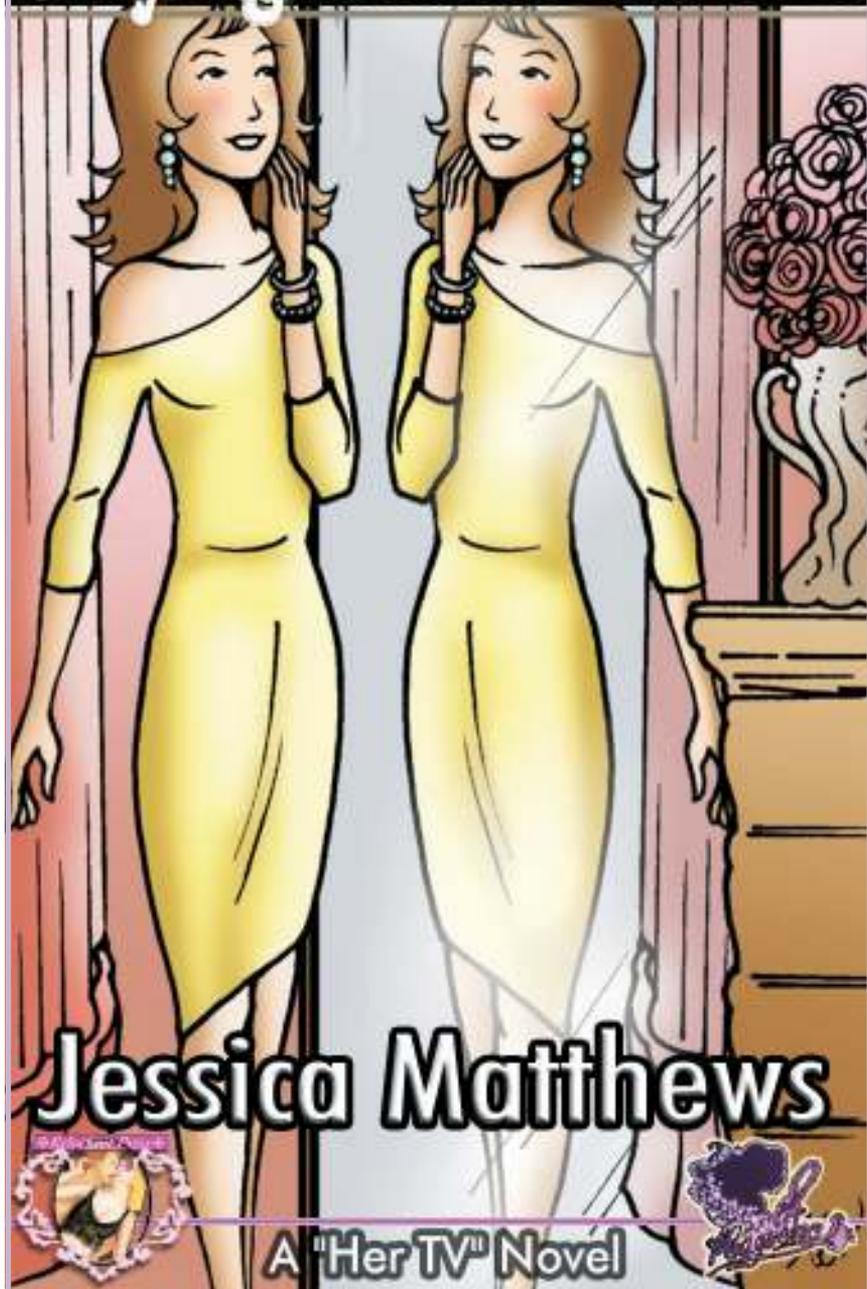


Staying with Aunt Anna



Jessica Matthews

A "Her TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Staying with Aunt Anna

By Jessica Matthews

Aunt Anna; I never met Mom's younger sister until I was about nine or ten. It wasn't like there was anything bad between them. It was simple geography. She was in a city in another state and we didn't get to travel often.

Mom and Dad were always working opposite shifts in the district hospital and I was either with one of them or on my own since I got too old for daycare. I didn't mind. I could use my imagination and pretend myself into all kinds of adventures

I liked her as soon as we met. She was like the big sister I never had; funny, irreverent and just a little bit out of control. She treated me like I was more grown up all the time. By the time I was fourteen I always asked to visit with her every time a vacation came round.

She took me to movies that mom would never have allowed. We went to the theatre, which was a great treat. I had a few days with her when I was fifteen. When I turned sixteen, I feared that she wouldn't want me around again, but she did.

I had to call her Anna then. She said that the 'aunt thing' made her feel far too old. She was about fourteen years older than me, but she looked like she could be in her mid-twenties.

On my last night there, we went to the theatre. She remembered how I'd loved it from the first time. This evening was a series of five one-act plays as a fundraiser for the local hospital. The same five actors took different roles in each play

"I love the way that these people on stage can pretend to be someone else and be so convincing" I said to Anna as we walked homewards.

"They're good," she agreed.

"I wondered if they were the same actors at first." I was full of the performance. "I loved the changes of costume and wigs and it was all done with very little scenery."

"They took us through a couple of hundred years in the context of the plays. If the character's good and acted well, scenery is not always necessary."

"I liked the first one about the settlers in Jamestown and then that one set in the Roaring Twenties. I can't decide which I liked the best," I babbled on. "I think the Twenties. The costumes were much more fun."

"Have you ever been an actor?" she asked. "I'm sure there will have been something in your High School."

“There is and I go to the auditions but I’m always too small,” I replied. “I never get a part unless they want someone to stand there in a crowd scene.”

“I remember that kind of thing at school too.” She smiled at the memory. “The teacher’s pet always got the lead. Back then, I knew how to be the teacher’s pet.”

“The last one had a scene in a medieval banquet. I thought they’d give me doublet and hose to serve the lords and ladies. I got an old sack to wear as one of the peasants clearing the slops.”

“That’s awful,” Anna replied. “I always loved the dressing up and pretending to be someone entirely different.”

“I never got the chance.”

“Would you like the chance to dress up and pretend to be someone else?” she asked as we approached her apartment.

“I’d love to; it must be so much fun.”

“And can you keep secrets too,” Anna asked.

“I guess so,” I replied, then thought about it some more. “What kind of secrets?”

“They’re the kind of secrets that can never be revealed.”

I never got to ask her what she meant by that last remark. The moment passed and the next day, I was on the way home.

“Good luck with the end of year exams,” she said as I lugged my rucksack to the door. “And keep going to the auditions; don’t let them wear you down.”

“I’ll keep going, if only to show that they *can’t* wear me down. There must be a role for a skinny kid with long hair somewhere.”

“In Shakespeare’s time, you’d have been playing Juliet or Cordelia.” Anna knew her way around literature as much as I did. “But now they want action heroes.”

“Not every actor can be Batman,” I laughed.

“But you don’t have to be the one who polishes the Batmobile.”

“It’s been really good to stay with you,” I told her before I got on the bus which would take me to the train station. “Please don’t lose touch with me now that I’m not a little kid anymore.”

“Of course I won’t.” She hugged me one last time. “If you’re not too busy, you can come again next vacation.”

When I think back on those times, I guess we didn’t communicate much between my vacations. I never asked Anna what she did for a living. I should have because when Mom asked me, I couldn’t answer.

“She’s probably up to her old tricks,” she said.

“What sort of old tricks?” I asked.

She just tapped the side of her nose as if to tell me to mind my own business. This got me curious.

Anna lived in a really nice apartment in a good area. She had a nice car and always dressed like she was at the height of fashion. Her hair was always per-

fect and dyed to an immaculate blonde. Her perfume always had the scent of something really special and expensive.

She was everything that Mother was not. She could be frivolous and fun. I longed to be like that.

She took me places and never asked for money. We ate out at good restaurants most nights when I was there; she said cooking took too much time away from enjoying life. In some of these restaurants, they clearly knew her, welcomed us warmly, and mentioned her favourite table.

I had a great time with Anna but now I realised that I knew almost nothing about her. I thought that I should have been more curious and resolved to find out more next time.

I didn't have to wait too long before the next vacation came around but the one after that as I was coming up to eighteen was the one we should talk about.

I arrived at Anna's apartment block a day early. There was a cancellation on the train and I took it at short notice. I called her mobile but there was no reply so I had to leave a message.

There was no reply and when I got there, no one answered the door. If she'd left a key anywhere, I had no idea where to look. It was my fault, I should have checked before I left home.

I sat in the coffee bar across the road, pulled a book from my bag, and began to read as I waited. I think I was on my fifth coffee and my third trip to the bathroom when I saw a cab pull up to the kerb outside.

I couldn't help but stare. The girl who got out was sublime; a vision in black leather, really tight black leather, from collar to stiletto boot. I got a glimpse of a really heavily made-up face before she turned her back to me and reached in to grab a holdall from the seat.

Long black hair, almost to her waist, swung heavily as she stood, checked the traffic, and crossed the road. There was something about her walk which made me look again as she disappeared into the apartment block. I wondered if it could be...

I followed and knocked hesitantly on the door. I thought I saw someone glance through the spyhole and then with a rattle, the lock was turned and the door opened.

"You're early; I just picked up your message."

"Anna, is that really you?"

The girl in black leather stood at the side of the door waiting for me to come inside.

"Who were you expecting to open the door?" she asked and kissed my cheeks in welcome.

"But I didn't expect..."

"Don't worry; these are my work clothes," she replied. "Stay there, grab yourself something to eat and I'll get changed."

"You don't have to change for me." I knew I shouldn't have said that; I think I was leering.

"Do you remember I asked if you could keep a secret?" She looked me in the eye. "This is one of the secrets you have to keep."

"Okay," I mumbled. "But you're going to have to tell me all about the secret I have to keep."

“I don’t know.” She seemed to be studying me and considering things. “I guess you’re old enough now. Make me a coffee while I change and then I’ll tell you.”

“You don’t have to change for me,” I repeated.

“I can see that.” She laughed. “You like the leather dominatrix look, do you?”

She spun round, giving me a view of her skin tight leather clad thighs, her tight waist and then the swell of her breasts, all concealed, yet all so erotic that I was dumbfounded.

“I see the cat’s got your tongue.” She bent and her hand brushed my cheek. “Make that coffee and I’ll let you look at me for a while longer.”

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to stare.”

“I dress like this to make people stare, so don’t apologise.”

She flopped into an easy chair and crossed her legs, waving a stiletto-heeled boot dangling towards me.

I bolted into the kitchen before she noticed how my jeans were bulging.

When I came back with the coffee, Anna was still sitting in the chair. I wondered if she was posing, deliberately teasing me.

“I think you’d better ask your questions,” she said.

“Why did you dye your hair black?” I asked; I think I was afraid to ask the bigger questions in my mind. “I

loved the long blonde hair you had, I used to fantasise about having my hair that long and that colour.”

“It’s a wig,” she said. “And there’s nothing to stop you having your hair any colour you like. All it takes is a good stylist and money.”

“It’s too blonde for a boy,” I said. “It’s a girl’s fantasy colour.”

“Boys can have fantasies too.” She leaned forwards and touched my hair. “Yours is a lovely texture and I’m sure we could turn you into a stunning blonde.”

“I’m a boy; I can’t be a stunning blonde”

“But don’t you wish you could? Let your fantasy soar. Think of it. Long blonde hair, boots like mine...”

“Stop it,” I said, blushing fiercely.

“Methinks the lady doth protest too much.”

“That’s from Hamlet and it’s Queen Gertrude’s line,” I said.

“It is but don’t try to distract me. Your blush said something you didn’t mean to say.”

“You embarrassed me.”

“Do you embarrass easily?” Anna asked. “If you do, then you’re not going to learn any secrets. Tell me honestly. If I said I could give you blonde hair like that and no one would think it strange, would you let me?”

“Yes,” I said without thinking.

“I remember that you admitted that you liked the idea of dressing up and pretending to be someone else. Would you do it for me?”

“I’d love to, especially if I could have that hair.” I paused; danger signals were beginning to flash but I decided to ignore them.

I didn’t know where this was going and didn’t know what to ask next. There were pictures in my mind and I could already see the blonde hair flowing over my shoulders.

I shouldn’t have been having those thoughts.

“Your mother would hate it.” Anna’s voice brought me back from my dreams.

“My mother’s not going to see it, is she?”

“Not if you don’t want her to.” Anna’s look said that she’d coaxed an admission out of me.

“It’s impossible though,” I sighed.

“It doesn’t have to be.” She looked at me carefully. “You could dress up and pretend to be a blonde... girl.”

That last word hit something in my mind. If I was a girl, I could wear those boots and that skintight leather outfit. That was a thought that anchored straight away.

“Is that really a wig?” I asked, wanting to change the subject but not too much.

“It really is,” she said. “Come here and look carefully. The join is really well-concealed and it’s got some spirit glue to fasten it to my forehead, but it’s there.”

“I can see it now but I’d never have thought it was a wig if you hadn’t told me.”

“It’s an expensive one,” Anna replied. “I have several different ones for work.”

“You’re not telling me what you do,” I said.

“I am a sex worker,” she replied.

I looked at her, too shocked to say anything.

“There, I’ve said it. There’s nothing to hide anymore.”

“Does that mean... I don’t know how to ask... Does it mean you stand on street corners?”

“It’s nothing like that,” she laughed. “Do I look like I stand on street corners?”

“No but...”

“I have another apartment where I entertain men who want to play at being a woman for an afternoon. I dress them, do their makeup, fit them with a wig, then we play at being girlfriends until their time’s up and they change back and go away.”

“That sounds weird.”

“It may be but it pays well and it’s safe and harmless,” Anna replied. “Sometimes, if they really look like a woman, I may take them shopping, or we may go to a restaurant.”

“Isn’t that dangerous?” I asked.

“If they look like a truck driver in a wig, I don’t take them out.”

“But what about the others, the ones who don’t look like truck drivers?”

“If they’re passable and they really want to, I might take them out.”

“They could get caught.”

“I’m careful that they don’t,” she replied. “That’s why I don’t take them to bars or places where men are on the prowl.”

“That doesn’t explain why you’re dressed like that.”

“I was working yesterday.” She seemed more relaxed now that the secret was out. “I intended to be back here, changed and ready to welcome you tomorrow.”

“But I spoiled it.”

“I wouldn’t say that but it’s up to you to decide if anything’s spoiled.”

“So you were working yesterday...” I left the sentence open inviting her to carry on.

“I met him in the afternoon,” she said. “He makes a very convincing girl. We had dinner and then I took him to a different sort of bar where there are girls like him. It’s a safe place or I wouldn’t have done it.”

“But you were coming home this morning.”

“I stayed the night there,” she replied. “He’s a nice guy and he pays well.”

“Did you have sex with him?” My eyes were really wide open in surprise at her admission.

“You shouldn’t ask a lady that question.” She put her finger to her lips. “I’m not going to answer anyway.”

“Don’t you feel it’s wrong not to have a proper job?”

“This is a proper job.” She looked angry at my question. “I provide a good service to my clients. I enjoy my work and I don’t have to put up with idiots or people I don’t like. I make a good living as you can see, so don’t dare to criticise.”

“I’m sorry...”

“If you’re going to stay here, don’t judge!” she shouted and looked angry.

“I’m really sorry, I didn’t mean to...”

“If you don’t like what I’ve told you, or you don’t want to stay, then you can get on the next train and go home.”

“I don’t want to do that. I’d like to stay and learn what you do,” I said. She looked at me long and hard as if weighing her response.

“If you stay, you’ve to give me two promises.”

“Okay; I’ll promise anything as long as I can stay.”

“The first is that you never say anything of this to your mother or anyone else for that matter.”

“I promise,” I said. “What’s the other one?”

“This is more difficult.” Anna closed her eyes for an instant as if thinking how to phrase her reply. “You spend this vacation working with me. You do what I say, wear what I say, and go where I say, without question. Do you understand?”

“Yes,” I said after thinking for only a moment. “I’ll promise to do that.”

“You won’t come to any harm,” she said before I’d even thought through the consequences of my promise. “But you’ll learn things and do things that you never dreamed of.”

“I think I can live with that.”

“Good; I think you’ll enjoy it all,” she said. “Before the week’s out, you’re going to have blonde hair to match mine.”

“Gosh.” I sat there thinking about that.

I think my mouth hung open with shock but I didn't want to take back my promise.

“Come with me. It's quite hot and I need to change out of this leather outfit.” She stood and started towards her bedroom. “I'll show you how I take this wig off.”

Anna went into her bathroom and came back a few moments later, dressed in a robe and carrying the black leather outfit which I saw now was a tight jacket and tight trousers. Her feet were bare. I guessed that she'd left the boots back there.

“You can sit beside me,” she said, noticing that I had been standing at the doorway to her bedroom.

I pulled up a chair and sat beside her as she sat in front of the vanity.

“See how the wig's glued down.” She leaned over to show me. “I always do that so it won't come loose and it won't show my own hair anywhere.”

I looked carefully. “If you hadn't told me that it was a wig, I would have believed it was your real hair.”

“That's the idea of a good wig and why they're expensive.” Anna picked up a bottle and some cotton balls.

“I have to soak the edge of the wig to soften the glue like this.” I watched as she dabbed along the hairline. “Then after it's had time to work, I can carefully ease the wig away from my skin.”

I sat back and watched as, slowly, the edge of the wig became more prominent as it separated from her

skin. Then she began to ease it away until the wig was in her hand. She looked bald without it. Earrings hung at the side of her hairless head.

She unwrapped some tape and removed a tight cap with had been binding her own hair. She shook her head. That lovely blonde hair fell loose again.

“You can look at it,” she said, holding out the wig. “Be careful and don’t smear any of the wet glue into the hair before it’s dried.”

I took the wig from her. “The hair’s smooth and soft and much heavier than I expected.”

“It’s real hair,” she replied. “I have to send it away each time I wear it, so that it comes back clean and ready to go again.”

“That must be expensive.”

“It is,” Anna replied, brushing out her hair. “There’s nothing to be gained by looking cheap; at least when you charge the rates I do.”

“Are you expensive?” I could have bitten my tongue for saying it like that.

She glared at me and then smiled and then laughed. “Looking this cheap doesn’t come cheap,” she drawled in a different accent.

“You look classy, not cheap.” I thought for a moment. “Didn’t Dolly say that?”

“She said something like it but you get the message?”

“You could never look cheap but I know what you mean,.” I replied. “I think you’re a nice person.”

“That’s a strange thing to say.” Anna sat back and looked at me. “I try to be nice. I provide a service

that's discreet and harmless. I help people do things that they didn't think they could without my help.

"And you never judge," I ended the sentence.

"That's right; it's not my place to judge anyone." She brushed her hair again and looked at me. "If you've realised that, then I think we're going to get along fine."

"I think I'm going to enjoy getting along fine with whatever you want me to," I said. "Remember I promised to do whatever you want."

"And the way you're looking at that wig tell me that you'd love to try it on."

"Am I that obvious?"

"Come here and sit by me, on the floor with your back to me."

She patted the front of her chair. I came to sit with the back of my head between her legs. She gathered my hair and twisted it into a coil. I don't know how she did it but she pinned it all up on my head. She checked that it was secure and then put her wig cap over it all.

"How did you do that so quickly?" I asked as I felt her tucking a few strands up inside there.

"It's something I'll have to teach you," she replied.

I let that go as a promise for the future. I held still she pushed me to sit a little further forward. I saw the wig lifted over my head so that the hair hung down my back, then she was positioning it into place, from forehead to the nape of my neck.

"I'm not going to glue it," she said. "You'll have to imagine that your hairline is perfect."

I sat still but I could feel some excitement rising where I didn't want her to see so I covered it with my hands.

"There; you're done," she said. "Go and look in the mirror."

I stood carefully, embarrassed because I was sticking out where I couldn't hide it. Anna saw it and giggled.

"Don't worry; I'm used to that reaction."

She stood and came to stand beside me as I looked in the mirror. I was amazed at the difference. I didn't look anything like she did. I didn't look anything like a girl but I looked different, *really* different.

I knew Anna had got me. I wanted to go further, *much* further.

"Not bad." Anna arranged the wig so that some of the hair hung in front of my shoulders. "But you wouldn't fool a blind man on a galloping horse at midnight."

"I guess not," I mumbled.

"I can see that I've a lot of work to do if you're going to do this properly."

"I've planned out what we're going to do, if you're really sure you want to do this," Anna said next morning. "If you're having second thoughts, then tell me now."

"I want to do it," I replied. "Whatever you need me to do, I want to do it."

“As long as you understand that there’s no turning back from this minute.”

“No turning back,” I repeated.

“You don’t shave.” Anna rubbed her hand across my cheeks and chin, looking closely as she did so.

“I don’t have much hair to shave; just a few come occasionally and I usually pluck them out.”

“What about body hair?”

“Do you mean have I got hairy legs?”

“Yes, have you?”

“They’re not too plentiful but they’re there.”

“I’ll book you in for a full body wax.” Anna made a note on her mobile.

“Is that because girls don’t have body hair?” I asked. “They don’t have them in the magazines.”

“So you know about that sort of magazine?”

“I went to High School; how could I avoid knowing?”

“Okay, it was a silly question.” Anna stood. “I want you to change your clothes. I’ll put some out for you and then when you’re ready, I’ll take you to my other apartment and you can see where I work... where you’re going to work too.”

“These are girl’s clothes.” I came out of my room and found Anna in the kitchen.

“What did you expect?” she replied. “I explained what I do and what I expected from you. Don’t tell me that you’re having cold feet?”

“I didn’t expect... so soon...” I mumbled again. “I’ll go and get dressed, shall I?”

“The sooner you’re dressed, the sooner we’ll be on our way.”

It didn’t feel right as I stripped off. I knew it wasn’t at all right but I didn’t expect the thrill as I put the clothes on. I suppose it was the thrill of doing the forbidden.

It wasn’t straightforward. I think Anna had selected these clothes as a bit of a test. The pink panties were no problem and I put them on first. They were tight and held my boy bits close to my body; close that is after I’d ‘eased’ my penis which seemed to think it all very erotic.

I’d never worn stockings before. I’d never worn tights either but though they would have been easier, Anna had left me stockings and a garter belt. The stockings were black and pretty opaque so they hid the hairs on my legs. I knew to roll them and ease them up my legs.

The matching pink garter belt was a bit of a puzzle at first. I held it and worked out how the tabs fastened to the stocking top and guessed that it fastened at the back. I clipped it around me and turned it so that it looked right.

The front tabs were easy but I had to bend and struggle to fasten the back ones. Then I needed to go to the bathroom and I discovered something I should have worked out. I had to release the tabs to lower my panties. I refastened them the other way with the tabs inside.