



Reluctant Press presents:

Change Is Good

Jackie Divine



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

Copyright © 2004, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

Change Is Good

By Jackie Divine

Chapter 1

Millie liked roses, yellow ones best. Red ones were OK, white ones, she thought, were elegant. It was yellow, however, that had always held her fancy. She adored a cross-hybrid mix that was renowned for its strong exotic scent. Millie always had these in stock. When they ended up not being used, she would often take them home from the flower shop to enjoy.

Flower arranging came easy to Millie. She had been born with an artistic flair which she attributed to her landscape artist mother and writer father. Something was bound to rub off on her; it was in the genes. Weddings, funerals, she did them all and every other occasion and special holiday in between. Romance and anything to do with it was her passion. Love was astounding to her, true love that went somewhere other than the back seat of a car or truck. It astounded Millie that in this crazy modern world, two people could still manage to find their other half and engage in the bond of marital bliss. Seeing people make this intimate connection and being part of their special day gave Millie hope that, someday, she might just find her lifemate.

“Gena, please bring out two dozen roses, red ones, from the back cooler,” ordered Millie to her assistant. Gena was a large boned blonde college student who in her off time supplemented her student loan income by working part time for Millie doing odds and ends. “Will do,” replied Gena, going off to the back cooler. Gena strolled to the back of the shop to the stock room, retrieved the roses and laid them on the arranging counter.

Millie sorted through them, pruning away dead and wilted leaves. Roses were by far the most popular flower of choice. Suitable for almost any occasion, they were a easy sale. Orders for five arrangements had come in the day previous. They

were to be completed by noon. Three were for wedding anniversaries, the other two were get well arrangements.

With Gena's help, the work got done in time. Each arrangement shone with beauty. Gena placed each finished arrangement in the display pick-up cooler.

"Take a break, Gena, we have earned it," said Millie sitting on a stool sipping a cola. Gena sat alongside her taking Millie's advice.

"So Millie, how is everything going outside of here?" Gena was nosy by nature and always liked to know about others' business.

"Things are not bad, business is great. I really have no complaints," replied Millie. Gena laughed.

"Now Millie, you know what I am getting at, girl. How is your love life?"

"Love life? What love life?" asked Millie. I don't think that I would have the time for it in my life at the moment. Plus, no man would put up with me the way that I am." They both giggled at this comment. Millie meant what she said, in more ways than one.

Millie was not just any ordinary lady. She had only been living as Millie for five years. She was in medical terms a pre-operative transsexual woman. No one in town knew this and that's how Millie wanted to keep it!

Millie closed up shop at six, dropped Gena off at her apartment and stopped at the grocery store to pick up a couple of items before heading home.

Millie turned heads when out and about. She stood five-seven and was petite in stature. Her naturally black curly hair always shone with brilliance. Her blue eyes topped off her beauty; they always sparkled brightly, commanding attention on their own.

Hormones had given Millie C-cup breasts that men loved to stare at and could only wish to touch. Her tiny frame made them look larger than they actually were. Millie ate a healthy diet and loved to exercise. She always kept herself trimmed and toned.

This particular grocery store attracted a lot of young goodlooking university men. This was the main reason that Millie picked the store to shop - lots of eye candy. They all looked so cute, going about their business confused, not knowing what to buy. For most, this was their first time out in the world fending for themselves, Momma no longer catered to them anymore.

They eyed her one-by-one, giving slight smiles, the braver one a friendly hello or wink. Millie would of course smile back and return a hello. Millie played up her eyes and made them sparkle when she looked directly at the young men.

The store was pretty busy, packed with handsome men of all types and walks. Produce was first on her list of thing to buy. Granny Smith apples Millie loved.

She began to go through a pile, picking the best ones, putting them in the produce clear bag. Not looking where her hand was going, she felt something warm and a little hairy under her touch. Millie pulled away fast, startled. Her hand had landed on some guy's. Millie looked up into a very attractive stranger's face.

"Oh dear, I'm so sorry about that. I was not watching where my hand was going," explained Millie, flushed with redness. This young man looked like a young Brad Pitt; he could not have been any older than twenty three. He had piercing blue eyes and the cutest naturally curly black hair. He smiled.

"Go ahead, it's OK. Here, take the apple," he offered. He held the apple out to Millie. *So defined, so tanned* were Millie's thoughts as she continued to eye the stranger. "Do you come here often?" asked the stranger breaking the silence that had entwined them. He was feeling sort of weird now having this lady giving him the once over. It was different, something that he thought only guys did to women. It was a corny line, asking if she came here often. Of course she did, she had to eat. *Wrong thing to say*, he thought to himself.

"Yeah, I do when I'm hungry and need supplies," replied Millie, taking the apple and putting it in the bag with the others she had chosen.

"Me too. Name's Rhett, by the way."

"Millie, Millie is my name. Nice to meet you, Rhett," said Millie, shaking the offered strong warm hand. Touching him sent chills throughout her body; he was such a man's man.

"Well, I have to go. I'm in a rush. A million things to do. It was a pleasure meeting you in this strange way," said Rhett.

Millie nodded. "Yeah, maybe I'll see you around again. It was indeed a pleasure." He was gone. Millie crossed her fingers, hoping that they would cross paths again in the future.

The check-out line was slow even though it was a so-called express lane. Millie thumbed through a Vogue magazine while waiting to get to the cash register. Purchases paid for and bagged, she was finally able to go home for the day.

A microwave dinner was her late dinner. She ate it on a TV tray in the living room with Wheel of Fortune playing on the television. The noise made Millie not feel so alone in her house. Finishing up with dinner, she then turned off the television and dug into her latest read, a steamy sex-filled romance novel. She loved these novels even if they were somewhat dirty. But hey, if she could not have in her real life, she could sure as least read about it .

Could her own life ever be filled with romance and excitement too? Probably not. While reading, her mind drifted back to the chance encounter with the perfect stranger. Rhett his name was. This almost made Millie laugh out loud but she just grinned instead. He had the name of a leading man in one of her favorite romances of all time. Somehow the name suited him to a T.

It was eleven when Millie had enough of reading. She placed her bookmark in the novel. She put on her favorite nightshirt. Washed her face , brushed her teeth, applied night cream to her face and then was in the bed with just the lamp on.

Sleep came to her as she settled down under her heavy, warm comforter.

Stock arrived at the shop early the next morning. Gena had a class and would not be in. Fred the delivery driver had piled the stock on the counter and on the floor in front of the counter. Fred was quite handsome, older with dark, attractive features. "So Freddy, what have you got for me today?" asked Millie, signing the invoice for the received delivery.

"Just about everything, I think. Business must be going great. I mean, according to what you order." said Fred, eyeing Millie's butt as she bent over and opened a box of florist vases. Millie caught him out of the corner of her eye.

Knowing that Fred was watching her butt turned Millie on a little bit . She guessed it was the female inside her, maybe the estrogen she took everyday to keep her hormones levels up. She wiggled a bit more then she needed to, knowing that it was making Fred hot in his pants. Fred took notice of her wiggles and could feel his pants swell and begin to tent. He had to get out of here before it was obvious what she was doing to him. Millie was one hot lady. He would be only too pleased to get his hands on her body. Was she maybe interested in him? No, no girl like Millie would ever want an uneducated delivery driver like him.

"So that's it, Millie. I'm off. See you again next week with your order." Millie examined some greenery that had come in. "Yeah Fred, thanks. See you next week. Have a great day." Millie liked Fred. He was like a old shoe, very comfortable to be around. Sure he was rough around the edges but definitely a man with a good heart and that was what counted most.

Time was almost free today at the shop. Business was slow so Millie took her time sorting the newly-arrived stock and put it away in an orderly fashion. An order did come in mid-afternoon. Dinner party fancy table arrangements was what they had requested. Millie would take her time with this order; it was for Mrs. Margot Kellings. Very rich and socially prominent. If a good job was done on these, it would certainly mean more business just from word-of-mouth alone.

Closing up shop early was something that Millie often did when business was slow. It was a bright sunny day outside so she decided to take a stroll down the main strip of town. Spring was here. After a cold winter with lots of ice and snow, it was great to see everything starting to come alive again. The trees were budding. It was great.

It came into Millie's mind as she walked that she should treat herself for all the hard work she had put into the business lately. Millie was always very careful with money and finances. She spied Bianca's Lingerie Shop. She stopped in front of the shop and walked inside.

"Hey Millie, how are you ?" asked Ashley, a sales girl who had frequently been a customer at Millie's shop.

"I'm doing good, I'm in the mood to treat myself today to something a little sexy. I want something really feminine." While Millie said this, Ashley pointed to a rack of bra and panty sets.

"Just take a look at our newest arrivals, they are delicious. The panties are thong style, the bras push-up. They also come in all sorts of colors. We have them in blue, pink, black, red, yellow, coral, purple and virginal white." Ashley laughed saying the last part. "We also have matching garter belts too."

Millie instantly was taken with the coral set. "Its just my size. Go ahead and ring it up. I deserve it."

Why had she bought such a silly purchase on impulse? Millie shrugged to herself. It was not like she would be modeling it for anyone, anytime soon!

Millie sat at a park bench watching people walk by. The air invigorated her as she sat under the sun's warm rays.

People were now starting to head home after a hard day's work. Kids were being picked up from school. Kid. That was one thing Millie would like to have a chance at having. Being a mother would be the ultimate job to her. As a transsexual, she faced the bitter reality that their was no chance of her having children of her own.

Millie walked back towards the shop to her parked car. It was time to head home. Back to her lonesome self. She sighed and drove off.

Driving home, she passed a video rental shop. Yeah, a video would be a good way to pass time. She turned into the parking lot of the store and went inside.

Millie slowly looked over the new releases. Drama, something heartwarming that would make her feel good, that's what she was looking for. Millie spied a video she had seen advertised and had been looking forward to viewing. She put her hand out to take it off the shelf when once again a male voice caught her off-guard.

"That's just the one that I want to rent." Millie looked to see Rhett, the handsome stranger, looking her in the face again.

"My, we always seem to be running into one another, don't we?" said Millie, leaving the rental on the shelf. "You may have it, Rhett. There's only one copy. I'll rent it another time."

Rhett shook his head no. "No, I insist that you take it. I can find another one that will entertain me just as well." Rhett had a pondering look on his face. "Well Millie, if you like, maybe we could, say, watch it together. I hope you don't think I'm too forward asking you this?"

Millie was stunned. He had asked her out. Like a date. "Sure, sounds good to me. I have no plans."

Rhett smiled. "I'll spring for the popcorn and snacks for us."

Millie made her way to get her rental checked out. She watched as Rhett picked up junk food galore. Who was going to eat it all? Certainly not her. She had a figure to worry about!

Outside in the parking lot, she directed Rhett to follow her home. She drove slower than usual so as to not lose him. Once inside, Millie and Rhett sat on the couch together. The lights were dimmed. Millie poured two glasses of cola while Rhett slipped the video into the VCR.

"You have a very nice place," commented Rhett, looking all round.

"Thanks. Took me years to get it the way I wanted it, but it has all come together." Millie took a sip of cola after saying this. Her throat going dry with slight nervousness. The previews began on the video. The popcorn bowl was placed between the two.

"So Millie, tell me all about yourself. I love to hear about people's lives."

Millie looked at Rhett and smiled. She absolutely hated telling people about herself. "OK." She thought for a second about what to say. "I was born in a very small town, the youngest of three children, one brother and one sister. My parents are no longer living but I did have a great childhood. I moved to this town a few years ago and opened my flower shop. The shop is very successful and I'm quite proud of how it all worked out."

Rhett was surprised to hear that Millie had her own business. Such an independent woman. It was definitely a turn on. Millie left out the fact that she was born a male in that small town. It was not necessary to tell him.

"I cannot help but notice that you have no man in your life," said Rhett. Men!

"I've never had any luck with men."

Rhett frowned. "I cannot believe that somehow, I think from what little I know of you, that you're quite a catch. I know I would be proud to call you my woman." Now did Rhett mean what he had just said? Was he just sweet talking her like every other man?

Millie was not used to men, period. Her face flushed hot with his comments. She was blushing and knew that it was plainly visible. Rhett thought the effect he had on her was cute. It thrilled him to be in a woman's house, intimate surroundings with someone that he did not even know really. Why, he had only met her twice and here they were together sharing a good time. It was nice to make a connection with someone.

The video kept playing on with neither of them paying attention. "I think it's a shame that a great looking, successful woman like yourself is single." Rhett moved closer, the words rolling like velvet out of his mouth. Millie was getting more flushed. His hand was suddenly on her leg. She did not even try to remove it even though it was dangerously close to her well-tucked secret. She moved in closer to Rhett, feeling his warmth now. Smelling his masculine scented cologne. It all felt right. Rhett put his arm around Millie.

"No man had ever showed interest, in all honesty," said Millie in a low voice. Looking into Rhett's eyes, she was lost.

Rhett's lips tasted sweet, like the most wonderful candy. His tongue fell into her moist mouth and found her own. She tingled all over, her senses going wild with delight and fantasy. Rhett's hands fell upon Millie's hormone-grown breasts. Her nipples shuddered with newfound sparks. "Oh my!" moaned Millie feeling more than a little aroused. She broke the kiss and moved away from the hand that was now dangerously close to her hidden secret getting larger, swelling her crotch slightly. Millie was a little unnerved by this. What if he discovered that she was still technically a he?

"I have to go to the bathroom," said Millie. The excuse came to her mind quickly. She needed to defuse the situation they had both created. Things were way too hot and heavy. If Rhett's hand touched her down below, well, she did not even want to think how he would react, him being a straight man and all. The last thing she needed was for a man to end up beating her or even worse. Millie shuddered to think about the horror stories that she had heard about transsexual women: violence and death at the hands of pissed-off men.

In the bathroom, Millie sat on the toilet and urinated. Why had she allowed this man to come into her home? She did not even know him. This was crazy! He could easily rape her if he wanted to and who would hear her cries? No one, that's who. She would go back to the living room and ask him to leave. It was that simple. That's what she would do. No, it wasn't that simple. Rhett was so nice and good-looking. Damn! The things she got herself into! Millie checked herself in the mirror. She returned to Rhett in the living room. Rhett waited in anticipation for Millie's return and patted the cushion next to himself.

"Everything alright?" asked Rhett, thinking that Millie looked a little out of sorts.

"No, no," said Millie. "I'm fine. Things moved a little fast with us, I think. Faster than I am used to. I'm fine, I really am. How about we try and watch the remainder of the movie?" Rhett agreed and they did so in perfect silence.

Rhett left after the movie finished with Millie's phone number scribbled on a scrap piece of paper. He was left confused by Millie's actions. She had seemed so into him, yet she had ended the make-out session very abruptly. Was she hiding something from him? What would a woman like Millie have to hide? She had everything. He would call her because he liked her too much to just let her go. Rhett decided that a couple of days would be sufficient for Millie to get over whatever was bothering her. It seemed like a good plan.

Millie cleaned up a little and made herself a nice cup of strong orange pekoe tea. It always helped her to relax and was a good remedy before going to bed after a long hard day. Rhett would not call her now. Not after she had rejected him. Men do not like rejection! She hated this part of herself, the part that no one knew. How could anyone ever love her and get close when she kept such an important secret? Normal life would always be just out of her reach. Having a penis did not bother Millie in the least but men who would like that about her seemed few and far between. Once in a while she would meet someone online and chat for a bit, then they would try and hook up with her for sex. Always she ended up feeling like a strange sex toy and not a woman.

Millie did not *feel* different from any other woman who was born female. The only thing male about her was the penis and that could be remedied if she made the final decision to do so. She had followed the Benjamin Standards of care and was under the supervision of an excellent doctor. She had her letters for sex reassignment surgery. It was just a matter of deciding whether it would be the correct move for her. Maybe surgery would solve some of this confusion. Hey, there would be no more penis to hide.

Millie drank her last sip of tea. She rinsed out her cup. Time for bed. The days went by so quickly. Before settling into a sleep, Millie made a silent wish hoping for Rhett to call her again soon.

Chapter 2

Weddings! Oh, how that special occasion thrilled Millie. Arranging the bridal bouquet, Millie thought, was an honor. There was such a focus on the bride. Second only, perhaps, to the dress itself.

Spring brought with it many weddings. This year was no different. Weddings needed flowers and lots of them, which gave Millie a ton of business. There were three weddings on one Saturday alone. Table bouquets for the receptions, church alter arrangements, bouquets for the bridal party. It boggled Millie's mind to the point where Gena had to be called in to help.

Millie did not think much about Rhett. When the weddings were taken care of, she would then have time to concentrate on what had happened between the two. Millie checked her answering machine every morning and evening. He did not call. Millie was not pleased with him, or herself for the matter. She pondered telling him about her being transsexual. Honesty was best. She would be outright and honest and just tell him.

"Something is wrong. I can tell by your demeanor this past couple of days. What is bothering you?" asked Gena showing real genuine concern.

"I met a guy, he has not called me since our date. I really like him," said Millie, feeling a little dumb. She felt now like a helpless female, not a way she liked to feel.

"You do like this guy, right? I can tell that you do. Why don't you just call him? That's what I would do. Good men are rare. It's obvious that he has made an impact on you. Pursue him Millie, don't let him go," said Gena while she cut white roses for one of the many wedding arrangements. The shop was heavy with scent from the blooms.

"Yeah, I could do that. If he does not have any further interest in me, at least I would know," replied Millie, spraying water over a completed bouquet. "The only thing is, I don't have his phone number." Gena frowned. That was not good.

"Well, I would keep my eye out for him. Don't worry, I guess if he truly wants to see you again, he will contact you."



After a fast supper at McDonalds, Millie dropped Gena home. She checked her answering machine. He had called!

"Rhett here. I'd like to see you again if you're still interested? You can give me a call when you get time at 555-4302. Take care, bye." Millie was thrilled that he had called.

"Hi Rhett...Millie." Millie's hands shook as she held the telephone receiver while she chatted with him. "Let's do dinner tomorrow night." Rhett agreed with Millie's plan and suggested that they try Gusto's restaurant at seven. Millie hung up the phone and spun around on her heels. Nausea hit her quickly with the realization of what she had to tell him about herself. It was settled, she would tell him at dinner.

In bed that night, Millie tossed and turned . She had never revealed her past life to anyone in this town. Everybody knew her as Millie. Millie was nothing but female to them all. Doing it in a public place, Millie felt, was smart. If his reaction was bad, it would be limited and she could just remove herself from the situation.

Saturday was also Wedding Day. The orders were delivered by Gena, using Millie's car. They finished up their working day cleaning up the messy arranging part of the shop. "Good luck tonight," said Gena, getting her things together before heading home. She had declined a ride with Millie, deciding that the exercise would do her hips good. "Thanks Gena, I'll tell you how it all worked out on Monday."

Time to get outta here. Millie locked up shop and drove home quickly. Elegance would be her style tonight; that's what the restaurant called for. Class was the name of tonight's game.

After showering and applying perfumed body lotion, Millie dressed in a very sexy black lace bra and panty set. She slid her legs into silky black pantyhose. It felt divine. Millie chose a simple black dress that was almost backless. It fit her like a second skin. Millie put her hair up in a sophisticated French twist. Her look was completed with smoky evening makeup. Black stilettos topped off the ensemble. It was good to feel so incredibly feminine.

Rhett was already waiting for Millie when she arrived and was escorted to the table by a handsome young buck of a male waiter. When Rhett spied Millie coming across the restaurant, he was floored by her appearance. Never before had he seen such a woman look so ravishing. She was a dream come to life, like something out of a movie. The waiter held the chair out for Millie to sit. Rhett could not take his eyes off her. Rhett clasped Millie's hand in his own. "My dear, words are beyond me."

Millie was taken aback by such a bold comment. She blushed hotly. "Thank you. I figured that this would all suit the style of this place."

Rhett nodded to agree with her and said, "I'm so glad that you came." The waiter appeared again, this time ready to take orders. Two glasses of red wine, two prime steaks and two small garden salads were ordered. They would partake of dessert later.

The food was delicious. Millie enjoyed each morsel that crossed her lips. They talked, getting to know each other in a more intimate manner over the romantic glow of candlelight. Millie passed on desert when the cart arrived at their table. Her stomach had began to tighten as she thought about what she had to reveal to Rhett. It was now or never. It was time.

"Rhett, thank you for the good time. I however have something to tell you. Something very important about myself." Rhett raised his eyebrows a little, wondering what secret was going to flow from Millie's lips.