



Reluctant Press

Adulthood Achieved

Patricia Smith



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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ADULTHOOD ACHIEVED!

by Patricia Smith

CHAPTER 1

Being small for a man wasn't the handicap everyone else thought it was. I didn't need to be big and strong and macho like so many other guys were. I was quite happy and content to be the short and thin person that I was. I had chosen my occupation with my size in mind; I was a Certified General Accountant, a profession that didn't require bulk to accomplish the tasks before me. I sat at a desk and used a pencil or a computer to earn my living.

Being smaller than the average man and woman was an asset at work. Bulk doesn't fit too well at a desk. Being as small as the average thirteen or fourteen year old boy allowed me to purchase my clothes from the children's wear departments in stores. Thus I avoided having to pay the taxes charged to adults for their clothes. The government had lots of money and they didn't need mine. I did.

At the age of twenty, I was still single and living alone in my large two-bedroom apartment. I was lucky to have gotten the apartment two years ago when the previous tenant moved up north and sublet it to me. It was all mine now; the lease was in my name. Jack Wright. Mr. Wright to everyone at work, little Jack to almost everyone else.

I never liked the "little" tag that everyone labeled me with but it was a fact of my life. I *was* little. I was five feet tall and weighed a mere ninety-four pounds at my heaviest. Something had gone wrong with my development; I had stopped growing at the age of thirteen. I was checked out thoroughly by a doctor and a few different things were tried to get me growing again. My last doctor said it was a gland problem and could be resolved with time and birth control pills which I was to take one a day until he said to stop. The prescription was renewable every three months when I received what would be a four-month supply to a woman. Women take them for three weeks, then take a week off them during their menstrual cycle. I took them everyday.

I had things I liked to do when I was home alone, which was all the time. I liked to read, listen to good music and watch movies on the VCR rather than over the air. I didn't care for all the commercials they had on there. I had over a hundred different movies I could watch over and over again. I had a couple of hundred different CD's

and could listen to the music that I liked at any time of the day or night. The apartment was soundproof so no one could tell if I was home merely by listening. And I had a huge library of books and had read most of them already. My library was constantly growing too, since once a month I got the latest three publications from Reluctant Press. It was transgender fiction, thoroughly enjoyable to just sit and read and imagine myself being transformed into a female.

Why not? Lots of guys did it! Guys older and bigger than me were dressing themselves up as girls to go out and have fun like a real girl might do. There were boys younger than I was who got to wear dresses almost daily. Some of them had their wives or their girlfriends to help them, others had their mothers or sisters, cousins or aunts. Just because I was all alone in the world didn't mean that I couldn't enjoy some of the same things that other boys and men did.

My small size was an advantage to me in this area. I was smaller than the average woman, and thinner too. I stood a better chance at making a passable female than most men did. The advantage I had over most of the boys who crossdressed was the fact that I wasn't going to grow any bigger or taller while most of them would. All I needed now was to get my hands on the clothes of a female so I could begin teaching myself to look and act like a girl. It wasn't going to be easy.

I waited for my opportunity and bided my time. Slowly but surely, Halloween got closer. Halloween was the perfect opportunity for a male to dress up as a female without attracting too much attention to himself. That's what I needed. To remain anonymous, just another young guy going to a Halloween party in drag. No big deal.

I was ready to try it on a Friday evening, right after work. It was two weeks 'til Halloween and I was one of the last to leave the office. I had planned it that way. Everyone else scattered as soon as they could get out of there. I was pretty sure no one I knew would be at the store I was going to in an attempt at obtaining the items I required.

I felt quite self-conscious as I entered the ladies-only clothing store on the East side of town. I was relieved to find that there were no other customers in the store. It was dinner time so the only people there were the staff. Two women in this particular store.

"Can I help you, young man?" one woman asked me as though I were a child who had wandered into her feminine sanctuary.

"I hope so," I replied with more confidence than I felt. "My office is having a Halloween party this year and the theme is to be the opposite sex," I lied to her with a straight face. "With no one to help me, I am on my own to locate suitable attire for the event."

She smiled down at me then as she realized that I wasn't the child she had assumed me to be. "Yes Sir," she said with a grin. "I'm certain we can supply you with everything you will need to play the role of a female for the day."

Supply me she did. But the rules of the store were strict. No males allowed in the changing rooms at any time for any reason. She estimated my sizes and supplied me with two pairs of panties. I would have to practice and would need clean ones while the first pair was in the wash. She got me a bra that should fit and several pairs of pantyhose. Pantyhose tended to run and rip when someone with no experience put

them on so I had to have a supply of them while I practiced. She picked out a dress for me to wear, then the slip to wear under it. I was allowed to sit on the chair and try on the pair of shoes she had picked out for me since I didn't have to enter the dressing room for that. The right size of footwear was very important for me to appear as a female at the party. But I had to remove my socks and put on a pair of knee-high stockings so the shoes could be fit properly.

The woman told me to practice with the clothes first and when it was time for the party to find a beauty salon that could help me with the makeup and my longish hair. I shrugged and grimaced and agreed that that was probably what I would have to do. She also suggested various accessories to go with the dress but I would have to find them somewhere else. I paid for the items with cash and she bagged them up for me so I could take them to my car and go home.

The feminine clothes I had wanted for so long now stayed in the bag for a week. It was the following Friday when I finally got up the courage to open the bag and unpack the clothes I had bought. It took me a whole week to get into the right frame of mind for attempting such an evil thing.

Boys weren't supposed to dress as girls. Men weren't supposed to dress as women. It was contrary to most religions, but I wasn't a religious person. I felt like I was doing something wrong, something evil, maybe just naughty as I laid out the clothes and removed the store tags from them. Lots of guys did it and they weren't evil, I told myself. Evil was bad, rotten to the core, and that wasn't me and I was certain it wasn't most of the other guys who tried what I was going to try.

I made sure that the blinds were pulled and the curtains were drawn so no one could peek through my tenth floor bedroom window before I stripped off my male clothes. I inspected my naked body in the full-length dressing mirror on the back of the sliding closet door and had to smile at what I saw. Along with not growing since the age of thirteen, I also had not grown the typical male body hair either. A few curls of dark pubic hair was all that I had and no one would ever see them anyway. I didn't have to shave any part of myself to make myself more feminine. I didn't even own a razor anyway.

I picked up the pair of fine, white, nylon panties and stepped into them to pull them up my legs and settle them into place about my hips. A strange thing happened to me then. My usually soft and flaccid little pecker grew to twice its normal size and made a bulge in the front of the panty I had on. That had never happened to me before, except when I was reading my Reluctant Press stories. But that was mental stimulation and understandable. This was physical and new and a little bit naughty and I didn't think it would happen so quickly. I merely ignored it and continued with my new act of crossdressing. A first-time experience and pleasurable—so far.

I put on a pair of pantyhose and followed the directions I had read so many times in the stories I liked to read. I got them on without a rip, tear or run and felt quite pleased with my accomplishment, not to mention the physical sensation of wearing such alluring feminine hosiery. So far, dressing as a girl was fun for me.

I had a lot more trouble with the bra than I had expected I would. I had studied some of the girls in some of my movies as they put on or took off their bras and

thought I could imitate them fairly well. I got the bra up my arms easily enough, but I ran into trouble when I tried to hook the two ends together behind my back. I just couldn't work my hands properly when they were behind my back like that. So I resorted to a trick I had read in one of my books and wrapped the bra around my waist, attached the two ends in front, turned it around and pulled it up to put my arms into the straps. The size 28 bra was a snug fit, but bearable. The AA padded full cups made small lumps on my flat and hairless chest. The small "breasts" before me were more suited to my small size than larger ones would be. The slip was easy to put on; I merely pulled it over my head as though I were putting on an extra long sweater.

What happened next was hard for me to comprehend. I felt faint and weak and dizzy and sat down on the edge of my bed to keep from falling. I lay back and looked at the ceiling as I tried to figure out what was wrong with me. Then it hit me. I had the most intense orgasm of my life as my little pecker shot forth the supply of sperm built up inside of me. It soaked through the panties I wore and into the pair of pantyhose I had on. In a moment of panic I lifted the hem of my slip just in time to avoid it getting wet too.

I hadn't even touched myself down there! This wasn't supposed to happen! An erection, sure. I could understand that. But a premature ejaculation? No way! I'd never had one of them before! I'd had orgasms before. Self-induced orgasms. But I always had to pump myself with my right hand 'til it began to cramp up on me and I'd rubbed some of the skin from my pecker before I was able to shoot my load of sperm into the waiting handful of tissues. This had been my most intense orgasm ever and I wanted another just like it.

I carefully removed my slip before I sat up all the way so as not to allow it to get wet from the stain that was spread across my crotch. Then I stood up and removed my pantyhose and panties to take them into the bathroom and drop them into the sink which I filled with hot water. I rinsed them out quickly and hung them to dry on the shower curtain rod. Then I got busy and cleaned the remainder of my drying sperm from myself. The intensity had been wonderful, but the mess it gave me to clean up wasn't.

I was glad to have the spare pair of panties and the supply of pantyhose that I had bought. I put on the clean panties and this time I tucked my pecker down into the crotch like the guys in the stories did. I wanted to see myself dressed all the way as a girl before I had my next premature ejaculation. I put on another pair of pantyhose, then the slip. The dress was a pullover style too so it was easy to put on and I didn't have to worry about a back zipper or buttons to do up. My hands trembled slightly as I sat on my bed to slip my feet into the high-heeled sandals and close the small buckles at a comfortable hole in the thin straps.

I had done it! I was dressed in nothing but girls clothes and I felt great! I didn't feel all that feminine and I noted that I didn't *look* all that feminine in the mirror, but I had never felt so excited as I did now and my pecker was still little and tucked away where it couldn't ruin my fun.

Now I had to learn to walk in the high-heeled shoes that I wasn't used to having on my feet. I took baby steps as I made my way out of my bedroom and to the kitchen to

make my dinner. I had frozen dinners in the freezer and would heat one up in the oven and have that rather than try to remain on my feet to cook a real meal. I could do that later when I had learned to wear the torturous shoes for more than a mere few minutes. But I understood the reasons why girls wore shoes like this. They gave their legs more curve and shape and caused them to thrust their pelvis' forward to slightly reduce the viewable size of their ample derrieres. Heavier girls liked the higher heels since it made them appear to be taller and thinner than they really were and that was important too. Short girls wore them to be more the height of normal girls and to feel good about their height. I only wore them because its what girls my size wore and I wanted to be able to impersonate a girl well enough that I could venture out as one and not be recognized for a male dressed as a female. I had a lot to learn about being a girl, but I had a long time to do it in and no deadline for the completion of my new goal.



CHAPTER 2

I did my shopping on my way home from work and spent every moment I could at home practicing to be a girl. If I got an erection when I put on my panties, I made sure to put on a condom. If I had another premature orgasm, I wanted to make sure that I didn't stain my one and only slip and dress along with my panties and pantyhose. If I failed to get an erection when I put on my panties, I could then tuck it down and into the crotch and prevent the onset of one which would mar my feminine appearance.

The days became weeks and the weeks became a month and a

half and Christmas was fast approaching. It was time to expand on my limited feminine wardrobe and I had a plan for doing just that. I had an imaginary girlfriend and two imaginary sisters and all three of them wanted clothes for Christmas. Luckily for me, my imaginary girlfriend and sisters were exactly the same size I was. The clothes I bought for “them” would fit me. I knew some of the sizes because of the clothes I had already. I could get the help of a saleswoman to determine the rest. I could buy one item and take it home to try it on and if it fit, I could go out and buy more of the same size. If the item was too big or small, I could either return and exchange it or make an adjustment the next time I bought another item.

I had money too. I didn’t spend every cent I made and I had the money I had gotten from the insurance after Mom and Dad died in their accident. The taxes were too much so I sold the house and all of their property, paid the damned taxes and banked the rest. I had a good sized nest egg that got added to each month with what I didn’t spend.

Girls! They were all around me all the time and so untouchable. At work, on the streets, in the stores, young ones and old ones, tall and short, heavy and thin, good and bad and all the varying degrees in-between. Girls would have nothing to do with me since I looked so much like a kid. In desperate circumstances on a few occasions, I had tried to purchase the services of a prostitute and was always told the same thing. “Come back in a few years when you grow up.” Not much chance of that happening any time soon so I turned to my books for the excitement I needed and to the clothes I had obtained for the release I had to have.

The release of sexual tension is something every male will require at some point in their lives and I was no different. But one dress with a slip and bra, two pair of panties and some pantyhose with one pair of shoes was a very limited wardrobe, if one could call it that. I had to have more, I had to expand it, I had to have choices. I was prepared.

The Adams’ Store sold apparel for younger girls and it was there that I went first, to shop for my twin baby sisters. There was a nice, grandmotherly sort of saleswoman there with a name tag that read Sonja on it. Yes, like everyone else, she began to treat me as a child until I was able to convince her that I was an adult. I had to explain my own circumstances first, then the problem of shopping for twin sisters who wanted pretty clothes from everyone for Christmas this year. Thirteen-year-old girls who were just beginning to blossom and who were in a hurry to be older than they were. Sonja knew all about those girls. I described them to her and they were pretty close to my size. In their faces, hair color and length, though, they were quite a distance from me. I quoted the sizes I knew and Sonja took it from there.

I pretended I knew absolutely nothing about feminine fashions and was thrilled to have this woman teaching me as she showed me the things that girls like my sisters would love to have in their wardrobes. She began with the basics and showed me bras in the right sizes with matching panties and garter belts too. “I didn’t think that girls still wore garter belts,” I said with some surprise in my voice.

“Oh yes, Sir. Lots of girls and women still like them. Boys and men usually don’t see them all that often though,” she told me.

Since my sisters were identical twins, they liked to wear identical outfits. I chose a set of the black and lacy undies for each of them, then another set in a powder pink color. Of course I had to get each of them a supply of nylon stockings too since I didn't know if they had any or not and I wasn't going to chance ruining their Christmas surprise by asking anyone. Our mother couldn't keep a secret very well. The girls had their birthday in February so I could come back then and perhaps purchase other bits of finery for them at that time. Sonja moved on to show me the kinds of dresses and other outfits that girls like my sisters would love to have. I got my sisters one dress each and I made them different colors on purpose. I got "Candace" a pink dress to go with her pink undies and got the slip with it too. For "Cicely", I got a black dress with the slip. If they had to have matching dresses, they could come and get them themselves. Sonja liked that idea.

Sonja also showed me some skirt and blouse outfits that she thought would look good on my little sisters. She said it was easy for her to determine the proper sizes. So I got a pink blouse with a black skirt for "Candace" and a white blouse with a red skirt for "Cicely". New outfits needed new shoes and The Adams' Store had those as well. I had the size written down that I had taken from the one pair of high-heeled sandals I had but found that wasn't good enough for Sonja. "Sandals have open toes and open heels so they fit differently than shoes that are closed up," she told me.

"I hadn't realized that," I said.

"Men usually don't," she said. "You can try to find a pair of closed shoes and get the sizes from them, then come back and I can help you find the right footwear for them."

"I already tried that. The sizes were on the inside of the shoes and they wore them off so I can't read them," I lied with a straight face. "The sandals were the only shoes I could find that still had a readable size left in them. I guess they didn't wear them that often. They were so busy trying to steal my shoes to wear that they didn't wear their own."

"They wear your shoes?" she asked me.

"They steal them every chance they get. My sweaters and shirts, too, though thankfully they leave the rest of my clothes alone. Maybe I should just go to a men's store and buy another dozen pairs of shoes like the ones I have at home and give them to the girls?"

"I have an even better idea, Mr. Wright. If you want to try it, that is."

"What's that?" I asked, allowing some curiosity to creep into my voice.

"Since they can wear your shoes, their feet must be close to the same size as yours."

"I guess I have small feet," I told her. "So?"

"So, it stands to reason that you can try on the shoes and if they fit you, they will probably fit your sisters, too. What do you think?"

"I don't know. I've never tried on girls' shoes before. Do you think it would work?"

"Certainly. And even if we're only close, they can exchange them after Christmas for shoes that fit properly."