



Reluctant Press presents:

It's Just Jenny

Jennifer Lauren



ILLUSTRATIONS BY COLLETTE ZASTROW

AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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It's Just Jenny

By Jennifer Lauren

Chapter One

It was an unbelievably dark and rainy night when I arrived at my aunt and uncle's home. They lived in a sleepy little town on the central California coast. If I had known then what was going to happen to me I would have run. But I had been running for the past three months from one foster home to another. My parents had been killed on the Jersey turnpike while coming home from a party late one night.

In New Jersey a male is not of age until he's twenty-one, so I was thrown into the nightmare of foster care. I spent three months in five different foster homes where I was preyed on like a small, helpless little animal.

But I had been preyed on most of my life. Being five foot-nothing and weighing only a hundred pounds soaking wet makes a person rather susceptible to, how should I say, coercion. I had gotten used to the demeaning things other kids said about me, but the hard part was getting the crap knocked out of me every other day. I lived in a pretty rough area in Jersey and this kind of thing was pretty common. If you were a boy, height and size means everything. And if you've got neither, you're in for a pretty hard time.

Aunt Maria and Uncle Andy were sort of a mystery to me at first. She was my mother's only sister and they were pretty close; sharing each others most guarded secrets and desires. Uncle Andy was a hard-driving, hard drinking truck driver. He was a big man, well over six feet tall with a barrel-like chest and massive arms and shoulders. Aunt Maria told me she had met Uncle Andy in college, where he'd played football. I had only met them on one occasion when I was six or seven and didn't really remember them at all.

Uncle Andy cursed as he fumbled for his house keys. I remember standing behind him with Aunt Maria in the pouring rain, shivering and wondering if I'd ever be warm again.

Finally, Uncle Andy got the door open and we all filed into the house, dripping like wet dogs.

"Let's get you out of these wet clothes," Aunt Maria told me in a soft, low voice as she turned and started undressing me.

When I was down to my underwear she took me by the hand and led me upstairs and into the bathroom.

"You need a nice bath," she said, smiling at me.

Aunt Maria was very pretty. She was also very petite, only 4'11" tall, which made her the only one in my life that was shorter than me. She was 38 years old, but could pass for 30. Her long, black hair reached nearly to her narrow waist. She was the ultimate in sheer femininity yet she could be very forceful and controlling at times.

She took my hand and led me into a rather large bathroom with a garden-style tub. As she knelt to turn on the water I noticed she was wearing a short gray and white skirt, nylons and high heels. She smelled like an angel.

She stood and smiled sweetly at me again.

"Well, are you going to get in the tub with those on?" she said, nodding at my underwear.

I just stood there in front of her, unable to move. Seeing no reaction from me she reached over and pulled my underwear down and I stepped out of them. I tried to hide my privates from her but she only smiled at me knowingly. I hurriedly stepped into the tub and sank down into the steaming, bubbly bath. The water smelled like her and I felt relieved now that my privates were out of sight.

"I have some things I need to tell you, Jeremy." Aunt Maria said as she knelt beside the tub and began to bathe me with a soft, oblong sponge.

"Your mother and I were very close. She told me before she died that she always thought that you should have been a girl. She told me how much she wanted a daughter when you were born and made me swear that if anything ever happened to her that I would take care of you and transform you into the best young woman I could."

"I don't understand, Aunt Maria. What do you mean?" I asked, perplexed.

She took a deep breath and continued to lather up my back. After a moment she spoke.

"What is it like to be a boy and be so small?" She asked.

"It really sucks." I said.

"Do you ever feel kind of out of place as it were?" Aunt Maria began washing my rather long, dirty blonde hair.

"Well, now that you mention it, I have, most of my life."

"Go on."

"Well, way back as far as I can remember, I've always felt . . . well . . . kind of different. Feeling as if I were living inside someone else's body. And the things I thought about when I hit puberty, well, they weren't the kind of thoughts a young boy would have been thinking."

"I know exactly what you mean. Your mother was right. You have the heart and soul of a woman, yet the physical body of a wimpy young man. You have two choices: You could continue on with your life as it is, getting picked on and taken advantage of all the time or you could cross-over and start living as a female."

"What do you mean?" I asked, confused.

"I mean no one knows you here. You can make a totally fresh start in a new life as Jennifer and start living as a girl. At least you wouldn't get hassled any more and your life would pretty much be a normal one. Isn't that what you want? Aunt Maria asked, rinsing my hair.

"Well, yes, I guess so. But why do you call me Jennifer?" I asked.

"Because that's the name your mother was going to give you if you had been born a girl."

"I can help you, Jennifer . . ." Aunt Maria whispered in my ear.

"I can help you become Jennifer. But you have to trust me fully and do exactly what I tell you to do, no questions asked . . ."

"But what about Uncle Andy?" I asked.

"Don't worry about him; I'll take care of that." Aunt Maria gave me a wink.

"What do you say . . .? Do we have a deal?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"No, not really. Unless you enjoy getting the shit kicked out of you every other day."

Aunt Maria was right. I couldn't go on living in the past. My only hope was a fresh start and she was just the woman to mentor me in my "transformation."

"Think of yourself as going through a metamorphosis from a lowly caterpillar to a beautiful butterfly."

I followed her into my bedroom, holding the towel around my waist.

"First things first. We'll have to go shopping for some new clothes for you, but for now, I think I have a few things that you could wear that would fit you nicely!" she said, opening the large closet and the dresser drawers inside.

There were several dresses and skirt outfits hanging inside as well as drawers filled with all kinds of lingerie.

Aunt Maria took out a blue and white skirt outfit and laid it over the chair.

"I want you to wear this for breakfast in the morning. Here are some nylons and a pair of black pumps. And don't worry; I'll take care of the rest."

I nodded as she rummaged through a drawer and handed me a pair of white silk bikini panties and a matching bra.

"Put these on." Aunt Maria ordered.

I stepped into the luxurious panties, feeling a sort of rush come over my body and I shivered. She helped me put on the bra and took a pair of silicone breast forms from a

drawer and placed them inside the cups. They were cold at first but warmed quickly to my body temperature. After a few minutes they felt more like a part of me.

"This is something that you'll be wearing for the rest of your life, so you may as well get used to it." Aunt Maria told me.

She gave me a white lace nightgown and I slipped it over my head. The feeling was electrical and I shivered again as I got into bed.

"Are you OK?" she asked.

"Yes, just a little cold is all." I told her, snuggling down under the covers.

She sat on the edge of my bed and stroked my head lovingly.

"That's my girl." Aunt Maria smiled.

I remember smiling back at her, somehow knowing that my life would never be the same again. Maybe it was inevitable.

"I almost forgot . . ." Maria said as she stood and walked into the bathroom, returning with a little purple pill and a glass of water.

I sat up in bed.

"What's this?"

"Just take it and we'll talk in the morning." Aunt Maria told me.

I took the little purple pill, put it in my mouth, and washed it down with a gulp of water.

"Good girl!" Maria praised me again.

For the first time in my life I was being praised. It felt wonderful!

"Good-night, Jenny. Breakfast is at eight sharp." Aunt Maria told me as she turned off the light.

"Goodnight." I said.

She shut the door and I was alone in the darkness. I remember the sound that her heels made as she walked down the hallway and descended the stairs. I was beginning to warm up beneath the down comforter. I turned on my side and felt the soft material of my nightgown against my skin. I was so tired . . .

The next thing I remember was waking up with the sun shining brightly through my window and the cry of seagulls outside. I sat up, got out of bed and walked across the cold hardwood floor to the window. Looking out, I could see the bay a few blocks away and the ocean beyond that.

"Good morning, sunshine!" Aunt Maria burst into my room dressed to the nines.

"I thought I'd better help you dress, breakfast is almost ready." She said cheerfully.

She always made me smile. She was so upbeat, so positive and so feminine. I just wanted to be like her.

She pulled my nightgown over my head, and then I sat to don the new pair of pantyhose that she had given me the night before. As I pulled on my hose, Aunt Maria coached me about the proper way a lady puts on her nylons and showed me how to keep from snagging them.

Then she had me sit down at the vanity while she applied a little eye liner and shadow, mascara and a touch of lip gloss.

“And remember, always apply your makeup before you put on your dress or skirt set, understand?” Aunt Maria stated.

“Yes” I answered, although I was distracted by the reflection looking back at me in the mirror. What I saw took my breath away. I was amazed at what a little makeup could do!

I then stepped into the rather short skirt and carefully pulled the long-sleeved blouse over my head, pulling it down over my “breasts” and to my trim middle.

“Now lets have a look at you, sweetie.” She told me as I stood in front of a full length mirror.

I couldn’t believe what I was seeing. The image in the mirror staring back was not ME but a beautiful young woman!

“We’ll have to do something about this hair of yours and soon.” Aunt Maria mused as she brushed my hair into a semi- shag style.

“That will have to do for now.”

I stepped into the black pumps while Maria told me about heels in general and how to walk in them in particular.

“You have to walk up on the balls of your feet.” She explained.

“The soul of the shoe and the heel should meet the floor at the same time. Try it out . . .”

I walked across the room, rather clumsily at first. But by the third or fourth trip I was doing well in them.

“Just be careful on the stairs. You might want to put in a little “homework” on going up and down stairs, Jennifer.”

I nodded, a slight smile coming to my lips.

“It’s time to eat!”

She took my hand and we walked down the hall together.

“Good . . . very good!” Aunt Maria exclaimed as we descended the stairs together and walked into the kitchen.

I must have looked more than a little surprised when I saw Uncle Andy sitting at the table in his pajama bottoms and reading the paper.

“Well, Andrew, what do you think of Jennifer?” Maria asked her husband.

Uncle Andy looked up from his paper and grunted.

"I always knew there was something strange about you, boy!" Uncle Andy sneered.

"You watch your mouth, you bastard! This is Jennifer and you will treat her like a lady and render the respect that she deserves, that is, if you ever want anything from me in the future." Aunt Marie let him have it with both barrels.

His attitude changed abruptly.

"I'm sorry, you look very nice, Jennifer. Please, sit down."

As we all sat and began eating, Aunt Maria instructed me in the finer arts of table etiquette. Although my Uncle rolled his eyes and buried his face back into his newspaper, I figured I may as well put my heart and soul into relearning how to do the simplest things I used to take for granted. I guess what Aunt Maria said was true: Practice makes perfect, or, in my case, at least better. I found that if I concentrated on whatever it was I was doing at the time, I could usually do it in a convincingly feminine manner.

After breakfast Aunt Maria informed Uncle Andy that she and I were going shopping.

"Do you want me to pick up anything for you?" Maria asked as she placed the last of the dishes into the dishwasher.

"Yeah . . . get me some beer." Andrew answered from behind the newspaper.

"Alright, but remember, you promised to clean out the garage today."

"Yeah, yeah, I know." He moaned, squirming in his chair.

Aunt Maria took me upstairs and found me a purse I could use until I found one to my liking. It was brown suede and had shoulder strap. She placed a number of things into it, including a compact, lipstick, a small bottle of perfume and a wallet.

"There's \$50 in there." Maria stated, nodding at the wallet.

"I'll get you an appropriate ID and a couple of credit cards, but never use them unless the purchases are approved by me, understand?"

I nodded.

I was suddenly aware of my voice and how it could give away my little secret.

In the car, Aunt Maria told me that we were going to a mall in a larger town some 30 miles inland.

Aunt Maria was way ahead of me. She could tell I was a little nervous going out in public for the first time. She also knew that I was worried that my voice could give me away.

"Don't worry, Jennifer, I've already arranged for you to start voice lessons on Thursday. For the time being, just stay close to me and I'll do any talking that's necessary." She reassured me.

Aunt Maria seemed to have a way about her that instilled confidence and made me feel more at ease. As we neared the mall and parked the car, my heart started pounding inside of my chest. I sat back in the car seat, closed my eyes and took a long, deep breath.

"You'll be just fine, Jennifer, you'll see!" Aunt Maria smiled.

"Let's go!"

We stepped out of the car and walked together towards the entrance. I did surprisingly well walking in the 3" heels and I tried to mimic the way she moved and walked.

Inside, Aunt Maria made a bee line for the Women's Apparel section, me in tow.

"May I help you ladies?" A woman's voice asked from behind us.

"Yes, as a matter of fact, my daughter needs a couple of new outfits."

"Let's see . . . a size 4 isn't it?" the young saleswoman asked me with a smile.

"Yes, that's right." Aunt Maria answered as I nodded and smiled back shyly.

"Right this way."

We followed the saleswoman until we came to the Jr's section.

"That will be all, thank you." Maria told her and she smiled and turned and left.

"What every young girl needs these days is a nice jumper. They're very versatile and you can change your look with a different blouse or sweater."

She took a black and a gray one, in size 2 and put them in our cart. Then she took a pretty yellow sweater and a white long-sleeved blouse and added them to the cart also.

"You need a couple of skirt outfits for school and church and such." She added, looking through the size 2's on a rack.

"What about this?" I asked quietly, trying to sound as feminine as possible.

I held up a knitted blue and gray skirt and sweater for her inspection.

"Hmmm. This is very pretty and soft, too." Maria commented, giving me a smile and a sideward glance.

"You have a lot of your mother in you. That's something she would have picked out. She always seemed to know what her best colors were and what would look good on her."

"Alright, you can have it."

This was fun! I began to understand what all the excitement was about when women went shopping. It was all so new to me!

Next we went to the lingerie section. I was like a kid in a candy store.

"Lingerie 101 says never buy panties in a package, always separately." Maria told me as we picked out several new pairs for me.

"Bra's are the same. You'll just have to take them with you into the fitting room and try them on with your new dresses and skirt outfits."

She handed me three new bras in a 36B.

"Try these. As your breasts grow, we'll have to get you a larger cup size."

Aunt Maria followed me into a fitting room and I tried on the bra's as well as the dresses and skirt sets and blouses. Most fit me nicely.

Before we got to the check out line I found a nice pair of heeled sandals and a purse that was more my style and we added them to the cart. I had noticed a couple of girls in the mall who were about my age wearing some stylish brightly colored bracelets and earrings.

Wanting to “fit in” I begged Aunt Maria to buy me some accessories as well. Naturally, I had to have my ears pierced. Ouch! But the moment of pain was well worth it when I looked in a mirror and saw the cool, dainty earrings in my ears.

I must have looked pretty happy as we headed out to the car, both of us carrying an armload of bags. Aunt Maria immediately noticed the change in me and reinforced it.

“You did very well today, Jennifer. I am really proud of you.” She told me as we headed home from the mall.

“What . . .?” Maria asked looking at me out of the corner of her eye as she drove.

She knew me better than I knew myself, indeed.

“It’s just that . . . well . . .”

“Go on . . .”

“Well, today was a lot of fun.” I finally mouthed the words, trying to sound casual.

“I told you people will treat you better as Jennifer.” Aunt Maria confirmed, reaching into her purse and taking out a cigarette and lighting it.

“I think you’re going to do just fine.” She said, reaching over and touching my hand.

My spirits soared that day. It was some kind of wonderful, the relationship Aunt Maria and I were building. All kinds of emotions ran through my head and the soft material of my skirt outfit against my skin made me shiver again. It was difficult to sit there in that short skirt with my legs together, but I figured I’d get used to it. Even the feeling of the stockings on my legs created an erotic energy within me.

When we got home I raced upstairs with my bags like a kid at Christmas. I was eager to try on my new things before putting them away in my closet and dresser drawers.

Later that evening at dinner Aunt Maria told me Uncle Andy had gone bowling with some of his buddies and wouldn’t be home until late that night. We sat and ate baked chicken and some really tasty mixed vegetables in relative silence while I practiced my table etiquette. Occasionally, Maria would correct me, but as a whole I was doing quite well. It all seemed to come to me rather quickly and easily.

After Aunt Maria and I had cleaned up after supper we sat down in the living room and listened to soft classical music and had some herbal tea. I had never really been a fan of classical music, but it all seemed different this time around. It was almost as if my senses had been heightened in some way. Even the tea tasted better than I ever remember it tasting.

As we sat there sipping our tea and listening to the music, a feeling of warmth and belonging suddenly overcame me. I was so tired. I excused myself and went up to my bedroom and undressed. I hung my skirt outfit neatly back in the closet and slipped into my nightgown. I pulled the covers back on my bed and gratefully crawled beneath them, pulling them up snugly around my face.

“So far, so good.” I told myself, closing my eyes and releasing a heavy sigh.

Maybe this “transformation” was the best thing for me. I drifted off to sleep.

I don't remember what time it was when I awoke and noticed the lamp on my nightstand was on. Then I heard my bedroom door close quietly and in the dim light I could see the form of someone standing across the room.

"Who's there?" I asked in a voice barely above a whisper.

There was no response. Startled, I sat up in bed and could see the imposing form of my uncle standing just inside the door. I could smell the whiskey as he took a long slug from a bottle and set it down noisily on the dresser.

"What do you want?" I said, a twinge of fear in my voice.

Uncle Andy belched loudly and approached my bed until he loomed over me like some apparition.

He just stood there, as if in a trance, staring down at me. I could see all he was wearing was a pair of boxer shorts and he began to rub and knead his growing erection beneath the material of his underwear.

"So, you want to be a woman, sissy boy?" Uncle Andy spat, his voice full of contempt.

"What do you want?" I asked sheepishly.

"If you're going to become a woman, there are some things you need to know how to do and do well." He growled.

A crooked grin came to his lips. He seemed to sense my fear.

"Lay back on the bed. Do as I say or you'll be out of here faster than you can blink!" he hissed.

"Please . . . don't hurt me." I begged, lying back down on the bed.

"That all depends on you now, honey."

He pulled down his boxers and knelt on the edge of my bed, his large, man-sized penis waving in my face. He grasped the semi-erect organ and began to stroke it. I could see the heavy foreskin sliding up and over the seeping tip and then his hand pulled it back taut on the down stroke.

I knew what he wanted. This wouldn't be the first time I had a cock in my mouth and it most likely wouldn't be the last. Three of the four foster homes I stayed at had men who made me perform fellatio. I thought I was getting away from things like that, but apparently I was wrong.

He leaned down and brushed the seeping tip against my face.

"Open up that mouth!" he ordered.

I opened my lips and he moved his hips forward, the huge tip nudging its way into my mouth forcefully.

"Alright, now take it in all the way." He sneered, pushing deeper into my mouth.

"MMMMMHHHNNN!" I protested weakly. It was so big and thick I could barely open my mouth that wide and my jaws began to ache immediately.

Slap!

Uncle Andy's hand suddenly came down across my face.

“Watch the teeth, bitch!” he snarled, placing his huge hand across the base of my throat.

Recoiling from his vicious assault I forced my jaws agonizingly apart to accommodate his thick, musky penis.

He started pumping it in and out of my mouth, nudging the huge head against the back of my throat.

I gagged slightly, but this only made his hand tighten around my throat more.

“Come on, take it down, take it all the way, and do a good job or else!” he groaned, pushing more and more of his enormous organ down my throat.

My heart was pounding like a drum. All I knew was that I had to satisfy him or he might hurt me. Or worse yet, throw me out onto the street.

I could smell the whiskey and sweat on him as he pulled out of my mouth and began to rub it against my cheeks and lips. I licked and sucked at the bulging tip, causing him to moan and groan like some strange wild animal.

He released his grip on my throat and moved back within the confines of my mouth.

“Use your hand . . . pump it with your hand as you suck,” he ordered curtly.

I had no choice but to do as I was told.

I flashed my tongue all around the seeping tip while stroking the heavy shaft with my hand. It was so thick my fingers couldn't reach all the way around it. And so hard!

He was driving into my sucking mouth like a mad man when he suddenly stiffened and filled my mouth and throat with hearty spurts of his creamy sperm.

“Swallow it . . . every drop . . . lick it off . . . use your tongue!” he ordered.

I did as I was told. What the hell else was I going to do?

I swallowed again and again in an effort to keep up with the raging flood. He pulled out of my mouth and left the room as silently as he had entered, leaving a string of sticky sperm across my cheek.

I laid there in bed not really sure what to do. I decided that it was probably in my best interest to say nothing to Aunt Maria about the encounter that night. The way I saw it, things could only get worse for me and I didn't want that now. I got up and went into the bathroom, where I brushed my teeth and washed the spunk off my face. When I returned to my bed I could still taste Uncle Andy's semen. I just rolled over and went to sleep.

CHAPTER TWO

When I awoke early the next morning I just laid there in my bed, thinking about what had happened to me the night before. I had no idea at the time but it would have lasting effects on me in the years to come. It was true, my Uncle had forced himself upon me, but I didn't feel ashamed about it in the least.

Although similar experiences I had had with my foster fathers were deplorable, my experience with my Uncle really shook me to the core of my being. My female being. There was something extremely erotic about what we were doing. Going down on my Uncle kind of gave me a feeling of power over him, even though I was the one submitting to his desires.

I shivered when I thought about how big and hard his cock was. And as I tongue-worshipped him, I could feel his whole body respond to my loving attentions. One thing was for sure: This sure beat being picked on and beat up all of the time!

Strangely I reached down and touched myself and to my surprise, it just didn't feel the same as it used to. Even though I had only been on hormones for a couple of days, it was already beginning to take its effect on my already small, floppy penis. Little did I know that after a couple of months they would become withered and completely useless to me as a male.

I got out of bed, went into the bathroom and started the shower. The warm water felt wonderful, cascading over my head and shoulders, warming and relaxing me. I lathered myself with the shower gel that Aunt Maria had given me and stood beneath the steaming water for a long time.

As I was drying myself Aunt Maria came in and gave me my hormone pill and stood and watched as I took the pill and washed it down with a gulp of water.

"That's a good girl." She smiled, following me into my room.

"What will these pills do to me?" I asked, stepping into a fresh pair of panties and putting on one of the bras she had bought me the day before.

"They are female hormones and they will make your breasts start to grow and your body to soften and become more feminine." She said.

"You may as well get used to them because you'll be taking them the rest of your life."

"But they're making my penis feel funny." I told her.

"That's because the pills are starting to take effect. It won't be long before your penis becomes quite small, not to mention your testicles. But you won't need them any more anyway. I've been thinking about taking you to Europe next summer where doctors will remove them altogether and create a vagina for you."

"But won't that hurt?" I asked, my voice shaky.

"It's not so bad. The doctor's use part of your penis and scrotum to create the outer parts of your new vagina. I've heard the surgery is so good that no one will ever be able to tell that you weren't born female." She said in a low voice as she took a garter belt and a pair of silk stockings from the drawer and handed them to me. My eyes must have grown huge with Aunt Maria's revelation for she stood up and smiled sweetly.

"You're going to be just fine, Jennifer, you just wait and see." She told me with conviction.

Something inside me told me to trust her and just take my new life a day at a time.

"But don't worry about that now. You have a long way to go. I want you to wear these today along with your black jumper and white blouse."

"It goes on like this . . ." Aunt Maria instructed, placing the black lace garter belt around my waist and fastening it before twisting it around into place.

"Now sit on the edge of the bed and I'll help you with your nylons." She added. She rolled one up and had me step into it.

"Now pull it up carefully and attach it to the garters like this."

She pulled the silky stocking up high on my thigh and then fastened both garters, front and back.

"Now you do the other one." She told me, sitting down beside me on the bed.

I rolled the nylon up as she had done and pulled it on carefully.

"Good girl, Jenny!" She said as I fastened the garters like she showed me.

"You're a natural." She smiled broadly.

I couldn't help but smile back at her. She just had a way about her that made me feel good about myself and the progress I was making in my transformation.

"Now you finish dressing. Apply your makeup like I showed you, but remember a little goes a long way. And I'll brush your hair when you come downstairs."

I nodded and smiled at her. It seemed that I was smiling a lot these days. Before I came to live with my aunt, I don't remember smiling much at all. Even the pictures that I had of myself when I was living in Jersey with my parents were devoid of any happiness. I was always either wearing a frown or looking like I'd rather be somewhere else.

As I carefully applied my makeup I continued to think about how life had been for me before. Things had gotten so bad the past year or so that I actually considered doing myself in. I forced myself to clear those miserable thoughts from my head and promised myself that I would never dwell on them again. I was beginning a whole new life and that was the only thing that mattered to me any more.

When I finished dressing I checked my appearance in the full length mirror in the corner. I was amazed at how good I looked. I blushed and giggled as I grabbed my purse and headed downstairs.

Aunt Maria brushed and curled my wig with a curling iron.

"Your own hair should be grown out enough to style by the time classes start in the Fall." She said.

I hoped she was right. I wanted to fit in with the other girls and not look like a freak.

As we stepped out into the garage and got into Aunt Maria's Buick I was glad that she had such a big, comfortable car. She said that a woman appreciates those things. I would have to agree with her on that one.

While driving downtown it occurred to me that I had my first appointment with the speech therapist. I was a little nervous as we pulled into the clinic's parking lot. Aunt Maria sensed my apprehension and reached over and touched my hand reassuringly.

"Don't worry, Jennifer. You did it before, you can do it again. Pretty soon you'll just do it and not even think about it."

"But what if . . ." I began.

"Don't worry. Dr. Wright is a good friend of mine. I've told her all about you and she really understands."

I took a deep breath and we got out of the car and walked together around to the front entrance. It was amazing how well I was learning to walk in the heels, but it took a lot of concentration to walk in them well.

"You must be Jennifer." The receptionist said to me in a friendly voice.

"Come with me, Dr. Wright is expecting you."

I looked to Aunt Maria as if to say "aren't you coming . . .?" but she only nodded for me to go ahead and she sat down in the waiting room.

I followed her down the thickly carpeted hallway until we came to a door. The receptionist knocked and stuck her head inside.

"Jennifer is here, doctor."

"Good, send her right in." I heard a woman's voice answer.

I walked into her office and the receptionist closed the door behind me.

"Jennifer, how wonderful it is to finally meet you." She said smiling up from her massive oak desk.

"Please, have a seat." She nodded toward a comfortable chair next to her desk.

She wasn't at all what I expected. She was probably in her mid-thirties, had long black hair that she had tied back and was very pretty.

"Your aunt has told me so much about you." She began, sensing that I was a bit nervous and making small talk.

I just nodded and smiled as sweetly as I knew how.

"Let me just say that I understand your position completely. I have a "sister" who is a male to female transsexual and I helped her considerably with her speech. Now I can't get her to shut up!" Dr. Wright smiled and winked at me and we giggled together.

That introduction went a long way toward relaxing me.

We talked for a few minutes and she outlined a program she had set up for me. We would work together, three hours a week until school started. Dr. Wright was confident that by then I wouldn't have to worry about my voice giving me away

It was really quite amazing how you could change your voice so easily by controlling your pitch and not sound like a fag or something! That was one of my primary concerns.

By the end of the first session I went home with a practice tape she had given me and worked on my voice every time I was by myself.

After a few weeks things really began to get easier as far as my "passing" was concerned. The hormones Aunt Maria had been giving me on a daily basis were kicking in big time. My breasts were already blossoming and my nipples became super-sensitive. My skin was becoming extremely soft and my body began taking on a more feminine shape.