



*Reluctant Press*

# A Whole New Woman

Jackie Devine



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

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**AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# A Whole New Woman

By Jackie Devine

## Chapter 1: Carl Becomes Careen

Careen Morgan stood before the mirror examining her appearance. “Not bad,” she thought and smiled slightly. Things had to go right today; everything had to be perfect. Time had been taken to apply her makeup, paying attention to every detail. Soft pale shadow adorned her eyelids in two hues of neutral browns. Pale pink blusher had been applied to her cheekbones, highlighting them just enough to make them stand out a little. The finishing touches were black mascara and a beautiful plum shade lipstick she had picked up earlier that week while planning for this event. “I look very convincing,” thought Careen. Then it hit her, the nervous fluttering feeling in her stomach, This was it! The moment she had dreamed of for so long. Months, days, years, all leading up to this moment. People would be shocked to know that the man born Carl Morgan was making his debut in public for the first time as Careen Morgan.

“Ok,” Careen thought, “this is it, time to go.” It was just going to be a little trip to the mall, nothing big, nothing she could not handle but, damn, it was a big deal to go out in public, dressed as a woman. What if someone should know who and what she really was? “Keep going girl, you could can do it,” a little voice chanted inside Careen’s head. “I should not draw any attention. I do look real,” Careen thought. The outfit she was wearing was conservative, nothing flashy, just stone-washed jeans and a pale pink linen blouse. Her understated gold jew-

elry consisted of medium hoop earrings, rope necklace and one dainty pinky ring. White ladies Nike sneakers completed the ensemble, along with a small shoulder bag which carried all the essentials to get her through the big outing. With one small step, Careen was outside in the fresh outdoors. Her heart almost stopped. "I am outside," Careen thought. In a blur, she continued on to her car. Once inside the car, Careen relaxed just a little, put the key in the ignition and off she went.

"Just my luck," thought Careen. The mall parking lot was absolutely jammed with cars which meant that the mall would be busy with shoppers and probably a lot of nasty, hateful teenagers which Careen had been warned could be the worst kind of person to encounter when going out dressed en femme. Many "trans sisters" online had helped her plan this important moment in her life and they had all warned her of the dreaded mall teenagers. "Oh well," Careen thought, "I will deal with the situation if and when it happens." Luck must have been on Careen's side; there was a parking spot almost directly in front of the mall's main entrance. "Great, not too far to walk," thought Careen.

Inside the mall, people were going about their daily shopping rituals, looking at this and that moving from store to store. Careen's heart felt like it was going to burst through her chest, she was so nervous. "Can they tell?" she asked herself, looking at everyone that passed her. No one seemed to give her any strange looks. "Ok, now what?" Careen thought. She ended up in Mayer's huge dept store in the ladies lingerie section. "Did that lady actually smile at me?" asked Careen to herself, trying to blend in with the other women who were examining bras, panties and other undergarments.

Careen began to look at the silk teddy sets that were available in many shades. The pale lemon color set was so pretty and felt so nice rubbing between her fingers. A size medium. Perfect. Careen decided that she would buy this set as a little memento of her first outing. Careen quickly paid for her purchase and, feeling good that the sales lady had been so friendly, decided to head back home. It was so exhilarating, she suddenly felt exhausted. She drove the short distance home quickly, her dainty silky purchase at her side.

Back in the house, Careen took off her femme clothing, turned on the shower and stepped inside its warmth. The makeup began to run down with the water over her face as Carl began to reappear. With that, the tears began to flow. So many times Carl had been through this ritual of dressing as Careen and he had never felt this way before. He had been content to put the clothing and makeup away until the next time. Maybe it was because during the outing he had not been made fun of; no one gawked at him in the mall and no nasty teenagers had given him any trouble. It felt so good to be out in the world as Careen, even if

it was just a short trip to the mall. One thing Carl was sure of was that some changes would have to be made in his life if he was to survive and be happy. As he wiped tears from his eyes and towed himself off, he thought that maybe it was time to start those changes.

Carl had put the teddy he had purchased as Careen on the bed and looked at its silky shiny beauty. So soft and sexy-looking but not in a sleazy way. The color was like lemon chiffon. Then a thought came to Carl. "Maybe the life that I desire is not impossible for me to attain." The most common thing he had read about transsexuals and their journey into womanhood was that money was a problem. Money was not a problem for Carl. Mom and dad had taken care of that when they passed on, leaving him enough to live on for the rest of life. Family was not an issue; he had no real closeness with anyone since his parents had passed. It was like the fog had been lifted from his head. Maybe, just maybe, Careen could become a reality. Oh, to think of that! It would be sheer heaven.

That night dream's were very pleasant. As Carl slept, each dream was more wonderful than the other. When morning came, Carl promised himself that, from this day on, he would do everything in his power to make Careen a reality. If he was going to go about this and make it successful, Carl realized that some drastic steps would have to be taken, so that day he listed his large bungalow-style house with a local real estate agent. With luck and a little praying, it sold in ten days. Moving was a breeze and Carl soon found himself in the city, living in a very nice secure condo. It was the start of something, something that Carl just knew was sure to turn out wonderful.

When the mundane task of packing things away and getting organized was behind him, Carl decided to cruise the net looking for information on transgendered life in the city that was now his home. A support group! His heart skipped at the thought of meeting others in the same situation as himself. Taking the phone number, he called right away to find a sweet voice answering on the other end as Heather. Heather filled him in on the group's goal to help everyone who sought them out to feel comfortable with themselves "in their new skin" as she put it. Tuesday at eight PM was the next meeting. Carl promised he would be there as Heather gave him directions. "May I ask who's calling?" asked Heather. "Careen....My name is Careen Morgan," answered Carl with a little smile. "I look forward to meeting you, Careen. See you at eight on Tuesday," said Heather in her slightly high-pitched voice. "Ok thanks, I look forward to it." With that, the conversation was over. Carl was in ecstasy, dancing around the living area in his condo. Oh my God! Carl's mind screamed, a good first impression had to be made, a perfect one, if at all possible. Carl decided to go out at that moment,

even though he wasn't dressed as Careen. "Oh well," thought Carl, "hopefully, Careen will out of the closet full-time soon."

Something dressy, Carl thought, but not too over the top, classy but not slutty, just a little sexy. A small mall was just down the street. He may as well try that one to see what it offered. It was a strip mall, not one of those indoor ones. Sitting in the parking lot, Carl spotted a nice-looking boutique that had some pretty outfits adorning the stylish mannequins that stood in various poses in the showcase windows.

Inside, the boutique was decorated in a most feminine manner. Fresh flower arrangements were placed at various points throughout and the whole store reeked of expense and quality. The ladies that stood at different locations examining different garments looked so elegant and perfect. None took the time to stare at him or make him feel like he should not be in such a feminine store. A sales lady walked up to him with a smile. "Can I help you today, sir? Is there anything you're looking for in particular?" Carl was a little nervous but not too much. "Yes, I am looking for something a little dressy but not too dressy, if you know what I mean. I was thinking maybe a pant suit and jacket?" "You know," Clarice replied. Carl knew her name was Clarice by her silver engraved name tag. Such a pretty name. "We had some nice suits come in just yesterday. What size are you looking for?" Clarice asked, guiding Carl towards the far back of the boutique. On the rack was just what he had imagined: a dark navy pant suit with double-breasted jacket that was tailored to come in at the waist, then flair a little at the hips. And buttons! Brass-colored; simply wonderful. "A twelve," Carl managed to say. Clarice smiled and gave him a little wink, handing him a size twelve. "Does she know it's for me?" wondered Carl. "If you have any problems, you may return the suit provided you have the receipt. Is there anything else you're looking to purchase today? We have some wonderful costume jewelry." Clarice asked this as they walked towards the register counter, Carl with the gorgeous suit in his arms. "You know, I have earrings that would go nicely with that suit." Clarice reached under the counter and pulled out a delicate pair of small gold tone earrings in the shape of tiny starfish. "I'll take them," Carl replied quickly, loving Clarice's choice. The total came to one hundred and seventy-five dollars and some change, Carl paid with his credit card. "Do come again and enjoy your outfit," said Clarice with a smile, handing Carl his credit card and receipt. "I will do that." replied Carl giving her a smile back.

Back at the condo, Carl wondered if Clarice knew that the outfit was for him. She had not asked if he was shopping for his wife or a girlfriend. So refreshing! Maybe this was one of the advantages of living in a large city.

Tomorrow night was the meeting. Carl began to go through the femme wardrobe he had accumulated over the years. Medium-heeled navy pumps would go nicely with the outfit and earrings. It was June and rather warm so no overcoat would be needed. He had a navy leather purse that also matched perfectly. Wigs had been abandoned a while back after his thick wavy hair had reached a length that could be easily styled in a very ladylike manner. The makeup would again be natural with a little drama around the eyes since the navy pant suit was a little dressy. Thank God he had never had much of a beard; covering the little shadow was never a problem with a little foundation and loose face powder. "This is going to be a good thing," Carl told himself. "I will finally meet others like myself. Maybe I will meet some other girls to become friends with. Who knows?" Carl felt that anything seemed possible. Carl tried on the newly-purchased suit. It fit perfectly and showed off his figure nicely, the tailoring giving him a very feminine shape. A good choice and a good purchase and if he could, he would be sure to thank Clarice for making this important shopping trip so rewarding and pleasant for him.

Again that night, pleasant dreams took hold of his sleep and he was Careen in all of them. In those dreams, Careen went everywhere: the park, clubs, even dancing with men. That was another subject altogether in Carl's mind. He had never considered himself gay. When dressed as Careen, though, he often wondered what it would be like to be taken out by a handsome man. To be wined and dined and taken dancing. To be held in strong arms and to be pressed against masculine roughness like a delicate orchid. These feelings almost shocked him into embarrassment. Often these feelings turned to arousal and often the fantasies went further and did not end with dancing. What would happen with a man after the dancing was over? How far could things go? Would Careen give herself to a man in every way? How would Careen handle herself in such a predicament? Would she swoon and faint like so many ladies he had read about in those silly romance novels or would she be the type to take charge and make sure that she was pleased? When these thoughts arose in Carl's head, he was often left confused but aroused.

The day of the meeting was here. Things were moving so fast it was truly unbelievable. Carl did not do much throughout the day; he kept himself occupied with little things, doing a little cleaning and trying to keep his mind off the night's meeting. A light supper of a chef's salad and small glass of white wine proved most refreshing and satisfying. Eating small delicate meals like this made Carl feel like a lady.

Six PM rolled around and the transformation into Careen began. Carl scrubbed his face with a nice apricot facial scrub after shaving off

the little stubble that presented itself and plucking his already thin eyebrows. Carl's body was pretty much hairless so that needed little attention with the razor. Other than his arm pits, there was little to shave. A long hot shower followed, making him feel invigorated as he washed in Silk Pearls shower gel that left his skin lightly scented with a delicate floral scent.

In front of the make-up mirror in his red silk dressing gown, Carl started with the medium beige foundation that had a silky feel when applied. Then the loose powder in a matching shade followed, giving his face a nice uniform appearance. When he pulled his hair up into a tight bun high up on the back of his head, the transformation began. This was the magical moment when Carl became Careen. Eartha Kitt played on the portable CD player on the night stand in the bedroom, purring in her sexy seductive voice.

Careen now looked back from the mirror. Next came the blusher. Not the pale pink but a more exotic deep wine color that highlighted Careen's cheekbones in a most seductive manner. Very pleased with the results, Careen started with the eyes and lined them in black eye-liner. "Quite nice," she thought, liking the outcome and effect so far. Her eyebrows arched nicely with just a little help from the black brow definer. The shadow came a little darker and dramatic in hues of lavender and link with just a little frost. Her lips became fuller when defined with lip liner in a deep wine and lipstick that can only be described by its name "Vivacious Vixen". The whole effect was truly amazing and striking; it had come out a little more exotic than Careen had planned, not so natural but a fabulous job just the same.

Next the hairstyle. Careen decided on a French twist. The style always looked so elegant and becoming on other women. Why not try it? Careen had practiced this before and had gotten decent results for someone who was not going to be in the presence of others. Careen twisted the hair and began to pin it in place. It came out just as well if it had been salon-done. Spraying it down with hair spray, Careen was overjoyed with the results. So beautiful! Careen adorned her ears with the starfish gold earrings and applied deep wine-colored polish to her nails and waited for them to dry.

The foundation to contort her figure was next. Careen had bought through mail order a lovely Victorian waist cincher with built-in bra a couple of months earlier. Tonight, she would wear it for the first time. It hugged her tightly and made her feel feminine. Careen looked at her shape in the full-length mirror that hung on the back of her bedroom door. She put her silicone C-cup breast forms into the bra. Quite nice. White silk panties and navy pantyhose completed the foundation garments.



The lovely pant suit came next and was even more becoming with the figure the cincher had given Careen. Careen stepped into her navy low-heeled pumps and examined the finished job. This was hands down the best time she ever looked. Only a half hour left to get to the meeting. "Time to go," thought Careen, looking at her delicate gold tone ladies watch. Earlier, Careen had stocked her purse with everything she would need for the evening. Makeup, a mini bottle of hair spray, money and a few other things such as mint chewing gum and a pack of Virginia Slims. She knew she should not be smoking but she liked to smoke on occasion. One last look in the mirror and, with a deep breath, off she went.

After a short drive, Careen found the building in which the group was to meet. She took the elevator to the third floor and walked until she came to Suite three hundred and ten. "Oh my, this is it," thought Careen. She opened the door and walked inside. The room was quite large and furnished with a desk at which a pretty lady sat. She had the most amazing deep red hair that Careen had ever seen. There was a large group in attendance, some standing and chatting, others sitting, sipping on coffee, chatting in small groups. A few eyes fell upon her and many gave her a warm welcoming smile.

Careen walked to the desk. "Careen?" asked the red-haired lady. "Yes," Careen replied with a small smile. "Welcome. It's me, Heather. I was the one you talked to the other day on the phone." Heather gave Careen one of those "Hello, my name is..." stickers, then walked out from behind the desk. "Things will be getting underway in a bit. I will introduce you to the group. Ladies, this is a new member to our group. This is her first time here." All eyes fell on Careen, not in a bad way. Before Careen knew, it she was surrounded by many girls, all very nicely dressed. Many commented on her outfit and how lovely she looked; it was quite an experience. Some, Careen could tell, were men but many looked fantastic. If she had seen them on the street, she would never have suspected anything. Some were older, others looked barely nineteen. All were welcoming and very friendly.

One of the ladies began chatting with Careen. Her name was Suzanne, a very attractive blonde. She was very slim and looked to be about thirty years of age. It was obvious that her breasts were real and well-developed by the low-cut tiny blue sweater she wore with cut off shorts. Suzanne was amazingly tanned and definitely one hundred percent passable. Suzanne asked many questions and Careen answered them all honestly. The meeting progressed. It was mainly support and group discussions on transition and day-to-day life and the problems that arise. Some shared their good experiences along with the bad. There were a few shed tears and, for the first time in her life, Careen

felt part of something. When the meeting was over at ten PM, Suzanne asked Careen if she felt like going out for coffee before heading home. Careen hesitated. After all, she had not had a whole lot of experience at being out in public dressed en femme. With much persuasion from Suzanne, Careen agreed. They walked the short distance around a corner to a twenty-four hour coffee house named "The Supreme Coffee Bean".

Inside it was not very crowded which put Careen a little more at ease. Suzanne could sense Careen's nervousness. "Honey," Suzanne said, "you have nothing to be nervous about. You look fine and no one would ever guess anything." "Thanks, that means a lot, Suzanne, but I am not that experienced at going out in public," Careen said and glanced around just to see if any strange looks were being thrown her way. "Careen, it will get easier. I promise you, the more you venture out, the better things will get. It's been seven years since I transitioned and five since my sex reassignment surgery. Sometimes I still wonder if anyone will know my 'little secret' just by looking at me. I don't think that fear will ever go away totally. Just take each day and moment as it comes is the best advice I can give you." Suzanne smiled. "Besides, you look wonderful, girl. I bet there are guys here right now that have noticed you since you have walked in and are probably undressing you in their minds now!" Careen blushed at this comment, put her hand over her mouth and laughed out loud "Oh my. Suzanne, you are terrible!" They both laughed until the waiter approached the table to take their order.

"What would you like, ladies?" asked the handsome waiter with a smile. He was definitely of Italian descent and gorgeous to boot! Both girls looked at each other and smiled, seeing that the waiter obviously thought they were attractive. Suzanne ordered a black coffee and Careen opted for a vanilla-flavored cappuccino. In only a few minutes he was back with a sexy smile. "Enjoy, ladies and if there is anything else I can get you, don't hesitate to call. My name is Rocco."

"See girl, he was flirting with us," said Suzanne, taking a sip of her coffee. Careen was bewildered that this handsome man seemed to have flirted with her. Sure she could see him wanting Suzanne. Suzanne was sexy and pretty with her legs and femme-looking appearance. Maybe he had seen something in her that she could not see herself. They enjoyed their coffee and cappuccino and the conversation was light and airy, about many things such as the latest fashions, makeup and the hairstyles of this season. It was getting late and Careen was the first to say that she should be getting home. Suzanne agreed and walked Careen back to her car and gave Careen her phone number. Careen took it and promised she would call the next day. On the drive home, Careen could not believe her good fortune in meeting such a

nice person like Suzanne. She was sure that would become fast friends.

Undressing for bed this time was not a emotional ordeal like so many times before; Careen did something she had never done before. To the closet she went and picked out a white linen blouse and denim skirt; she would wear this tomorrow. Maybe it was time to start being Careen more often. Careen slept with a smile on her face and slept soundly with no dreams.

Careen slept late the next morning and did not awake until eleven AM. The evening before seemed like a dream but it was not. She looked through her purse for Suzanne's number. It *had* all happened and her mind kept going back to that handsome waiter who had flirted with them both and Careen felt her heart flutter at the thought of it.

Careen applied a more natural makeup after her late breakfast of coffee with cream and two slices of slightly burnt toast with marmalade. The outfit she had picked the night before was very nice, simple but nice. With her hair in a pony tail, Careen went out on her balcony and enjoyed the warm breeze that was blowing around gently. What a lovely day. Four PM rolled around quickly and Careen decided to give Suzanne a call.

Suzanne answered on the third ring. Careen could tell that Suzanne was happy that she had called. They chatted about the previous night's meeting and about that waiter, Rocco. Suzanne brought him up first and went on about how hot she thought he was. Careen still felt embarrassed about thinking about a man like that. Careen had to agree with Suzanne though, he was very attractive. Careen invited Suzanne over for a late dinner. Suzanne accepted the invitation and promised to be there by six after getting Careen's address.

Careen had learned how to cook from her mother at an early age and could follow any recipe to perfection. Careen decided on a low-fat vegetarian lasagna with homemade garlic bread and a nice red Italian wine. Suzanne showed exactly at six and was quite amazed at the spread that Careen had cooked. Suzanne also commented on Careen's appearance. Suzanne, as always, looked nice in a long, flowing floral summer sleeveless dress that tied at the back around the waist.

After the meal was finished and the dishwasher was turned on, they both sat in the living room on Careen's camel-colored leather sofa.

Suzanne started the conversation. "So, Careen, what do your family think about you and your lifestyle?" Careen really didn't like to talk about family but felt comfortable with Suzanne. "Well, my parents are deceased and I have little contact with anyone in my family." "My family," said Suzanne. "After my sex reassignment, they have accepted me

as I am. I think they finally realized that this was not just ‘a phase I was going through’ as my mother once called it.” Careen nodded. “Yes, I think that if my parents had lived, that is how they would feel about me. At least that is how I hope they would feel. It has to be hard on parents. Sometimes I wonder if I had a child in the same predicament, would I be so accepting? I think I would have a bit of a hard time.” Suzanne agreed, “Funny, isn’t it, to think that way? Here I am, a transsexual woman who knows what it’s like to have people reject you simply because you want to live the way you should have been born.” They chatted about other things, about what it was like for Suzanne when she first began her transition and what it was like now for Careen who had just begun to transition. Suddenly Careen had a revelation. She had started her transition without even realizing it. All the years that had gone past she figured she would never have the nerve to actually start the process. Reading books and online accounts of transitioning made it seem so far from her reality. Now, here she was. Maybe she was stronger and braver than she had ever assumed.

“You know I am a hairstylist. You have lovely hair, Careen. Let me give you a style sometime. I could do so much with a thick head of hair like that,” said Suzanne. “I would love so much to have a day at the salon and get a professional style,” replied Careen. “Good, then come in tomorrow and I will fit you in. Don’t worry, all the gals there are very friendly. Here is my card, the address is on the front.” Suzanne pulled her card from her purse and handed it to Careen. “I have to get going. Careen, it was a lovely meal and a lovely evening. I will be seeing you tomorrow.” Careen walked Suzanne downstairs to the door and said she would come to the salon at around one PM.

Back upstairs in the condo, Careen turned on the television and watched a rerun of Roseanne, one of her favorite sitcoms. After that it was the British comedy Are you Being Served? She loved that show. Mrs. Slocomb was her favorite character. Careen began to feel sleepy. She turned off the television, went to the bathroom, cleansed her face of makeup, then slipped into that silky lemon-colored teddy she had bought on her first outing. Content, she drifted off.

## **CHAPTER 2: Careen Makes A Mistake But Has Fun Anyway**

The Elegant Woman Salon was very busy that next day. The regulars were there under the dryers, getting their hair set. A weekly ritual for them, they liked to have their hair lacquered down so it would last until they came in the next week to have it set all over again. They were mostly older women who grew up with their mothers following the same ritual.

Keisha, a dark-skinned beauty, supervised a tiny mite of a student on how to braid hair properly. Keisha's hands moving almost in a blur on the customer's head. The student looked bewildered at Keisha's work. People sought out Keisha to braid their hair. She was pricey but worth it.

Annette did the manicures but refused to do pedicures because she hated feet. A expert at acrylic nail sculpting, her work and artistry could be matched by none in the city. Annette was a little flighty in personality but made up for it in kindness. With jet black hair cut in a blunt bob style and pale skin and dark makeup, she was a gothic beauty.

Deeon was a favorite of many ladies who frequented the salon. He brightened the environment with many tales of his rocky romances with men who were always described as looking like one gorgeous movie star or other. Deeon was a favorite with the younger girls who could always count on him to give them the latest funky style.

Suzanne fit in with them when she came to work there three years ago. At first they had not known of her transsexual circumstance but eventually she told them and they had accepted her whole-heartedly. Suzanne was a whiz with hair pieces and managed the wig department. The salon was popular with the transgendered community. Drag queens requested Suzanne often. She understood them and their needs.

Careen arrived at one PM in the midst of the bustle, greeted by Annette who sat behind the reception desk, taking a little break. "I'm here to see Suzanne," said Careen. "Suzanne, there's a lady here to see you!" yelled Annette. "A lady!" thought Careen, proud that she must be passing well. Suzanne popped out and motioned for Careen to come in. "Perfect timing, doll. I'm free so we can get going on your hair." Ushering Careen to a chair, Suzanne pulled a magazine. "I'm thinking this would look fab on you." Careen looked at the picture. It was lovely, one of those short tousled styles. "I'm game for it," replied Careen with a smile. "That's all I need to hear," laughed Suzanne. "Careen, I'm also thinking maybe a few blonde highlights." "Sure," replied Careen, excited to see how it would all turn out. Her first femme hairstyle professionally done, not something she could manage to do herself.