



Reluctant Press presents:

Cross Town Girl

Heather Berdrow



A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Cross Town Girl

By Heather Berdrow

Part 1

“What is that terrible sound?” Cindy thought, as she tried to open her eyes. “Right,” she remembered, “The first day of the new school year.” She threw back the covers, and turned the alarm clock off. Once her feet hit the floor, Cindy was mostly awake. She headed for the bathroom, and a hot shower. Cindy thought to herself, as she rinsed the conditioner from her long brunette hair, “This is my tenth year as a teacher. Wow.” Ms Stuart, as her students would be addressing her, taught English and Literature to the freshmen class at the local high school.

She dried her 5’10” body, before powdering and adding lotion to keep her skin soft and supple. She then rolled on her deodorant, before she put on her robe and slippers, and made her trip to the kitchen for a cup of coffee. “I wonder what type of kids I’ll have this year? I hope they’re better than the ruffians from last semester,” Cindy thought. She checked the clock. 5:45, time to dress.

Cindy had set out her work clothes the night before. A knee-length navy blue skirt, a yellow silky blouse, and a navy cardigan, as mornings can sometimes be a bit chilly. After tossing her robe on the bed, she went to her lingerie drawers. First on was a pair of silky white briefs, and a sensible bra. Then she rolled a pair of suntan pantyhose up her smooth, lean legs. Next on were a pale yellow camisole and half slip. “Oops,” she thought, “better get this thing on,” as she pulled a tight support brief up her legs and around her hips. She reached down and tucked her not-so ladylike parts in. She then looked down at her front. “Better, nice and smooth.”

After she was dressed, Cindy put on a pair of modest and comfy 2” pumps, then grabbed her keys, purse, and briefcase, before heading to her car. It was only a twenty-minute drive, so she’d be there well before her students started to arrive. “Just an-

other chance to mold and shape young lives," she thought, as she smiled. "No time like the present."

At the same time, several miles away, Timmy Hoffman was laying in his bed, staring up at the ceiling. He had already turned off his alarm, and tried to get the dream he was having back. In it, he was excited about the first day of school; over the summer, he and his mother had gone shopping for new school clothes. They had purchased panties and bras, skirts and blouses, even a new dress or two. While they were at the department store, they stopped by the cosmetics counter, and bought the whole new line of makeup made for teens, just for him.

Then the alarm sounded, ending the dream, like so many before. Timmy opened his eyes, and saw that he still wore just a T-shirt and boy briefs. Timmy turned into his pillow, and began to sob quietly. "Oh, why can't I be a girl," he said to himself, over and over. He had been wishing for a miracle for most of his young life. Timmy hated school. Not so much the school work, but mostly the games some of the boys played on the unsuspecting, or the loners. And the girls, all snooty in their skirts and tops. They were the lucky ones. Timmy wanted with all his heart to join that sorority. But for now, at least, this had to remain a secret fantasy, which might never materialize.

Timmy showered, put on his T-shirt, jeans and sneakers. He had packed his backpack the night before. That went over a shoulder, as he left his bedroom, and went on to the kitchen. His mom and dad were already there, having coffee and breakfast. Timmy was running behind, so he just grabbed a slice of toast, swallowed a glass of juice in one gulp, and was out the door, on his way to school, before his parents could say a word.

Darlene Hanson was one of the most popular girls at her school. She was a junior now, with a year of experience as a teacher's aide. Ms Stuart had selected for that position in her freshman year, and had become her mentor. Darlene had a special love for literature, and a gift for helping others. Even though she was popular, she never looked down on those less fortunate than her. When her friends had behaved like that last semester, Darlene had really taken them to task for it. She wasn't a bit afraid to speak her mind.

Darlene was being raised by a single mother, and was an only child. Her father had left them with nothing, many years ago. Her mom worked hard to instill her with a positive self-image, and high moral standards. Her mom was impressed when she would receive letters and grades from Darlene's teachers, and she was very proud.

Ms Stuart had seen all of these qualities, and tried to help her explore them. Darlene was warm, caring, and very bright. And she loved to learn new things. At this point, you may think that Darlene was some sort of geek, or a nerdy, glasses-wearing, bookworm. Nothing could be farther from the truth. At 5'6", and a solid 120 pounds, Darlene was in the process of becoming beautiful. She loved being a girl, dressing like a girl, and all that it means.

Along with her aide duties, Darlene was very active in school activities. She was on the drill team, pep squad, student council, and worked with the theater arts department. She was one busy girl.

The students began to file into the classroom. Some of them, mostly girls, came in groups, and others, the boys, walked alone. Ms Stuart made it a habit to observe each stu-

dent closely. That is how she was able to find her aide, Darlene Hanson. Cindy had always prided herself on being a good judge of character.

One boy caught her attention. There was something very familiar about him. Not that had ever met him before, but she saw it in the way he interacted with his classmates. He seemed the loner, and sat all the way in the back of the room. She could see that in how he looked at the girls in particular. It was a look of jealousy, the same look Cindy had, growing up as a boy. She would have to keep her eye on him.

Most of Ms Stuart's classes began slowly. Being freshmen in a new school, and with much older kids around them, the students were almost always very intimidated. After introducing herself, she had them stand at the front of the room, and introduce themselves to their class. She got groans and complaints as she called the names, one by one, but she was always ready for them.

Ms Stuart had placed her desk along the side of the room, instead of the front. She liked to watch her charges, and found this to be a perfect spot. Everyone had their turn in front of their classmates. As they neared the last few students, some of the other kids began to giggle and snicker at the remaining few. Ms Stuart was constantly hushing the room. This was especially true when Timmy Hoffman walked to the blackboard and squeaked his name. Cindy could see that his cheeks were as red as beet juice. She again quieted the class, as he made his way back to his seat. "I can feel what he is going through, it was the same for me," she thought, as the last of the introductions were completed.

Timmy returned to his desk. He could feel his cheeks, as they burned fiercely. He hated this part of school, as he was made to be the center of attention. He would rather remain in the shadows, where no one could see him. Timmy had watched every girl, as they walked, stood, and talked. He noticed everything they wore; he critiqued every outfit, and thought how he would wear it. Just then, another girl came into the room. She was older, and much prettier than every other girl in the room.

She had a tight sleeveless blouse on that seemed to highlight every curve. Timmy saw that she also wore a short denim skirt and tennis shoes. Her legs were long, tanned, and well-toned. She was really put together; Timmy couldn't help but stare. Then Ms Stuart introduced Darlene as her aide. Maybe this class wouldn't be so bad, if he could look at her every day

When Darlene spoke, she just exuded confidence. She could look each and every student right in the eye. There was no hesitation when she answered a question. "If I wasn't such a loser, I wonder if I could get a girl like her." Ms Stuart watched Timmy throughout that first class, even when Darlene came in. She was now quite sure about the secret Timmy was hiding from the rest of the world. She would bet that his parents had no clue. Only one who had walked that path would see the subtle hints. And Cindy could see the pain in his eyes, like she had had at one point of her life.

Timmy was the only student in ten years of teaching Cindy ever thought was keeping something so private. Oh sure, all kids have problems, some bigger than others. She could send those children to the counseling office for help. Timmy was different, in more ways than one, and Cindy thought she would, or at least could, be the one to help him.

But she would need help. Who better to ask than Darlene? She was closer to his age, and she had the compassion that would be needed. If the two of them couldn't help Timmy, no one would be able to. Cindy was now determined. She spent the next several days putting together a plan in her mind, to free Timmy from his self-imposed prison. She made a point of checking out Timmy's school records. Among other things, she discovered that Timmy was fifteen; he had been home schooled for a year because of an illness which caused his family to keep him out of class.

The following week, after classes had let out for the day, Cindy had Darlene all to herself. Now would be the perfect time to share views and observations with her star aide. "Please sit down, Darlene. I need to have a private conversation with you," Cindy said. They sat at desks that faced each other. "I really have a lot of confidence in you, Darlene. And what I have to share with you is really very private, and has to be just between the two of us." Cindy began. "You are a very mature young lady. I can't think of anyone else that I would talk to about this."

Darlene felt good that Ms Stuart held her in such high regard. "Thank you, Ms Stuart. I appreciate the compliment. Whatever you have to say to me will go no further than these walls."

Cindy said, "If you would, when we are alone, please call me Cindy. I just knew that I could trust you."

Darlene asked, "Is there something wrong?"

Cindy said, "No, not really wrong. But you remember Timmy Hoffman? He is in my 3rd period class."

Darlene shook her head yes.

"Have you been watching him?" Cindy said.

"Just a little bit. It seems like there is something going on with him," Darlene replied."

Cindy smiled, then said, "My thoughts exactly. I think he's hiding a deep secret."

Darlene scowled. "Yes, that's just what I see. Do you have any idea what it could be?"

Cindy nodded. "I think so. If you watch him carefully, you'll see him watching the girls. He does so because he wants to be one. I think he has a great deal of gender confusion."

Darlene sat back in her chair, stunned. "I have never met anyone that has that condition. I have read about it, but I know very little. How can you be so sure?" Darlene asked.

"This is part of the confidence I asked you to keep. I may look like a woman on the outside, but I was born a male. I dress and live my life as a woman, and have done so since the age of 18. So I can see in Timmy all the things that I used to feel."

Darlene's mind was spinning. "I, I don't quite know what to say. You are my favorite teacher. I'm just a little shocked right now," she stuttered.

"Let me ask you this. Knowing what I have shared with you, does it make me any different?" Cindy posed.

"No, it doesn't change things. You're a great teacher. And I am proud that you felt you could tell me. Thank you for trusting me with your secret."

"Thank you, Darlene. I just wanted you to know," Cindy then said, as she tried to comfort Darlene. "I did have some anxiety in telling someone so young, but I can now see that I made the right choice. I am sure you have a million questions right now, but I would like to concentrate on Timmy. We'll have plenty of time to talk later." They both smiled, and then stood and hugged, warmly.

After sitting back down, Darlene asked, "Just what do you want to do to help him?"

Cindy thought, then said, "It's a little tricky, but I want to give him the opportunity to come out. It would be healthier for him. But here is where I need your help, if you think you're up to it?"

Darlene smiled, and excitedly said yes.

"It's only been a few days since the start of school, but Timmy is already behind. I don't think he has a learning disability, but I do think that he's not focusing on school work. He is too busy dreaming about being a girl." Cindy stated. "So I was thinking that you should offer to tutor him. Maybe you can get him to open up a bit, we could go from there."

As Cindy was talking, Darlene was pondering her part in this. "I have a better idea. What if I invite him over to my home on the premise of tutoring, and then somehow get him into some different clothes? What do you think of that idea?" Darlene asked.

"I love that plan. I'll speak with Timmy, and setup a schedule starting early next week. Is that okay with you?" Cindy answered.

"That will be perfect," Darlene smiled.

The next day, Ms Stuart sat down with Timmy and Darlene to setup some times for Darlene to help him with his homework. "Why don't you come to my house after school? We can study there." Timmy could only nod his head weakly. For days now, Darlene has been in his dreams, as close girlfriends of course. Having the opportunity to spend some time alone with her was way beyond anything he could have wished for.

Tuesday after school, Timmy met Darlene at the front entrance to the school. From there, they could walk to Darlene's house. Timmy had told his parents that he might be late for dinner due to a school activity. Once they arrived at Darlene's, they sat at her kitchen table and began to hit the books. Darlene offered Timmy some lemonade, which he accepted readily. She poured two glasses, and handed one to a blushing Timmy. They had been studying for just a few minutes when, as planned, Darlene spilled both of the half-full glasses all over Timmy. Both kids tried to control the flood.

"You're soaked, and that lemonade will get sticky when it dries. I am so sorry," Darlene said to Timmy.

"It's okay. I can just go home and change. We can do this later," he stammered.

"You will do no such thing. Come with me," Darlene then ordered. Timmy could only blush as he followed Darlene to her room. "It's only my mom and me here, so we don't have any boy clothes. You'll just have to change into something of mine until I can get

your stuff washed and dried. Now go into my bathroom, and take everything off. I'll get you something to wear in the meantime."

Timmy silently took all his clothes off, except for his boxer shorts; they too were soaked. He then handed the sack to Darlene, from behind the bathroom door.

"I don't see your undies. They must be wet as well," she stated.

Timmy slid them down his legs, and passed them to a waiting Darlene. In turn, she gave Timmy several articles to wear. Once Darlene had left, and the door was closed, Timmy began to inspect what he had been given. As Darlene had said, there were only girl's clothes. A pair of silky panties, a short-sleeved fitted T-shirt, and a short skirt. Timmy's heart was racing from just handling the clothes, let alone putting them on. He looked at each piece and began to touch them. A knock on the door startled Timmy from his trance.

"Get dressed, slow poke. We have a lot of homework to cover," Darlene said.

"These are girl clothes. I don't think I should wear them," Timmy complained.

"That is all I have that would fit you. Either put them on, or we are going to have to do the work with you naked behind the door," Darlene then replied, with a wide smile that Timmy couldn't see.

Ever so deliberately, he pulled the panties up his legs. He nearly passed out from the pleasure. Next came the T-shirt, and then on went the skirt. He had to take a deep breath before he could open the door and have his heartthrob see him dressed up in girl's clothes. His cheeks were flaming, and he could not look Darlene in the eye.

"Who knew you would be so cute? If we did a little change here and there, you would be a doll for sure," Darlene said with glee, as she inspected her handiwork. Timmy was unable to speak from a combination of embarrassment and pleasure. "Come on Tammy, we have got a lot to do," Darlene said.

"What did you call me?" he asked in a tiny voice.

"I called you Tammy. Do you think you look like a Timmy in those clothes?" she asked in return. Timmy couldn't argue the point.

The two teens returned to the kitchen to finish their homework. Darlene watched Timmy closely. He constantly played with the hem on the skirt he was wearing, and looked down at his exposed legs. They had finished about three-quarters of the homework in just a few minutes, then they took a break. "Ms. Stuart is right. You are a very bright student, just not very focused. When you do, you're great. Is there something bothering you?" Darlene asked. Timmy just shook his head no, and grabbed his drink. As he was about to put it to his lips, Darlene placed her warm hand on his forearm, then lowered the glass back to the table. Timmy couldn't take his eyes off Darlene.

"Please? You can trust me. Share your secret with me, and I'll share mine with you. What do you say to that?" Timmy looked down at his lap, where his hands were folded, and his knees close together. "Would you rather have been a girl?" she asked in a low voice. Timmy could feel the tears begin to well up in his eyes. One fell, then another. Darlene moved her chair closer to his, and put an arm around his shaking shoulders.

"I have wished my whole life for that. I dream every night about it. I look around and see all the girls dressed like I want to be dressed," Timmy was finally able to get out.

"Tammy," Darlene said, as she raised his face to hers. "If you want to be my girlfriend, all you have to do is ask. I would be thrilled. We could have so much fun together. Just tell me what you want." Timmy reached out and held Darlene closely, as years of stress and pain flowed from his eyes.

After Darlene had calmed Timmy down, they were able to finally share a smile. Just then, Darlene's mom came into the kitchen. "Hi honey. Who's your new girlfriend? I don't think I have met her before." Darlene and Tammy looked at each other, and began to laugh.

"Mom, this is Tammy, and I am helping her with Ms Stuart's class work."

Mrs. Hanson held out her hand, and said, "Nice to meet you Tammy. Will we be seeing much of you?"

Tammy shook her hand, and replied, Nice to meet you too, and I certainly hope so." After his clothes had dried, he changed, and handed back the clothes that Darlene had given him.

"Thanks," she said. "You know, now that you are my girlfriend, I'll just keep these here for you to wear next time you're over."

Timmy had a smile stretched across his face. "Thank you, Darlene. You're the best," he said. He leaned towards her and kissed her cheek as he left. Darlene watched Timmy leave, as she held her hand to her cheek where he had kissed her. More than one seed was planted that afternoon for both Timmy and for Darlene.

Part 2

That night, as Timmy lay down, he replayed every second, over and over again. He could feel the warm tears fall down his cheeks as he thought about Darlene and Tammy. "I feel so free," Timmy said to himself. Sleep would have to take a back seat tonight. He didn't want to lose the feelings of the panties he had worn, or the skirt that showed off his legs so sexily. Darlene was right. But Timmy also felt some sadness. He had such a crush on Darlene. There had been a choice to be made, unhappily. It was either Timmy and his secret crush, or an ecstatic Tammy with her first girlfriend. Finally, completely exhausted, he gave into sleep with the picture of those panties on his mind.

Darlene too, had trouble sleeping that night. The warmth she felt deep inside continued, as did a warmth and wetness somewhat lower. She was so confused. Why did this boy, wearing the simplest of girl clothes, turn her on so? "Tammy," she said again and again in her head. Then she thought, "He didn't ask what my secret was." If he had, he would now know that Darlene had a strong physical attraction to other girls, the more feminine the better; she, too, had dreams to deal with. Now, though, they seemed to finally have found a focus. She saw Tammy's face, and a body dressed in all sorts of girly-girl clothes, mostly in pinks and whites and always in silks and satins. She closed her eyes, and ran her hand over her panty-covered hips and bottom, as she dreamt of Tammy. She had a

special place in her heart for someone, also. Her name was Tammy, and she would do all that she could to make her hers.

As Timmy entered Ms Stuart's class, she noticed a distinct glow on his face. He stood straighter, and smiled more. Cindy would have to wait until later that day to get the scoop from Darlene. Whatever she had done, Timmy was a much happier person for it. Timmy even joined in the discussion and was quite animated the entire period. What a change from just the day before. It should be more than interesting to hear the particulars from Darlene.

Cindy watched a smiling Darlene enter the room, move a chair, and sit very ladylike in front of Ms Stuart. "I can guess that all went well with Timmy by your posture," Cindy said.

"You mean Tammy, don't you? You were right on the money," Darlene replied. She then gave Cindy a minute-by-minute recap of what had happened at her home the day before.

"Wow Darlene, that was just so smart. Thank you, you may have saved Timmy's, oops, I mean Tammy's, life," Cindy told Darlene.

Then Darlene said, "I guess since we are all unburdening our souls, I should share my secret as well." Cindy remained quiet, waiting to hear Darlene's confession. "I like girls, you know, like love them? And the feminine they are, the more I am attracted to them. Seeing Tammy dressed up was a turn-on for me. I am very confused."

Cindy was stunned as well. "I never would have thought that about you. You seem so feminine yourself, there's not a bit of butch about you. But you shouldn't have any confusion. Tammy is just another girl, with a little something extra is all. And between the two of us, I think we can help him be all the she can be. Tammy will be as girly as we want her to be."

Darlene just smiled and nodded her head. "Looks like a lot of dreams are going to come true," she then said to Cindy.

So Operation Tammy had begun for real. Cindy and Darlene talked nearly every day about the progress. Meanwhile, Tammy was at Darlene's house as often as she could get there. Darlene had something cute and sexy for her to wear, every day. What Tammy didn't know was that most of what she put on was bought just for her by either Darlene or by Cindy. That is why everything seemed to fit so well.

One Friday afternoon, Darlene and Tammy were studying together. Tammy had on a short, pleated skirt and a fitted T-shirt on. Tammy had begun to shave her legs, so she was now able to wear pantyhose, and that made her legs look great. Her collection of panties grew. She had every type, but they were all either silk or nylon. Today, she was wearing hi-cut, stretch silk panties with lace at the legs, in a sexy black. She also had on a matching bra in the same color. Darlene showed her how to roll up athletic socks to become her 'breasts'. There had been many changes for Tammy. She was letting her hair grow, and Darlene was teaching her the art of make-up application. Darlene had become a mentor to Tammy, showing her all the mannerisms that she would need to know to live as a girl.

The phone rang, and Darlene answered it. It was Cindy, and she invited the two girls over for snacks and drinks. Darlene accepted immediately, but Tammy had reservations about going out in public. After some strong encouragement from Darlene, Tammy called her parents for permission to go out with Darlene. Darlene did the same with her mother. Tammy just couldn't bring herself to go out dressed as a girl, so she headed for the bathroom to change into her boy clothes for the short walk over to Ms Stuart's.

"And where are you going?" Darlene demanded.

"We are going outside, so I have to change," Tammy replied.

"No way, we are going out, with you dressed just as you are. You look better than fine. Grab a sweater and let's go," Darlene said.

A look of terror washed over Tammy's face. She had gotten very comfortable being around Darlene and her mother, but no one else had ever seen Tammy. "What if someone sees me? They might want to hurt us both. Besides, Ms Stuart doesn't know about Tammy. I just can't do it," Tammy began to plead.

Darlene grabbed two sweaters, her purse, and Tammy's moist hand, and headed for the door.

"Please, Darlene. I can't let someone else see me this way. I'll just die of embarrassment," Tammy continued to beg. Darlene turned a deaf ear; she dragged Tammy out the door and into the sunlight. She handed Tammy a sweater, and they began the trek to Cindy's home. Tammy was frozen with fear and couldn't move. "You are already out. Just walk with me. It'll be fine, you'll see," Darlene said, as she tried to prop up her friend.

Tammy began to move to Darlene's side, as they made their way down the street. Tammy's head was on a swivel at every sound. As every car passed, Tammy just knew her life would end right then. Of course, nothing happened. Soon, they were both on Cindy's doorstep. Darlene rang the bell, as Tammy stood close to her with rubberized legs and a deep blush on her cheeks.

Ms Stuart opened the door, and invited the girls in. "My, aren't you just the cutest thing. What's your name?" Ms Stuart asked.

"I, I, I'm Tammy," she was finally able to say.

"Well, my name is Cindy. Shall we go out to the patio for afternoon snacks?" she asked. The three walked the short distance to the patio. They all sat down, smoothing their skirts as they did. Cindy poured the iced tea and offered the younger girls finger sandwiches.

While Cindy and Darlene talked, Tammy began to look around the screened-in room. There were many pictures, but most looked like the same young man, or Ms Stuart, in different poses, in different locales. "Do you like the photos, Tammy?" Cindy asked.

"Oh yes, they're lovely. Who are they of?" she replied.

"Oh, they are all of me. The man was named Ken. Soon after these were taken, he became Cindy."