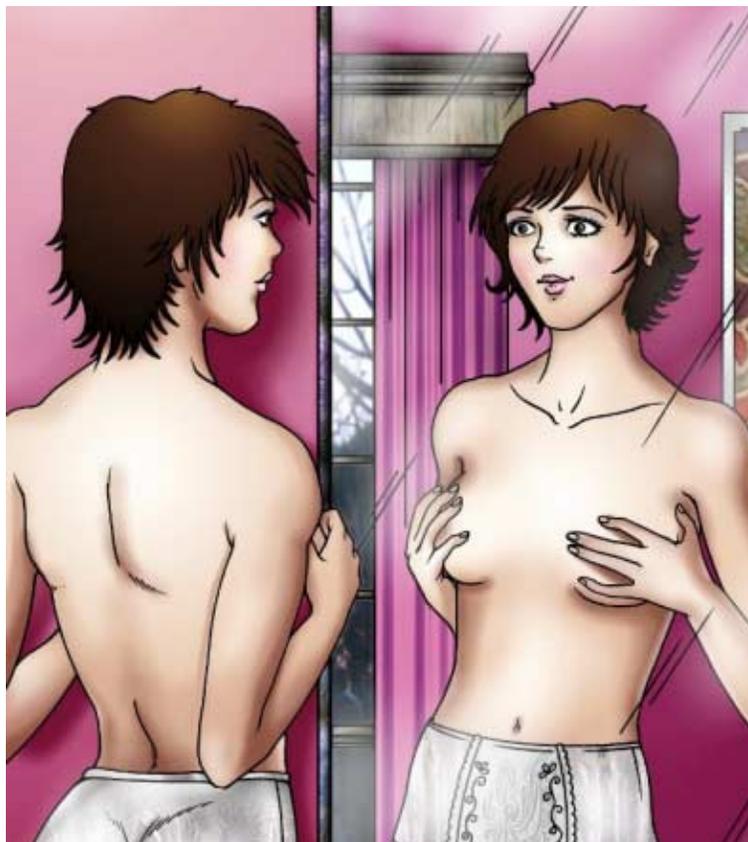




Reluctant Press presents:

Metamorphosis

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALEXANDERSSON

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

Copyright © 2007, 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!

Metamorphosis

By Lynn Brown

Sitting at my vanity looking in the mirror as I adjust a pair of long pendant rhinestone earrings to each lobe from under a long cascading curl from my auburn brown upswept hair, I feel very feminine and beautiful. I had just returned from spending the entire afternoon at the beauty salon having a pedicure and manicure. My long red fingernails glistened as I adjusted the clip-on earrings to my lobes. In addition, I had been given a facial with makeup and had my hair set for this special occasion, our first wedding anniversary. I wanted to look my best for tonight.

Before attaching the long feminine earrings, I had changed into a pair of high-cut black lace nylon panties. My small perk breasts were resting in the 36-B bra section of the long line black satin "Merry Widow," showing ample cleavage. The black satin-covered bone-enhanced foundation garment gave me a strikingly narrow waistline. Hanging from the bottom of this wonderful creation were four long black garters to which I had attached a pair of fine, thin black silk stockings encasing my long slender and smooth legs, an asset which I was most proud. Over sheer nylons, I had completed my dressing by putting on an additional pair of black lace nylon panties.

I felt extremely feminine, sexy and alluring as I saw my reflection in the vanity mirror. I had been pampered today as a lady should be at the beauty parlor. It was nice to be able to take my time dressing without having to worry about makeup and styling my hair. I could take my time dressing.

Putting on the black crinoline, then the "off the shoulder" black V-neck silk cocktail dress, I proceeded to liberally spray myself with the "White Diamond" perfume, a birthday present. After slipping into the three-inch black patent pumps, I was ready to celebrate our first anniversary by dining at the most exclusive restaurant in Memphis. My

long, black elbow-length opera gloves and a black beaded clutch purse were lying on the bed.

My thoughts were interrupted about six-thirty as my wife, Janet, came into our bedroom. "Sorry to be late. I had to resolve a situation at the office and it took longer than I expected. I called to change our dinner reservation to eight-thirty. My, but you look absolutely fantastic tonight. Try to relax while I take a shower and get ready for our special night," she offered after giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. "I do not want to spoil your makeup," she added.

As Janet went into the bathroom, I decided to pour myself a glass of wine and relax. Seating myself at the edge of our lounge chair, as any proper lady would, I started reflecting back upon my past life.

It was a little more than three years ago that I moved to Memphis and started living with my older sister, Betty. I had dropped out of high school when I was eighteen. Neither I nor the teachers were sad to see me leave. I had been in constant trouble for my entire Junior year and Senior year until I turned eighteen. I was constantly harassing the teachers. I did not study nor was I interested in school.

Reaching eighteen, I became a drop out. Living at home with my elderly parents, I found a job which gave me some money which I quickly spent either on girls or beer. The girls I hung out with were also dropouts. Soon, with all the partying, I was unable to keep a job. I could have cared less as work kept interfering with my social life. Soon I was sleeping until noon, lounging around the house until after dinner before partying the balance of the day. My money ran out, and I stole some from my Mother's savings. When she caught me, I told her she had an obligation to clothe and feed me as well as see that I had spending money. While Mom did not agree with me, nothing changed, so I expected her to comply.

Finally, Mom had enough and told me to leave the house. I had friends so it was not a big deal. I moved in with a small commune and continued partying. However, several members of the group said that I should help pay the bills and insisted that I find a job. On the second day of working, I quit. To get some cash for food, I decided to rob a small neighborhood cleaner. Of course I got caught.

Since it was my first offense, the court let me off with a fine and released me into my sister's custody. Mom had called her and asked her to please see what she could do to straighten me out. Therefore, I was put in Betty's custody and moved to Memphis. My sister shared a two-bedroom apartment with another girl. Betty was twenty-four and her roommate, Alice, was about twenty-five. I moved into the second bedroom. At the time, it never occurred to me that Alice had been sharing the bed with Betty.

Now settled in Memphis, after I had unpacked my belongings and put my clothes away, I was awaiting dinner. Betty had me set the table while she and Alice cooked. After dinner, I was surprised when Betty told me I was to wash the dishes and clean up the kitchen. I did as she asked but not a very thorough job. Saturday, I slept late; I was back

into my old routine. That night while Betty and Alice went out, I watched television while drinking a six-pack. Betty found me asleep on the sofa. She was able to drag me to bed and I lay on top of the covers the rest of the night. In the morning, I was told to find a job or I would be returned to Jackson, TN, where I would go to jail for two years. I agreed to look for work.

And work I did, moving from job to job, always finding some excuse to quit before being fired. In between jobs, I would lay around the apartment, go to the pool and basically do nothing. My room was a mess and my clothes were never clean until Betty insisted that I wash them. Finally Betty talked with me.

“Charlie, you have to change your attitude or I will change it for you. Your room is a mess as are your personal habits. You cannot keep a job so I have found one for you at the Steak and Ale Restaurant. You start tonight. I will take you and introduce you to my friend, the manager.

“In addition, your room is a pig sty. You are to make your bed each morning, dust and vacuum your room and the entire apartment twice a week. You will pay me \$75 per week for room and board as your share of the household duties and expenses. Also, you will wash your clothes once a week.”

I started to complain when Betty stated, “If you do not cooperate, I will send you to jail!”

Betty drove me to the restaurant and introduced me to Phyllis, the manager. She and Phyllis had been close friends for several years. Phyllis had me fill out the forms, then she gave me an apron, explaining that I was to be the busboy. She took me into the restaurant to show me what was expected while explaining that the waitress would share some of the tips but I would be working for minimum wage while the wait staff worked for \$2.25/hour plus tips.

By the time Betty picked me up at ten-thirty, I was tired. The place was extremely busy Saturday night. My share of the tips was five dollars and I worked hard, keeping the tables cleared and clean.

After several weeks, I decided not to show up for work; I went out drinking. Returning to the apartment, Betty was furious as Phyllis had called checking to see if I were sick. Betty laid into me that evening.

I tried to defend myself, telling her, “It's not fair. I work as hard as the waitresses but I don't share their tips. I would like to be a waiter. I think I could serve the customers well and bring home more money.”

Betty grilled me regarding my statement for more than thirty minutes. Finally she said, “If you think you want to wait tables, I can arrange that for you. Go take a shower and get rid of that awful beer and cigarette odor from your body. I will call Phyllis and see if you can still have a job.”

As I finished showering and was drying off, Betty knocked on the door. "Are you sure that you would be content to wait tables at Steak and Ale?" I replied in the affirmative. "Dry off and come out to the den. Leave your towel on!" she commanded. I had never heard Betty be so determined and bossy.

"I have discussed the situation with Phyllis and she is willing to give you another chance. However, there is one slight problem which I told her we could overcome if you are sincere in wanting a good job. Are you willing to do as I instruct and learn what you need to be able to wait tables?" she asked.

Still a little drunk and not in complete control of my senses, I replied, "Whatever it takes, Sis, I will do. You have my word on that."

"Good. Even though you have many faults, I do know that your word is your bond. Now the problem is that the wait staff at Steak and Ale is all female. In order for you to fit in, you will have to wear the waitress uniform. While you may think this is a joke, I am very serious. Not only will you have to wear the short plaid skirt, but for all purposes, your gender will have to be changed."

"No way am I going to have an operation!" I said while my head was still spinning. "The deal is off."

"I didn't say you had to have a sex change, just become female in thought and dress. I think you are man enough to handle this small detail," she said with a grin on her face. "Just wear a dress and act feminine. Are you going to stand by your word?" she asked. "If you don't straighten up and take this job, the only alternative is jail. I am tired of your sloppy ways, which starting today *will* change. If you had a job and made decent money, then maybe you would become a better person."

What the hell, I thought, *anything is better than being a busboy*. "How am I going to be able to pass as a female while working with other girls and customers?" I asked in a clearer tone.

"Leave that up to me. We will begin this coming week. For starters, you need to shave your arms, legs and the small amount of hair from your chest. Go to the bathroom and shave. Also, be sure to shave under your arms. See me when you finish."

In less than thirty minutes, I returned to the den. Betty had a yellow nightgown which she handed me. "Put this over your head while keeping the towel on. After you have slipped into the nightie, put on this pair of opaque panties. You might as well get used to the feel now. Tomorrow, Alice will join us for a brief shopping trip. Now go to bed."

As I went into my room, looking into the mirror on the door, I saw that the long flowing lace encased a nylon nightgown. It felt exciting as the smooth nylon rubbed against my hairless legs. As my arms brushed the sides of the long gown, goosebumps formed on my arms. Slipping between the sheets, I fell fast asleep.

It was late morning when I awoke to find a note from Betty. "Dear Sister, I let you sleep late today. There is a change of plans. After your shower, I want you to pick up the apart-

ment and clean it thoroughly as Alice is planning a small party tonight. See you at six. Love, Betty.”

It was strange to be sitting in the long silky gown, having my coffee and breakfast before taking a shower. I enjoyed the nightgown and did not want to give it up. However, I did take it off, putting it in with my dirty clothes. Something told me to clean the apartment better than I had previously. Betty was pleased when she returned from work. After a light dinner, I helped clean the kitchen and set out beverages for the party guests.

At seven-thirty, the bell rang and a group of ten women entered the apartment. Several of the girls were extremely attractive, while some were more than slightly masculine in both dress and mannerisms. Betty introduced me to the group as her brother who had stopped by to spend a week visiting. During the party I noticed a very attractive brunette whose name was Janet. She had dark-brown eyes that sparkled. She had a wonderful smile where her cherry red lips framed her pearly white teeth. She was approximately 120 pounds and stood 5feet 8inches, while I was 145 pounds and stood 5feet 6 inches. I was strongly attractive to her.

During the party, I tried several times to talk with Janet in private, but she smiled and continued to mingle with the rest of the women. After the party, while I was helping Betty and Alice cleanups from the night’s events, I asked Betty, “Is there something wrong with me? I tried to get to know Janet, but she politely brushed me off. I wanted to ask her out.”

Alice started laughing and was joined by Betty. I wanted to know what was so funny.

Betty answered my thoughts. “Dear Brother, I thought, with all your running around, you would be more worldly. In case you have not been aware, Alice and I are lovers. All my friends, including Janet, are gay! They are not interested in you as a man. However, starting tomorrow evening, Alice and I are hoping to change that. We will be training you in the feminine ways so you can work at the restaurant. Which reminds me, I talked with Phyllis today. She is expecting you to work a week from this Saturday, so tomorrow evening we are starting your training. I plan to take several days of vacation this week. Alice will take some time off to assist with your becoming a waitress. Maybe later, with perfect training, Janet might become attracted to you.” Both Betty and Alice had a good laugh as my face turned pink.

As I headed to the bedroom, Betty called out, “Charlie, wait just a moment. I want you to start wearing nighties from now on. I saw that you put the yellow gown in with the dirty clothes.” She returned from her room carrying a long pink nylon gown with spaghetti straps. The gown was embellished with red roses and pink lace. As she handed me the gown, I again started blushing but said nothing.

Betty woke me up, telling me that she had prepared breakfast. “So just come to the table in the nightie you are wearing. You can change later. Let’s move. We have a lot to do today.” I was embarrassed showing both Betty and Alice the gown I had worn as they noticed a bulge under the full skirt. I sat at the table as quickly as I could. Alice pointed out, “Sweetie, you need to learn to brush your skirt under you before seating yourself. This is

very important and your first lesson in becoming a girl." Again, both the girls had a great laugh over my situation.

After breakfast, Betty told me to take a shower and again shave under my arms but NOT my legs. While I was soaking in the shower, Betty had entered and set down a pile of clothes saying, "I've laid out some powder and a puff. Put the powder into the puff, then dust your body, particularly around your manhood. Then put on the pair of panties, followed by the brief. If you have trouble with the brief, call me."

Doing as she instructed, I donned the panties and struggled to pull up the small but binding brief. Once the satin front was in place, my stomach looked smaller and my buttocks were squeezed into this tight foundation garment. Betty was waiting outside the door as I started to my room.

"Yes, this will do for the moment. You will have to wear the brief to hide your manhood. Now come into my room so we can finish getting you dressed. Put on this pair of panties over your brief. Two pairs of panties and the brief should help you hide any potential problems today and make you extremely aware of the soft feel around your pretty butt," she told me while handing me a white nylon panty with three rolls of lace at the legs and an inch-wide lace border around the elastic top of the panties. A matching brassiere followed this.

She had me hold out my arms as she slipped the shoulder strays in place, then reached behind me to close the eyelets. From her dresser she brought out a pair of realistic false. "I wondered why I kept these after High School when I developed. Something told me I might have need for these at a later date," she teased.

Bringing out a pair of beige pantyhose, she rolled them down to each toe while explaining how to put them on and work them up into place. Then Betty smoothed each leg.

"Since I do not have a dress or skirt that would fit you, put on your sport shirt and slacks as well as your shoes."

Doing as told, knowing it would not be wise to argue with Betty, I finished dressing. I went out to the den to await Betty who was getting herself dressed. She came out after a few minutes

with her purse and keys. "We are going shopping for your new wardrobe. I know this will be embarrassing for you but you will soon become accustomed to shop." I reluctantly followed Betty to the car.

After a short trip, we arrived at the Oak Court Mall with our first stop being Macy's. I followed behind Betty hoping that no one would notice the bulge under my shirt. I had put on the largest and fullest shirt possible to hide the protruding objects held in place by the brassiere. Finally we came to the Misses' Department. A young clerk came over to Betty as she was looking in the size 12 and 14 sections.

"Miss, might I assist you? I believe that you wear a size 10 and those racks are on the other side of the aisle," the clerk offered.

“Yes, you may help me, dear,” replied Betty while trying to hold in her laughter. “This is my dear brother, who has decided that he wants to wear women’s clothing. Of course, I have no idea as to his correct size. What do you suggest?”

The clerk took a long look at me, turning her face to cover her laughter. “I believe you are in the correct section. I would say he needs to start with a fourteen. Here is something that would look lovely on him,” she told Betty while holding up a pink silk print dress, scoop neck and a full skirt. “Also, here is a nice blue cotton Dacron with white sailor piping and side zipper. We can start with these. Please follow me to the dressing area,” she said, handing me both dresses.

Once inside the stall, Betty told me to remove my shoes, pants and shirt. I did as told, knowing Betty could make a terrible scene if she wanted. I was thinking to myself, “Why did I ever agree to do this. I must have been drinking too much not to notice that there were only waitresses at the restaurant. Charlie, get a hold of yourself, you know that you agreed and gave your word to your sister. Maybe after a bit, she will negate the agreement.”

“Hurry up, Charlie. Stop stalling! You know what will happen if you do not go through with our arrangement. I have every intention of letting you become feminine as you begged me. Remember, this is being done at *your* request,” Betty exclaimed in a loud voice so all in the dressing area could hear. About that time, she opened the door. I was humiliated, standing in the middle of the small room with the door open so anyone around could see me dressed in the white lace-trimmed panties which I was wearing on the outside of everything at Betty’s insistence, hose, along with a bra filled out with a pair of falsies.



“My, but your brother looks absolutely darling in his undies. He has *such* good taste in lingerie,” the sales clerk said. “Now let’s get you into one these pretty dresses. Would you like to try on the pink first? Surely the color will be just right for you.”

Betty and the sales clerk came into the cubical leaving the door open, allowing several ladies to see me putting on a dress. Slipping the pink silk dress over my head, the clerk zipped up the back, explaining, “This *does* look darling on him, however, I believe the dress needs to be a size 12 instead of fourteen. Have him change into the sailor dress while I exchange it for the correct size.” Betty helped me into the Dacron dress which turned out to be a correct fit. Soon I was back into the pink silk dress and being led to the three-way mirror, where the clerk checked the hem. It was slightly long but Betty said it would be just fine once I was wearing a pair of heels.

Rather than allowing me to change, Betty had me follow the clerk into the department so I could choose a skirt blouse and sweater outfit. Everyone in the store watched as a young man with medium-length hair was parading around the store wearing a dress and lingerie and looking at sweaters, blouses and skirts.

Betty supervised my selections, making sure I had at least four skirts, three sweaters and four blouses to try on. Once again, the door was left open while a small group of ladies and several clerks watched as I tried on every outfit.

Betty kept asking me questions as to my thoughts on each outfit, asking where I was planning to wear them while insisting I consider which accessories I would require with each outfit. The less I talked, the more questions Betty would ask until we made a final choice of two skirts, one sweater, and three blouses. We were buying so many clothes, I asked Betty, “Do I really need all these clothes? I do not want you to pay so much!”

“Dear sweet little brother, do not worry. I am glad to help you become a fashionable young lady. This is a pleasure to help you fulfill your dreams and desires,” she loudly expounded so all in the area could hear. Then she whispered to me, “You will repay me each week from your wages and tips. We will work out a plan later.”

Betty paid for the clothing as I changed into my shirt and pants. Again as I came out from the dressing room, women were waiting to see me exit and pick up my purchases. A middle-aged woman, showing compassion, said, “You will make a sweet girl with the proper hair and makeup. My son, who has two children, is a crossdresser. I hope you will be happy too.”

Betty and I went to the car with my purchases. I thought we were finished shopping but Betty said, “That was a lot of fun, but the best is yet to come. Let’s return to the mall for additional items for your new role. I remember how you use to tease me when I was in high school and the dirty little tricks you played on me. It looks as though today I am getting all my payback in one day. Come on, we have a lot of shopping left to do!”

It did not dawn on me that I could be more embarrassed or humiliated until we entered the small store with the awful name, “My Pretty Undies.” Thinking that I would be

required only to choose some lingerie, since Betty knew the sizes I was wearing, it might not be such a major disaster. I should have known better.

A middle-aged woman, the store owner, approached us. "Good afternoon, how may I be of assistance?"

Looking at me, Betty asked, "Charlie do you wish to tell this nice lady what you wish to buy or would you like me to handle all the details while you choose some lovely undies for yourself?"

Betty knew that she had me at her mercy as I replied, "I will let you handle our shopping if you would."

"My young brother has decided that he wants to wear women's clothing and find work as a woman. We would appreciate your help by making sure that he has the right sizes. I lent him some of my things for today, but he needs to purchase his own undies. Would you be kind enough to assist him?"

"It would be my pleasure. Tell me, has he wanted to wear ladies' undies in the past?"

"I did not know until the other night when he snuck a nightie from my closet. He did the same again the next night. When I discovered what he had done, we had a long talk and I told him that I would assist him in becoming a proper girl in both dress and decorum."

Immediately, I started to defend myself. Betty certainly had stretched the truth but she countered, "Charlie, go with this lady to the dressing room and strip down to your underwear."

Following the lady, I went to the rear of the store and into a cubicle. Betty followed and told me to remove my shoes, pants and shirt. Again I stood in the undies, awaiting the lady, who returned with a measuring tape.

"He does have a cute figure. Let me suggest that he obtain a waist cincher to add a few curves in the right places. Please raise your arms while I measure your bust line." I did as told. She took the tape. "Chest 36, waist 30 and hips, 34." Turning to Betty she asked, "What cup size do you wish him to have?"

"Charlie, do you wish to be a small, medium or large busted girl? I know that you like to look at large busted women in magazines. Keep in mind that the larger the bust, the more weight you have to carry and support. While I think he would prefer "D" cups, perhaps at 18, he needs only a "B". He will be a lot happier with that. In fact, the falsies he is wearing are for a "B" cup brassiere," Betty told the shop owner.

"In that case, we will go with 36 B, size five or six in panties, a size small cinch, and a medium size nightie. I will bring back a set of undies for him, to make sure we have the proper fit. Just stay here a moment, dear." Betty and the owner left me standing in the dressing room while they made a selection. Returning shortly, Betty handed me a bra, panties and cinch.