



*Reluctant Press*

# A Different Life

Jean Hollis



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS*

**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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# A DIFFERENT LIFE

**Jean Hollis**

## **So Young, So Ready, So Fem...**

“No, Bobbi that’s not a good color for you.”

“But Mom, I like this one so much!”

“I said no, now hang it back up and keep looking, we’ll find something that will look better on you.”

Bobbi loved Sundays with his mother, it was her day off work, when she had more time for him. They would have a breakfast out, and then go to Goodwill-type stores to shop. His mother’s budget was tight, so she had to be creative in their shopping.

Bobbi looked so much like his mother. Blond, China blue eyes, full lips with a fair complexion. Like his mother, he was also small-boned and short, even for his young age. But he was a different type of person already from his mother. She was strong, she stood up for herself, spoke her mind. Bobbi was shy, quiet and, his mother said, like his father, rather passive. His father had died from a strange disease when Bobbi was five. Just after his father died, his mother had his name changed from Robert to Bobbi. It was different, she said, and might help people notice him more.

Sometime after his father died, Renee, his mother, began dressing Bobbi in girl’s clothes. She had wanted a girl so badly! Then she lost her husband who had worshipped her and who also always did as she said. She began dressing Bobbi up on Sundays after they came home from shopping, usually for things for him. Once home, they dressed him and then they did fun things like tea parties, or play games together. Of course she was teaching Bobbi to cook and clean house. She promised when he was older she would teach him to sew. Bobbi loved to visit fabric stores with her and touch all the materials. He could spend hours there, looking at fabrics. Sometimes he and his mom would sit together. Let the other boys play ball, Bobbi loved doing this.

Bobbi still missed his father, but on Sundays, when he was all dressed up and feeling pretty, he felt so close to his mother. At bed time she took him in for his bath, and afterwards he would put on his sleep panties and a gown and Renee would read him a story, after she tucked him in, before he went to sleep. She knew the days of this story time were running out as he got older, but she loved doing it for him. He looked so pretty lying there, his long blond hair freshly brushed.

Sometimes however, Bobbi would start acting boyish, and be smart-mouthed. His mother knew to deal with that at once, before it got out of hand. He was taken to the bedroom and given a good old-fashioned over-the-knees spanking with a wooden paddle, the same one Renee had used on her husband when *he* had acted mannish. This was something Renee would not tolerate in her feminist household, male acting out!

Before the spanking, Bobbi went right into girl's clothes, everything, including a training bra. She did everything to him that she had done to his father when she needed to put him in his place. Then it was into the closet with him, and he stood in a corner, surrounded by women's clothes, until he was allowed to come out, when the timer went off. Once he was allowed to come out, he wrote in his blue book, at least forty times, *I am sorry for acting like a boy, I promise not to do that again, please forgive me.* His written lines were presented to his mother on his knees, and he waited there, often a long time, until she gave her forgiveness.

Sometimes they talked about his training and punishments. They both felt the corner time while fully dressed as a girl, after the spanking, seemed to work best. In the corner, Bobbi had lots of time to think about how important it was for him to behave and act as a girl when he was with his mother. He knew that boys' behavior is usually bad and girls' is good. So his mother was pleased when he acted like a girl. Part of his reward was all the soft, wonderful clothes she bought for him. Bobbi loved the girl's clothes so much, he never wanted to give those up. So he studied girls at school and did his best to learn to be the best girl he could for his Mommy.

Bobbi loved his mother deeply, and he understood when she told him that he must never tell anyone about his dressing-up. That was something only she and he could share. He wondered if other boys did this too, but he had no way of knowing. He knew these were his special times; it made him feel so different to be all dressed up and to look so pretty when he saw himself in the mirror. His mother looked over his shoulder, and said, "You just shine, darling."

Things went well for them. Bobbi was bright and did well in his school work. Then one night his mother told him their car needed a few repairs. It would cost a lot, but she thought she could handle it. "However, young man," she said, "it will mean we will have to cut back on our Sunday shopping. That may mean fewer dresses for you." "Oh Mom, it's OK, I'll wear the ones I have 'til I outgrow them." "All right, darling, I know you'll help. Maybe we can get a few things now and then. Maybe a slip and panties for your birthday."

Then a month later, Mr. Carlson, the landlord sent notice of a rent raise. Bobbi's mother was so angry, she broke a cup. "You go to bed, Bobbi, I'm going to go talk to him." He lived just down the hall. Mother came back quite a bit later and kissed him on the forehead. "It's going to be all right, sweetheart. Mommy's going to make it work, don't you worry about it."

After that, every Friday night, Bobbi's mother went to Carlson's apartment for about an hour. She left after she tucked Bobbi into bed. He had the phone number and he knew where Carlson's apartment was. Still he worried about his mother; he knew she didn't like Carlson very much and he couldn't figure out what she did down there, for so long. He noticed, even though he was supposed to be asleep, that as soon

as she got home she appeared to be tired and she always took a very long shower. That was strange, because she normally showered in the morning. However, it was OK because she later told him Carlson had raised everyone else's rent but not theirs. Bobbi was glad. His mom knew how to care of things, as always.

## Where Does The Time Go ?

The years slipped by. Renee stayed at her office job. She never remarried, often remarking how much she disliked macho men! Bobbi did well in school, even though he was thought of as a sissy by nearly everyone. He was growing up very different from the other boys. He never "did" sports or gym, but took quite a few home economics classes. He did very well in cooking and was the best in his sewing class. The sewing teacher seemed to understand that certain boys were just cut out for this, that they had a way with fabrics, so she encouraged Bobbi and treated him special. He was able to make close friends with some of the girls in his class. He just had to be careful when they were talking about clothes and things. As much as he *wanted* to share his feelings with the girls, as they did with each other and even though he would love to talk about what it felt like to try a new dress on, or how good it felt to have a bra fit snug around your chest, he knew he couldn't. So he just listened and tried to learn all he could about being a girl. It was OK to listen to his mother talk about fem things, but it was different with girls his own age. "I'm so like them," he thought, "and I want to be just one of them. I want that so badly, but I am different."

He did make friends with two boys who were a lot like him. Like him, they, too, were considered sissies. But the boys didn't care, and they were glad to have each other's friendship. One thing they all talked about was their dream to go to New York and become dress designers. Bobbi often wondered if they dressed up at home like he did. Sometimes, one of the boys would say something that made him think they did. Like, one time Jamie said he had tried walking in his mother's heels, and Oh! it was so hard to do. Bobbi wanted to say, "Well, I have four pairs of heels that my mother and I picked out for me, and I can walk very well in all of them." Of course he didn't say that. He knew secrets are secrets! His mother had been very strict in telling him he was never to talk about dressing up to anyone!

At last Bobbi turned 18. He loved teen fashion mags and his mom let him subscribe to two. He and his two friends loved to talk about the newest fashions and what they would design if they were doing it. Several times, one of the three boys almost slipped up and said something about dressing up, but caught himself and didn't. Bobbi was now allowed to wear panties to school every day; of course, he didn't take gym classes. His mom made sure they looked unisex, "just in case". Naturally, Bobbi sneaked in a lacy pair now and then, and felt *so very* naughty walking down the school hall with those on his hips, under his pants. He loved how tight they fit "down there" and the way they hugged his hips. He made up a little poem which he would recite in his head as he walked. "Happy in panties, smiling all the time, happy in panties because I know they're mine."

One day in the school yard a good-looking boy named Jack came up and started talking to Bobbi. Bobbi had noticed him looking at him before. Jack was a year older,

in his last year at school, and Bobbi thought he was very smooth and sexy. Bobbi had never seen Jack with a girl; he was always with the other boys. Jack made small talk to start with, then he said, "Bobbi, I notice you walk home from school by yourself. You know what? I would like to walk you home sometime."

Bobbi knew boys often walked their girl friends home. Bobbi was very unsure how to respond to this and Jack could tell that. "Tell you what," Jack said. "I'll meet you at that corner after school, OK?" Bobbi just nodded yes. As he was leaving Jack said, "I'll even carry your books for you, Bobbi."

On the way home, Jack did most of the talking. "I really like your blonde hair, Bobbi. It looks so good in a pony tail." There were a few more compliments, including one about his pretty blue eyes and Bobbi said, "Thank you, Jack," for each one. When they got to Bobbi's building, Bobbi didn't know what to do. Should he invite him in? Jack made it easy. "I've got to be going, here's your books, I really liked walking you home. I sure would like to see you again. Bobbi, I like you a lot, and I've always thought you would make a super special kind of a girl friend, for the right kind of guy. You are so pretty. I know you don't have a boy friend. If you ever want one, I would like for it to be me. Please think about it, I'm sure I could make you happy. We could have a date sometime and see how it goes." With that, Jack reached over and squeezed Bobbi's hand, then he left.

Bobbi had a little trouble walking up the stairs. He felt very lightheaded and his heart was beating fast. When he got into his apartment, he lay on his bed. He just didn't know what to think about all of this. He was so happy he could just die, because Jack had told him how pretty he was and what a pretty girl he would make. No one except his mom had ever told him this. Oh, how wonderful!!

As he lay there, he thought some more. Bobbi knew about gay people; his sex class' teacher had explained that. He didn't think he was gay. Of course he didn't know; he was, after all, a virgin. Mom had said that until he was spoken for by someone, it would be best to keep his virginity. But it was so thrilling when Jack took his hand and squeezed it. He wanted to just be like a movie queen and look up to Jack and say, "Yes, kiss me Jack, I'm all yours."

Bobbi knew what he needed to do. He was feeling it so strongly! He glanced at the clock, there was time before Mommy came home. He went to his closet. First, a really sexy pair of panties, followed by his new bra with inserts, then the new baby doll gown. At his vanity, he put just a touch of perfume on his upper lip, it was so easy to smell there. He looked at himself in the mirror. "I am so pretty," he thought. He turned away, then turned back, opened the tube and put just a touch of color on from the lipstick. Then he lay on the bed and used his favorite lotion, warming it in his hands first. Bobbi loved to touch himself. He tried not to do it too often, but sometime he just had to. This evening was one of those times. As he rubbed the lotion on, he went off in his mind to that special place. That place where everything was sweet, soft and silky. He was there now, being the beautiful girl he longed to be. He was there with someone else; they were lying in the shadows, and doing things he could not quite see. But he felt sweet and good as he lay there in the shadows and looked up from his place down below. When he "came back" from there, he got up, washed his panties out, and put on a house dress. In the kitchen, he put on his apron and started supper for his

mother. Fish cakes, a salad, and the cookies he made yesterday for dessert. Bobbi smiled as he cooked. "I'm a happy girl," he thought, "different but happy."

After dinner, his mom watched TV, while Bobbi straightened out his panties drawer and went through his dresses. Later he went to sleep while looking at a fashion mag. He dreamed of Jack holding him in his arms and kissing him. When his mother went into the kitchen, nothing had been cleaned up, the dinner dishes were not washed. "Bobbi Jean!" Jean was his middle name which she used only when she was angry. "You come in here right now, young lady." Renee did not usually refer to her son as a "young lady", even though it would be easy to do when he was in dresses so often. But at times, it just came out like that. Bobbi appeared in the kitchen, took one look and knew he had done wrong. "Mommy, I'm so sorry. I fell asleep." "You can go to sleep once your house work is all done, but not before then." Bobbi was reaching for the dish cloth. "Oh no, not yet. You come with me into my bedroom, young lady." He knew what was coming. He followed her into her room.

"Go stand in the corner until I get ready for you." He obeyed her. She pulled the straight-backed chair from the wall. From the closet she got her wooden paddle. It had holes in the paddle end. A long time ago, Bobbi had painted Mommy on the handle with nail polish. She went to his room and brought back a very short dress, one used only for this purpose and cotton panties. "Very well, Bobbi, take these and go to the bathroom and get dressed for me." He did as he was told. In the bathroom, he undressed and pulled the short skirted dress over his head. It was pleated from the waist down and moved around in a whirl when he moved his hips. Then he began pulling the cotton panties up. Then it happened, as it always did before he was punished for something. He always tried to not let it happen, but it always did. He never knew what to do about it. He knew his mother would not approve. He pulled the panties all the way up. There it was, pushing out from inside his panties, under the dress. "Bobbi, you hurry up, I don't have all night for this!" "Yes Mommy, I'm hurrying." It just stuck straight out, making a bulge in his dress. He tried to push it down, but it just came back up again. He slapped it with his hand, nothing changed. Tears started down his cheeks; at last he opened the bathroom door and walked over to his mother, trying to bend sideways so she wouldn't see it. "You turn and face me. Well, I'm glad to see some tears, perhaps you are remorseful." She handed him a hankie to dry his eyes. He knew she saw it, pushing out like that. "Dry your tears and stand sideways by me." It couldn't be missed now, the dress just stood out. Renee pulled his skirt up and told him to hold it. Then she pulled him down over her knees. It was still there, pushing against her leg as he lay on her lap. She pushed the back of his panties down. "Do you need this punishment, Bobbi Jean?" "Yes, Ma'am, I do." The paddle came down hard and true. Bobbi had been well trained, he knew what to do. "One, thank you, Ma'am. Two, thank you, Ma'am." It was still there, pushing against the front of his panties. When it was over, he had counted to fifteen. His face was wet with tears. "Do you think you'll ever forget your house work again?" "No Ma'am, I promise I won't." "Very well. Go put yourself in the corner until I say you can come out.

He stood there for fifteen minutes. He deeply regretted falling asleep. More than anything, Bobbi always wanted to please his mother. As he stood there, Renee sat on the chair and watched him. He was so like his father! She remembered when she had

to do these same things to his father when *he* forgot his housework. How she missed him. He too always looked cute in a dress. Afterwards her husband always performed so well for her, in her bed.

“Well, he’s gone now, and I only have Bobbi.” She stood and walked over to Bobbi. She put a small pink hand towel in his hand. “I know what you need to do, Darling, and since you took your punishment well, you have my permission for your reward.” She bent over and kissed him, then turned and walked out of the room. The only light was a small rose-colored lamp on her vanity. She had lit some musk incense earlier. There were traces of the faint rose light in the corner where he stood in his dress, looking down at his shaved bare legs. The musk smell lay in the room, making it a magic place. Bobbi pulled his dress up and tucked it in around his waist. His heart beat faster as he slowly pulled the cotton panties down to his thighs. As he started, he was aware of the welts and stings of the paddle, and how they burned. The panties were so tight, pulled down like that, the elastic pushing against his flesh. He put his hand around it; then he went to a different place, the place he loved to go to. As he did, he could feel it all over, there in his dress, and his panties. There was a special glow about it; most of all he could feel it deep inside. That tingly pulsating feeling, then after a while the rush came quickly, so overpowering that he trembled. After he had finished, he stood there in his heels, sighing deeply, his breath coming in gasps, as his legs tingled. He used the pink towel to wipe with, then he pulled his panties back up and turned around. He slowly took the pink towel and put it in the laundry and went to the kitchen to finish cleaning it up.

His mother was in bed when he finished. He tiptoed in and kissed her cheek. “I love you, Mommy.” “Good night. You were a good girl with your punishment, Darling.” “Thank you, Mommy.” Bobbi went to bed in a white long gown with a bow at the top, lace at the bottom and matching panties. His last thoughts as he went to sleep were, “I’ll always do my best to be a good girl for Mommy.”