

Finding The Girl



Jenny Winters

An "Adult TV" Novel

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Finding the Girl

By Jenny Winters

“Mr. Costello,” I called as he emerged from the back door of his downtown offices. “Please may I talk to you?”

I’d taken ages to track him down. Little did I know when I started my search that I’d find him living in the city just over an hour away from my home.

“I don’t think so.” He looked at me briefly, turned and started to walk away.

“Please, Mr. Costello.” I ran after him. “It’s about Marian May. I’m a great fan, probably the biggest fan of her work.”

“What would a kid like you know about Marian May?” He stopped and looked at me. “Her last performance was probably about the time when you were still in diapers.”

"Her last performance was when I was four and a half," I corrected.

"So you're about eighteen now." He looked me up and down again. "You haven't grown much in those years."

"I can't help that I'm small," I replied. "I'm skinny too and I have hair too long for a boy. I know all that, but I'm still a fan. I think she was the most glamorous showgirl of her day, perhaps the most perfect ever."

"You're too young to have seen her." He started to walk away, but I stayed beside him.

"I have lots of pictures and I even got some video of her."

"Some video?" He stopped. "I didn't know that there was any in existence."

"I can show you if you like." I pulled out my mobile and ran through the menu. "Of course the quality here isn't great, but full screen with a bit of editing, she's amazing."

"I'm amazed." He took the device from my hand and watched intently.

"I've got only that short clip on my mobile," I admitted. "I've got the rest of it and lots of photos on this flash drive. I brought a copy in case... well, just in case you were interested. I hope you'll accept it."

"I guess you know some things." He took the USB from me, turned it over in his hand, then put it carefully into an inside pocket.

"There's a short clip of me on the end." I hesitated. "I tried to recreate her look. I think I got near but she was unique and I didn't have the money for the costume of a decent wig."

“Why would you do that?”

“I want to be like her.” I blushed hard as I admitted it for the first time to another living human. “She’s fascinated me for years.”

“Her style isn’t in vogue any more,” he replied, slowly shaking his head. “They go for the drag queen look. Not Marian’s.”

“But a drag queen would never be believable on the street,” I replied, warming to the subject. “Marian would be beautiful anywhere. No one would guess she was...”

“It’s okay, you can say it.” He smiled a little for the first time. “No one would ever guess that Marian was me. And why on earth after all these years would a boy like you want to be a girl like Marian?”

“I told you she fascinated me.” It was all I could say.

He was silent for a few moments looking at me, then he reached into his pocket and took out a card. He looked at it thoughtfully, then held it out for me to take.

“That’s my private number; call me tomorrow.”

I started when I was quite young, always in secret. Unknown to my parents, I used to dress in Mother’s clothes. I used her makeup. I was always careful to keep it all concealed. I left home after High School, renting a tiny studio in a horrible part of the city.

Once installed there, I did what I could. Money was tight but I scoured the Goodwill shops, even the dumpsters sometimes, and gradually I accumulated a small selection of clothes, never in fashion, but

never crossing the line into public dressing. Sure I was small and skinny with long hair, but although I was tempted, I never crossed the line and kept it all to myself.

I'd been telling him the truth. I was fascinated by the showgirls of years gone by; the showgirls that were really boys. They had style and glamour. It must have taken great courage back then for a guy to go from being a normal looking man in a suit to looking like a glamour girl.

Think of it; the change from short hair, letting it grow, then becoming a blonde or a redhead. Pierced ears and makeup must have been significant steps for those guys back then. And Marian May was spectacular.

I found these showgirls when I was in my final year of school. I was researching for a term paper in theatre. The teacher allowed it only because I think he was a little bit gay himself. It didn't get read in class, thank goodness, but it got me a good grade. I'd probably have been beaten to a pulp if the paper had been more public. So much for contemporary enlightenment.

Marian May. She was the epitome of that age of female impersonators. She was all female in appearance; no doubts about her looks and style. She could mix with the girls who were showgirls and you'd never be able to detect any difference.

I'd been searching for Marion. It was pretty fruitless. I found a lot of pictures by scouring the internet. When artificial intelligence became available, I found some more pictures and reviews of her performance. The real bonus and a real surprise was that precious video.

Sadly, her career faded away, which leads to Mr. Costello. The name came up in an article about the

closure of a club where she used to appear. I can't remember how I made the connection, but I knew I'd found Marion when I made the connection to him.

There was nothing definitive but I became convinced that he was her alter ego. Maybe it was the other way round and she was his, but I had to find out. All I had to do was search and search again, hoping that there would be a trace. Eventually I thought I was near.

I stalked Mr. Costello. It wasn't easy. He had no internet presence; no social media, but an old listing in a stage magazine gave me an office address. I spent hours passing and re-passing the place. I watched people coming and going until eventually I guessed the identity.

He was nothing like Marian; that's what made it so difficult. He was as small and slim as I expected, but he had a goatee beard and almost no hair. He dressed casually with nothing effeminate, but his walk was pure female. That's what gave it away.

I didn't expect to be well received, so the invitation to call him was a real surprise.

Another surprise was my confession that I wanted to be like Marian.

I was very nervous when I called him the following day. The ring tone played for ages; no reply and no opportunity to leave a message. No reply again through the day. Then in the evening I got an answer.

"I've got been thinking about what you said," he told me. "I don't understand how you found me, but you said you wanted to be like Marian."

"I really do." I think I gushed with hero, or heroine, worship, my desire becoming stronger as I waited for a reply.

"I think we could talk," he said. "I'll send you a What's App message when I can figure out where and when. No promises that I can do anything other than talk."

You can imagine my excitement. Sure he'd gotten older, much older and he hadn't admitted that he used to be Marian, or even that he knew her. It was all the suppositions of my mind. Maybe there was no future for Marian or maybe he got tired of her. Either way, it didn't do anything to diminish my feelings as I waited for that message.

A day turned to two, then a week; nothing. I was losing hope and then a message appeared on my phone. It gave an address and a time; nothing more, and the number was withheld too. I checked the location. It was in a part of town I didn't know. I knew it was a residential area, but that was all.

I was really nervous when I saw the place. It was an older single-story house, looking well maintained and respectable. That sounds awful but it was so ordinary, with a large garden area and a two-car garage to the side. I thought it was intimidating as I walked to the door and rang the bell.

I waited and waited. I rang again and then the door opened. Mr. Costello himself greeted me and invited me inside. The house was tastefully furnished in a minimalist style. I was a little disappointed as I'd expected something more demonstrative of Marian.

Maybe I was wrong and it wasn't Marian's place at all.

I felt tongue tied and awkward as I followed him into a light airy room to the rear of the house. We sat

opposite each other and I waited for some conversation to start. He looked at me for a long time, as if studying and considering what to say.

“I brought my laptop,” I said hesitantly. “I thought you might like to see the clip of Marian that I found.”

“I’d like that,” he replied.

I stood and perched on the arm of his chair, opened the laptop, and started to play the video. There was some music; a few girls appeared to be chattering together. The sound was poor and words indistinct.

When Marian appeared, she was radiant. Her dress and style eclipsed the others on screen. I’d guess that the fashions were from thirty or even forty years ago. It seemed that girls were either stiff and formal, or bohemian in style, tight bodice and flared skirts, bare shoulders... you get the idea.

Marian was simply elegant. Her dress was carefully put together. The bodice was tight across her chest and had three-quarter sleeves, bangles on her wrists, fingers with long red nails and an old-fashioned cocktail ring on her left hand. The neckline was scooped so that a hint of breasts was on show, accentuated by a necklace which looked to be heavy silver drooping down to fall in a curve drawing attention to a hint of cleavage.

The camera pulled back into wider focus so that it showed more. The short skirt had a kick split to the rear and ended just above the knee. It was fitted to the thighs. She walked easily in sharply-pointed heels.

Then the camera came into close-up. The color wasn’t the greatest but it showed Marian’s makeup in some detail. Long eyelashes with heavy eyeliner

and mascara; red lips glossy and full. She was smiling and talking animatedly.

Her hand pushed back her wavy blonde hair where earrings sparkled. She pointed a hand perhaps for emphasis as she spoke, showing elegant long red nails and rings on her fingers. I wished the sound could have captured her voice clearly. She smiled easily; she wasn't really slim, more curvy than angular.

I'm not doing her justice, but she was beautiful, feminine and I'd guess really attractive in those fashions from ages ago.

"I've got lots of pictures too," I said, standing as the clip ended. "I couldn't find any more video."

"I remember. It was all so long ago." He wiped his eye as if a tear was starting to show. "I remember the film being made but I never saw it before today. I didn't know it existed."

"Was that really you?" I asked, feeling bolder at his reaction to seeing it.

"Yes, those were great days." He said nothing more for a few moments, seeming to be lost in reminiscence. "I loved Marian; that is I loved *being* Marian back then. You have to understand it was a different world and people had different lives and expectations back then."

"What happened to Marian?" I asked quietly. "I'd love to have met her. There's so much she could have told me about being a woman."

"Maybe, but that was then and this is now." He sighed. "Marian hasn't been around for years, although some of her stuff is in storage out back."

"I'd love to see that," I replied. "To touch something of hers would be such a thrill. I think I'd get a feeling

for her more strongly than I do from seeing her image.”

“It makes me so sad to remember all that.” He looked at me. “I’d put it all behind me. I had to think hard before I replied to you. I was scared to bring back old memories.”

“What changed your mind?”

“You did, really. I kept thinking of how you said you wanted to be Marian. I thought it strange that a kid would even know about her, let alone want to ... whatever you really want.”

“I want to be like Marian.”

“But what do you do now?”

“I work retail, some times I wait tables, sometimes I tidy gardens, occasionally I work in bars, but they usually say I look too young,” I replied. “It’s hard to make the rent and have much left over.”

“But Marian.?”

“I really want to be like her; to have the life I imagined for her.”

“That’s hard to understand.” He shook his head. “Look at me; if I hadn’t saved and invested wisely, where do you think I’d be? I had to leave Marian behind. Are you sure this obsession with her isn’t some foolishness?”

“It’s all I want.”

“Are you gay? Do you have a boyfriend?”

“No and I don’t think I’m gay.”

“Well, how about a girlfriend?”

"I never really had one. Girls don't go for guys like me and I didn't get any responses to my pickup lines either."

"I'm still finding it hard to figure you out." He looked at me as if bemused. "Do you dress as a girl."

"Only occasionally."

"But you want to be like Marian and live a girl's life."

"I really do." I sighed. "I want to dress as a girl all the time; leave this boy life behind."

"Son, you've a long way to go." He sat back and looked at me. "You have to do more than want it. You have to live it, breathe it, let it take over your life."

"I think I understand." I didn't really but that wasn't what he wanted to hear.

"Tell me, if you were a girl, would you have a boyfriend?"

"What, for sex and all that?"

"Certainly, for all that and more."

"If I was to live it and act it, then yes I think I would." I paused. "He'd have to treat me right though. I'm not going to be some sort of slut."

"Now perhaps we're getting somewhere."

I didn't know what he really meant but I left there with another invitation. I was so excited.

Two weeks later and I was invited again. This time I had a feeling. I had to do something to convince him that I saw my future as a female impersonator.

You may be wondering about this. I wasn't dressing as a girl. I didn't wear makeup. The truth is that, although I was certain that this was my future, I was scared. I was working as hard as I could. I was trying to save but it was all that I could do to make enough to keep myself housed and safe.

I knew I had good genes for the things I wanted to do. I was skinny and not too tall. I had long thick hair, usually tied back in a low pony whilst my beard was sparse. I could never grow a beard or mustache. My skin was good too. I was careful not to expose it too much to the sun and used moisturizers every day.

I'd been concentrating on my walk. I consciously copied the girls, one foot in front of the other with a sway in the hips. I held my hands the way they did, and used a "man bag" rather than a purse, so it could have the same effect. I used a fragrance which was far too girly for a man.

Once he let me into his place, we sat opposite each other in his lounge

"You've really made me think about the past," he started the conversation. "I knew what I wanted and Marian was with me for years. I really loved being her after the initial doubts and fears were put behind me. I had girlfriends and boyfriends. I had all kinds of good times and tremendous sex."

"But you let Marian fade away," I replied. "How could you do that?"

"It was necessary in the end." He paused to think. "The good times were good. I was as hedonistic as anyone ever could be, but then I woke up and I was older. I decided that I didn't want to be an old lady. I had my implants removed and started to pay more attention to my business."

“You must have done well.” I indicated my surroundings; his home was quite luxurious.

“I saved and invested wisely. I knew things would come to an end when I hit forty.”

“Wasn’t it a hard decision to put all that life behind you?” I thought carefully about my next words. “You were always glamorous; I never saw a picture of you that I didn’t admire.”

“That’s really kind. It was so long ago that a kid like you shouldn’t even know about Marian.”

“But I do and you are like an icon to me.” I think I let myself go a bit. “You were real femininity. You looked like being a boy was a secret, not like drag queens that are everywhere today. They don’t even look female. It’s as if there’s a competition to mimic the worst bits of being a woman without ever looking like a real one.”

“You’re out of time there; it’s the way it is now.” He shook his head. “But I really like your attitude. How much do you want to be the sort of glamorous woman who’s in your head?”

“More than anything.” I felt a quiver of excitement. “I never told anyone how much. I never told anyone that’s what I wanted before. It’s seeing you that gave me the courage to admit it.”

“You’d have a long way to go; it won’t be easy and you’ll hate some of the things you have to do. I need you to resign yourself to all the things I want you to do, regardless of how you feel.”

“Nothing worth having comes easy. That’s what I was told when I was little.”

“In return, I promise to do my best to make you into the prettiest and most feminine boy; all you ever imagined.”



“Gosh, that’s awesome. I promise... I promise *everything*.” I think I cried a little then.

“Okay, I’ll help you.” He handed me a tissue to wipe my eyes. “I still know a few good people who’ll help us.”

“I haven’t any money.”

“It doesn’t matter. I think I’d like to treat you as my daughter. I never had one and now I think it would be good if I did.”

“That’s so kind, but you sound so sad. I’ll be a good daughter to you, if I can ever become a daughter.”

“My relationships didn’t last.” He looked sad. “Now I’m lonely. I have friends, but no one close. I’m reasonably content. I’m too old to go back to the hedonistic lifestyle that I had. I’m past casual relationships now.”

“You really want to help me?” I needed reassurance.

“Yes, I’ll enjoy watching you. I have a feeling that you’re going to be spectacular.”

“That sounds too good to be true.”

“It’s true, believe me.” He looked me in the eye. “It’s not going to be easy for you. There’s a long way to go and you’re not going to like some of it. you’re probably going to hate me.”

“I promise not to.” I couldn’t help but smile at him.

“So promise you’ll take advice and most of all, promise you’ll do as you’re told.”

“I can promise that,” I replied, wondering just what I’d let myself into.

“Get ready to quit your apartment.” His voice sounded more authoritative then. “I’ll move you into one of my properties near here.”

“I can’t afford...” I started to speak.

“It’s not for you to afford.” He smiled again. “If you’re going to be my daughter, then its a father’s duty to look after his daughter. I’ll call you in a week or so when I’ve got made some arrangements and called in a few favors.”

We talked some more. We drank wine together and toasted a new beginning.

My thoughts were racing as I walked home. Was I going to meet my dreams or was I walking willingly into a nightmare?

The days went slowly. I went to work and did my tasks almost mechanically. My mind was elsewhere. I did as I was told and called the landlord to say I was moving out. I scraped enough together to pay my last rent. I had to give a date to leave, but I didn’t know what was intended.

Then one evening, there was a knock on my door.

”Mr. Costello sent me.”

The man at the door looked so unlike Mr. Costello that my first instinct was to distrust him but reason took over; he’d never say that if it wasn’t true. He was burly and wore a denim overall, stained and discolored with the marks of hard work.

“He says you’re to come with me and not to pack anything. It’s all going to be taken care of.”

I grabbed my man bag and laptop. I took a last look around the place. I wasn’t sorry to be going but had a

little worry about my stuff there. It wasn't much but it was all I had.

"You're to give your mobile and your computer to me." He held out his hand to receive them.

"Are you sure?" I hesitated. "All my contacts are in this phone; without it ..."

I didn't finish the sentence. His look told me that there was no alternative but to do as I was told. I remembered Mr. Costello telling me that. I handed them over. He grunted something as he put the mobile in his pocket and tucked my laptop under his arm. I knew I wouldn't see them again.

We went through the door and as I locked it, he reached across and took the keys from me. His car waited at the roadside. He flipped the remote and gestured for me to get in. The journey was quite short. I recognized Mr. Costello's building as we passed and then we pulled into an underground garage.

Silently my driver gestured for me to follow into an elevator. When it stopped, I was to follow him into an apartment. Once inside he handed me a bag.

"Bedroom there." He pointed; a man of few words. "All clothes into bag, then to me."

"But I don't have any other clothes," I protested.

"You'll think of something when you look round." His grin was more of a sneer. "Hurry, I have other jobs."

I looked round the bedroom. It was much bigger than my old apartment. I was about to look into the closets when he hammered at the door.

"I said to hurry." He sounded angry, as I stripped quickly and put everything into the bag. I leaned my

head round the door and passed it out to him. I was naked and feeling really vulnerable.

“Is that all?” He leered again. “Nothing left, no pants, no nothing?”

“Satisfied?” I stood in full view, naked as the day I was born.

“Nothing left on the floor?” He pushed past me and looked into the bedroom. “Good. I’m going now, lock the door.”

He slammed the door on the way out. I locked it quickly and then, still naked, I sat on the couch and tried to stop my heart from beating so fast.

“This is silly,” I suddenly realized.

Here I was, sitting alone and naked in an apartment far larger than any I’d previously been able to afford. It was clean and comfortable. It was warm and modern. Why should I be afraid of whatever was coming next? Then I could hear a mobile ringing. It was close and insistent. I went back to the bedroom and there it was. I hit the answer button.

“You’re answering, so welcome to your new home.” Mr. Costello’s voice was soft and reassuring.

It was a really different feeling once I was alone. Here I was installed in a new apartment far larger than anything I could afford alone. What was I really? Was I going to be a kept woman, a kept man, or something else? I was almost paralyzed by repeated thoughts and doubts.

I’d allowed myself to be seduced by my wish to become a girl and have that lifestyle. Right then I was alone, naked, and feeling more than a little lost. I told

myself to calm down. It was an adventure. It might turn out right. I had to hope that it would.

I started to explore my new home. The apartment was on the top floor of a low-rise building. I understood the location was in a kinder part of the city; somewhere I would have liked to live before but could never afford. The views from the windows over the park and the river were lovely. I even had a small terrace through sliding windows.

I stood admiring the view for a while, then suddenly realized I was still naked. I felt stupid, then realized that no one could see me there unless they had binoculars trained on the window at that very moment. I was being silly. I guessed that since my clothes had been taken, there must be something to replace them here somewhere.

I went to the bedroom. It was bigger than the whole of my old apartment and the bathroom to the side was just beautiful. I couldn't resist it. I went immediately into the shower and stayed there for ages, luxuriating into the scents of the shampoo and conditioner for my hair, the body wash and the joy of having endless hot water.

The towels were soft and a flimsy peach-shaded robe was waiting. I wrapped my hair in a towel tucked round like a turban, then went back to the bedroom. I looked in the closets and the drawers under the vanity. There was nothing I didn't like, but it was all female.

I was shocked for a second or two but only a second or two. That was the purpose, the future. I was to be a girl so the dresses, skirts, and blouses were my future. The heels and the lingerie, the makeup and the perfume, they were now to be part of me.

This was my dream and I couldn't wait to find out what was to come next.