

Sisters



Jessica Matthews



An "Adult TV" Novel



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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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By Jessica Matthews

Nothing of what followed was intentional. Nothing bore any relation to the life I'd lived before. I was living a bit "hand to mouth," working or not working when I pleased, but I was happy bumbling along like a latter-day hippie nomad. Life was good.

Not anymore; I'm a woman now. I wasn't always a woman. I wasn't born female either but that didn't stop me. I think getting breasts was liberating, although if you'd suggested that to me back then, I'd have laughed or run away.

I'm slim, blonde and wear the best heels and dresses. I have my own car and a wonderful partner. He lets me get away with most things and pays for all of them. I live with my sister and if my partner knows what we get up to, he keeps sensibly quiet.

All in all, it's a good life and I've stashed a nest egg away to protect me for the future. I'm not expecting problems but a wise girl thinks ahead.

It all began when a friend called me to go on the road with a touring version of “The Birdcage.” You know the story. It’s about a gay transvestite who performs in a club that he owns with his partner. Their life gets interrupted when they have to pretend to be a real couple for a wedding.

Never mind the plotting; it was the logistics of the production which changed my life. They were desperate for an organiser and someone to carry things as the show went from one small theatre to another for a run of Wednesday to Saturday before moving on to the next town.

It was hard work and strange at first. I soon fell into a routine and began to enjoy it all. The logistics soon fell into place. The actors were another matter, with squabbles and ego trips, changing as each week seemed to bring a cast change or two. I guess some of the actors got better offers and moved to other companies.

If you don’t know the plot there are plenty of places you can find it outlined. Our production was heavy on the musical numbers and the song and dance scenes, some of which weren’t in the stage productions or the movie.

We did good business. The female impersonators in the chorus line doubled as the domestic staff as the story unfolded. I don’t know how they did it, but the guys in the chorus looked and acted as if they were real girls. They kept the show on the road anyway.

I guess that they frightened me a little at first. I knew that they weren’t real girls but the way they bickered amongst themselves and the shameless way they flirted with the audience made it hard to believe.

My problems started when the chorus line fell apart.

“You’ve got to help us out next week.” Edward Leighton, the director, confronted me as I was packing the truck with our scenery and costumes ready to move on. “Jessica has had to go. She fell out with everyone and there’s been no time to get someone to take her place.”

“But I can’t dance,” I protested. “I went to stage school when I was a kid but I never wanted it to be my career.”

“That doesn’t matter,” he replied. “Wear the costume, stand at the back, wiggle a little, and you’ll be fine. It’s only for a week until we get someone to stand in.”

“Will there be a costume for me?”

“Don’t worry, you can wear Jessica’s. She isn’t as small as you but you’ll need padding anyway.” His hands outlined where I needed the padding. “And get your ears pierced; big earrings are provided.”

What I wasn’t managing so well at first was the costume and makeup. The costume had been made for someone with a different set of measurements and a different shape. I used the same padding but it didn’t feel right. Neither did the earrings when they told me to leave some in all the time.

The rest of the chorus line helped me with the makeup; otherwise I’d have looked like a complete clown in lipstick. I think they thought it was fun to watch me struggle on stage. Jessica’s wig was awful

too. Maybe it was because I had too much hair to squash under it; I'd always worn my hair long.

The wig was meant to be a stage dancer's blonde but it hadn't been cared for and no matter how we tried, we couldn't get it to look half decent. I was always afraid of it falling off.

I consoled myself. I tried to hide at the back of the stage and avoid the spotlights. I didn't have any lines; I only had to be there and that was bad enough.

"How do you do this every night?" I asked the chorus in general.

"I love it; it's a fantasy come true." Jody the principal dancer was the only one to reply. "I always wanted to be a female impersonator. I tried the clubs but I still had to work in a burger bar. When this came along, I jumped at it."

"This is better?" I asked in amazement.

"Sure it is," he replied, sounding amazed that anyone could ask. "I get dressed and made-up every night. What more could a boy ask?"

What indeed!

So there I was, standing at the back of the stage for the whole week and then another. At first I was very self-conscious. I tried to move in time to the music and learned the routines. By the end of the third week, I was managing that part quite well and even bought different earrings to wear during the day when I was out of drag and a better wig.

That was a real change!

At the start of the third week, we'd lost another of the chorus line and the replacement was due just in time for one rehearsal before we were to go on. The management weren't too worried. It was a small town theatre and they didn't expect much profit, so we were told to get on with it.

I asked for my replacement. That was met with silence. They expected *me* to get on with it too. I didn't really mind. I wasn't doing anything else and I was getting to enjoy being on stage far more than I ever expected.

When another of the girls in the chorus left, I really feared the worst.

"How could we go on?" I asked the office manager when she called me from their central office. "We can't go on losing cast members and still keep touring. We need a replacement and we need some rehearsal time."

"Don't worry." This reply did little to calm my nerves. "We're sending another guy who knows all the routines. He toured the show last year."

"But he doesn't know how *we're* doing it."

"I'm sure he'll fit right in. Give him a week and see how it goes."

We had a couple of days before the show opened. It was a little theatre in nowhere you've ever heard of but there was a professional pride in giving them the best show we could. I rehearsed with the first replacement. He wasn't too bad but looked a bit lumpy in the costumes.

That was on the Monday afternoon. I called a halt and asked for a final dress rehearsal the next afternoon before we opened on the Wednesday evening. I dismissed my worries. After all, the big nights came at the weekends, so Wednesday's and Thursday's shows weren't too important.

"Is this the Birdcage company?" A small voice came from the auditorium. "Am I in the right place?"

"If you're our guardian angel, you've arrived in the nick of time," I replied, squinting as I tried to look beyond the lights to see who was asking.

"I'm a replacement for the chorus." He came onto the stage, a guy a little taller and heavier than I was, dressed in all denim, with a long ponytail hanging over his shoulder.

I welcomed him and filled him in on where we were up to in our preparations.

"Don't worry," he said. "I toured this show last year. I'll pick it up as fast as I can."

"I hope you look good in the costume." I tried to sound jocular. "They're not a pretty lot close-up."

"But they told me you were in the chorus as well as directing." He smiled. "I'm sure you'll look amazingly convincing as a girl."

"That might be stretching the truth." I couldn't help admiring his confidence and charm.

"The guys in the dressing room can show you where everything is, and where we're staying," I said. "I'll join you all there later. I hope you fit the costume that's been left."

“I’m sure it’s going to be fine,” he said, turning to walk backstage. “I brought a few things of my own too.” I was liking this guy. His willingness to pitch in put me at ease.

As he disappeared into the wings, I realised that I hadn’t even asked his name.

I wasn’t really prepared for the next rehearsal. I’d called it mainly because I wanted to see how all the boys looked in costume and makeup. I needed to organise them so that the prettiest was front centre stage. I knew that wasn’t me so I was on the right of the line. I figured that was where I could see the others best.

“Can I help you, Miss?” I asked as a girl in a red coat walked through the front row of the auditorium.

I heard her giggle lightly as she waved her hand and slowly came up onto the stage.

“Hi everyone.” She took off her coat, revealing the glittery costume that the girls wore for most of the show. “I’m the new chorus boy. You can call me Rosalind.”

I couldn’t see her well through the dazzling lights in the auditorium, but the voice was soft, a little husky, but sounding feminine. I stepped back and went up the aisle to get a better view.

“But you’re a girl,” I exclaimed when I got up to her.

She was dressed in a shift dress which did nothing to hide her curves. Her makeup was immaculate and her hair hung over her shoulders in shining brunette waves.

“That’s not what my birth certificate says.” She grinned at me. “But you’re welcome to see what’s between my legs if you’re brave enough.”

I took her hand and shook it gently. I noted the long red fingernails and the rings. Her bangles rattled together as her arm moved.

“You met me last night but I wasn’t dressed then.” Rosalind giggled again and batted her long eyelashes at me as she looked me up and down.

“But you’re beautiful.” I looked at her properly for the first time; I could hardly believe that this was the little guy who’d arrived the day before.

“You don’t make a bad looking girl yourself.”

I was in full makeup and wearing a costume very similar to hers but the way her body language screamed “girl” was very different from mine. I half-felt jealous, which was a strange sensation for me to have.

I tried to shelve my curiosity as I ran the rehearsal. There were a few missed cues and a few stumbles with the dialogue but with our experienced leads vamping through the mistakes, we got there in the end.

“I’m going to enjoy working with you all,” Rosalind said to the company at the end of the session. “You’ve so much to teach me.”

She knew how to say the right things.

On Saturday night when we finished our last show of the week, there was the usual feeling of anti-climax. We'd done reasonably well at the box office but everyone knew that we had only one more week before the tour ended.

We all went to change before the ritual gathering in the pub next to the theatre. I was there first. As the acting tour manager, it was my duty to buy the first round for everyone. Gradually they came in and soon the tables we had commandeered were full of noisy chatter.

I don't know what made me look up. At the second I realised that we were missing someone, the most gorgeous girl came up to the table. I did a double-take. I didn't recognise her at first, then it dawned on me; this was how she really wanted to appear.

"Rosalind," I gasped, looking her up and down. "Didn't you want to get changed first?"

I could have kicked myself as soon as the words were out of my mouth. Of course she had changed from her stage costume but she'd opted for something more feminine and much sexier.

"I'm getting to prefer being a girl these days; it helps me stay in character for next week's shows," she said sitting down as a glass of white wine was passed to her. "I hope you don't mind me coming dressed like this."

“Darling, if you come like that, you’ll have our stage manager coming all over his underwear.” One of the chorus boys winked at her.

“It’s only that I don’t get the opportunity to dress nicely very often.” Rosalind looked at me as she spoke.

Somehow as the evening progressed and people drifted away, Rosalind and I were the only ones left. We were chatting together in the corner and we didn’t notice either the time or the fact that we were the only two left. Gradually the conversation became more personal and we exchanged mobile numbers and became Facebook friends.

“I’ve nothing lined up once this tour is over,” I admitted. “My agent says she’s hoping to get me something soon but it seems a bit bleak and there’s a lot of competition.”

“I think I’m going to audition for one of those clubs where they only use female impersonators,” Rosalind said. “I think I need to challenge myself more.”

“I think you look good enough,” I said, suddenly noticing the way he was looking at me.

“Does that mean you’d like to kiss me?” he asked, looking me straight in the eye.

I leaned in close as if magnetically drawn to his lips which were generous and shining. Our lips touched and then we were kissing in a way that said we meant it for real.

I pulled back first, suddenly realising that this was a man that I was kissing. It was a first for me and a shock when I realised what I’d done.

“That wasn’t so bad.” Rosalind smiled at me and took a mirror from her purse. “You’ve made such a mess of my lipstick.”

“I didn’t mean to do that,” I said lamely.

“You can always pretend that you didn’t know that I was a boy.” The hurt in her eye told me that I’d said the wrong thing.

“No,” I spluttered. “I liked it; your lips felt so nice.”

“It’s all right.” She stood and looked at me again. “I thought you liked me.”

Before I could answer, she’d stood and left me wondering how things could go so wrong so quickly. What the hell had just happened?

Rosalind kept her distance from me as we rehearsed for the last time on the tour. She was coldly polite and correct with me for the remainder of the tour. I tried to break the ice but it didn’t make any difference.

The last night came without any real celebration. We were all heading our separate ways and I doubted if our paths would cross in the foreseeable future.

“Hi, it’s Rosalind,” the voice said when I answered my mobile.

When the call came in, I’d been hoping against hope that my agent had found me something.

“It’s good to hear from you.” I forced some enthusiasm into my voice.

“I’ve only just summoned the courage to call you,” she said. “I’d love to see you again. I can’t get you out of my mind. I know I was behaving like a real bitch at the end of the tour and I wanted to say that I’m sorry.”

“You don’t have to apologise,” I replied. “I guess we were all under stress at the end of the run.”

“I was sad when it ended, although I’d only been there for a while.” Rosalind’s voice was softer than I remembered. “I was lucky though. I got a job in a drag revue almost at once.”

“That was what you wanted.”

“I know. I’ve been a girl ever since. You should see me now.”

“That would be good,” I replied. “But I’m struggling right now. I haven’t got anything and I’m waiting tables, hoping that I won’t be evicted anytime soon.”

“That’s awful.” I could hear her gasp. “I could get you a job here, but you’d have to drag up.”

“I’m not a female impersonator,” I replied. “I know I was in the chorus when we were doing Birdcage but I only got that job because I was small and had long hair.”

“I think you’d be able to look really good and convincing if you’d let yourself do it,” she said. “I could help you. I think I owe you for being so horrible.”

“I’ll think about it,” I said, intending to do nothing of the sort, but I didn’t want to upset her.

“Call me if you want me to,” she said.

I think my tone must have said more than my words. We chatted as old friends do. I shared my lack of prospects; Rosalind shared how happy she was with her new situation. We hung up with promises to keep in touch. I thought that was it.

It wasn’t; she called a couple of days later.

“If you’ve nothing to do, why don’t you come and see me tomorrow evening?” she suggested. “Please say you will. I’ve got you a pass into the club and it’s my night off, so we can catch up.”

So I agreed. She gave me the address which was a short drive into the city. I showered and dressed in my usual all black. I didn’t need to shave; I’ve never had much of a beard or moustache. I used to joke that it was a good thing that they’d fallen out of fashion. Please don’t get the wrong impression. Despite not being macho, I’d never thought of myself as anything other than a man.

The club was far grander than I expected. The bouncer stopped me but when I said I was Rosalind’s guest, I was ushered in as if I was important and handed over to a server who showed me to a table at the side with a good view of the stage.

“I’m so pleased to see you.”

Rosalind's voice made me stand and open my arms for the usual hug. Her perfume was wonderful, full of lavender and sweet citrus. Her hair was far longer than I remembered, and far blonder too.

She stood back after the hug and I saw her properly for the first time in some months. She was super slim and curved in all the right places. She was always taller than me and now she towered over me on her heels which were green and sparkling to match her dress. It was short and low-cut. Guess where my eyes went.

"Yes, they're real." She laughed at my surprise. "I got a loan from the management and got the most natural looking implants that I could find."

"They look very natural." I regretted the clumsiness of my words.

"I decided that I needed to make myself leave the boy behind." She hugged me again and held onto my hand as we sat at our table. "It's so good to see you; I was afraid that you wouldn't come."

We started to talk about Birdcage but soon started to talk like this was a first date and we were getting to explore little bits of each other. I couldn't stop looking at her. From the gold earrings to the long green nails, she looked a picture; a fantasy, even though I knew there was a boy hidden somewhere underneath the deliciously feminine image.

"You keep looking at me," She laughed. "It's as if you're trying to work something out but you daren't ask. Don't worry about it; ask away."

"Why don't you tell me?"

Our eyes met and we both knew that we were talking about her transformation from the would-be girl I'd met months before.

“Okay; I’ve confessed to my breast development.” She had a mischievous look in her eye. “My hair is my own. It’s usually this colour but sometimes it’s white or even light grey. I have extensions all the time. I don’t think I could grow my hair this long within two years.”

“It’s beautiful.” I was rewarded with a big smile and a squeeze of my hand.

“I got my teeth fixed and my lips done.” She paused to smile and demonstrate the effect. “I got what they call a Russian pout. I didn’t want lips like a fish. And that’s about it. I’ve slimmed down, I run and go to the gym. Healthy eating and not too much to drink.”

“It all looks good.”

I was amazed that she wanted to see me when she could obviously have attracted much wealthier and more attractive guys.

“And in case there’s anything else you’re wondering about, I still have my penis.” She looked me directly in the eye as she waited for my response.

“I’d never guess that you were anything other than a beautiful girl.”

“I hope that doesn’t put you off.” She held my hand and squeezed it again. “I’m looking for a boyfriend and for some stupid, silly reason, I want it to be you.”

“I can’t think why.”

“I can’t explain. The heart goes where it wants to go; it doesn’t have to understand why.” She smiled into my eyes. “I knew that first time I saw you. We can have some fun together.”

“I’m flattered,” I said. “Aren’t you ignoring one obvious fact; we’re both boys.”

She looked at me like she was thinking hard.

“That doesn’t mean anything in the twenty-first century but I can tell you’re going to take time to work it out,” she replied. “I don’t mind, just don’t disappear.”

Before we could say much more, the lights dimmed and the music became much louder for the floor show. The girls were amazing, especially considering they were all boys underneath, but I couldn’t give them my full attention.

Rosalind pulled her chair close to mine. One hand started toying with the hair at the back of my neck. It gave me goosebumps. Then when the other hand started to climb up my thigh and play with my cock, I completely forgot that it was a boy’s hand.

Not that it looked like one with those fabulous nails.

As the show was playing the finale, I decided that it was time to go. Much as I loved the attention, I didn’t want my life to get too complicated. God knows going any further with Rosalind would qualify as “complicated.”

“You could come and have a nightcap in my room,” she said. “I’m living in one of the tiny apartments over the club.”

I stopped and she pulled me close, leaning in for a kiss. It felt strange as she was taller than me and I had to tilt my head back for her lips to meet mine. I felt her tongue touching my lips and I opened mine.

She entered quite forcefully and played her tongue around mine. My head was spinning and my emotions were all over the place. If ever I knew what I was thinking, I had no idea back then. Everything was lost in the softness of her lips.

I was the one to break the embrace. I leaned back and took her arm as I walked to the door.

“Please say we can do it again,” Rosalind whispered as she reached the threshold. I turned to walk away with a smile and a wave.

I tried, I really did. I knew Rosalind was a boy like me but the face that I kept seeing in my idle moments and the face in my dreams was her, and she didn't look like a boy. I didn't reply to her calls and her text messages went unanswered.

I don't really know if I was trying to forget her, or if I was in denial about my attraction to her. Either way, she was becoming an obsession. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

Before I came to any kind of decision, things changed. I was given a week to clear out of my apartment. I'd been late with the rent a few times and with things the way they were, it was only a matter of time. If I'd still had a car, I could have lived in that.

As it was, I would either have to go couch surfing with friends if I could find any or borrow a tent. It

wasn't an attractive proposition. Of course, I blamed everyone but myself. My agent was negligent, the tour companies wanted someone cheaper, and the auditions were supervised by morons.

Then Rosalind knocked on my door. I wasn't going to answer but she knocked louder and called my name.

"I know you're in there, Joe," she said through the closed door. "I'm going to stay here and knock louder until you let me in."

I let her in. It was either that or she'd have made such a scene. I didn't want that, even though I wasn't happy to be leaving.

"You didn't come to me and you haven't answered your calls, so I've come to you."

Her perfume assaulted me as she wrapped herself around me and pushed her lips to mine. They were soft and, without meaning to, I returned the kiss. Soon our tongues were touching again.

"You're leaving?" It was more a statement than a question as she looked at my rucksack and a holdall by the door.

"I'm being thrown out," I confessed. "No job, no income, no money to pay the rent. Nowhere to go either."

"You can stay with me for a few days." Rosalind picked up my holdall and turned to the door. "I'm taking your bag; you can either follow it or stay here."

She was out of the door before I could protest. I picked up my rucksack and followed her. By the time

I caught up, she was dropping my bag into the trunk of a late model Mustang. She pushed it closed and walked to the driver's door.

“Get in or I'm leaving you behind.”

She slammed the door and started the engine. I scrambled in the passenger door as she took off.

“Do you really live here?” I asked as she pulled into the parking garage of an apartment block in a fashionable area of the town.

“I moved,” she explained. “That's why I've got room for you.”

“But this place must cost a fortune,” I gasped.

“I'm a working girl,” she replied, opening her door and walking round to the trunk as I dragged my rucksack from the rear.

She seemed determined not to explain any more as she took off towards the elevators, leaving me to follow in her wake. She remained silent as we ascended. I watched the floor indicator until it stopped at the penthouse level.

“At least you could say something, instead of standing there like you don't believe I live here.” She opened the door and beckoned for me to enter.

“It's beautiful.” I stood and looked at the light and airy space of the living room and the decking beyond the glass doors looking over the fields to the rear of the complex.

“Like I said, I’m a working girl now.” She hefted my bag and took it to a door at the side. “This is your room.”

“I promise I’ll try and find somewhere,” I said as I stepped through the door.

“There’s no rush.” She dropped my bag on the king-sized bed. “Why don’t you get settled, take a shower. When you’re ready, come and join me and you can ask the questions that are almost falling off your tongue.”

Before I could say another word, she closed the door and left me to it. She was right. There was a lot I wanted to ask but I didn’t know if I dared.

I took my time in the shower. It was lovely to relax and think a few things through. Rosalind was stunning, far more attractive than I remembered. Whatever she was doing, it wasn’t doing her any harm.

Of course I remembered that there was a boy underneath all the glamour and the gloss, but there was nothing to give that away. Her hair and makeup, her poise and the feminine, almost feline way that she moved gave nothing away.

Her figure was slim yet with curves in the right place and the glimpse of breasts beneath the scooped neckline of the tight green dress said that there wasn’t padding in her bra. Her nails and the way she used her hands as she spoke added to the picture, as did the jewellery she wore on ears, and fingers, wrists and neck.



I dressed and used the drier in my bathroom to dry my hair into something like a decent shape, then dressed in the best I had, I opened the door and went into the sitting room. The glass doors were open and I could see her foot swinging idly on one of the chairs which had the back to the room.

She stood as she heard me coming. She'd changed and now wore a pure white wrap dress with white kitten-heeled mules on her feet. I saw her toenails were the same shade as her fingers. Her hair was loose and the shine of her lips said that she'd gotten ready to wait for me. She moved towards me, put her arms out, and pulled me into a deep kiss.

"You know I'm crazy about you," she whispered.

Her hand went to the back of my head and pulled me into another long kiss. Her tongue probed at my lips and I let my inhibitions go. Our tongues played gently with each other. We broke, only to kiss again.

"Come and sit with me."

She took my hand and we sat side by side. A wine chiller on the table to the side held a bottle and two glasses. She stood to pour and handed me a glass of white wine. I raised the glass to her and sipped.

"This is good." I was surprised by it. "I've not tasted anything like this for ages."

"You've probably never tasted anything like this anytime." She was almost laughing at me as we touched glasses and sipped again. "It's the wages of sin, if you must know."

"You're going to have to explain all this," I said. "You can guess all the things I want to ask."