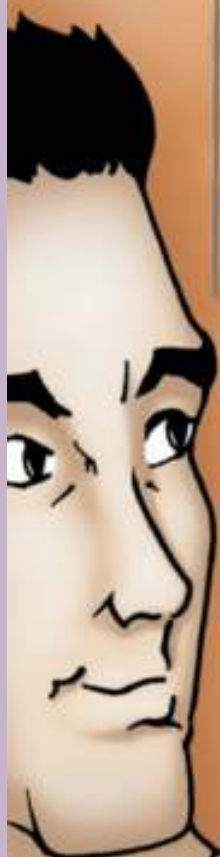


Roommate Wanted

Part 2



Maggie Finson

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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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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Roommate Wanted 2

By Maggie Finson

“How’s Mommy’s precious little girl this morning?”

Tracie widened her eyes, cooing happily as Martina chuckled her gently under the chin.

It had been a week since Karen had caught Martin trying on part of the wardrobe that had since become his once the woman he rented a room from and worked for decided he was to become her sister Martina.

Martina had gotten used to the name, to having the same lustrous, flame red hair color she did and was gradually becoming accustomed to wearing skirts.

Karen generally insisted he do that and had removed every pair of pants from his closet except for several pairs that were ultra-feminine in cut, color, and had obvious back zips.

Taking on full-time duties as Tracie’s mother had been less than onerous for him, too. He genuinely

adored the child and she enthusiastically returned the affection. Martina suspected and Karen had told him that the new mother/daughter pair had bonded already. He thought it was probably true, as he seemed to have developed a kind of sixth sense regarding what the child needed, or if she was getting into some kind of trouble when out of sight.

Little Tracie was now an ardent crawler, able to scoot out of view in seconds, usually to investigate something she shouldn't be close to.

Martina had spent an exhausting several days moving potentially harmful objects from the infant's limited reach. Child protectors on all the floor level light sockets had become the rule as well, since a very distraught Martina had run to find the screaming baby had innocently pushed one of her chubby fingers into one, receiving a shock for her trouble.

Highly amused, Karen had watched the often frantic efforts of her new sister to make the place both baby-safe, and baby-proof.

"Wait till she starts walking," the woman laughed.

"If I could catch my breath," Martina sourly replied, "I'd hold it till that wonderful event arrived."

By now the entire house was more or less safe for the child. At least as safe as any place could be for an adventurous, four-month-old who seemed curious about everything.

His first night as Martina, Karen had insisted on styling her sister's hair properly once Tracie had been installed in her crib and was contentedly sleeping.

That involved a permanent, which was smelly, and Martina's first lesson in rolling his hair. It was also his first night trying to sleep in rollers; Karen insisted

he put his hair up every night before going to bed. With his now much thicker hair and the perm, Martin suspected he really didn't need to go through that selective agony night after night, but it was easier to just put it up and cover it for the night than attempt to argue at all with his "big sister..

He now sported a smoothly sculpted, shoulder-length pageboy with eyebrow-length bangs. His hair style was identical to Karen's, except his was longer.

She lost no opportunity to let him know how lovely his hair was now that it was being taken care of in a proper manner.

Much as he inwardly cringed at the idea, that was true. His hair was full, bouncy, and glossy with the faint gold highlights that made the dark auburn lighten into the flame-colored mass he now carried on his scalp. Clad in a lacy lavender nightie, matching slippers, and short robe, he leaned over Tracie's crib to check her diaper, which was dirty as usual, then to change the little girl and get her dressed.

"Mommy is sure going to be glad when she gets you potty trained, Sweetie, yes she is."

The baby giggled, then opened her tiny mouth to gurgle a barely intelligible "Ma."

Martina froze for a moment, as the very satisfied-looking child took her bottle in silence.

"Did you talk to Mommy just now, Sweetie?"

No answer was forthcoming and he berated himself for the warm flush of excitement that had filled him when infant said her first word. The too easy acceptance of being called Mama, in a way, while calling himself 'Mommy' whenever he spoke to the child also felt strangely satisfying.

Still, the incident had made him feel very good. And being pretty much exclusively the one who cared for the baby, it just came naturally to start thinking of himself as Tracie's mother. It sure made the situation he was in easier to take.

Having carried Tracie into his own room, Martina once again had the thought that it would make things so much simpler just to move the baby's things into his room. That way they would be closer to each other through the night; he wouldn't need to pad down the hall every few hours for feeding, changing, or to get the child up in the morning. He decided to approach Karen with the idea at breakfast and see what she thought of it.

With the baby dressed and safely in her carry chair on Martina's perfectly made bed, it was time to get himself dressed and ready for the day. First thing, he peeled off the nightly facial mask, then washed his face and applied moisturizer. His face had smoothed under the regimen; no trace of a beard at all had shown since he used the depilatory. With his new hair style, finely arched brows, and thick curling lashes, he admitted to himself that even without cosmetics, his face now looked like it belonged to a very pretty young woman.

A real traffic stopper of a face, one he would have noticed right away had he seen it on the street, being drawn to its lovely planes and hollows like it was a magnet. Only it was his own face and he was not looking forward to his next day of doing the shopping because of the reactions his new look drew from the men and boys who saw him.

Knowing that most of those unabashed examinations included speculations on what it would be like to bed the slender but beautiful girl they thought they were ogling caused Martina a great deal of embarrassment, tinged with shame.

The shame came from enjoying the looks and attention, and unconsciously encouraging some of it with smiles, plus adding little motions to further interest the males who so avidly watched him. He was very sure his face had not had the shape it did now before beginning to use the beauty products in his bathroom. Being fuller and smoother had something to do with it, he knew; it seemed to him as if the underlying bone structure was changing too. His chin was smaller, while the supporting jaw line had rounded and become more delicate overall. His nose was definitely shorter and developing a finely sculpted little uptilt very much like the one Karen had. Well-defined cheekbones and slightly tilted eyes which seemed a bit larger than they had been merely confirmed his suspicions. His face bore very little resemblance to the photo on the driver's license he had used before. And it was becoming more different with each passing day.

What little Adam's apple he had possessed was completely gone and his neck had slimmed, or at least appeared to. The rest of his body hadn't escaped either.

A critical self-examination in the full-length mirror forced him to honestly see why men gave him interested looks. His shoulders had narrowed along with his rib cage, giving his upper body a very feminine sliminess. Combined with a narrower waist that sat higher on his frame and hips that were broader proportionately, his figure was far from androgynous, though slender.

Smaller, well-shaped hands and feet tipped with immaculate nails, smooth knees, slim wrists and ankles, with thinner arms and slightly fuller legs, hips and bottom proclaimed the form he now saw reflected back to his eyes to be uncompromisingly female.

He was growing breasts too!

As of yet, they were small, barely larger than lumps on his chest, but the nipples were already large and surrounded by rosy pink shading to brown aureoles.

For some strange reason he would allow Tracie to contentedly suck at his nipples for long periods of time even though he had no milk to give. *That would likely be the next addition*, he thought with a sigh of mixed dislike and anticipation.

Karen had already presented him with several books on breast feeding and insisted that he read them from cover to cover.

Thinking what milk-full breasts and his softening, widening hips and rounding bottom would do to his shape, he shuddered.

Problem was, he couldn't honestly tell himself whether that reaction was one of revulsion or excitement.

One thing only spoiled the image of a pretty, developing young woman he saw. His testicles and penis were still very much in evidence, although they seemed to be shrinking. It was no longer painful at all for him to press the globes of his diminishing manhood back into the body cavity and his cock meekly fit to the crack between his legs almost without restraint. A firm pair of panties took care of that now.

What he couldn't understand and wasn't even willing to try comprehending, was why he seemed to look forward to further feminization of his body instead of wanting to run screaming from the possibility as his conscious mind told him he should.

“Admiring your figure?” Karen’s voice reached him from the doorway. “Am I going to have a vain little sister to put up with as you get your growth?”

Martina blushed with embarrassment, quickly pulling on a pair of lime green panties, then adjusting a matching bra and filling the still slack cups with the silicone falsies that gave him front dimensions to match his already expanded behind and hips.

“You sure won’t be needing those much longer,” Karen continued taunting with a wide grin.

Turning to glare at his tormentor and the author of his present difficulties, Martina wanted to respond with an angry retort but found himself simply shrugging with a weak frown.

“You’re doing this to me, you ought to know.”

“Doing what?” the other innocently asked.

“This.” Martina ran a hand across his changing form, then through his hair and down his face. “I’m starting to look like you.”

“No.” Karen entered the room to pat the baby.

“You’re my sister but you’re beginning to look like her. She’s getting to be the spitting image of you, or maybe it’s the other way around. Being her mother is having its effect on you, but daughters ought to look like their mommies, shouldn’t they? And you sure haven’t protested taking over that role or dressing for it, now have you, Martina darling?” she pressed.

“I haven’t had much choice, have I?” he half bitterly told her after working sheer pantyhose up his long, pretty legs, then sliding a short, snug slip over

his head and twitching hips and shoulders to help it fall into place.

“You seemed pretty willing to take on the duties, plus the housework without my encouragement,” Karen sternly returned, “and to start dressing the part too. I only made you see what you really are, dear. Then helped you fully assume the part you really wanted to take.”

That caused him to stop arguing.

While zipping up the pale green, figure-hugging dress that left a lot of leg showing and having only elbow-length sleeves, he realized she was right, but had he always been like this underneath without being aware of it?

“I didn’t choose your taste in clothes, either.” Karen gave him an approving once over “And you certainly do wear things that enhance your girlish appearance and look very good on you. You’re very stylish.”

“I have to do the shopping today,” Martina reminded her. “And I don’t want to be caught out as a man in women’s clothing.”

“Oh, I don’t think you ever were that. A man, I mean.” Karen pointed out. “You were only acting a role that you weren’t all that good at, now admit it, little sister and give up thinking of yourself that way. You’re a very attractive, no make that beautiful, young woman who has nothing at all masculine about her, a young mother, and you’re so happy with both those facts that it shows in every move you make.”

“I always loved children,” he defended. “And never did like going anywhere looking less than my best.”

Watching him slide his small feet into a pair of short-heeled gray leather pumps, Karen nodded.

“Well, you still manage both of those quite nicely. Better, I think, than before. Face it, honey, you were meant to be a woman and a mommy.”

“I suppose you’re right.” Martina sighed as he smoothed his skirt to sit on the vanity bench, then started applying his makeup. “I am happy doing all these things, and men sure wouldn’t put up with going through everything I do every day.”

Karen continued to observe as he finished that operation, noting that he performed it as if he’d been doing it for years, then helped him remove the rollers from his hair and watched as he brushed it out and into the style she had chosen for him.

His careful and tasteful selection of a white and gold bead necklace, matching bracelet, and earrings impressed her. Martina was becoming an effortlessly elegant, stylish young woman who possessed an unstudied grace of motion and form that was undeniably feminine. Not to mention quite fetchingly female in the way the package was presented as a whole.

Pretty soon, it would be time for Karen to start finding her little sister a boyfriend or better yet, several. It was time to expand Martina’s interests to things beyond her own appearance, the house, and her baby. Besides, little Tracie needed and deserved to have a Daddy.

Giving the young woman she was creating a quick peck on the cheek, Karen began considering which guys she was going to start lining up.

“Got to go or I’ll be late, hon. You and Tracie have a good day.”

Once she had gone, Martina drew several moist giggles from the infant with a series of nonsense words, then sighed heavily.

“You know, kid, even though we should have one off and on, there just doesn’t seem to be such a thing as a bad day for us when we’re together, does there?”

In seeming agreement, the child gave him a wide, toothless smile, waving her chubby little arms in a gesture that meant she wanted to be picked up.

“Then, how could anyone have a bad day with a pretty little girl like you to fill it?” Martina questioned playfully while lifting the child into his arms and gently tickling her face with his hair. “Mommy just loves you to pieces, yes she does.”

Disengaging a tiny hand that had, painfully, gripped a thick strand of that, he continued, “We have lots to get done today, Sweetie, and Mommy can’t get started if her little girl keeps trying to pull my hair out by the roots.”

At first, Martina had been very self conscious and worried about even setting foot outside the front door in fear that the neighbors would connect the supposed young woman he now looked like with Martin. Especially since Martina got into the same car Martin had driven.

Nothing of the sort happened, though, to his mixed relief and disappointment. Ruefully, he reminded himself that there was really very little resemblance between the way he now appeared and how he had only several months before. And Martin hadn’t really gotten out very much at all before becoming Martina.

Plus Martin had never ventured out carrying a lively, happy infant, or publicly doted over the child in the unashamed manner Martina used. The neighbors had simply accepted him as what he appeared to be. From the way the males who saw and spoke to him reacted, he knew without being told that his own appearance and demeanor was not only passable but that he was becoming as stunning, in his own way, as Karen.

Most of the neighbors were younger couples who both worked, but there were a few women who remained home at least during the day. Drawn by the baby, they had quite naturally conversed with the child's charmingly different mother. Several of those conversations had grown into first easy acquaintances, then actual friendships.

Martina was careful in sticking to the story that she had gotten out of a bad relationship too late, decided to have the child anyway, then suffered birth complications which had 'her' sister generously caring for the infant until she was well enough to join them. It had reached the point where he was even beginning to believe the story himself.

The doorbell rang just as he finished feeding and changing Tracie. At times he was amazed that someone so tiny could produce so much waste but had come to simply accept the fact along with everything else.

Checking who was at the door in the monitor, he saw it was their nextdoor neighbor, Celia Kline.

A little on the chubby side, but in an attractive way, with absolutely gorgeous, shining black hair down to her waist, Celia had rapidly become very good friends with Martina once the initial awkwardness of introductions and getting past what she

termed Martina's old-fashioned shyness had been accomplished.

Martina buzzed the door lock open while leaning into the intercom speaker.

"Hi, Cele, I'm just about ready, come on in."

The front door opened, then closed, followed by the click of shoes heading for the kitchen.

"And how are my favorite little mother and her precious little baby, this morning?" Celia cheerfully called before reaching the kitchen to see Martina adjusting Tracie's royal blue ruffled dress.

"Cleaned up, for now, fed, and ready to go shopping." Martina grinned at his friend. "Though either of the first two are subject to change without notice."

"One of the few disadvantages to having a baby around."

The woman immediately went to Tracie.

"But we put up with those because you're just so cute, don't we, Sweetie?"

Agreeing that she was indeed cute, and deserving of any adulation given with a series of gurgles and coos, the infant smiled up at Celia, who chuckled her under the chin. "You could take lessons from your mommy about not being so blatantly vain about it, though."

"And you seem to be taking some from her about not hiding what you have." Celia gave Martina an approving look. "I honestly swear that you keep getting better looking every time I see you."

"Thanks." Martina glowed with the genuine compliment. "It took a long time to recover from having this little bundle of exuberance but it was worth it."

“Though you could use a little more weight in some spots.”

Celia flashed a grin while patting her plump hips and bottom. “I’d gladly give you some of mine, but it looks as if you’re putting on enough of your own as time passes, dear.”

Martina’s smile in response failed to go much further than his face, as he wondered why that was. He was taking nothing in the way of pills at all, so hormones were out, unless Karen was giving him something either in his food, drink, or slipping it to him at night while he slept. That was something he doubted, with the baby keeping him awake half the night off and on.

But something was being done to alter his appearance, shape, and even the way he acted. Why was it that he never pressed Karen about that, or sought answers on his own? It was a situation that seldom bothered him at all any more and when it did, something always managed to divert his attention until his private worries seemed unimportant in comparison.

“A penny for them?” Celia prodded him gently with a half-amused, half-concerned look on her face.

Startled out of his train of thought again, Martina shook his head like someone waking from a long, very involved dream. “Sorry, just a passing thought.”

“Looked more important than that to me. You were frowning as if something I’d said bothered you,” Celia replied.

“Oh, don’t be silly, Celia. I get tangled up with what was and what is off and on, is all. You didn’t offend me, or anything like that.”

Gathering Tracie, Martina gave his friend a genuine smile.

“Now let’s get going before all the good stuff is bought up, shall we?”

A day of shopping had never been high on Martin’s list of fun things to do. As Martina, he found that such activity was actually quite entertaining. Getting out of the house was part of it, he supposed, and being with someone besides Karen and Tracie was another. Their shared expeditions provided a welcome change of routine for him, a change he had come to enjoy very much. It had bothered him at first, going out in public as Martina, especially before his body had started filling out into the very feminine proportions it now had. That held problems of its own too. Wherever he went, Tracie accompanied him, which had helped with people’s acceptance of him as a young woman, he knew.

But he attracted a lot of attention now because of his appearance; attention from men. Not many had actively sought to get acquainted with him yet. They looked, though, and Martina was terribly aware of those glances and outright stares he received while out. Knowing those men were giving him looks while speculating what he would be like as a bed partner was humiliating enough, along with the crawly feeling he got when one stared too long, undressing him with their eyes.

Celia nudged him companionably as they exited a shop specializing in sexy, filmy lingerie. “There’s another conquest for you, hon. His tongue is just about shining his shoes.”

Martina was fully aware of the young man Celia had pointed out. He even looked vaguely familiar, with his athlete’s build, smoothly shaven face and thin, dark hair.