



Reluctant Press presents:

Living A Secret



Heather Berdrow

A 'SPECTRUM' E-BOOK

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Living a Secret

By Heather Berdrow

It had taken Maria nearly her entire shift but she finally finished the last cubicle. She had a difficult time understanding how just a few people could make such a huge mess. Every night, Maria would start work on the twelfth floor of this new office building; when she finished, everything was clean enough to eat off it. But by the next evening, most workstations looked as though a bomb had gone off, and she would have to start all over again.

Maria had emigrated to the country more than five years earlier as a political refugee so she was given permission to stay on a permanent basis. She worked for a large company that did commercial and residential housekeeping. Her shifts usually lasted for more than twelve hours and she worked at least four of those shifts every week. The work wasn't hard, just time con-

suming. Taking out the trash, mopping and vacuuming the carpets, and dusting places no one would ever see, except for her boss.

On her days off, she would pick up work with friends, usually in large, mansion-sized homes. There would be at least two other girls and herself who would begin cleaning, and not get done well into the evening. Often, she would look around the homes of the very rich and famous. She'd dream that someday she would live in a place just like the one she was working in, and take care of the children she would have with a handsome, wealthy man.

Maria was a tall girl, standing nearly five feet, and ten inches. She weighed a solid one hundred and thirty pounds. Many of the other girls she worked with would give her a hard time about how she dressed. Where they would wear pants and a uniform top, Maria would always be in a uniform dress with comfortable shoes. When the weather turned cold, she would add a pair of matching tights to keep herself warm.

Maria did okay with her finances. She made enough money to rent a small apartment and to purchase a small used car that she would maintain herself. She lived alone and rarely dated; she dreamed that one day she would meet Mr. Right who would take her away from all of this. At the same time, she wasn't a wall-flower. When the weekend came around, Maria would be at her peak of energy. After soaking in a hot scented bath, she would shave her legs and pits, before drying and beginning to put her makeup on.

She would then pick out some of her more colorful lingerie, and show it off in revealing dresses and skirts. When she wasn't working, she was partial to high heels

of all types. Wedges, stilettos, and peep toe pumps were lined up in her closet, where she could match them up with her favorite outfits. Those would be made from the finest of laces, silks, and satins. And they would sparkle with sequins, rhinestones, and glitter. Her favorite dress was short, with a hem down to about mid-thigh.



The skirt portion was made from French lace, and had several tiers. The bodice was made of silk and hugged her every curve. It was midnight black with crystal rhinestones. Any time she wore it, she felt feminine and sexy; it gave her a sense of confidence.

She would get all decked out on days off and head to the nearest dance floor. She loved the traditional Latin dances, like the fox trot, samba, or tango. If it had the right beat, she could move to it. When she first moved here, she took a few dance lessons and just fell in love with it. She never had to sit out any dance because she hadn't been asked. Every man there knew Maria, and tried very hard to be on her dance card. You had to be selected, then wait in line, for there were many chosen before you.

If her clothes and curves weren't enough, Maria just had a way of moving her body, causing men to drool, even if they were with a hot girlfriend at their side. She never had to pay for a drink either. She would smile coyly and pout her lips to drive guys crazy. Sometimes there would even be fights and brawls over who would be next to buy her a drink. But Maria only drank iced tea or soda, as she knew she had to be in control of herself at all times, especially at the clubs. Feeling her body move, or how her skirt would flash across her thighs were as much of a turn-on for her, as they were for the men.

But when Last Call was over, and the lights came on, Maria always left the club alone. This was strictly by choice. Men would use their best pickup lines, hoping to be the first to spend the night in Maria's bed. She had begun to count how many phone numbers she could collect by the end of the night. The current record was twenty. They came from the young and the old,

the handsome, the not-so-handsome, the single men, and the married ones as well.

But Maria always resisted the temptation. When she got home and undressed, she would shower; the temperature in the clubs was always hotter than the music, causing Maria to sweat profusely when she danced. She would lose anywhere from three to five pounds by the end of the night. She then would lotion and powder, slip a silky pair of panties and a short nightie in her favorite color, usually pink or grey, and very sheer, on before crawling into bed.

She would lie there, reliving every dance, feeling herself getting excited all over again. One hand would find a breast with a hardened nipple. The other would slowly trace a line down her soft but tight belly, and into her panties. Her body was alive all over. She would lower her panties, so the leg openings were tickling her inner thighs. Then she would begin to touch herself, slowly at first.

As her breathing and heartbeat began to rise, the touching would become more vigorous. Then, when her body and mind could take no more, every muscle would tense. Her passion would be released, spilling a milky white and sticky fluid onto her heated belly. Then, with one finger, she would touch the drops, place the fluid on her tongue, and taste the salty sweetness on her finger.

Once the waves of pleasure had passed, she would pull her panties back into place, turn to her side, and think, "Someday, the right guy will come along and I will be the happiest girl around."

She would shut her eyes and picture this guy; he never seemed to have a face, and drift off to sleep. Before she knew it, the alarm was ringing, alerting her

that it was time to get cleaned up and start her day all over again.

But Maria's story is quite different from your average girl's. When she was born, her parents named her Miguel Jose. Then just a couple of years later, Rosa Marie was welcomed into the family. The mother was a school teacher, the father the town's magistrate. For the first fifteen years, Miguel and Rosa were raised very traditionally. Then one day, Miguel's father was given some key information about a local drug cartel, which was doing business worldwide. That information was passed along until it reached the federal authorities. A raid was soon carried out which nearly broke the back of the cartel. Besides losing several of its top members, the cartel also lost millions of dollars.

Not long after the raid, the cartel was informed about where the government had gotten most of its intelligence, putting a target directly on Miguel's family. Just in the nick of time, they were moved into this country and given new identities. Miguel was now fifteen, and Rosa was nearly twelve when their parents were discovered and murdered. In order to protect Miguel and Rosa from suffering the same fate, they were separated. Each was given a new look and home, far apart from each other. Neither knew about the changes in the other, improving the chances that at least one of the children would survive. It would be a very long time before Miguel would see his sister again. Surely, she would be in for a big surprise.

Miguel had been whisked away to another state, where he would be placed in the care of a government worker. After much discussion, it was decided that Miguel would be turned into a girl; she would be taught by this worker everything she would need to

know. In the early morning hours, a very sleepy Miguel was introduced to Mrs. Peterson, one of the government's top educators, in all things that related to femininity.

She was an older woman, but Miguel thought she dressed much younger, more like his mother. Her hair was styled, her makeup perfect, but she looked quite stern. The federal agent who had been charged with Miguel's safety spoke very quietly to this woman. She kept looking over at Miguel, as she shook her head in acknowledgment. The man then turned to Miguel.

"This is Mrs. Peterson. You will now live with her. She will educate you on the finer points of being female. Listen carefully, young man, to all that she has to say, as your life will depend on it." He then shook Miguel's hand, smiled and bowed to Mrs. Peterson, before leaving hurriedly out the front door.

Mrs. Peterson turned to Miguel, reached for his hand, and led him into a sitting room, where she asked him to sit. She sat down opposite from Miguel, sweeping her short skirt under her in a very practiced manner. Her face had changed from stern-looking to a softer, knowing gaze.

"I know your situation and I am very sorry about the loss of your parents. I also know that your sister, Rosa, is far away, in the hope that you both will be safe. I am here to be your teacher and mentor. I'll be hard on you, but it is for your own good. But in the end, you'll be able to function in society as a young lady, and no one will be able to tell that you were ever anything but one," she stated. Her eyes were wide and bright, and Miguel could feel the warmth she was trying to show him.

“From this moment on, I will only address you as Maria, and you will learn everything that you could possibly need to know about being a girl. Do you have any questions before we get started?” she asked.

Miguel could feel the fear rise in the back of his throat, keeping him from speaking. He could only answer with a shake of his head.

“Very well, young lady. If you will please follow me, I will show you where you are going to live for now and we can get you dressed more appropriately.” She rose and went up the staircase, wearing heels that were about three inches tall. Miguel followed and nearly fell over, as he watched her hips and behind sway sexily, side-to-side.

Once at the top of the stairs, he followed her into a bedroom that had been freshly painted in pinks and yellows. A four-poster bed with a ruffled canopy sat in the middle of the room, with the rest of the furniture surrounding it. Dressers, night stands, and a student desk and chair were to his right. A completely stocked vanity with a mirror and built-in lighting sat to his left. The closet doors were ajar, and he could see that the closet was filled with various styles and colors of girl’s clothes, with many pairs of shoes on the floor. Just beyond the vanity was a door that led into a bathroom. Inside, he saw an old-fashioned tub, with several shelves above it that held many different colored bottles of lotion and bath salts that he would later find out about. There was no shower head or curtain for privacy. This room too, had been freshened up with paint and wallpaper.

Mrs. Peterson turned to Miguel and startled him as she began to talk. “I would like you to get undressed and put all of the clothes into the plastic bag I have pro-

vided for you. I have drawn you a nice warm bath that I would like you to soak in. Take your time as the water will help to soften your skin. When you are done, there is a robe on the back of the door for you to wear. Nothing else, please. Do you have any questions?" she again asked. Miguel still was unable to answer and gave only a shake of the head. "Very well, I will be right here once you are done, and I will lay out the clothes that you will be wearing after your bath."

As asked, Miguel went into the bathroom and followed Mrs. Peterson's directions to the letter. After removing his clothes and placing them into the bag, he stepped into the scented tub. The water was hot, which relaxed Miguel nearly to the point of falling asleep. A knock on the door kept that from happening. Mrs. Peterson walked in and picked up the discarded clothes, briefly looked towards Miguel, then left the bathroom. This was all new for him. No one had ever seen him naked in the bath before. His parents and sister had always respected his privacy. Miguel couldn't help but blush at this intrusion.

About twenty minutes later, Miguel got out of the tub, found a large fluffy towel, and dried himself. He put on the robe, pulled it around him, and tied the sash belt. The robe was very silky to the touch and quite short, barely covering his private parts. His heart raced as he exited the bathroom and went into the bedroom where Mrs. Peterson was sitting on the vanity chair, waiting for him to finish the bath.

He looked at her, then to the bed, where a splash of colors caught his eye. There were several articles of clothing, many of which he had never seen before. He didn't know what they were.

Mrs. Peterson then got up smoothly and gracefully, took Miguel by the hand, and led him to the bed and the assortment of clothing. "I am quite sure that you have never seen many of these items before. I will tell you about each item, its name, and what it is used for as you put them on. I will help you each step of the way," she said firmly.

The first item she picked up looked like the athletic supporter he had worn when he played soccer. "This is called a gaff. You put it on just like underwear, but it is very tight. You tuck your privates up inside of you, and this will keep them hidden," she described. Miguel could only blush as Mrs. Peterson opened his robe and helped him into the gaff. He tried to turn around as he stepped into the item but Mrs. Peterson would have none of that.

"We are all girls here, there is nothing to be embarrassed about," she said. She then turned him back around, pulled the item up, and showed Miguel how to tuck in his equipment. "There is a small area that your testicles can be safely tucked into, then you pull your penis back up as you pulled the garment tightly against yourself." She touched him, causing him to jump as she put things where she wanted them. It was very uncomfortable and Miguel began to complain. Mrs. Peterson put a finger to his lips and said, "Young lady, beauty is never easy or comfortable. As women, we have many things to do that most men would never understand."

Next, she handed him a pair of satin panties, which he put on. He continued to blush even with everything she had said. The soft material felt good to Miguel as it stretched tightly around his hips and behind. When he looked down, there was no evidence at all that he was a boy, just a flat area like all of the girls he had ever

seen had. Mrs. Peterson then helped him put on a simple training bra, which she told him he would have to learn how to place himself. Mrs. Peterson then placed small, jelly-like false breasts into each cup, giving the illusion of real breasts. He put on a short denim skirt and a short-sleeved silk blouse that had the buttons on the wrong side. It was difficult, but he was finally able to button the blouse up to where Mrs. Peterson had indicated.

She took Miguel over to the vanity, where she sat him down with his back to the mirror. She then placed a towel around his shoulders before she began to cut and style his hair. He had always enjoyed the attention when he had his hair cut in the past, but this time was different. She wasn't cutting very much off, and it seemed to take her forever. When she was done, she removed the towel and placed it on the floor.

Mrs. Peterson then gathered several bottles and brushes, as she began to apply makeup to his face. He had not yet begun to shave which made his face the perfect canvas. "As time goes by, you'll be able to do all of this yourself," she said as she applied product after product. When finished, she put everything down and took a step back to see what her creation had become. A wide smile crossed her face and she said, "Very pretty." She then turned Miguel around to face the mirror for the very first time as Maria.

Miguel was stunned by what he saw. The image was one of the cutest girls he had ever seen, but it was strange at the same time. When he blinked, she blinked. When he turned his head, she did the same. "Is that really me?" he asked in a tiny voice.

"Yes Maria, that is you," Mrs. Peterson replied, smiling. She then stood Maria up and placed her in

front of a wardrobe mirror, where she could see herself from head to toe. Maria was really cute and had long and shapely legs. Maria turned to the side and saw the denim skirt as it hugged her lower parts.

“From now on, into the foreseeable future, this is what you’ll look like every day,” Mrs. Peterson declared. “As you can see, Miguel will no longer exist. Maria has taken his place. The better you get at presenting a feminine face, the better your chances are that those who are after you will never find you.”

Maria looked at every part of herself. She had breasts that weren’t too big, a waist that seemed smaller than before, and hips that gave her a nearly hourglass figure that was very attractive. Maria smiled as she felt where everything was placed and enjoyed the vision before her.

Mrs. Peterson then put out a pair of low heeled shoes, and asked Maria to try them on. “I usually wear socks with shoes,” Maria said.

“Remember Maria, you’re not a boy anymore, you’re a girl. Girls rarely wear socks with heels. As you become more comfortable, we will have you wear taller and taller heels. Soon you will be like any other girl your age, able to wear just about any kind of shoe that is fashionable,” she said. “This is just a small part of what I have to teach you. There is so much more for you to learn about your new life. It is time for dinner. Shall we head downstairs to eat?” Mrs. Peterson gestured.

Mrs. Peterson escorted Maria to the stairway where she began to tutor Maria on the proper way of doing even the simplest of tasks. On each step, Maria had to grab the rail tightly to keep herself from falling. By the last step, she had kind of gotten the rhythm. As she

walked across the living room, she could feel her hips sway and the skirt's movement as it brushed across her thighs. Each step brought a click of her heels on the polished wooden floors. The skirt was tight on her legs, so her gait was shortened. Along the way, Mrs. Peterson explained the how's and why's of what she was doing.

When they finally arrived in the kitchen, Mrs. Peterson pulled out a chair, and had Maria sit. Of course, having never worn a skirt before, Maria just clunked down, with her legs wide apart. Mrs. Peterson saw this and without warning, reached down and pinched Maria high up on her inner thigh. Maria twitched in pain. "If you had sat properly, I wouldn't have been able to pinch you," she said. "Now stand up and I'll show you just how a lady sits."

Maria did what she was told and watched and listened carefully, as Mrs. Peterson had her sweep her skirt under her thighs, keeping her knees locked together, and gently place her bottom on the chair. She had to do this several times until she could do it effortlessly. Mrs. Peterson placed a serving of food on a plate and set it down in front of Maria. Maria thought back on how her mother and sister used to eat their meals. After placing one hand in their laps, they would take small portions, then put the fork down between the bites. She tried very hard to imitate her mother.

Mrs. Peterson complimented Maria on her efforts. "I see that you have watched your family eat and tried to copy their habits. You did very well, not like a boy at all. If you do that with everything we have to show you, you'll have a much easier time," Mrs. Peterson declared. She then told Maria that she would be putting female hormones into her food, as well as having her

get injections of those same hormones, to get her started down the road to womanhood.

This was just the first day, and Maria knew that there was much more for her to learn. After an hour of watching television, it had become time for bed. Mrs. Peterson followed Maria upstairs and into her room. She then pulled out a short nightgown for her to wear to bed. Maria disrobed down to her bra and panties and began to remove those as well. Mrs. Peterson stopped her. "You will need to wear those every night and every day, so that you become used to them."

Maria slipped the flimsy gown over her head and let it fall into place. She loved the feeling of the soft material on her skin. Maria then pulled back the comforter, gently hopped into the bed, and pulled the covers up to her neck. She had never worn so little to bed and her room was cold. Mrs. Peterson bent down and kissed Maria on the forehead.

"Good night princess, sweet dreams," she said as she turned the lights down and left the room, closing the door behind her. Maria began to go over everything she had learned on her first day of being a girl and smiled. Within minutes, Maria was fast asleep.

The next morning, Maria heard a faraway voice. "Good morning sunshine, time to rise and shine." Her eyes were still closed; she thought she had heard her mother's voice. She smiled and stretched. Maria then felt the clothes that she was wearing; the nightie, the panties, the bra. She opened her eyes quickly and saw Mrs. Peterson smiling down on her. It took a few seconds for Maria to realize that she was not home in her own bed. She blushed as she realized just where she was and what she was wearing.

"Come on sleepy head, we have lots to do today."

Maria half-smiled, pulled her covers down, then noticed that she was in a quite excited state. "Now go bathe and I'll set out your clothes for today," the older woman said. Maria got out of bed, and headed for the bathroom. As she passed by, Mrs. Peterson gave her a gentle tap on her panty-covered bottom, urging her to get moving. In the bathroom, Maria got undressed and stepped into the tepid and fragrant water.

With her bath over, Maria was once again nude again under her short robe, standing in front of Mrs. Peterson, who was holding another gaff out to Maria. "Come now, don't be shy. Nothing has changed since yesterday. Please put this on," she said.

Maria continued to blush but took the item, pulled it up her legs, and repeated what Mrs. Peterson had told her to do the day before. It was still uncomfortable, but the pain subsided more quickly than before. She then pulled on a pair of panties before putting a sundress she had been given on over her head. Mrs. Peterson then put an ointment on the breast forms and applied them to Maria's chest, where they were held in place for several minutes. When the hands were removed, the breasts stayed in place. Maria slipped a pair of low-heeled sandals onto her feet.

The two then went to the vanity, where Mrs. Peterson instructed Maria on how to style her own hair. The first couple of attempts went miserably but soon she was able to do an adequate job. The next exercise was the application of makeup. Mrs. Peterson explained each step in detail and had the new girl try over and over again until Maria was able to complete each step without prompting. When she was done, Maria saw the same girl as yesterday. It had taken her more than three hours to accomplish what Mrs. Peterson had

done yesterday in twenty minutes. Maria vowed to get better at her new tasks each day until she could do it faster than her mentor.

Maria and Mrs. Peterson went downstairs and made a simple breakfast of toast, some fresh fruit, and juice. They then did the dishes together, cleaned up the kitchen, and began the hard work of turning Maria into a young lady. She needed to learn how to walk properly and gracefully, how to sit without the world seeing her panties, and how to talk and gesture like a girl of her age. Maria had just a few months to learn what genetic girls have years to perfect before she would be enrolled at the local high school.

As promised, Mrs. Peterson was very hard on Maria, as she expected Maria to be proficient in everything she did. Mrs. Peterson also showed Maria the things she would need to know if she was ever lucky enough to be with a man in a relationship. Cooking, cleaning the house, and doing the laundry and ironing. She also taught Maria how to keep her lingerie from wearing out too quickly from not taking care when they were washed.

By the end of the first month, Maria now did girl things out of habit and instinct, not conscious thought. The hormones she had been taking were also having an effect on Maria, both physically and mentally. Her body was changing rapidly; she was developing her own breasts and didn't need the silicone forms any longer. Her hips and bottom were now much more lady-like. One evening while the two were eating dinner, Maria asked Mrs. Peterson how she knew so much about turning boys into girls.

"Well Maria, like you, I was born a male. I had an aunt who had always wanted to have a daughter. But

she never had the chance to have children. When I was about ten years old, both of my parents died in a plane crash and my aunt was my only living relative. Shortly after the accident, I went to live with her. It didn't take long for her to change me into what you see today. I have lived as a woman for more than thirty years now but I don't regret even one minute of my time in lingerie and dresses. So you see, young lady, we have much in common." Maria was quite taken with her story, and now understood why Mrs. Peterson was so hard on her.

The days passed quickly and Maria now felt more girl than boy. Her body had made its own journey as Mrs. Peterson had a friend that was a doctor, and knew of Maria's plight. He was able to surgically change Maria to a more natural girl. She still had all the same parts from before, but now they were inside and Maria would no longer need to wear a gaff. This made a great change in Maria's attitude as well. Even though Maria still had all the memories of her boyhood, she now looked forward to school and the rest of her life as a girl. At night, when Maria was alone in her room, she would undress and look at her changing body without clothes. She could picture her mother and her sister, as she was built just like them. The area that had changed the most was her hips and her bottom. They had become well-rounded, and protruded just the right amount.

Maria had mastered high heels in just a short time as well. Three- and four-inch heels were no problem for Maria, and she loved how they made her legs look long and lean. Her wardrobe now consisted of about ninety percent dresses and skirts, and only about ten percent low-rise jeans and shorts. There was just something that attracted Maria to short dresses and skirts. She

could never put her finger on it, but she still had the same feelings when she wore them that she did that very first day.

Mrs. Peterson would take Maria out as often as possible to restaurants, shopping at malls, and little trips for grocery shopping. Maria became much less worried about being seen as a boy in a dress. She now looked at other girls, and tried to emulate how they dressed and acted. When Maria was at home and Mrs. Peterson didn't have plans or chores for her, she would read all of the teen and fashion magazines.

On the day Maria turned sixteen, she was enrolled in high school as a junior. By this time, Maria was comfortable being a girl, so going to school in a skirt or dress was no big deal. She had been assigned the usual classes of English, Math, and Geography. She also had a free period where she could choose any class she wanted. Maria had always loved to dance so she enrolled in a traditional dance class that would take the place of Phys. Ed., at Mrs. Peterson's prompting and intervention. Maria fell in love with music and how her body reacted to it. Every form of dance was studied and performed, but Maria had a special talent for the Latin style. She was a natural at it.

By her senior year, Maria was about five feet, eight inches tall, and weighed in at a respectable one hundred and twenty pounds. She had a dancer's figure and legs. Mrs. Peterson made sure that Maria focused on her other school work. Her dating experience was minimal; she was asked out frequently, but her mentor always had an excuse for her to stay home and not out getting into mischief. Mrs. Peterson made sure that Maria was safe at all times.