

# Jeff to Jennifer

*The Pretty Secretary*

2



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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# **Jeff to Jennifer**

## **the Pretty Secretary**

### **Book Two**

**By BC**

“Just tell me, Mother, is it true? Was this your and John Peterson’s plan all along to turn me into a woman and ruin my life, by taking away my manhood and submitting me to this?” Jenny, said pointing at her body as it was now.

“Jenny honey, I know that you must be confused and hurt having to find out this way. I was desperate to stop you from getting hurt or killed or spending the rest of your life in prison, hanging out with those awful people. I know that you think that they were your friends but all they really cared about was their next high or thrill.

"I didn't know what to do or how to handle it until one night John and I were out on a date and he asked how you and Jill were doing. I told him about you and he said he'd heard of ways to calm a troubled young man down and take away that rough tough outer shell and make him more gentle and loving again. I was not at all happy at first when he told me about this plan but you got more and more out of control to the point where I had to come and get you out of jail. I knew then that we had to try something, even something as radical as this," Mother said, rubbing Jenny's shoulder and arm.

"I only wanted to go as far as to embarrass you enough to keep you away from those hoodlums. I thought if you were made to wear a little makeup and paint your fingernails and toenails that you wouldn't dare let them see you like that. All I wanted was to keep you away from them and more trouble. Then things just got out of control and you quickly blossomed into a beautiful young lady. John wanted to bring you into the company right then but he agreed to wait until we were sure that you were completely passable as a confident young lady. I could see that you were becoming more comfortable in your new skin, so to speak, in a very short period of time and you actually looked happy as Jennifer.

"Come now, admit it, you can't tell me that you haven't loved all the attention from both men and women when people see you, from both men and women. Before this ever got going, Bill happened to see a picture of you on my desk at work with your long hair and soft features. He actually thought that you and Jill were both my daughters. When I corrected him and told him that you were my son, the wheels started turning in his head. He says that he fell in love with you that very moment.

“He told John and John wanted to help him out with his little dilemma, because Bill didn’t want to come out as openly gay in the workplace or to his parents who are old fashioned and very strict, not to mention very well-to-do. His Father is a retired lawyer and judge. So you can see that could cost him dearly, thus he needed a special girl. Like you, honey. A girl that was beautiful and smart and someone to be on his arm at social and professional occasions and, most importantly to him, a girl with that something extra that you provide for his most intimate desires.

“You asked me how I could do this to you. Well, it was the lesser of two evils; daughter or dead. No, I didn’t want to turn my only son into a daughter but even more I didn’t want to have to ID my son in a morgue laying in a casket from some stupid drug deal gone bad or some gang-related incident,” Jan said, taking a breath.

“So I can’t make you marry William but we’ve come too far to just stop here so you are going to dry your tears, Missy, pull yourself together and life is going to go on as it is. You’re going to continue go to work at the wonderful job you now have and you’re going to continue to date William and William only for the time being and we’ll see where all of this takes us. I have to tell you though, honey, there are thousands of girls out there who would give up their right arm to be in your shoes, or heels now, I guess. So come help me with dinner and then settle down for the evening so we can relax before it’s time to get some sleep. You’ll need the rest to get ready for work tomorrow.

“Now, if you really don’t want to continue working and you play your cards right you might very soon find yourself being a beautiful and well-kept trophy housewife with a maid and servants and a big house,” Mom said with a wink. “I can assure you that

money won't be an issue for you in the future as Mrs. William Daily. All you'll have to do is be pretty and keep your husband happy."

"But Mother, I don't..." He was cut off in mid-sentence.

"It's going to be alright, Jennifer. You're going to do just fine and there are to be no buts. It's too late for that now," Mom said and helped her new daughter to her feet.

The next morning Jenny was just finishing getting ready. Jill picked out a shirt dress that fit tightly and highlighted every curve on her body. It was just long enough to be decent and cover the tops of her nylon stocking where the clips of her garter straps met. Her neckline proudly displayed her now obvious feminine cleavage. Her makeup was flawless, her complexion was fashion model perfect. She wore her hair down today and large silver triangle earrings dangled from her pierced ears. She had several silver and red bracelets on her right wrist and a tiny feminine watch on the left. Jill also gave her several rings to put on her fingers.

As Jenny stepped into the kitchen for her pills and orange juice, she walked right into Bill. "Oh my God!" she said as he'd startled her. "Sorry. I didn't know anyone was here."

"Good morning, Jenny. Sorry if I startled you, I didn't mean to, I just couldn't wait to see you again so I'm here to drive you into work this morning. I'll do it every morning if you'd like. You look amazing. I wish we could just skip work today but I have two big cases I'm working on and I can't delay them any longer," Bill said. He gently took her by the shoulder, turned her to face him and lightly kissed her on the

lips before she could see it coming. "Are you ready to go, honey?"

Jenny was stunned. "I...I guess so," she said.

Then just as they started for the door, Jill said, "Jenny, you forgot your purse, honey. You'd never make it through the day without it." She walked over and put the long strap over Jenny's shoulder.

Jill watched them walk out to Bill's car, a big new BMW. "Damn, that should be me. I tried to mess with Jenny and embarrass the hell out of her to get back at Jeff. Talk about irony. There goes my little brother dressed like a beautiful model, more feminine than me, walking arm and arm with the most handsome man I've ever seen, getting in a big luxury BMW and going to work as a secretary at a law firm. Hell, he's going to end up married and living the life most girls only dream about, and I'm going to go and wait tables again tonight for tips and guys' hands on my ass all evening. I've got to talk to Mom about all of this, maybe I can get a job there too."

Bill opened the door for Jenny and held her hand as she turned and sat down on the seat and swung her legs into the car. He closed the door, admiring her shapely legs and couldn't miss the view down the top of her dress. He marveled at her rapid development. Bill loved that Jenny was an eyeful to anyone that saw her and it thrilled him to beyond comprehension to be the only one that knew what she had hidden in those pretty soft pink panties. It was all he could do not to want to touch her in those intimate places. He'd promised himself that he would be patient and try and let this relationship grow. He wanted her to want him too.

The conversation was a little icy as Jenny still wasn't happy about Bill's participation in all of this. "Now

that all of this is out in the open between us, am I supposed to behave as if you own me or something? What kind of mother lets this happen to me? Hell, she didn't let it happen, she caused it! And you helped orchestrate the whole thing. So now I'm supposed to forget I am or was a boy and just learn to like being Jennifer, the dutiful secretary and girlfriend of William the great? I'm sorry if I'm just a little pissed off over this whole thing," she said angrily.

"You're, right Jenny. I guess I was really being selfish. It's not fair that I'm the one that's wrong here. I have not thought about anyone or anything since the day I first saw you in the picture on your Mom's desk. I know who and what I am and I know better that to think I can make a straight person want the things that I want but I've never felt about anyone in my life the way I feel about you. Your every movement or laugh or touch sends me reeling. And kissing you makes me just about melt and makes me feel like I'm on top of the whole world. Please don't hate me for loving you. Give us a chance. I told you that I won't push you...too hard. I know I can make you happy and make it all worth your while to give us a chance."

"Well, at least for the time being I don't see that I have much to say about my current situation. My life seems to be pretty well mapped-out for me. I admit you've been kind and sweet to me but you have to understand I'm still getting used to being...this. I've been through a lot these past months and it's going to take some getting used to being a new person. I'm not even sure what I am now. I'm no longer a guy but I'm not really a girl either, am I? I don't know how to be this new person or what you want from me," Jenny said.

"You don't have to figure it all out overnight, Jenny. Just take it one day at a time and don't worry about me. I'm not going anywhere and you can talk to



me about anything you want. All I want from you right now is the chance to make you happy. Everything else will take care of itself over time. We are both young so we have lots of time,” Bill said as he pulled into his private parking space with his name on the sign.

“Jenny, look at me please,” he said. When she turned, he looked her in the eyes and said, “I really, really do care about you and I want you to relax and just enjoy life, it will be alright.” Bill kissed her softly, got out, went around and helped her out of the car. He held out his arm and she automatically put her hand through and walked into the building.

Jenny walked into work feeling different than before. All the things she’d learned the night before still had her in a state of shock. wondering how all of this could possibly be happening. She thought to herself, “I’m not stupid. I know that I’m really smart, so how could I let this happen. I’m a guy but just look at me! I have TITS, a big ass and wide hips. My lips are plump and red, my nails are long and match my lips. I’m walking in three-inch heels like I was born in them. My voice has changed to higher than before and I don’t even recognize myself when I look in the mirror. My ass sways when I walk, I can’t even remember the last time I stood before a toilet to take a piss. Now I’m walking through the office and everyone is smiling and staring at me as if everything in the world is as normal as apple pie.”

She nodded, smiled, and said good morning at least twenty times before reaching her desk. As she put her purse in the drawer and went to sit down she found a single red rose sitting on her desk with a note that said:

“To a really special woman, I love you!”

Her cheeks turned red and she looked around to see if anyone was watching. She hurried to put the note in her purse so no one would find it.

“How the hell am I supposed to respond to this? I’m the one who should be sending roses, not getting them. It was kind of sweet, though, I can’t deny the fact that he must really care to go to all the trouble that he has. Through it all, I don’t know where I’d be right now if Bill hadn’t saved me from that asshole Jeremy yesterday. I’m such a fool to not have seen him for what he is. Maybe my mind is turning into a soft feminine type that needs someone to protect her,” Jenny thought.

Suddenly thinking of Jeremy, she looked around and didn’t see him anywhere. She got up and went to the coffee room. She ordered the rolls and donuts for the office and made sure there was plenty of coffee for the morning rush. She made her rounds to see if anyone needed anything and didn’t see Jeremy anywhere.

Jenny finally saw Tammy, one of the young lawyers there, and asked if she’d seen Jeremy Holmes this morning.

“You know it’s strange. I saw him in Mr. Peterson’s office as soon as he came in and then I saw him being escorted out of the building with all of his personal things. They fired him. Gloria said they gave him one year’s severance pay and gave him all kinds of threats if he said a word about some situation with some girl. Nobody knows who the mystery girl is but Peterson said she didn’t work here. Must be that they found a skeleton in his past somewhere.

“Apparently Peterson told him if he went quietly and didn’t say a word he’d give him a good reference at a couple of other offices. Then he told Jeremy if he

said a word about this 'situation' they were talking about, he'd better find a good place to hide because the firm knew people who would take care of him in short order. Isn't this bizarre? It's like a soap opera or something. Anyway, Jeremy is gone. I never liked the guy personally; he was a little creepy to me. He was always staring at the women in this office like they were naked or something," Tammy told Jenny.

As Jenny was walking back to her desk past John's office, he called her in. "Jennifer, please have a seat. Are you OK, honey? I want you to know that I agreed with your mother that you needed help. The only way to get you out of that gang and keep you from making the kind of mistake that would ruin your life was to make you into someone that wouldn't want to be seen by them. I know that you don't believe me right now but I really do care about you very much," John said.

"I know that you're my boss but I don't care right now. I'm mad at you, bordering on contempt," Jenny said and got up and closed the door. "How would you feel if someone did this to you?" she said, pointing to her body. "You've taken my manhood away. My life might have been screwed up but it was my life and I should have been given the choice. I'm a mess and I don't even know who I am now. I know that you thought you were trying to help me but look at me!

"One minute I'm happy, the next I'm crying for no freaking reason. My emotions are up and down and everything I was familiar with has been replaced with a life that's new and strange and, to be honest, quite scary. I'm afraid that any minute someone is going to see me and say, 'You're not a woman, you're a fake,' and I won't be able to handle it," she said.

"Jenny honey, you are more feminine and more woman than most of the women in this building. You

already had these qualities in you before this all came to be. You can't just suddenly pick up these emotions and traits and feminine characteristics. Somewhere deep within you, you were already a woman; this whole ordeal just brought everything to the surface. Unless you let someone put their hand in your panties or you tell them, no one is ever going to know your secret and that makes you a very special woman," John told her and gave her a hug.

"I'm almost afraid to ask but what did you do to Jeremy?" she asked.

"Let's just say that the situation has been dealt with and there is no problem or worry there. I don't think you'll be hearing from him any time soon. He left the premises this morning with an understanding between us that he leave you alone and that he never talks about you with anyone. Bill and I have handled that and we made it clear that our deal was not optional or negotiable. So now you can get on with your life without worrying about being exposed. My hope is that you'll at least give William a chance. He'll be good to you, Jenny. He adores you to the moon and back. He really is a very good person and with William you won't have to worry about secrets because you know that he already knows and loves you because of it," John told her.

"Mr. Peterson, do you know that I'm 18 years old and have never had sex with anyone...ever? First of all it scares me to death to think what Mr. Daily wants from me. I know that this seems strange for an 18-year-old to be a virgin but, I haven't exactly been a sex symbol. At 5'6", most of the girls that I'm bigger than are still in junior high or grade school and believe me, I don't have a gay bone in my body. Bill may know what he is and what he wants but I don't have a clue," she said innocently.

“Jenny, calm down, honey. No one is asking you to do anything that you don’t want to. Bill isn’t the type to force you to have sex, or anything else for that matter. Just start by being a friend, go on a few dates, get to know each other and take it one step at a time. If things work out, nature will take its course. That’s the way it’s been since the beginning of time. If it doesn’t then you’ll know, life will go on and you’ll find your way. You’re a smart girl. There’s always a career here with me in any capacity that you want to explore. You might even end up a lawyer, the sky could be the limit for you. You’ve been through a lot honey and I’m sorry for anything that makes you sad. Just hang in there and look at the bright side. You’re beautiful, you’ll always have a roof over your head, food to eat, and the nicest things the world has to offer,” John said, smiling and holding her hands. “Just give it some time, honey.

“For now however, would you like to get out there and answer that phone on your desk that’s ringing itself off the hook? You are still my personal assistant, aren’t you? Go earn your paycheck.” He kissed her on the forehead.

Jenny dried her eyes, went out to her desk, and took her purse, (it still made her shake her head to think of it as ‘my purse’), then went into the ladies room, remembering to check the name on the door first. She took out her makeup pouch and with now-practiced hands and skill touched up her face, restoring the damage the tears had caused in John’s office. Once satisfied, she returned to her desk to try and catch up on today’s workload. It was probably a good thing that she had a lot to do as this made her take her mind off of the calamity that had become her life for a while.

While typing out a long brief for one of the cases, she smiled, then started laughing. She could barely

contain herself as she watched the red fingernailed hands flying all over the keyboard on her computer.

“Oh. My. God. If the gang could only see me now. Just look how small and pretty these fingers are. And just think, they belong to little ol’ me. Not long ago these were the hands of a guy likely to holding a gun or a bat and now look at them! Bright red and shiny and typing away like a little princess. I have to laugh or I’m going to cry.”

She was concentrating so hard she didn’t realize it was lunch time, when she noticed people moving about. Then right on cue, she looked to her left and there stood Bill. “Ready for some lunch, Jen?” he asked, smiling with those nice sparkling white teeth and sandy hair parted on the left and combed over to the right. He smiled again as he saw that she’d put the single red rose in a small vase on her desk.

“I’m not really hungry, Mr. Daily, but thank you for asking. I have a lot of work to catch up on,” she said curtly.

“So you’re going to make me be lonely and miserable while trying to eat one of the best sandwiches in the whole city? Can’t you take pity on me, a lonely soul, and allow me the company of your beautiful smile? I’ll let you quietly yell at me and call me names for loving you the way I do,” he chided.

“It’s a long four and a half more hours before you can go and eat if you don’t come rescue me from a lonely lunch by myself. Nobody else will do. It’s only you that can save me,” he told her.

“I thought you said you weren’t going to push me, Sir.” Try as she might, she couldn’t keep a straight face as she said, “You don’t want me to overeat and

become fat, do you? That wouldn't look good, having a short fat lady hanging on your arm."

"I'll take my chances, although I don't ever see you as short and fat. Maybe just short and beautiful. Come on, Jen, I'm starving. I didn't have breakfast because I had to leave early and go pick up this really pretty chick this morning and drive her to work," he replied, smiling.

What was it about him? she thought. "I'm mad as hell at him and I still find him adorable. I hate myself for giving in so easily but I am hungry now that I think about it. He's right, it will be a long day until dinner if I don't get something.

"All right, all right I'll go but you're buying because I don't have any money for lunch today. And don't expect me to be charming and witty. I'm still mad at you and John and especially my mother," she said

"That's OK, and thank you. I'll settle for your beauty and company for now. You are going to have to talk to me some time or we will never get to know each other well enough for you to forgive me," he said.

Bill offered his arm and she wasn't going to take it but then reconsidered as she almost turned an ankle in the 3" spiked heels she was wearing today. With everyone else already gone out of the office, the clip clapping of her heels was loud and echoed all through the office as they walked to the elevator.

Always the gentleman, Bill opened the door for Jenny and helped her in before closing the door and getting in himself. He took her to a really nice upscale deli on the west side of town. It wasn't that far so they didn't talk much. Once there he held her chair (something that had never occurred to her that someone

would ever be doing for her). With practiced skill from hours of Jill's coaching, she tucked her dress under her legs with her free hand as he pushed it under her. It seemed so odd to be waited on like this but on the other hand, never having been treated like she was anything special, it was kind of nice too.

"There I go again, giving into one more feminine feeling. It's like this woman has taken over my body and life and I can only sit by and watch it all happen like it's a movie on the Hallmark Channel," she thought.

They made small talk and lunch was, as promised, unbelievably good. Once again she marveled at how the upper crust in society got to enjoy the finer things in life that her kind never even knew existed. She got Bill talking about his family and their cottage up north at the lake. He had one younger brother who was only two years older than she and was in college and was hoping to follow in the family footsteps. He also had a sister in high school. "I know that they are all going to love you right off the bat. I'm hoping that we'll get a weekend that we can get away and go up there. Mom and Dad stay up there now most of the year—except winter, that is. They have a place in Arizona they go to for winter. At least for the bad months," Bill said.

"As usual, you let me do all of the talking and you just sat and politely listened as I rambled on and on."

She said, "That's because my life is very boring by comparison. And I have the feeling that you already know quite a bit about me and my past and my family from John and my mother, the conspirator. My folks are divorced. Dad lives with his teeny bopper girlfriend across town from us and very seldom comes around or gives a hoot about us. I must really be changing because a couple of months ago I would



have said that the dirty bastard doesn't give a shit about us but I didn't, I said he doesn't give a hoot. Are you sure your family is going to allow you to mingle with us, shall I say, below-standard folks?" she smiled

"Your mother is a very fine lady and has done well for herself and her children. Lots of people in this world today get divorced, that doesn't make them all bad people. I'd be willing to bet that the divorce wasn't your mother's doing. You and your sister, from everything I know about you, are the kind of ladies that deserve the best life has to offer. You're good people, the best in my book," Bill said.

"I'll have to read that book sometime. Sounds like a fairytale. No pun intended." Jenny laughed at her own humor.

"Very funny, Miss Johnson. See, that's what I like about you. You have a great sense of humor and a sharp witty personality. He looked at his watch. "As much as I'd love to spend the rest of my life learning all about it, we have to get back to work. People are depending on us," Bill said.

On the ride back she pulled down the lighted vanity mirror. Out of habit now, she touched up her makeup. Bill could hardly keep his eyes on the road as her watched Jen glide the tube of red lipstick over her lips and mash them softly together to spread it out evenly. She added some gloss and pushed back her long hair, exposing the large triangle earrings. Bill licked his own lips without realizing it as he longed to hold her and kiss her and lay naked together all night long, exploring each other's bodies. He knew it would have to wait though.

Suddenly traffic was stopped in front of him and he was just able to slam the brakes on in time. "I'm so

sorry, Jen. I was distracted and not paying attention to the road like I should have. My mind was temporarily somewhere else,” he apologized. No worse for the wear, they returned to work. He gave her a little kiss before leaving the car and they entered the building and went their separate ways.

Jenny ran into her Mom on the way to her desk. Mom’s office was attached to John’s, connected by a door. Jenny’s desk was just outside Mom’s office. “Well, how was lunch? Did Bill take you somewhere nice?” Mom asked.

“It was OK, nothing special, probably just cost what we pay a month for rent. Do these people always dine at places that serve food that you hate to eat because it’s so pretty, and then when you do you don’t want to stop eating because it’s like heaven on your taste buds? Yes, lunch, like the dinner he took me to, was spectacular. Of course I know that the man is trying his best to dazzle and woo me over, so I really have to be on my toes. He’s good, real good. At this rate, with him and John and you working on me, I guess I should start picking out the china pattern for our wedding,” Jenny said.

“That’s a little harsh, Jennifer LeAnn, and just a little cynical too. I told you why I did what I thought best. You won’t know what it feels like to be a worry about your children’s well-being until you’re a mother yourself someday.” That statement really sent Jenny’s mind reeling and Mom could see the reaction on Jenny’s face.

“Don’t give me that face. I can see what you’re thinking. You don’t have to have a vagina to become a mother. There always adoption. It happens every day and with Bill’s financial stability that shouldn’t be a problem at all. I can see it all now, my baby rocking her own little bundle of joy in her arms. You’ll be able

to buy her little dresses and outfits for dance lessons and music lessons, take her to France and many other exotic destinations that I wasn't ever able to take my girls. Wow. Sorry, my mind just took a trip of its own. John just asked me and you and Bill to come up to his place for the weekend and I've been dreaming of it all morning."

"Mother, when where you going to tell me about this? When we were on the drive to wherever? Does Bill know anything about this?" Jenny said, finding this revelation unbelievable.

"I think John is asking him right now and I can't imagine him not being anything but overjoyed at the prospect of being with you for the whole weekend. The weather is supposed to be wonderful all weekend," Mother said, grinning like a possum.

The rest of the week was about the same. John picked Jenny up and took her back home. They had lunch together although it wasn't always as elaborate as that first day. Being with Bill everyday was wearing Jenny's resistance to him down slowly. Bill, a credit to his word, didn't push her about intimacy or sex. He was so sweet and caring and treated her like she'd never been treated in her life to this point. She found herself softening daily and becoming comfortable with him and around him.

But someone in the family was getting a little tired of watching her younger brother/sister suddenly being treated like royalty while she herself was the equivalent of Cinderella before the ball.

Jill was home Wednesday when out of the blue, David, their father, called and said he'd like to see her and Jeff this weekend. Jill told him "Jen, I mean Jeff, is busy and is planning on going away for the weekend."

"Then are you both free Thursday night. I'll take you both to dinner and we can catch up a bit," Dave said.

"Yes I think we are, Daddy. That would be wonderful as we've missed you so much," Jill said. She thought, "You bastard. It's only been about a year since you've called, but I can't wait to see your face when you see your son now."

"Good. Should I pick you up around 6 Wednesday or would it be better to meet somewhere? I don't want a war with your mother." Dave said.

"How about we meet at the Hyatt at 6 on Wednesday? The restaurant there is much quieter and we'll be able to talk and catch up. We'll be looking forward to it, Daddy. See you at 6!

"Oh. My. God. I can't wait to see his face and the face of my dear new little sister when they meet," she said as soon as she hung up. Jill started making plans to carry this off. She called right away and told Jenny that she was coming to get her early on Thursday afternoon. They were going to get her hair trimmed up, then grab some dinner somewhere, just the two of them.

Jenny told Mom and Bill that she was going with her sister for a hair appointment tomorrow afternoon since she wanted to look nice for the weekend. She wouldn't see him until Friday morning when he picked her up for work. She said she would be packed and bring her things with her as Mom said they were leaving from work around noon to go up to John's cabin.

Everything went as planned as far as Jill was concerned and she picked Jenny up around 2:45 on Thursday afternoon. They got to the salon around

3:15. Jenny was still nervous about going into this forbidden territory for men. The smells immediately brought back memories of her first trip here a month ago. It was a day to remember. Terri called her name shaking her from her mini-dream.

She took Jen back to her station and had her take off her expensive-looking dress and put on a smock. She then had Tracy wash her hair. This took a while and she loved how it felt to have someone who really knew what they were doing massage her scalp vigorously, first shampooing, then cream rinsing it a couple of times before wrapping it in a towel and returning her to Terri.

Terri combed her long hair out for several minutes, then trimmed the dead ends before putting in some large rollers, adding a setting solution and then putting her under the drier. Soon she was aware that someone had removed her slippers and was soaking her feet in a warm soapy solution. At the same time someone else was doing the same to each of her hands. Jenny was mesmerized by the hum of the drier and the flow of hot air blowing all around her head.

“Why do women put themselves through all of this trouble to look good, and for what? This is one thing that sure makes me wonder if it’s all worth it,” she thought in a dreamlike state of mind.

When the drier finally shut off and the dome was removed from her head, she was able to see her new fingers adorned in acrylic nails that were rounded and stuck out one half-inch past the ends of her fingers. They were painted a dark pink and literally sparkled in the light. Her toes were painted the same dark pink and for now still had the foam spacers in between each toe until they dried fully.

Next Jenny was taken back over to Terri's station where Terri was waiting and ready. She removed one of the big rollers to see if the hair was dry enough. After approving this step, Terri brushed the hair back and used a big clip to hold it away from Jenny's face so Carrie could do her makeup.

Carrie started with a neutral base that matched her skin color; she couldn't help but, notice how naturally smooth Jenny's skin was. There wasn't even the slightest dot or splotch anywhere on her face. Next she highlighted her green eyes with black liquid eyeliner followed by dark mascara, then used several shades of eyeshadow blended into a sensual, smoky look. She plucked a few hairs from her brows and darkened them with a pencil which clearly defined the narrow and high arch. Using a couple of different soft brushes she brushed a setting powder on Jenny's cheeks, chin, nose and forehead. Finally she added a dark pink lip cream to match her nails and had her blot them on a tissue, then added a second coat followed by some shiny lip gloss.

Jill came over and put a couple of silver necklaces on Jenny as well as a small silver cross. She put in those big silver triangle earrings. Then several rings for her fingers and some silver and dark pink bangles for her right wrist and her own lady's watch on her left wrist.

Terri then took over to finish up Jenny's hair. She began unrolling all of the rollers and then brushing her hair out, Terri made a part down the middle and brushed the bangs forward with some to the right and some left; then she brushed the remainder down, leaving the long bouncing curls cascading down and over her shoulders. She then held her hand over Jenny's face and sprayed her new hairdo with a stiff hair spray.

Terri then removed the sponges from between Jenny's toes. Jill was waiting with her garment bag and they went into the changing room in the back of the salon to get her dressed. Jenny took off the robe she'd been wearing and Jill handed her a soft green underwire bra and a pair of matching panties. Once Jenny had these on, Jill had her sit and roll on a pair of light caramel-colored nylon stockings with the rubber hold up tops. Next she took the dress out of the garment bag. It was amazing. It was a light green tight-fitting dress with three-quarter sleeves and a deep rounded neck that showed plenty of cleavage. It hugged her waist and hips and looked like it was painted on her bottom. The dress just did cover the tops of her nylons but she could tell right away that bending over was going to be a no no.

Jill reminded her, "You are really going to have to concentrate on keeping your legs together to keep from showing that place where your lady parts are supposed to be. I picked this dress just for practice, seeing that you're going to be in the presence of Bill and John P. all weekend."

Jill helped her slip her small feet into a pair of strappy white sandals with an open toe and 3-inch heels. The light color of the stockings let the dark pink toenails show through. All in all she was the picture of femininity, a very sexy young woman. The final act was to add a little perfume in a couple of strategic places and she was ready. It was now half past five and they had just enough time to make their dinner reservation.

They arrived at the Hyatt about quarter to six and just as Jill hoped, they were early. She asked to be seated as she had a reservation for Johnson. Once seated, she ordered them each a white wine. With the way these two looked, the waiter never even thought about asking for ID. "Why in the heck are we here to

eat, Jill? Seems like we could have picked a better place than this, it's so formal here," Jenny said.

"I thought it would be much quieter here and that way we could talk without having to scream over the loud music. You know, Jen, I'm actually starting to like this sister business. It's kind of nice and do you realize that we haven't been fighting now that we're both girls? Except for trying to get in the bathroom at the same time." She laughed.

Suddenly Jenny's eyes almost popped out of her head. It was all she could do to keep from swallowing her tongue, as she looked up and saw her dad walking right over to their table. He looked right at Jenny with what she recognized as the lustful stare she was getting used to seeing whenever a guy first looked at her. He bent down and gave Jill a big hug and a kiss. To Jenny's horror, he pulled out a chair and sat down between them.

"Where is Jeff? I thought that you both were going to join me," he said.

"Sorry Daddy, he couldn't make it so I asked my friend Jennifer here to come along with me. Jenny, this is my father, David Johnson. Daddy, Jennifer." She smiled from ear to ear. Jenny actually thought she was either going to pass out or throw up.

"Hello, Jennifer," Dad said, taking her small feminine hand in his and gently shaking it. "Very nice to meet you. My but you're a real beauty. Are you a model or actress or something?" Daddy asked, still holding her hand.

"No Daddy, Jennifer works at the law firm where Mom works and she's dating a really hot young lawyer named Bill Daily. It's starting to look like it might be serious. They are going to the CEO's cabin up





north all weekend with Mom and Mr. P. That's why Jeff couldn't make it. I mean he's getting everything ready to go," Jill smiled.

"So, how do you two know each other then, school or something like that?" He was directing the question at Jennifer. He hoped she didn't notice that he was shifting in his seat, trying to hide the growing erection in his pants.

"Well..." Jenny started but she couldn't find her voice and nothing came out.

Jill jumped in. "Oh Daddy, Jenny and I have known each other since birth. You've seen us together many times."

"You must have really changed a lot then, Jennifer, because I wouldn't forget someone as pretty as you are," he said.

Jenny's face was on fire and she was having trouble breathing. She felt like her skin was on fire too. "My God, my own Dad doesn't recognize me and he's actually flirting with me," she thought. It was a good thing that she wasn't aware of his arousal or she would have been mortified, as would her Dad as well.

The waitress came over and Dave ordered a soda and another white wine for the ladies. Jenny picked up her first one and downed it in two gulps. She looked across the table. "My God, he really doesn't know who I am!"

"Well, Jill honey, I'm getting married. That's why I wanted you and Jeff to come so I could tell you in person. I want you both to be in my wedding party. I know that I've not been around much for you but I want to make up for that and be able to share your lives before it's too late. The wedding is in a month

and leading up to then, I'd like the two of you to come visit anytime you'd like. This gives us all a chance to get reacquainted so to speak. What do you say, honey? Will you forgive your Dad for being a jerk and come to my wedding? I can't wait for you to meet the new love of my life, Trudy. She's a real peach," Dad told them, still sneaking peeks at Jenny while shifting in his seat.

"After all this time we're just supposed to act like nothing ever happened and that you didn't forget we were alive. Do you know how much we've both missed you and prayed that you'd call or come see us?

"Sure you've sent some money to Mother to help out but that's not all we needed. We needed a father. I don't know, Daddy. We're going to have to think about it, and from the way you keep staring at Jennifer, do you want her to come too?" she added with a little mean stab at him.

"Look, I get it, I'm the one completely at fault. I'm so very sorry, honey, but I'm not the same person I was. I know that I cannot change the past but I truly do want to change the future. I want a second chance to be in my kids' lives. All I ask is one chance to be in your life to any degree that you'll let me. I've cried myself to sleep many nights since I stopped drinking, thinking of you and Jeff. I'm sorry your Mom and I didn't make it. I feel bad for her and hope that she's found happiness for herself. I don't know what more I can say right now," he told them sincerely.

"Don't worry about Mother, Daddy. She spent her time crying too but she has a great new life and it looks like she may be headed to the altar soon as well. She and John, who's a millionaire by the way, have been getting closer and closer these past many years. He really fancies her and us kids too. I must be

a sap but, yes, I think that I'd like a second chance too. Don't expect a miracle overnight though, Daddy. You'll pardon us if we want to take it slowly at first and see where this takes us?"

"Yes of course, honey, that's fine. I understand that I have to earn your trust back and I can't wait to start. I prayed that you'd give me this chance. Would it be OK with you if I bring Trudy in? She's out in the bar waiting for me. I'd love for you to meet her and I know that she wants to meet you," Dad said hopefully

"I...I guess so. Do you mind, Jennifer?" Jill asked Jenny. She was still shaking and trying hard not to let it show. Her heart was racing a mile a minute.

"Thanks," Dad said and got up and walked out of the dining room.

"Jill! Oh. My. God. How could you do this to me? I'm about to have a freaking heart attack. Haven't you paid me back enough already? He is going to kill me. I'm supposed to sit here and causally eat dinner with him and his girlfriend? My God, he keeps looking at me like a sex-starved old pervert. He's hardly taken his eyes off my boobs since he sat down," Jenny gasped.

"Relax, little sister, if he hasn't figured it out by now, I doubt that he ever will. I don't think that you'll be able to be his best man but maybe we can share being bridesmaids for his big day. Won't that be a hoot?" Jill said just as Dad and Trudy came in.

"Ladies, I'd like you to meet my future bride, Trudy Pane, Trudy, this is my daughter Jill and her very pretty friend Jennifer," Dad said and they all exchanged greetings and sat down. Dad ordered drinks around and coffee for himself. Jill noticed that

Jenny, now on her third white wine with no food, was getting relaxed and mellow.

They ordered their food and continued exchanging small talk. Jenny was even chipping in once in a while with a comment or two. They talked about the wedding and where it would take place. Trudy said she'd love to have Jill and Jeff be a part of it in any capacity that they were comfortable with. She begged them to visit as much as they could before the wedding so she could get to know them better.

The conversation was pleasant and Tracy finally told Jill, "Your Dad really did agonize for months about calling you and Jeff but he was afraid of your response after all this time. I've been dating your Dad for two years now and he spoke of you and Jeff almost daily. I kept on him until he followed through and he was like a kid on Christmas morning after talking with you and you agreed to meet with him the other day."

"So you knew from a day ago that this was a meeting with Dad," Jenny whispered softly into Jill's ear without thinking. She looked up and blushed, her eyes not completely focusing on any one thing. She looked at her Dad and then at Tracy. She decided that she liked her and she seemed good for Dad.

Tracy then commented as she looked at Jenny, "It's uncanny but you two look more like sisters than just friends. I think I see a lot of Jill in your eyes and facial features, Jennifer You're both very lovely young ladies," she said

"That's probably because we *are* related, Tracy. You see Jennifer here is really my brother Jeff. He's gone through a rather major change in his life over the past year," Jill said. Both Dad and Tracy started laughing thinking she was joking but they stopped

when Jenny turned scarlet, passed out from a panic attack and slumped to the floor.

When Jenny regained consciousness she was laying on a bed in the hotel office. She could hear Dad yelling with Jill about, "This can't be possible!" and "Who did this to him?"

She yelled right back saying that this is who Jeff was all along and that he was happy now. Then Jenny noticed that Trudy was holding a warm wet cloth over her head. As her eyes opened a little, Tracy said. "You're OK, honey, maybe just a little too much wine and excitement all at the same time. I'm really sorry if I caused you anxiety or hurt. I was only observing your very pretty face and wanted to tell you that I thought you were beautiful," she said

"Don't worry, your Dad will come around in time. I hope that you can understand what a big shock this was to him. He couldn't wait to see his son and then to be blind-sided like this... I think your sister planned this for revenge on him but you got caught in the crossfire. I know that your Dad was negligent about being there for you both. Jill's anger must have been really deep. He'll come around when he gets his head around all this. You'll see he loves you. You are just going to have to give him little time to adjust to the new you," she said wiping Jenny's brow with the cloth.

Tracy was thinking, "I'd heard about transsexuals and transgender but I never believed anyone could change from male to female and look enough like a woman to fool anyone up close. I never guessed she was once Jeff, I only noticed that she and Jill's eyes and facial features were quite similar, Oh brother, was I wrong. This child is as beautiful as any model I can think of."