting the urge to see how they looked in the mirror, Jerry rummaged through his dresser, looking

for exactly the right T-shirt to wear with the red undergarment.

He finally decided to wear just a plain white T-shirt, one that would allow the dark red of the panties to show faintly through, if anyone had looked close enough.

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Jerry awoke early the next morning. Stretching luxuriously, he slid out from under the covers of his bed and headed to the bathroom.

Jerry stood in front of the toilet, pulled his T-shirt up slightly before he remembered that he was still wearing the red panties he had put on the night before.

Thinking of the softness of the nylon fabric, Jerry smiled and hooked his thumbs inside of the snug elastic waist band and pulled the panties down to below his hips. Pulling up his T-shirt again, Jerry reached for his penis to relieve the pressure that was mounting in his bladder.

His hand brushed against a patch of soft hair and continued downward — and found nothing!

Half-thinking that he was still asleep, Jerry's hand continued downward and in between his legs. He had just touched the warm moist slit between his legs when his bladder decided that it'd had enough of Jerry's procrastination and let go.

Jerry swore, spun around and sat on the toilet, catching the remainder of the sudden flow in the bowl.

More disgusted than upset, Jerry wiped his wet hand with a wad of toilet paper, spread his legs slightly and dropped the wet tissue into the toilet. He eased the urine-soaked panties from around his thighs and down his slender calves. Pulling one foot clear of the panties, he flicked them toward the hamper with the other.

Still sitting on the toilet, Jerry leaned over and pulled the T-shirt he'd worn the day before from the overflowing hamper, dropping it on the puddle between his feet. Now he would have to do some washing, he thought as he mopped the floor with the shirt. Scowling, he tossed the now very wet T-shirt and red panties onto the pile on top of the hamper.

The sight of the red panties suddenly reminded Jerry that something was horribly wrong. Ignoring the dampness, Jerry explored the space between his legs. There was no doubt about it; somehow during the night he lost his male genitals and had obtained a set of female genitals. Genitals, that if they weren't real, were certainly the most realistic imitation he'd ever felt!

With a sinking feeling in his stomach, Jerry removed his T-shirt and carefully inspected his chest. Much to his relief, no woman's breasts were apparent, although his once hairy chest was now completely hairless.

Even in his confused state of mind, Jerry could equate the correlation between the red panties he had put on the night before and his sudden loss of his manhood.

He was suddenly glad that he hadn't been attracted to the bra as well. He could hide the fact that he didn't have a penis and testicles if by no other means than by stuffing a sock in the front of his shorts. But boobs? They would have been a little hard to explain, although he had the sneaking suspicion that the rest of his body would have changed to the point that having boobs would look natural.

The rest of his body? Jerry looked at his now nearly hairless thighs. Other than being a little tanner than normal, they didn't appear to be much different than they had when he'd gone to bed.

Not much different until he stuck a slender leg out straight for comparison. A woman's tiny slender foot was attached to an equally slender ankle and shapely calf. He shifted his weight on the toilet seat, feeling a pronounced difference in pressure points on his rear.

The panties had done more than change his groin, he realized; they had transformed the entire lower half of his body from just below his rib cage from male to female.

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Jerry stepped into the shower, both to clean off and to use the time to think things through. He carefully soaped his upper body, taking care not to run



his hands below his waist. He had washed his upper torso three times before his curiosity finally got the better of him.

He ran his hands down the side of his hips. They felt as though they were about the same size as before, but the female shaped bone structure under his hands told him that they were radically different. Besides being broader at the top and bottom, his hips, rear, and thighs were fleshier and much fuller than before.

If it hadn't been for his slightly narrower waist, he would have had a figure (from the waist down at least) that would turn men's heads as he walked down the street.

He spread his legs slightly and ran his hand between his legs. After a few minutes of careful exploring of his now very sensitive groin, he had to admit that what he had felt was no cunningly designed prosthesis, it was real. Even the warm moist opening between the folds of what was now HIS vulva was real. His vulva, his clitoris and his vagina! HIS!

Jerry, who had always prided himself on his emotional stability, slumped down to the floor of the shower and sobbed.

The water was starting to turn cold before Jerry could stop his uncontrolled crying. Strangely relieved and clearheaded once again, he slowly pulled himself up and twisted the knobs of the shower to the off position.

The key to the transformation was obviously the red panties. Panties that had to have come from somewhere, Jerry thought, as he mechanically dried himself off. And since he had been changed into a half-woman, then whoever had sold the panties and bra should be able to change him back!

At least he hoped so.

Jerry pulled a pair of undershorts up his smooth thighs, bringing them flush against his featureless groin. As he expected, his men's undershorts fit snugly through the seat and hips but hung loosely in the front. Almost the exact opposite from how the panties had fit when he'd first put them on.

He didn't need to look in a mirror to confirm that he looked exactly like a woman wearing a pair of men's jeans when he zipped his Levis up. His well-rounded rear became painfully obvious as he ran his hands over it to check the nearly skintight fit.

It was only because his waist was still more or less normal that he was able to wear the jeans with any degree of comfort at all. He decided to wear his shirt with the tail out, both to help conceal his fuller rear and the fact that his waist was now about three inches slimmer than normal for a man his size.

Jerry had been surprised to see that the hem of the jeans were fairly close to where they had been before his change. He'd half-expected that he would need to roll the legs up to keep from tripping over them. The overall fit was fairly good, although the crotch seam of the jeans rode higher than normal.

His greatest concern, however, was not the fit of his jeans, but that his shoes were now about four sizes too large to fit his much smaller and narrower woman's foot. Unless he found some shoes that were a lot smaller, he would walk out of them with every step he took.

Jerry solved the problem in the same logical manner that he applied to find the solution any problem. If the shoes were too large and you didn't have any that were smaller, then you had to increase the size of your feet. Three pairs of thick socks neatly, if not a little warmly, solved the problem.

Jerry carefully inspected himself in the mirror. While the tight flatness of the front of his jeans fairly screamed out that it belonged on a woman, he was satisfied that he wouldn't cause any undue attention.

Stuffing his wallet in his hip pocket, which caused the front of his jeans to stretch a little tighter across his front, Jerry took another look in the mirror. Sighing to himself, he grabbed the label he had torn from the brown wrapper and his keys.

He was acutely aware of the gentle swaying of his hips as he walked across the parking lot of the apartment complex to his car. He consciously tried several times to stop the swaying, finally giving up in frustration. The way his legs were attached to his pelvis forced him to walk like a woman, not surprising under the circumstances.

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Jerry checked the address on the label again. For some unexplainable reason, he'd made the assumption that the address would be in a seedy part of town. Instead he had found himself pulling up in front of a new and modern-looking building, in an area that had the most exclusive and expensive shops in town. He considered that a good omen.

The building contained only one store. There was a stylized "K" over the door that matched the invoice and the cover of the box.

Jerry took a deep breath and pulled open the door, not knowing what to expect.

He really wasn't surprised to discover that it looked like a very ordinary lingerie store. An expensive lingerie store to be sure, but still just an ordinary shop that specialized in woman's undergarments.

He glanced around looking for a sales person, hopefully it would be "Kelly," the person that had sold the panties and bra to Jerri Greene. Seeing no one, he worked his way between the racks of colorful women's undergarments. He had no idea that woman's underwear came in so many colors — or styles — he realized when he saw a thong bikini panty on a Plaster Of Paris display.

In spite of his embarrassment, he hesitated and reached a finger under the thong back of the black panties. As he ran his finger under the thin strap, it stretched away from the display.

“They come in seven different colors and are really quite comfortable, once you’ve worn them for a while,” a woman’s voice came from behind him.

Startled, Jerry jerked his finger from under the strap, causing it to snap hard against the Plaster Of Paris form. The snap sounded like a gun shot in the quiet store.

He turned around and faced an attractive brunette, a little younger than himself. She was dressed in a pair of navy blue slacks and a white blouse open at the throat, exposing a hint of cleavage and a thin gold chain.

“I — I came here to — uh,” Jerry began stammering with growing embarrassment.

“I know, you came here to buy your girlfriend a pair of panties for her birthday, right?” The young woman smiled disarmingly.

“Uh, no. She left me for someone else two months ago.”

The young woman’s smile grew broader. “For yourself then? Don’t be embarrassed, we have a lot of men who come in here to buy ladies’ panties for themselves.”

Jerry could feel himself blush. This situation was becoming even more awkward than he had feared it would be. He almost bolted for the door before he remembered the reason he had searched the store out. “No I don’t want to buy any panties,” he hesitated. “At least not unless I have to.”