



*Reluctant Press*

# The New Girl

Misty Malveaux



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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# The New Girl

## Reluctant Press

## Reconciliation

They say time heals all wounds. But time never seemed to be on Ryan's side. Always behind, always a day late and a dollar short. At eighteen, Ryan was tired of living.

It was August and school time was fast approaching. Ryan should have been out of high school by now, but he'd managed to fall a grade behind. Time, again. Never was quite right for Ryan. Too many distractions emanating from within.

A car backfired in the parking lot, causing Ryan to lurch so hard that he nearly fell out of bed. Turning over, the sunlight coming through a crack in the window blinds made him wince.

"It's always something," Ryan mumbled to himself. He remembered one of his favorite characters from the old Saturday Night Live shows he watched on the Comedy Central cable channel with religious devotion. Roseanne Rosannadana. No matter what was happening, she always ended her overly long and convoluted stories with, "It's always something, if it's not one thing it's another." Ryan thought that was the motto of his entire life.

Ryan never fit in. He knew it. He had reconciled himself to being different ever since his mother caught him wearing one of her dresses and a pair of high heels. He was twelve years old at the time, and his mother half laughed, half cried. The incident itself would have been small but Ryan's mom had already heard the wagging tongues of friends and neighbors and approbations inflicted upon her son like "effeminate" and "sissy."

On that day over six years ago, Ryan finally knew once and for all that he was far different from other boys his age, and always would be. It wasn't that he was caught that was the problem, it was that such feminine attire felt so natural for him and he knew it wasn't supposed to.

Ryan continued to spend much time sneaking into his mother's clothing and makeup, but he now worked much harder to avoid getting caught. Lack of money meant he'd never really managed to acquire his own wardrobe, save for one print top that looked feminine. He didn't really know for sure whether it was a girls top or not, but it had the right look.

Those dress-up times, too few and far between were the only times Ryan felt...Normal.

"Ryan! Come down for breakfast I have to get to work." Ryan's mother had a tough life as a single parent – she seemed constantly tired and stressed-out. "Let's go, Mister!"

Ryan yawned, sat-up and grabbed his robe from the back of the chair next to his bed. Wish it was a little prettier, he thought to himself as he regarded the old bathrobe. He shook as he realized the taboo nature of that thought.

Standing up and covering himself, Ryan made his way downstairs. The low-rent aged townhouse occupied by Ryan and his mother wasn't the kind of home anyone would brag about. Its peeling paint and awful Goodwill-style furnishings told the world about his family's economic status.

All Ryan's friends seemed to be better off. It wasn't true, of course, but from Ryan's perspective this was yet another proof that he didn't belong in this world. Not the way things were, anyway.

"How about some eggs, Sweetie?" Ryan's mother smiled. It was clear that she loved her son; it was her way to be gruff, perhaps, but she always wanted the best for him.

Yes, she knew Ryan had "problems." She blamed it all on Ryan's deadbeat dad. He left them when Ryan was only three. In the quiet of the night, she blamed herself, too. But she did her best to never take her insecurities and fears out on poor Ryan. He had enough problems, and she knew it.

"Eggs give me gas," Ryan responded.

"Well too bad, it's what I made. Why don't you go out today, summer is almost over."

"I got nowhere to go, Mom."

"Visit your friends!" she insisted.

"I don't have any friends."

"Nonsense, there's Devin and Nick and Shawn..."

"Devin hates me, Nick is a dooper and I think Shawn is gay."

"It's always something, isn't it?"

“That’s what I always say,” Ryan smiled.

Well, maybe you should stay away from Nick, but you can always go to the mall. I think there’s a new arcade opening up at Lancaster Mall. Why don’t you go check it out?”

How about, I don’t have any money?”

Ryan’s mom sighed. “Okay, I can give you ten bucks, but that’s it until payday. You know how tight things are.”

“Yeah, I do.”

“So you’ll go out then?”

“Yeah...if you want to give me some money, I’ll find something to do.”

Sharon, Ryan’s mother, walked out of the kitchenette and into their drab living room. Retrieving her purse from the coffee table, she fished out a ten dollar bill and took it back into the kitchen to Ryan, who was scarfing down the scrambled eggs his mother had served him.

“Here, but remember what I said, you have to make it last.”

“I will, mom,” Ryan replied absentmindedly. He didn’t really want to go anywhere. Something about how he felt...something about how he looked. Ryan didn’t fit in. He was sure of it. He felt like a fraud, a phony. He didn’t know why, he just did.

The sunny days in Salem Oregon are numbered like the hairs of a balding man. The rainy season officially begins in November and doesn’t end until March, but everyone knows that once September arrives, you can expect a lot of rain and very little sun.

Ryan’s mother was right; he needed to get out before it was too late.

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After the eggs were all gone, Ryan got up from the second-rate wooden dinner table and placed his plate in the old stainless steel sink. His mother was already doing her last-minute walk-around before heading off to her job as a hostess at Old Country Buffet. That walk-around was a ritual for her. She checked everything twice...no, three times: Heat, off – Stove, off – coffee pot – yes, it’s off too. What about the sink in the bathroom? Sometimes it didn’t turn clear off...better check. Yes, it’s off. But what about the heat? Better check again.

Ryan lumbered back upstairs and looked in his closet for something to wear out. Nothing. No, that wasn’t true. There was just nothing he wanted to wear. In fact, he didn’t want to go out. Being around people was too depressing.

Ryan plopped down on his bed and hit the remote for his TV, the one luxury he’d managed to hang onto in his life. In an hour, Saturday Night Live reruns would be on. He flipped through the channels, scanning for anything that would take his mind off his miserable condition.

News...Depressing...Sesame Street...For little kids...Jerry Springer...White trash heaven...something about “transsexual love affairs.”

“What a freak show,” Ryan said to himself as he flipped the remote again. Around the channels again...News...more news...fire-breathing commentators...more news, a soap opera, some cooking show, Good Morning America...Jerry Springer again.

“I have something I want to tell you,” the large blonde on the TV told the man seated next to her in stilted tones. “I am really a man!”

The audience reacted with jeers and laughter. It’s always the same story.

“I wonder why people do that to themselves?” Ryan spoke to no one in particular. “If I could live...I mean, if I were one of those, I wouldn’t go around bragging about it, I’d just be a girl.”

I’d just be a girl.

Ryan often thought that he was born the wrong sex. He didn’t enjoy the things boys enjoyed. He wanted to play with dolls. He had asked for one for Christmas when he was eight years old, much to the consternation of his mother. He was shocked when his mother actually bought him one. Later he learned that she was hoping he would get those feelings out of his system, but it didn’t quite work that. Well, maybe she thought it worked, but it didn’t.

Ryan eschewed sports and preferred reading novels filled with adventure. Even the video games so beloved by all his friends were too much for Ryan, although he pretended to enjoy them. Too much blood. Well, then again, there was a game or two where he could choose to be a female character. The cool thing was, nobody thought anything of it. Of course you could be a girl in a video game. It didn’t mean you were gay or anything. It didn’t mean a damn thing. Or did it?

“I’m leaving, Ryan, are you getting ready to go?” Sharon startled Ryan from his self-imposed introspection.

“Yes, mom, see you later!”

“I’ll be back later this afternoon, Sweetie, maybe not till seven, though. I expect to hear that you actually did something!”

“Yes, mom!” Ryan shouted with exasperation.

“I hear TV. Don’t you be watching TV all day. I mean it!”

“I won’t, mom, I promise.”

“Okay, bye Sweetie.”

“Bye!”

Ryan turned down the TV until he heard the door closed, then went back to the programming. The alleged transsexual was now having a chair fight with her supposed boyfriend.

“This is all fake bullshit,” Ryan said, again to no one. “Girls don’t act like that.” Are transsexuals like real girls? Ryan wondered to himself.

An hour later, Saturday Night Live was on. It was an old show. One of the male members of the cast was in drag. Ryan had learned that term somewhere. He didn't look too bad. Ryan found himself again wishing he was a girl.

10 o'clock in the morning...Saturday Night Live rerun number one had just ended and another was about to begin when Ryan remembered he had promised his mother he would go out. But there was nothing to wear.

Ryan sighed and found a nondescript baggy shirt and slipped it on, followed by a pair of moderately faded but well-worn jeans.

Back downstairs, Ryan found the ten-dollar bill still sitting on the kitchen table. He picked it up and stuck in his back pocket.

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Out in the parking lot, the smell of the city filled Ryan's nostrils and caused him to stop in his tracks for a moment as he adjusted to the sinking feeling in his stomach.

It wasn't how the city smelled, really. Salem is a pretty clean town, at least as cities of 100,000 people go. No, the feeling in the pit of his stomach came from his deep-seated conviction that there was something wrong with him. He was a freak show. A walking anachronism. The world was fine, it was he who did not belong.

Ryan didn't feel like walking the two miles to the mall so he decided instead to walk the four blocks to the corner of Silverton Road and Lancaster Drive to catch "The Cherriot" down to the mall. Ryan snorted to himself, as he did every time he thought of someone giving a silly name to the city bus service. The Cherriot. Sure, they grow a lot of cherries in the Willamette Valley, but not in the city! He slid onto the hard plastic bus bench on Lancaster and leaned back to watch the world.

The long-cycling stop light at the intersection was great for people watchers like Ryan. It was odd that Ryan seemed to so dislike interacting with people yet enjoyed observing them. Right now, cars were stacked up on the Southbound side of Lancaster, the side nearest Ryan. This would be his entertainment – something to save Ryan from boredom and keep his mind off of the inner discomfort he felt.

A man was talking to himself while sitting in his Ford Explorer. Next to him, a woman in a dark sedan picked her nose. Behind the Explorer and nearest to Ryan, a very tall blonde wearing sunglasses sat in her late model dark blue Mercedes 450 SL looking, Ryan thought, rather smug with her head held high and her nose slightly in the air. Rich bitch, Ryan thought to himself. She's pretty, though. Probably a doctor's wife, or maybe a lawyer.

The light changed and traffic moved on, and suddenly Ryan became aware the bus with the stupid name was only a block away and heading rapidly in his direction. Ryan stood up and fished around in his back pocket for his bus pass. Thankfully, he had not forgotten it.

The Cherriot pulled up to its stop with a screech and a hiss. The door opened half a second later, nearly clipping Ryan's nose as he stepped inside. A quick insertion of his card into the slot next to the driver followed by a blink of the green light indicating the card was still good and Ryan collapsed in the nearest seat. Fifteen minutes later, the bus pulled up to the stop in front of Landmark Mall. Ryan was first at the door, followed by miscellaneous mall rats and other strangers.

At this time of morning and most especially on a weekday, Lancaster Mall is filled with senior citizens who use its vast single-level floor space as a free exercise area. They walk endlessly up and down its garden-like corridors, its broad 'H' shape giving some variety of scenery.

Maneuvering around the oldsters, Ryan headed toward the State Street corner where a new arcade was reputed to have recently opened.

Passing the recently defunct King's Table location, past the pet store and the Orange Julius concession, Ryan suddenly found those feelings of inadequacy overwhelming him again. Somebody called them that once, but Ryan felt more like a fraud. He didn't know why. He decided to plop down on a nearby bench instead. Perhaps another round of people-watching would be enough.

An elderly couple race-walked past Ryan, and he noted the look of determination on both of their faces, as if they had to keep moving or death would catch up to them.

Maybe death would be better, Ryan thought to himself. I don't belong here. Maybe in the next life I'll belong...if there *is* a next life. Yeah...maybe death would be better.

"Death is never better," a voice whispered. A soft, breathy voice. Ryan's eyes widened and he swallowed hard as he looked rapidly around. As if from nowhere, seated just to his left on the wood slat bench was a tall blonde woman wearing sunglasses.

"Wh...what?" Ryan stammered. "Sorry, I didn't know anyone was there."

The blonde smiled and looked away, across the mall.

"How did you know what I was thinking?"

"I didn't. You said 'maybe death is better'," the tall blonde replied.

"Oh, sorry."

"It's okay, Honey, I'm sure your life will pick up soon." She looked away in a very deliberate fashion so that Ryan followed her gaze. Across the wide corridor a small, otherwise nondescript, shop had a giant white sign with red letters across the windows which said, "CLEARANCE". The much smaller sign above the door gave the store's name, "Overstocks & Discards Apparel."

"A lot of good bargains in there, you should check it out," the blonde said as she stood up. "Anyway, see you later."

"Yeah..." Ryan said absentmindedly. "See you later."

Where did she come from? Ryan thought. "I'm going nuts," he muttered.



Ryan watched the tall blonde disappear in the crowd, then looked back at the little store. “Well, I guess I could use something different to wear,” Ryan muttered to himself as he stood up and strode towards the little store.

Inside the door opening, Ryan glanced around. It was odd because while the store seemed very crowded with all kinds of clothes, there wasn’t a single person in sight! Well, it was early still, after all.

Everything up front appeared to be women’s clothing so he walked toward the back. More of the same. Great, Ryan thought. Oh well, I’ll look anyway. Gotta kill some time.

Ryan returned to the front of the store where he noticed a rack full of short miniskirts. Boys don’t buy those. Of course, they could be a gift. Well, why not?

He walked toward the rack of skirts, then stopped to glance both ways. Nobody was looking. Slowly, deliberately, he put his hands on the rack and began running his fingers through the skirts. He glanced around again. Still no one.

Maybe I could get my mom a gift, Ryan told himself. Maybe I could get something I could fit into. Ryan blushed at the thought and looked around once again, but he was alone.

He pulled a size ten mini from the rack. It was black and shiny. His mom was a size eight, he knew from trying on her clothes, but they were also too tight. He looked but couldn’t find a price. Well, I’ll just hang onto this for now.

To his left, Ryan noticed a bin full of packages of panties in all sizes and colors. Full of excitement now, he sidestepped to the bin and glanced around. Nobody in sight.

Ryan picked up a package of pink panties. He looked at the sheen and began to imagine how they might feel. He couldn’t really get them of course. He wouldn’t dare. But the feeling was lovely. He felt a twinge of excitement in his loins.

I can’t do this, Ryan thought. Yes, yes, I could hide it. I’ve always felt...I’ve always wanted...No, I’m already a freak. This would be the last straw. But it feels right...Can’t...not now...

“Hey!” A familiar voice from behind Ryan, causing him to jump inches off the floor. “I don’t think pink is a good color choice with that skirt, Ryan,” Shawn said. “It clashes, you know? Get a pair of black bikini panties instead.”

Shawn was very tall and thin. At 6’2” he probably weighed no more than one hundred thirty pounds or so. It was his lithe appearance combined with his graceful movements and soft speech that made a lot of people think he was gay, just as Ryan had told his mother earlier that day. Ryan had never seen him with a girl, anyway. Of course, he’d never seen him with a guy, either.

“Jeez!” Ryan exclaimed, then caught himself. “They...They’re not for me, dipshit, I was thinking about getting a present for my mom.”

“Uh-huh,” Shawn responded, sounding less than convinced. He flipped his long permed auburn hair back and continued with a smile, “So, you come here often?”

“Shawn, don’t give me any crap, okay? I just wanted to get a stupid present for my mom. And no, I don’t come here often. My mom made me get out of the house and I couldn’t find anything better to do.”

“Hey, like I care. I just noticed you were shopping for some frillies and I thought I’d help you.”

“So what are you doing here?” Ryan queried, thinking he might have caught Shawn in a compromising moment.

“I work here, Ryan. I’ve been working here all Summer. Haven’t seen you around, though.”

“Oh,” Ryan stumbled, putting down the panties. “Yeah, well, like I said, I was supposed to go someplace, so I thought I’d get something for my mom.”

“Well, don’t stop on my account!” Shawn responded. “I think a nice short mini-skirt and some soft panties are a great choice, you know...for your mom.”

“I don’t know,” Ryan said, now thoroughly embarrassed.

“You should get them! But are you sure you know the right size?”

Ryan thought for a moment. Yes, he knew...his mom’s clothes almost fit him, but not quite. He’d need one size larger in the skirt and one size smaller in the panties. He realized Shawn wouldn’t know this, of course, so he felt safe.

“Yeah, yeah, size ten for the skirt, and about size five for the panties.”

“Your mom has narrow hips, hmm?” Shawn smiled.

“Yeah, I guess,” Ryan replied, now feeling trapped. “Maybe not, I guess I’ll skip it.”

“Nah, get them!” Shawn insisted. “I’m sure they’ll be fine.”

Ryan was sure he detected a smirk on Shawn’s face but decided to ignore it. It wasn’t like Shawn ever talked to Ryan’s mother anyway.

Shawn reached around Ryan and picked up a package of rather frilly black nylon bikini panties in size five. “How about these?”

“Um, yeah, I guess.”

“Is nylon okay, because a lot of women prefer cotton?”

“Yeah, they’ll be fine, but...”

“Come on,” Shawn said as he turned and walked toward the back of the store.

“But...” Ryan started to protest out of embarrassment, but it was too late. He followed Shawn meekly to the cash register.

“Wait, I don’t have that much money,” Ryan protested.

Shawn rang in the items. “That will be \$3.99,” he said.

“\$3.99?”

“Yeah, it’s a clearance special, today only.”

“Um, okay,” Ryan reached in his pocket and pulled out the ten-dollar bill his mother had given him. He couldn’t believe he was doing this.

Shawn handed back his change and added, “I’m sure you’ll enjoy them.”

“Leave me alone, Shawn. I told you these are for my mother.”

“Oh yeah, I forgot. Well, that was sweet of you. Have a good day.”

“Yeah, bye...” Ryan, embarrassed by the whole encounter, wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“Hey, maybe I’ll drop by for a visit at your place later. We haven’t visited for a long time.”

Oh no... Shawn never comes over. He’ll ask about the mini. How can I get of this?

“Um, I don’t know if I’ll be around,” Ryan lied.

“S’okay, then I’ll come back another time.”

Ryan had to come up with something fast.

“Okay, but don’t say anything to my mom about the clothes, okay? I want to surprise her later,” Ryan lied again.

“I wasn’t going to say anything, Ryan, stop worrying.”

With that, Ryan turned and half-walked, half-jogged out of the store, heading for the mall entrance, dodging and passing the elderly mall walkers with the determination of a person who had just shoplifted something.

Less than half an hour later, Ryan closed the door behind him at the townhouse. He was now safe. For the first time, he felt the ache in his fingers and arm: He had been holding the small plastic bag containing his new feminine clothing very tightly against his body. His knuckles were white and throbbing. He let go and the bag dropped to the floor.

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Having retrieved the bag, Ryan ran upstairs. His heart was racing. Making himself pretty, as Ryan thought of it, had always excited him, but this was something special – something more. For the first time ever, he had his own things. Not androgynous things either, but a miniskirt and silky nylon panties!

“Gotta calm down,” Ryan stated to himself as if ordering a slightly mad friend to get a grip on reality. I’ve got lots of time, Ryan thought. It’s only about noon. Let’s see...what should I do first.

Ryan entered his bedroom and took the skirt and package of panties out of the bag. He laid the miniskirt neatly on his bed and then tore open the package of panties. Selecting the first pair in the layer of three, he unfolded them carefully and fingered the band. The lace was intoxicating and the smoothness of the fabric gave him a tingly feeling inside.

He sat the unfolded pair of panties next to the miniskirt, then he took the remaining two pairs, complete with wrappers and carried them to his closet. In the back corner, behind an old wooden box of childhood toys, lay his special hiding spot. Slightly wrinkled underneath the back corner of the box, his “girly” top was waiting for him. He picked it up and replaced it with the package of panties, returning the box to its former position.

Ryan snapped the old blouse in the air, attempting to straighten out a few of the wrinkles. He was only marginally successful.

With the blouse stretched as neatly as possible, Ryan began removing his clothes. Flinging them off would be more like it. His heart began to race again.

In a moment he was standing naked before his bed and the treasured items. He picked up the panties and felt them again. The softness took his breath away. He sat down on the bed and slowly slid his right leg into a leg hole.

Wait, which way do these things go on? Ryan wondered. No tag...he removed his foot and held them up. He had learned from experience that the front of a pair of panties was cut higher in the back, leaving room for a full butt. He turned them around and began putting them on the right way, first the right leg up to the knee, then left one. He stood up and slithered into his new black panties, letting go of the band with a snap at his waist.

A perfect fit. As much as Ryan had enjoyed wearing his mother’s clothes, they never felt as good as his own pair of panties. That thought of his own panties, filled Ryan with indescribable joy. It was exciting, and forbidden, and yet somehow natural and...right.

Ryan reached over and picked up the black miniskirt. It was soft and delicate and feminine, with just a little bit of pleat and a hint of shine. Still standing, he bent over, lifted his right leg and slid it into the mini. Next came the left. He slid the skirt up his legs, feeling the softness against his legs as he slowly pulled them higher, higher. Ryan was glad now that he’d never been hairy; nothing got between the soft mini and his bare legs.

With a natural wiggle, he slid the miniskirt over his butt and into its proper place around his waist. Looking down, he marveled at how good his legs looked in his new miniskirt. I’ve got girl legs, he thought. Girl legs. Ryan swallowed hard. He needed a mirror.

Crossing the mini hall from his bedroom, he entered his mother’s room where the dressing table had a large mirror. He stopped in front of it to examine himself.

As he thought, his legs look natural and feminine in the delicate mini. He lifted the skirt to confirm if the soft sexy curve of the bikini-cut black panties looked as good as they felt. They did, and their feminine appearance further elevated Ryan’s excitement. But it wasn’t right.

His straight, plain male chest was uncovered and it spoiled the whole effect. Ryan went back to his room for his top, which he put on as he headed back to his mother’s room for a better look.

It was an improvement, for sure, but more needed to be done. He opened the third drawer on the left and removed one of his mother's bras. Tossing the top to one side, he eagerly slipped his arms through the straps. He'd never had much luck fastening the hooks behind his back before, but he thought this time would maybe be the one, as if the mini and the pretty panties had magic in them.

After a few minutes of struggling, Ryan sighed his resignation, removed the bra, turned it around backward and hooked the hooks in front of him. He then tugged it around into the correct position and slid his arms through the shoulder loops. He adjusted and adjusted, and tried fluffing his flat chest into the cups to fill them out. No good. Finally, he grabbed two pair of pantyhose from the top right drawer and shoved one into each cup. He then picked the top up off the floor and put it back on.

After giving himself a cursory inspection in the mirror, he decided the top should be tucked in. It took a little maneuvering but he managed to get a smooth tuck, which helped accentuate his narrow waist and his now ample-looking bosom.

"Mmm, nice," Ryan admired his new more feminine form in the mirror. "Since I'm looking so good, I should put a pair of pantyhose on properly, too!" He grabbed another pair and took them over to his mother's bed where he sat down.

Having some practice at this, Ryan knew enough to roll the legs down to the toe, carefully insert his foot, and then slowly, carefully unroll the hose up his leg. First right, then left. Standing up, he pulled the beige pantyhose into position and smoothed them out as best he could. Looking across the room at the mirror, Ryan turned his little butt toward the mirror and wiggled it, slightly crossing his legs and standing on his right toe.

"Nice but I need something. Hmm...oh, heels!"

Ryan strode to his mother's closet where several pairs of shoes sat in a neat row. He selected a pair of high-heeled black pumps that he knew from experience he could fit into, although they were tight. Sliding his feet in first one then the other and wiggling his toes, Ryan finally got his balance and walked back to the mirror.

"Much better!" Ryan exclaimed. He twirled once, watching himself carefully in the mirror. He tossed his shoulder-length hair and stood with his back to the mirror, looking at himself over his shoulder. This was the most lovely he'd seen himself!

Ryan couldn't stop now. He sat down at his mother's dressing table and opened the center drawer where the makeup was kept. He took out the lipstick that he liked; Revlon Lasting Shine in the Very Berry shade, some mauve eye shadow, a dark brown eyeliner pencil and some pressed-powder blush, rose shade.

The first order of business was the lipstick. Carefully, he applied the shiny, fruity-tasting lip color to his lower lip, drawing carefully right to the edge so his lip looked as full as it could be. Then he started on his upper lip, making the V-shape

in the middle first, just like he'd watched his mother do so many times, then painting carefully from the center to the corners – again drawing nearest the edges so that his lips would look bigger and more feminine. He gently rubbed his lips together as he looked at himself in the mirror. The big kissable lips he saw in the mirror combined with the delicious feel of the slippery lipstick against each lip made Ryan sigh involuntarily. He felt a definite tingle in his loins.

He wasn't sure what to do next but decided the mauve eye shadow would be a good choice. It came with a little sponge applicator and, since he had done this before, he managed to apply the color quickly. He was careful not to overdo it. He made little triangles at the outer corners of his brows and then blended inward with his fingers so that the color faded as it got closer to his nose. Not overstated, but not hidden either. Just right.

Next he applied the eyeliner. It was the coup de gras of the package. Thankfully, his face was smooth and clear and his light facial hair never showed up that clearly anyway unless he went a week without shaving.. It was hard for him to get the lining on straight. He kept blinking. But he stopped, took a deep breath, and went back to the task at hand, determined to complete the look for which he longed.

Finally, there it was, a complete transformation. He leaned forward to inspect his face in the mirror. Beautiful!

Standing up, Ryan gave a twirl in front of the mirror, carefully watching every move and trying to maximize his femininity.

"I'm going to stay like this all day!" Ryan cooed to himself in his softest feminine lilt.

Glancing at his hands, he thought...nail polish. Well, why not? I have plenty of time to remove it. He picked up a small bottle of Sally Hanson Berry Wine shade from the table and headed downstairs. He was going to enjoy this day!

Ryan decided to go downstairs and play "big girl" for a while. He loved that game.

In the kitchen, Ryan reached up to the topmost shelf on the back corner of the kitchen cabinets. It was there that his mother hid the liquor. She wasn't much of a drinker but she kept some around in case she had to entertain company. He pulled out a bottle of Jim Beam bourbon, grabbed a glass from the counter top and poured himself a drink. He added a couple of ice cubes from the fridge, just to keep it sophisticated.

Swaying his hips as he walked, Ryan returned to the living room with his glass of bourbon in one hand and the bottle of Sally Hansen nail polish in the other.

He sat down on the sofa in his best ladylike fashion, placed the drink on the coffee table in front of him and picked up the TV remote which was next to his drink.

Turning on the TV, Ryan clicked through the channels until he found Saturday Night Live on Comedy Central. He'd forgotten that there was an all-day marathon. This was too perfect!

Ryan leaned forward and picked up his drink. He took a very careful sip. It burned a little, but it made him feel like an adult. And right now, he felt like an adult female. He leaned back, with the drink still in his right hand and the nail polish in his left, crossed his legs and took another sip.

The burning of the drink was followed a slight sensation of lightheadedness. Ryan hadn't eaten since breakfast and the alcohol was getting into his system very rapidly.

Remembering the nail polish in his left hand, Ryan began to shake it gently. He uncrossed his legs so he could lean forward to put the drink down. Then he leaned back, crossed his legs again, transferred the bottle of polish to his right hand and shook it once more. Then he switched the bottle again to his left hand and carefully removed the cap.

Holding the bottle of nail polish in the V between his left thumb and forefinger, Ryan began to apply polish as carefully as he could to his left hand. He painted his left pinky first, then his ring finger. He re-dipped the applicator and painted his middle finger, then his index finger.

The thumb was harder, he had to be careful to avoid accidentally turning his hand too far and spilling the polish. Once done with his left thumb, he moved the bottle into the same position on his right hand: buried in the V between his thumb and index finger, and he immediately painted his right pinky.

Some of the polish got on his skin. He always had a hard time painting his right hand, and he hadn't had a lot of practice, besides. He uncrossed his legs and leaned forward.

Shaking a little, he continued...he braced the palm of his left hand against the back of his right; that stabilized him a little. With much effort, he finished the polishing job, replaced the cap and put the bottle on the coffee table, being extra careful not to smudge his new polish job.

He fanned his hands in the air for a few minutes, then again picked up his drink, leaned back, crossed his legs, and took a sip.

For the moment, for a while, Ryan felt normal. He knew he *wasn't* normal, but somehow everything felt right. He was sure this was the best day he'd had in a very long time. Perhaps, the best day he'd ever had.

Suddenly he heard a loud knock at the door.

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Ryan instinctively sprang to his feet and his legs nearly gave out from under him! His head was spinning and his heart was pounding.