



*Reluctant Press*

# Auntie Calls Me Jane

Deborah Leigh Johnson



*ILLUSTRATIONS BY BRIAN DUKEHART*

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**A 'HER TV' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# AUNTIE CALLS ME JANE

**By: Miss Deborah Leigh Johnson  
and Collaborator: Mr. James M.**

## One

How I got here was simple. It was because of a father who drank up his job, drank away our house, and drank up our family life. So, to relieve the stress of the home life, I was sent to live with my Mom's sister, my very beautiful and somewhat rich Aunt.

For me it was exciting. She had a grand apartment in a very nice neighborhood in Queens, NY... The Big Apple.

It was summer, the first Sunday, just at the end of the school year, and I was ready to cut loose.

I was, I should tell you, a really scrawny little kid for eighteen. When I say scrawny, I mean really thin, or as my Mom said, wiry. I was also too short for my age. In fact I was often mistaken for being only thirteen or fourteen, that is how scrawny and short I was. I can't tell you how much that would irritate me.

In fact, my Mom still had to buy me clothes that came from the boy's section of the department stores. None of the men's or teens styles were small enough for me to wear.

When I first laid eyes on my beautiful and somewhat rich aunt, I was amazed to find that she was not very much taller than me. She was wearing high heeled shoes at the time, but if she had not been wearing them, she would probably only have been one inch or so taller than I was.

If I were to try and sum up my personality at that point in time, I would have to say that I was shy, if not out right bashful. In fact, I guess I would say that I was an extreme introvert.

Because I knew that I was being sent away from my own home, I also felt, in no uncertain terms, that I was very abandoned, and unloved. I did not know what was going to happen to me. I was scared. I knew my Aunt was coming to get me, and that was all I knew.

I felt all of those things, that is, before my Aunt Elie actually entered my life.

From the moment that I got into her Buick Sedan, with the scent of her delicate perfume filling my senses, I felt different. I also desperately hoped that I would not do anything that would displease her.

The first time I saw her she was wearing a lovely pink linen suit consisting of a skirt, jacket and matching vest. She also wore matching pink shoes, with three inch heels.

Under her jacket, she wore a white silk blouse. When her jacket was open, I could see the outline of her breasts pressing against the fine material of her blouse and contoured by the fit of her vest. They seemed to be quite prominent, as she sat in a regal kind of pose, with a very straight back, confidently behind the driver's wheel.

I still have that first vision of her, remembering her as being one of the prettiest and sexiest women I had ever known, not that I had known that many, being the kind of scrawny little kid that I was. I had to admit though, she held a strange fascination and a real excitement for me.

I can only explain it this way. It was the first time in my life, that I was ever really aware of a woman's femininity, and it consumed my thoughts. I really felt out of place with her. Yet I found her to be very exciting. I hated to admit it to myself but I had a shameful reaction.

The fact was, she made me hard. It was the first time that I had ever reacted like that just by being this close to a female. She was just so womanly, she made me physically excited just by being around her. Naturally, I was ashamed and confused. I wondered how I would ever be able to handle this, when I had to actually live with her, and see her all the time.

We had been driving for a while, silently. I was enthralled with her, and I kept examining every detail of her presence, from what I thought were guarded glimpses to my left. I had grossly underrated her powers of observation.

“Well now young Master Jimmy... Do I pass?”

“Huh? Uh... What? I mean, I beg your pardon?” I stammered, shaken out of my daydream. I felt like I'd been hit with a board, right on the forehead.

“Do I pass your inspection? I could see that you were looking me over pretty darn good. So, I'd kind of like to know if I do pass inspection?”

As she said this, she turned to look right into my eyes, and she bathed me with a beautiful warm smile. Her eyes seemed to be able to look right inside of me, as much as her warm smile just seemed to melt my heart towards her. I had no secrets from her, and she still seemed to like me very much.

I also knew right then and there, that I would do anything that she ever asked me to. I was having my first crush. It made me feel very weak, but warm all over.

“I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stare. It's just... Well, it's just that you're so beautiful... And... and so are your clothes,” I blurted out, and I felt like a foolish child. I was embarrassed with myself. I felt like I looked, like a stupid little kid. But she was just so beautiful. I had no control over the way she made me feel. I knew I was infatuated with her.

“Why thank you Jimmy. That's a very nice thing for you to say. Most other little boys of your age would not even be aware of such things. You must be a very bright child, Jimmy.”

Her comments about my being a little boy made me blush with shame and embarrassment. Yet, she also made me feel like I had no reason to be embarrassed about the way I had reacted. I kind of felt that she might even have liked the way I had blurted out the compliment that was on my mind.

“You... you smell so nice too..,” I blurted out again, before I could stop my tongue from wagging. I felt embarrassed, and I knew that I turned a beet red. My cheeks burned. I wished I had kept my mouth shut.

“Oh, Jimmy, thank you again. I think that I'm really going to enjoy having you live with me. You are so complimentary to me. Like any woman, I just love having my ego stroked, and you do that very well, young man.”

Then she added something that I will never forget. “You know, Jimmy... You are kind of beautiful yourself.”

I didn't reply. I couldn't. *“Me? Beautiful? No way... Never... Not me. I could never be beautiful... I was a scrawny kid that not even my own parents wanted to have around for this summer.”*

I felt my face burning red again. I wondered why on earth she would say something like that to me.

“What did you say my dear?” she asked me with her gentle soft voice.

I remembered stammering awkwardly, and saying nothing audible to her.

At the moment, we had to stop for a traffic light.

She must have sensed the turmoil of inner rejection that was ripping me apart. She turned to face me. She reached over, as though we were in a slow moving picture show, and she took my hand in hers. She was so gentle, and loving to me. My heart nearly leapt to my throat, and made a painful lump. She was treating me in the way I had always wished someone would treat me, and we were still strangers.

“Jimmy,” her soft voice intoned in my ears, “Maybe not beautiful, not yet any way, but you really are very pretty, and that is what I have always liked so much about you. You are lovely, you know.”

She gently squeezed my hand, and returned to her driving, as the traffic light turned green.

“Me? Very Pretty? Lovely? How could that be? Those were words that were used for girls... But... she had always liked me for that? How could that be? This was the first time that I had ever met her.”

Needless to say, my mind was a turmoil. In a matter of only hours, I had gone from a home that no longer wanted me, to sitting with the most beautiful and sophisticated lady I had ever met.. And she thought that I was very pretty, lovely... And that she had always liked me for that. What was happening to me? Was this some kind of wonderful dream from which I would awake in a few minutes?

I was a scrawny sissy kind of boy who was always trying to prove himself, and have his father's respect. No matter how hard I had tried, he just never approved of anything I had ever done for him. That had driven me to always try harder.

This desire to be accepted, not only by my cold and very critical father, but by everyone else, had also been the main reason for an awful lot of fights at school. I just wanted to be accepted as being a normal kid, to fit in. I wanted everyone to know that I was normal, and not a real sissy.

Yet, her words were like music to me, and it frightened me. How could her sweetly spoken words make me feel like this?

The rest of the trip was fairly quiet.

Once she did get me talking again, I told her how much I appreciated how she was taking me in and all that. I told her that I hoped I would not be too much of a burden to her.

“Jimmy, I know you will not become a burden to me. Your mother has told me all about what a big help you have been to her, and I will expect nothing less with me. While I am away at work, you can do all the house cleaning and other housework for me. That will be an awfully big help to me, Jimmy.”

“I... I can wash and, I can iron too, Aunt Elie.”

“I know you can dear, and yes, you will be such a very big help to me.”

At long last, we finally got to my aunt's apartment building.

I felt like the proverbial out of place waif, as we entered her beautiful apartment, me with my two little shopping bags and the one small box of belongings, which comprised all of my clothes and personal things.

The first thing that struck me was how big the apartment was. Then, when she showed me into what was to be my room, I could not believe how big it was.

I also could not believe how pink it was.

I remarked to her that I was impressed with how big it was. I did not say anything that would in any way show displeasure. I sure did not want my aunt to be upset with me, especially on the first day.

But, I felt how girlish this room was, and it bothered me.

She told me to leave my things on the pink bedspread, and to follow her. She wanted to show me the rest of the apartment. I had my own bathroom, which astounded me.

Her bedroom was even larger than my room. In fact, her bedroom was larger than any of the rooms that had been in my parent's house. She too, had her own master bathroom, and it was as big as the bedroom that I had shared with my brother at home.

Her kitchen, seemed huge.

I was too overwhelmed. I had not been prepared for anything like that. This seemed like the lap of luxury to me.

I set about helping her, as we fixed some sandwiches for the two of us. I could not help but notice that all the while, she kept asking questions about myself. I had never known anyone that was that interested in me before. It made me feel like I was the focus of all of her thoughts, and I was uncomfortable with that. I'd always just tried to get along.

No one had ever focused on me like this before.

When the light lunch was over, she told me that she wanted to freshen up, after the long drive.

I insisted on doing the clean up for her. I wanted to show her how good I was at stuff like that.

I had helped my mother a lot, at home. Mom had taught me a lot about how to do housework. It was one of the few areas of my life that I had any confidence in at all, and I wanted to show off my skills to her. I wanted her to know that I would not be a burden to her. I did not want to cause her any trouble, lest she decided to take me back home.

When I told her I wanted to do the clean up, she stood and smiled at me for a long moment. Then she came over, and she gently hugged me to her soft wonderful smelling breast. She was so feminine, and I loved her for it.

Then her words pleased me.

“Oh sweet little Jimmy. Dear, I can see that we are going to get along just fine.”

Her words made me feel warm all over.

A while later, she told me that she had to run out to the store to pick up a few things that she had forgotten to get. She told me to just make myself comfortable, and to make myself familiar with the apartment.

I smiled and told her I would. Then I finished drying the dishes, and cleaning up any crumbs that might have escaped to the floor. I decided to go to my new room, and put away my clothes. As I started with the clothes, I noticed a very pretty doll that was lying on my bed, with her head on my pillow. I also noticed another doll seated in a chair next to the vanity. Both dolls were at least two feet long, and they were very pretty.

A strange urge came over me. I did not even think twice about it. I just did it. I picked the doll up from my bed, and cradled her in my arms, the same way that a little girl might cradle her favorite dolly, and then I carried her out through the living room, out onto the patio, where I sat with her cradled in my arms, as I enjoyed the view. I knew that I was acting like a girl, but it just seemed to be the right thing to do, somehow. I began to daydream.

Aunt Elie returned home shortly after. I do not know how I did not hear her coming in, but I didn't. I did not know that she was home, till I heard her tinkling gentle laughter from the French styled patio doors.

“Oh my, you two do make a lovely pair...”

It was only then that I suddenly realized that I still had the beautiful doll cradled in my arms. She was seated on my lap, and my fingers had been absently brushing her through her long blond hair. I flushed, having been caught by my aunt, in the moment of acting like I was a girl, and not a boy.

I flushed and my cheeks burned as I turned to her.

“Oh... I'm sorry...” That was all that I could think of to say. I felt foolish again. How could I ever explain to this gracious lady why I was acting like a girl. I couldn't. I didn't even know why.

“Please don't be sorry. I think that dolls need love to, just like people do. There is not enough love in this world, dear.”

My aunt had walked over to my chair as she was saying that. Then she ran her hand through my long hair, even as I had been running my fingers through the doll's hair. It felt so good. I melted.

“Uh... What's her name?” I asked. I felt so silly, asking her what the doll's name was, but it seemed like I had to know it.

“Mary.”

“And the other one?”

“Lily.”

Then she pulled a chair over to where I was sitting. She sat, and she held my hand. We sat quietly, as we were holding hands, for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was so wonderful. Then, I noticed that her eyes were tearing up, as though she were going to cry.

“Is there any thing the matter, Aunt Elie?” I was concerned that I might have done some thing to hurt her in some way that I did not understand. I was fearful.

“No.” She spoke in such a quiet voice. “It's just that I am so happy, having you here like this, Jimmy.”

Then she got up, and told me that it was time for me to take a shower. She said to be sure to wash my hair really good too. It was about time for bed. But, when she found out that I had not brought any pajamas, because I never wore pajamas to bed at home, she was quite adamant, as she told me that I could not go to bed in her house, without wearing pajamas.

“I will find something for you, and I will leave it on your bed. You can catch a cold real quick if you do not wear pajamas after a hot shower, and I will not be having you get sick on me.”

To make a longer story shorter, an hour after I came out of the shower, I was sitting in a chair in the living room, and I was in a jet black satin night gown with lace on the bodice and the sleeves. It covered me from my shoulders to my ankles. I was also wearing a pair of her black satin panties, and she had insisted that I also wear her pair of black, one inch heeled satin house slippers.



My aunt commented on how beautiful my clean skin was. She was quite impressed that for my age, that it so free of acne pimples. She told me that I could be proud of my skin. She told me that she knew girls who'd kill to have skin as pretty as mine.

Then she left for a moment, and returned with Mary. She told me that I should get in the habit of brushing Mary's and Lily's hair every day, just as I should brush out my own hair.

Then she set about happily blow drying my hair, for a few short moments. She stopped, came around in front of me, knelt down, placing one of her hands on my right knee.

“My, I just can't get over how lovely you look in that night- gown and slippers. How do they feel on you?”

I had only worn girl's clothing once before. But they were nothing like these were. They had been my Mom's. The sensations of the soft sensuous fabric had my head reeling. It felt rich, and luxurious to me. I eyed the lace on my bodice, and knew that girls wore lace there all the time. I could feel every square inch of the panties, as I sat there, trying not to squirm too much, lest she find out how much I loved what I was wearing. I also loved knowing that she had worn these panties and this gown. It made me feel somehow as though I were closer to her, connected in some way that I had not been before I had put on her lovely clothing.

I also loved the way the dainty instep of the slippers pushed up against my arches. They were the most comfortable shoes that I had ever had on my feet. They also had the strange effect of making me feel dainty. I liked that feeling too.

I knew that I was dressed entirely like a real girl. I tried not to, but I loved it. I loved knowing that these clothes had been worn by the very same beautiful woman who was kneeling in front of me, and waiting for an answer to her question, about how I liked the feeling of wearing her clothes. It made me kind of tingle as I imagined these things on her, and it made me feel somehow, like I was more intimately connected to her.

I also knew that I really felt like a girl, deep inside of me too, especially with Mary sitting on my nightgowned lap. I loved it. I knew that I could not hide my feelings from her. She would know if I lied to her, just by looking into my eyes with her piercing gaze. I could not hide anything from her. She was too smart for that.

I worked up the courage to look into her beautiful eyes, and I hesitantly answered her, as honestly as I could.

“Nice, Aunt Elie. Very nice... Too nice, I'm afraid.”

“That's very good, but sweet Jimmy, nothing is too nice for you. Please wear the slippers all day tomorrow for me, around the house, okay?” She made it sound like I was doing her a favour.

“Sure... But why?”

“To make you feel good... in a different way. To make you feel... to make you feel lovely. You poor child... You have had it so hard. I just want you to feel nice for a change. I want you to know what it is to feel lovely...” Then she finished my hair.

The rest of that night was a blur, and I do not remember much of it.

I do remember though, my delight at discovering that my bed had pink sheets that matched my pink bedspread. I also remembered how wonderfully sensuous it felt, to lie in those satin sheets, wearing the satin gown. Then as though I were a little girl, Aunt Elie came in to tuck me in, and she leaned over and gave me a light good night kiss, on the forehead.

“How do you feel, pretty one?” she asked as she sat on the edge of the bed, then leaned over and lightly kissed my cheek. She had a wide warm smile in her eyes, and I knew that she liked seeing me this way.

“Oh... very nice. I never felt so nice before. Uh... Aunt Elie, Where is that perfume smell coming from?” I had noticed that there was a delicate scent that permeated the atmosphere of my bedroom, and it had seemed stronger when I lay down. I had been curious about it. It was a pretty smell.

“Oh,” she smiled as she reached out and lightly brushed my hair back from my forehead, “I sprayed a little bit of my perfume on your pillow cases. I thought you seemed to like it, so I thought it might help you to have sweet dreams. Now close your eyes my lovely, and go to sleep.”

I closed my eyes, happily. No one had ever called me “her lovely” before. Certainly no one, not even my Mom to whom I had been the closest, when I was home, had ever called me pretty before. My Mom had been very loving to me, even to the point of causing jealousy from the other kids in the family, but she'd not been loving like Aunt Elie was. Nor had any- one ever tried so very hard to do so many nice things for me. I was ecstatic.

I must have slept very deeply. When I woke up, I felt completely rested and I saw from the clock on the night table that it was already 10:30. I could never remember sleeping so deeply or for such a long time before.

When you shared a bedroom with a brother, you got up when he did, and that was it. You also never had the freedom to just go and relax on your bed for a while either.

I stretched, feeling the luxurious material I was wearing, and I suddenly remembered that I was wearing my aunt's lovely night gown. I looked around, and saw that I was still also in the pretty pink bedroom.

Slowly, I made myself get up out of the bed, still amazed at what was happening to me, and how I felt about it. As I stood up, I noticed that the front part of the night gown was sticking to me. It seemed like it had been glued.

I panicked. Fear coursed through me. I knew what had happened. I'd had a wet dream, and I had cum all over myself. I was so ashamed of myself. I feared what would happen if my aunt found out what I had done in and to her beautiful night gown. What ever would she think of her pretty little Jimmy then?

I very quickly got myself out of the gown and panties, and I hurried into the shower. I just could not believe what I had done to the beautiful clothes. That had never happened to me before. I felt unclean, as though I had betrayed her trust in me, somehow. I had to clean them, I knew.

I was so afraid of what she was going to think of me, if she ever found out what a perverted thing I had done. She had trusted me with her beautiful gown, and I had cum all over myself in it.

Once I dried off from the shower, not really feeling any better, I thought that I should check the bed sheets as well. It was a good thing that I did too. They had dirty little stains on them as well.

Hoping that I would have enough time to get every thing taken care of, I decided to put the sheets into the washing machine. The delicate gown and panties, I knew, would have to be washed by hand. I washed them, and hung them over the shower curtain rod to dry.

Still kind of shaken, but glad that I was at least doing something about it, I went back to my bathroom to finish with my morning's ablutions.

As I started to brush my teeth, I noticed a small note that was taped to the mirror.

Good morning my dear.

Please try on the slacks and the shirt that I have left on the chair by your vanity. I'll be home around five. If you need anything at all, just call me. I left one of my business cards with my office number on it, by the phone for you.

With love, Elie."

I noticed, rather surprisingly, that she had not signed it, Aunt Elie. She had signed it just like I was a friend of hers. I liked that, and it made me feel a bit better. It made me feel a bit more accepted as an adult by her.

Curious, I went into the bedroom to see what she had left on my vanity chair for me. I was startled when I saw her choice. Lying on top, there was a pair of bright white lacy silk panties, what looked like a matching undershirt, except that it too was made of silk and lace, a pair of lovely cream colored slacks made of some soft material, and there was a light pink coloured satin blouse with ruffles on the open collar. It also had big puffy sleeves. There was also a pair of pink knee socks. with ruffled white lace tops on them.

I knew that there was no sense in denying my true desires. I wanted to wear these clothes. I knew they were girl's clothes, but they were so attractive. I would wear them, willingly. I tried not to feel guilty about betraying my boyhood, but I knew that I wanted to wear these clothes, more than anything I had ever wanted to do before.

I hoped that Aunt Elie was not just playing a trick on me.

First, I put on the beautiful soft panties. I loved how they clung to me, and how they felt so soft on my skin. I then raised the camisole over my head, and let it fall to my shoulders with a dainty little whisper of silk. It felt so lovely. I sat on the chair and pulled up the knee socks, marveling at how soft they were. I did not know socks were made of such soft material.

I raised the blouse sleeves up my arms, delighting in the ultra softness of the material's caress. I stepped into the slacks, and pulled them up. They felt so different from

any pants that I had ever worn before. I could not help it, my cock strained out in sexual excitement, pressing against the front of my new slacks.

I stepped into the slippers that I had promised my aunt I would wear today. I stood still for a long moment, realizing that I had just dressed myself up in girl's clothing. No one had made me do it either. Not only that, but my aunt had wanted me to wear these clothes today.

I knew that I was not acting like a boy, but this just seemed so right to me, somehow. Slowly, I walked over to the full length mirror. I delighted in the way the unfamiliar fabrics felt on me. I loved them.

I knew what I was going to see. I saw a pretty girl reflected back at me. At least, I saw a person who looked like a pretty girl. I studied the image. I was definitely girlish, there was no denying that. The sure knowledge that I was pretty, and that I was girlish was making my cock strain, crying out for attention. I had never been so sexually alive in my life. I could feel every girlish stitch that I was wearing. I was excited by it too.

As though in a trance, I watched as my fingers loosened the girl's slacks. I loved the way they felt on my legs. when they were loosened, I let go of the waist band, and they slid down my legs with a pretty swishing sound. My panties were stretched by the big bulge in them. I pushed my panties down to fall in a delicate pile on top of the inside of my slacks.

I felt weak, and I fell backwards, onto the bed. I could not stop myself. my fingers went to the engorged cock, and started to caress it. In seconds, I was releasing a powerful jet of my cream. It went up in the air, and came down on my chest. The second one was almost as intense. As the wave of the orgasm washed over me, I was acutely aware that I was wearing nothing but girl's clothes, and of how much I loved the way the clothes felt on me. I wanted to wear nothing else.

Finally, the intense sensations of the most wonderful orgasm that I had ever had, which I knew was related to the girl's clothes that I was wearing, began to pass. I became aware that I had made a big mess, all over me, and all over the front of my blouse.

Awkwardly, I rose to my feet, feeling elated. With my slacks and my panties still down around my ankles, I managed to mince my way back into the bathroom. I remembered how wonderful it had felt, as I washed the spots off my blouse, and then cleaned up the mess on my tummy and upper thighs.

I smiled at the demure girlish image that appeared, after I had gotten my panties and my slacks back up, without that big bulge pressing so obscenely against the front of my slacks. I felt better than I had ever felt in my life.

I hummed as I went out into the kitchen, and found some cereal and bread to toast, for my breakfast. I was a very happy camper.

I did not have a whole lot to do around the apartment, so I spent the afternoon industriously dusting and vacuuming the whole apartment, even though it did not need it. I was happy, but very tired, as the door opened at 3:30. It was my aunt Elie. I was so happy to see her. She smiled and set down the big bags that she had brought in with her.

"I decided to take the afternoon off, so that I could pick up a few things, and get home early to see how you were doing. I can see that you are doing very nicely, too. You look just lovely. I just knew that you would."

"Thank you. But... I feel... kind of strange in these things."

"Don't you like them?" She had a slightly concerned look on her face.

"Oh yes. I love them. But... Well, they just feel strange on me."

"Well, I think you look very nice, all except for that stain on the front of your blouse. What happened to it?"

"Oh that. I spilled some milk on it." As I said that, I blushed. I had not realized that I left a stain on the front of my blouse. I also remembered, that the sheets were still in the dryer. My night gown and panties were also still hanging on the shower rod in my bathroom.

Without warning, Aunt Elie picked up the bags she had set down when she had entered the apartment, and she walked into my room. She noticed right away that the bed was stripped. I blubbered as I nervously explained that I wanted to wash them, so that they would be fresh for that night. I knew it was a lame excuse, and I think she knew it too.

She just looked at me, and she smiled warmly. "Well, let's just see what I got for you, okay?"

She then reached into a bag, and she pulled out a brush, comb and hand mirror set. She reached in again, and she pulled out a jar of cold cream. She looked into the bag, and smiled, and told me that the rest could wait till later. She closed the bag.

"Now, Jimmy dear, I want you to brush your hair one hundred strokes, every night, and every morning. I also want you to put this cold cream on your face every evening, before going to bed."

"Okay. What's in the other bag?"

"Well... I thought that if you are going to wear my nice slacks and my slippers, that you should have some of your own stockings, and of course, garter belts to hold them up for you. I also got you a couple of pairs of your own shoes... Uh, I mean... slippers."

I stared at her, amazed. "I... I couldn't Aunt Elie. I just couldn't. It just wouldn't feel right."

"Now Jimmy. You told me that you think that they feel nice. And besides, no one will see you, and I just love seeing you in them. I loved buying them for you. I hope that you do not mind? It's... almost like I had my own daughter, you know? It's made me very happy. Do you really mind doing this, just for me?"

"I... I guess not. Not if it will make you happy."

"It will make me very happy my pet. It will." Then she came over and hugged me. I was once again engulfed by her delicately scent and her soft pliant body.

She then wanted me to try on a pair of nylons, just so I could see how they felt. She said that I would love the way that they would feel on me. She showed me how secure the garter belt around my waist. She told me that the garter straps should always go

down on the inside of my panties, so that if I had to go to the bath room, or take my panties off for any other reason, I would not have to get half undressed in order to get them off.

Then she showed me how to roll up the nylons and attach them to the garter belt, without causing any runs, which she told me were also called ladders. Then she left the room. But, at the doorway she stopped and turned back to me.

“After your hose are on, dear, put on your new white slippers, then come into the living room.”

Then as though she had an after thought, she walked over to one of the bags, and pulled out a pink canister, then she took it into my bathroom. I knew that she would see the night gown and the panties drying on the shower curtain rod.

I nervously waited for all hell to break loose. I desperately tried to think up some excuse that would not sound as lame as the one about the sheets, as I pulled up my first nylon stocking and secured it with the garter tabs. I marveled at how lovely the nylons made my legs feel. It was no mystery now, why girls liked to wear nylons. They felt wonderful.

When she emerged from my bathroom, she smiled. “I just wanted to put some dusting powder in your bathroom for you.”

I could not believe it. She drifted across the room in her most graceful stride, and stood in front of me. She was holding the night gown and the panties up, one in each hand. She had a mischievous smile playing at the corners of her lips.

“And what happened here, my dear?”

I felt my face burn as I got beet red. She knew what had happened, and she knew that I knew that she knew.

“Uh... I... I guess that I had an accident... Last night, while I was sleeping.”

“Really? Was it a nice dream? Did you dream that you were turned into a pretty little girl?”

“I... I don't remember. I am really sorry Aunt Elie.” I had hung my head. I was ashamed. I did not want her to see me, or to see her either.

“Oh... Don't be sorry. I think it is wonderful. I think it tells me something very nice about you. ”

“It does? What does it tell you about me?” I was incredulous.

She reached out and with the tips of her fingers, she lifted my face up so that she could look in my eyes.

“Please, don't call me Aunt Elie, anymore, okay? Just plain old Elie is fine with me. Aunt makes me feel old.”

“Okay..? Elie?”

“That's better.” She gave me a hug that made me feel very much better too. She gave me the love and the affection that I craved for. I felt her soft body against mine, and I took in the scent of her Chanel # 5. She made me feel good all over.

As we separated, I looked up at her, and I saw a tear in her eye.

“What's the matter? Did I upset you?”

“Oh no my dear. Quite the contrary. You make me very happy.”

“I'm glad. I... I want to please you, Elie. But, before... You said that my accident told you something nice about me. What is that?”

“It tells me that you really do like to wear my nice soft female clothes. That pleases me, Jimmy. Do you like your new things?”

I nervously hurried to finish doing up my other nylon stocking. Then, as I rolled the delicate material up my leg, I felt a new shiver of excitement go through my body. They felt so cool, and so refreshing to. I then raised my panties, and stood up in front of her to do up the slacks. I pulled on my slacks again.

I felt my face getting red again.

“You know, Elie... these things, these girl things really feel better than my old boy clothes. This blouse is so much cooler against my skin. And, these slacks, especially over these nylons feel so soft and nice to wear.”

“What about your lingerie?”

“Oh... They are something else.”

“You mean you like wearing your silk panties and your pretty camisole?”

“Yes I do. But, it is not right for a boy, is it?” I knew she could see the inner turmoil on my face.

“You mean that it is not right for you to wear clothes that make you feel so good? What a crazy idea.” She smiled as she continued with what she wanted me to hear. “Are you telling me that you think that boys are supposed to wear clothes that feel bad on them? And where does it say it's wrong to feel good? I like nice things. You should too.”

As she said that, she then stepped back a couple of steps, and with one hand on her hip, her head slightly tilted, she moved her shoulders back, which caused her 38 D's to press out against her white silk blouse in a most provocative manner.

“I... I know that you like nice things, Elie. You have lovely clothes, and a body to go with it. Every thing about you is so nice.”

“Why, darling, how nice of you to say such nice things to me. A girl never hears enough of things like that.” Her smile was big.

“But it's true, Elie. You are so beautiful.”

She stepped back over to me and gave me another big hug.

Then she whispered in my ear, “I'd like for you to wear nice things too. I'd like for you to feel good. Is that so terrible? I want you to look beautiful, and to feel beautiful. Yes dear Jimmy, that is what I would like. I would like it a lot. Okay?”

I certainly did not want to hurt her feelings. I wanted to please her in any way that I could. I replied with a soft and very much resigned tone of voice.

“Yes, Elie. That will be fine.”

I excused myself and ran into my bathroom. My hands trembled as I washed my face with cold water. After I had calmed down a bit, I went back to my room.

Elie had returned to the living room.

I went over and stepped into the new white slippers. They slid onto my feet easily over the nylons. I noted that the heels were about half an inch higher than the black slippers. I had no problem standing or walking in them. I figured that it must have been from wearing the black slippers all day that had helped me learn how to walk in them.

However, they did certainly feel quite different from the way the black slippers had felt. I was aware of how they made my hips sway, when I walked in them. I could feel the sway. I knew that they made me walk like a girl walks. That, and wearing the nylons felt great. I felt very alive.

I also noticed that I was walking differently in them, and not just the new sway to my hips. I had a much straighter posture, and I was walking with smaller, daintier steps. The higher heels made me kind of mince when I walked, but in some strange way, I kind of liked walking like this better than the way that I was used to striding along. It made me feel strangely, more natural, somehow. I went out to the living room.

When I went back into the living room, she smiled sweetly.

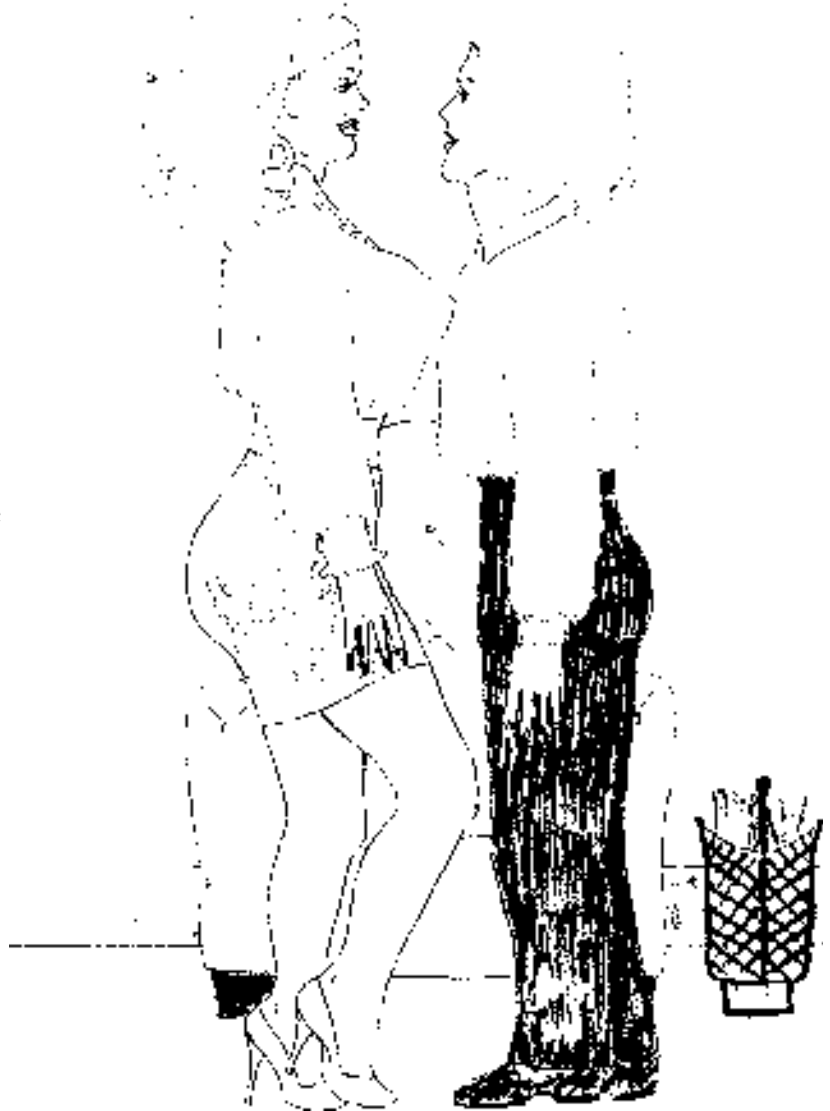
“Are you okay, my pretty one?” Her smile was an all knowing one.

‘Yes’, I thought. She knew. I knew that she knew that I had almost come in her silk panties, and yet it seemed to be okay with her. I had never felt so accepted in my life.

It was a feeling that made me feel strangely free.

I finally responded, “Yes Elie. It's... It is just that I almost had another accident.”

Her laughter eased the tension that I was feeling.





“You look lovely, Jimmy. And I can see that you carry yourself really well too. Now, let's have some supper. Can you fix it?”

“Of course Aunt Elie. That's simple,” I said with a recharged smile.

She draped an apron over my head, that was covered in bright colored flowers, and ruffles. Then, when she tied the sash at the back, in a big bow, she lightly patted my bum, and said, “Okay girl. Go to it.”

*'Girl...?'* She had called me 'girl'? I figured that it must have been a slip of the tongue. I did not let on that I noticed what she had said. I busied myself with preparing the dinner and setting the table.

It took me a little over an hour to set the table and prepare the spaghetti, sauce with sweet Italian sausage, garlic bread and Cokes for the beverage.

I called out, “Okay, Aunt Elie, the dinner's all ready now.”

She came over and surveyed the table.

She turned one of those smiles on me that made me melt, and she said, “Why girl, this is really good. Your mother told me that you were good, but I really didn't believe her. I figured you were just like any other boy, and now I see that you are not. You have many more talents, I can see.”

“Uh... Why do you keep calling me 'girl'?” I asked uneasily.

“Oh... I'm sorry... I don't know. Maybe... maybe it is because you look so much like such a pretty girl... That, that you are just like the girl that I have always wanted. Or maybe it's a bit of both reasons. I'm sorry. I did not mean anything by it.”

I could see that she was bothered by my reaction. As we sat, I thought about it, and I decided that if it would make her feel more comfortable, I could go along with it. Nervously, I told her what I had been thinking.

She smiled with obvious understanding and appreciation of the sacrifice that I was willing to make for her.

“Yes. I would like that a lot. Thank you... But, you know... I can't keep calling you 'girl', can I? I know, let's change your name, from Jimmy... To... how about Jane? Is that okay?”

“Just between you and me, and only in the house, right?”

“Of course girl... Oops”, her finger tips went to her lips in a cute admission of an obvious goof, “I mean Jane. It will be just between us and, once again, thank you.”

She was just so feminine in the way she acted.

I found it very difficult to not respond warmly to her. I loved her so much. I loved the way she treated me. And, even though the boy part of me still resisted a bit, I admitted to myself that I loved being called Jane. I was certainly dressed like a Jane. I thought that Jane was a nice, sweet and very definitely a girl's name.

I sat at the table in my ruffled apron, satin blouse, soft cream colored slacks, nylons and garter belt, my new one and a half inched high heeled shoes, and of course,

my lovely white silk and lace panties, and now, on top of all of that, I was now going to be called Jane.

I felt a sense of being feminine wash over me. I loved this new feeling. I smiled over at her. It felt heavenly to me. I wanted to feel this way all the time.

I was silent for a long time, marveling at all these new ideas and these new feelings that were now a part of my life. Also, I was still quite embarrassed over what had happened earlier. I was still amazed at how differently she had reacted to the news of my accident, from what I had expected.

She really seemed to like having me like being so girlish.

That was a great source of wonderment and puzzlement to me. But I was glad about it.

“You know, Jane, you sit in a very proper manner for a young lady. I like that. You seem to be so naturally like a real girl in all of your mannerisms. I am amazed that someone had not said something to you earlier about it. You also look much older and so much more mature than you are. You look almost grown up.”

“Really?” I replied, enthusiastically. I had always wanted to look older than I was. She had pushed the right button for me. I'd been treated like a thirteen year old for three years now, and I hated it.

“Yes, really. One might think that you were a 16 or 17 year old young lady, you know. You really are far more attractive in girl's clothing, you know.”

“Yeah... Like a pretty 16 year old boy... In his girl's clothes.”

“Now, why do you say that, Jane?”

“Hey, you know, I just realized that I do not have one stitch of boy's clothes on. But I don't have any of those bumps and the curves of a real 16 year old girl either.”

My face burned again.

We looked at each other, and giggled girlishly.

She had somehow, in less than two days, made me feel good about being dressed up as a girl. I could never understand that. No one else would have ever been able to do that to me.

“And doesn't wearing nothing but girl's clothes just feel ever so wonderful, Jane?”

“Yes... It does. It really does.”

“Well, I think then, that we should replace all of your old boy's stuff anyway. And, as for your not having any of those bumps and curves that a normal 16 year old girl has, as you so eloquently put it, well... I guess that we will just have to see what we can do about that, won't we?”

I did not reply, but rather, I looked up at her. I did not know what she was talking about.

“It's almost like eating just one peanut, isn't it?”

“I don't know what you mean, Elie.”