

A Series of Circumstances

Part 2



Deena Gomersall



An "Adult TV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



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A Series Of Circumstances Part 2

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter Six

I'd hardly slept a wink that night. The words of Miss Sinclair invaded my mind. 'Do a press conference.' 'We can change your work records', 'Work at Denham's dressed like a girl,' 'We are proud of you.' And then there was Lesley trying to match me up with her nephew on a date again.

As I mournfully brushed my hair and teeth the following morning I knew I had a doctor's appointment to go to... where the doctor believed I *wanted* to change my sex! What had happened in my life?

A main reason, I'll admit, was I was too soft and too shy. I didn't speak out for myself, I allowed others to take control, manipulate me and I kept my mouth shut because I didn't want to offend or hurt people's feelings because I was so damn desperate to be accepted and make friends. And being like that was what had brought me to today.

I had to toughen up. I had to tell people I was not a transsexual nor ever had been. Okay I would lose friends, people may hate me, I would definitely be looking for a new job... but what else could I do? I'd start by not going to the doctor for my appointment.

My thoughts were broken by the sound of my letter box. When I tripped downstairs pulling my sweater top over my head, I saw I had another letter from Mom. She was begging for money again, even though she had never repaid me for the last time.

Don was still out of work and now Mom had hurt her back and could be out of work for up to four weeks. She was asking if I could help just by sending them money each week to tide them over til she was back on her feet. She sounded desperate and it went to my heart where she wrote how much she loved and missed me.

But how could I afford to send her money if I terminated my job and didn't have anything coming in until I found new work? I would have to keep my job at Denham's until I found an alternative employment. But they wanted me working dressed as a girl. If I refused, Miss Sinclair would believe I wasn't at all serious about changing my sex and word would get down to the shop floor and they too would ask questions.

Instead of going to the doctors for something I did not want, I decided to go job hunting. I would spend all day if necessary, I would go into places... at least I was holding down a current job which made my work record more favourable.

I was dressed and ready for going out the door on my job search when Penny arrived.

“Oh, hi. What are you doing here?” I asked in surprise as I answered her knock on my door.

“It’s your appointment with the doctors today, isn’t it? I said I would support you to the max, so here I am,” she said, smiling.

“But... but aren’t you meant to be working today?”

“Yeah but I’ve got this terrible headache, I really can’t work today, Lesley.” She grinned. “Well, I see you are all ready to go, so shall we?”

I was still cursing at Penny for showing up and forcing me to my doctor’s appointment as I sat in the waiting room waiting for Doctor Cartwright to call me in. Eventually he did. Penny, of course, came in with me.

“Good morning, Adele, how are you? Good morning, again,” he said, nodded to Penny respectfully but with a look on his face that seemed to say “Is she back with him again?”

“Well. All of your tests have come back positive, you are in good health and so there is nothing stopping you from starting your transition. I have been in touch with a gender dysphoria therapist, Ms Jutta Vetter, who will take up your case and aid you along with your transition,” the doctor informed me.

I listened blankly as the doctor began talking about my next steps.

“Of course, Ms Vetta is far more experienced and qualified in these matters than I am, she will wish to interview you and ensure you are of a stable mind and really do wish to change your sex. We can start changes to your body immediately but in order to be accepted for sexual reassignment surgery, you will

need to have been living as a female for between one or maybe two years.”

I felt Penny take my hand and squeeze it excitedly. I wanted just to scream out that I didn't want this but Penny looked so thrilled for me, plus if I did that, there would be so many ramifications that would follow such an outburst from me. I hardly heard what the doctor was still saying. I was jolted when I suddenly heard his printer burst into action.

“So you are safe to start using these oestrogen pills immediately though please don't expect to see immediate magic results,” he started, handing over a medical prescription, which Penny reached for and took from him. “I'll ensure she gets these and starts using them, Doctor,” she said.

“It will require Adele's own legal signature on the bottom of the prescription,” the doctor informed Penny with a look at her intrusion again.

“You should hear from Ms Vetta very shortly with a date for your consultation, Adele. I will want to see you monthly to ensure that the hormones are not having any adverse affects on your liver or deteriorating your health. You are in safe hands.”

If I really was a transsexual, I would imagine I would be in Seventh Heaven right then but instead I was in a state of shock and in Seventh Hell.

“I don't want to take those pills, Penny,” I told her as we left the medical centre.

“Why ever not? This is what you have dreamt about, this is the start of becoming the real you.”

“Because I'm scared to,” I told her. I really was. I didn't want to start taking things that would begin alter my body from male to female.

Penny suddenly stopped and wrapped her arms around me. “Oh Babe, I know it’s scary. Maggie was the same as you are now, at first, which is why I didn’t understand her, but eventually her great desire to be female is what caused her to take her life. I made a stinky promise to you, remember? I am not going to let you down. I will be your strength on the times when you feel scared and unsure. I will get you through the first hard months.”

The last time Penny had accompanied me to the doctors she had committed her whole day to me. This time was no different. She suggested buying some lunch somewhere and taking it back to my apartment where we could look through the bags of gifted clothing and she would help me put outfits together and see what really suited me.

I rolled my eyes in exasperation, but I didn’t have the heart to say no to her after she had lost a day’s wages for me.

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I finally thought I would have time to myself on Friday to get away from this awful thing that seemed to be invading my life.

I had a shower first thing, then just potted about in my dressing gown. I idly looked at the piles of clothes that Penny had sorted for me. I had to admit that amongst them there were some really nice things that would look really smart and sexy on any ordinary girl... but they had been given to *me* to wear, and I was *not* a girl.

I had made myself some breakfast when the postman came. I had a couple of bills and an envelope that had a printed return address on top. Ms Jutta Vetta. MA. LPCC. I knew it was a letter from the psy-

chologist that my doctor had told me to expect. She was based in the centre of the city.

Although I really had no intentions of actually going to her. I opened the letter to look at the contents, I had a consultation on the 23rd, which was a Monday, seventeen days from now. At least that gave me some breathing space. I googled what LPCC meant as I had no idea. Apparently she was a Licensed Professional Clinical Councillor. The MA stood for Master of Arts. I smirked ruefully, wondering if it meant she was going to do some artistry on me to make me look like a girl.

After that, I got dressed to go out, I needed to do some grocery shopping and try taking my mind off of things. Penny phoned me, asking if I wanted to meet her after she finished work. She finished at 2:00 PM. I texted her back to say I was going to be busy.

I was back in work the following day, Saturday. I would have work again the following day before another two days off and then back in on Wednesday for the rest of the week. I knew today that Penny would not be working. She was lovely and so kind to me so why was I was so pleased she would not be in work?

Mandy was, though. She was behind the reception desk as I walked in. I gave her a big smile.

“Hey! How are you? It seems we have hardly spoken recently,” I said.

“I’m good, thanks. No, we haven’t, but you have been kept very busy with all of your new friends. I’m really pleased for you that they are letting you in at last. How is your gender treatment going?” I detected a hint of sarcasm in her comment about being kept busy with all my new friends.

“Oh, I’ve not really started yet... a few meetings with doctors. I’ll be free for lunch today if you fancy

joining me?” I asked, wanting to make things right between us.

Her pained expression gave me her answer before she said it.

“Oh, I’m sorry, Ade; I have plans this lunch time. Sorree... Oh! Before I forget, I have a letter for you from Lesley.”

That threw me. She gave me a white sealed envelope with my name written on it in ink. Thanking Mandy for it, I took it with me to the staff changing room. Once there I opened it up. It was a typed letter:

Adrian

Following your meeting with store manager Isabelle Sinclair, it has been agreed that you should now work on the shop floor dressed in suitable female attire from our store’s range of women’s clothing and accessories, this to commence from your first day’s shift of the new week, next Wednesday.

It has also been agreed that you can select footwear and clothing items up to an awarded \$200 which should be selected either today or tomorrow in readiness for the start of next week’s shift.

Further, Miss Sinclair has suggested as from Wednesday of next week you start receiving training for shop floor sales and advice assistance which, on the satisfactory completion of your training, will be awarded with a pay rise and improved store perks.

Congratulations.

L. Gerrod

Deputy Manager.

My heart sank. This was really happening; I was expected to start working dressed as a girl each and

every day from Wednesday onwards. My heart sank even more when I realised Mandy would have typed out the letter so she would obviously be aware of all its contents.

I was feeling concerned and depressed when I went onto my sales floor to start my day but the girls were all elated for me.

Faith was beaming when she approached me. “Did you get your letter from Lesley? We all feel triumphant that we have gotten management to let you dress for work,” she told me. “And it means we can now also call you Adele without you feeling weirded out by being dressed male. Isn’t it good? Lesley told us you’d had a meeting with Miss Sinclair. You see what we can do when we stick together? Girl Power, Babe.”

Not wanting to rain on hers or any of my other colleague’s parade, I feigned happiness and gratitude for what they had done for me whilst really feeling like yelling at them, telling them how wrong and interfering they were. Maybe that’s what I should have done, but I was not that kind of person.

Of course, my lovely and helpful colleagues were all itching to help me select clothing and shoes from the store as my new work outfits. At least they were sensible when it came to footwear, suggesting I wear comfortable low heels as I would be on my feet all day long.

Faith, one of the skirt suggesting girls, happily told me that Lesley had told her she would be my mentor on Wednesday assisting with customers and working the sales tills.

“We’ll have such great fun,” she told me enthusiastically, “Don’t worry, it’s all easy and you’ll soon pick it up.”

I was sure I could. The thing was, I would rather be doing it as a male store assistant than a female one.

It was whilst I was taking the items down to the staff room, noting that it was now nearly lunch time, that I saw Mandy leaving. She was with the same girl that I had seen the time before. As they left I saw Mandy slip her arm around the other girl's waist again.

My face dropped and I became sad. Mandy had already told me she didn't want to go out with me and yet, seeing her so intimately with this girl, who was obviously her girlfriend, only served to confirm she had no interest in me that way. I seemed to have now lost her as a friend. Damn my life. I was always so unlucky in love... well, with girls. Ironically, as a girl it seemed I had someone as besotted in Adele as I was with Mandy.

At the end of my shift and when I returned home to my apartment, I placed the bags of new clothing by the ones that had been donated to me. It wasn't lost on me that I now had three times more girls clothing outfits and shoes than I had male ones.

Morosely I looked in my freezer to see what I had for my evening meal and pulled out a frozen ready meal and set that next to the microwave as I went to get a shower.

I had a moment in the shower that scared the life out of me. I was soaping my abdomen with a sponge when I suddenly, for reasons unknown, had a vision of having tits on my chest and needing to wash them. It startled me, both in how I would go about washing breasts if I really had them and why the hell I'd had such an image in the first place. Was it because of all of this feminine stuff that was being pressured onto me? Or because I had been prescribed hormones?

I climbed out of the shower, wrapped a towel around my middle and was towel drying my hair when there was a knock on my door. I certainly didn't expect anyone but I pulled on my bathrobe and padded downstairs to answer it. It was Penny!

"Hi girlfriend, how was your day today? You haven't eaten have you? I brought us a Chinese take out."

"Err, no... I just got a shower and was going to do a microwave meal. What's the occasion?" I asked, bewildered.

"Well, I never saw you today and wanted to share your happiness," she responded.

"What happiness?"

"You got the letter today, didn't you?" she asked, furrowing her brow "The one from Lesley about being able to wear girl's clothing at work?"

"Oh, yeah, that," I sighed. "I have some stuff in the bedroom on top of the drawers and some in my locker. The girls helped me choose."

"Oh wow! Cool. I wish I had been working today, to help you."

"I don't want to play dress-up in them for you Penny, not tonight. I'm pooped."

"That's okay, you can show me them later. Where are your plates? I'll serve this food up before it goes cold."

I was feeling full after the meal and I was taking a beer out of the fridge to wash it down.

"You need to stop drinking beer Adele, it's a bit manly," Penny complained.

“What? I see lots of girl’s drinking beer these days, some of them more than men,” I protested.

“Yes but you are not THAT type of girl. I brought a carton of orange juice. It will be much better for you. Stay put and I’ll pour two glasses,” she told me.

She returned and placed two glasses of orange juice down on the coffee table. She also had something else in her hand. She also had a look on her face that I had started to recognise... and dread.

“Promise not to go all ballistic on me...” she began.

“Oh Penny! What ever now?” I sighed.

“Weeeell...” She paused whilst she gathered her nerve to tell me something. “It’s not exactly legal and I could get in a whole lot of stinky trouble for doing it...”

“What?” I asked amidst rising fear.

“Be honest. You probably would not have done it if it was left to you. I know there is nervousness and fear at the start but I got you these.” She opened her hand to show me a small box containing what looked like tablets.

“What are they?” I asked almost silently.

“It’s your first dose of hormone tablets, oestrogen, what the doc prescribed for you.”

I now looked confused. “But how did YOU get hold of those?”

“I took the prescription from him, remember?” she reminded me with a grin.

“Yes but, they were prescribed to me. How did *you* get them?”

“Well, when I was in work on Friday I went to the office and pulled your work file. I looked at your contract where you had signed at the bottom and... and, well, kind of forged your signature.”

“How do you mean ‘kind of forged’ my signature?” I queried.

“Well yes, okay, I *did* forge it... pretty good too. And then at lunch time I went down to the drug store and got them, pretending to be you. Hey! It was so funny. The girl behind the counter was like looking at me and you could see her thinking ‘Heck! Those tablets have really done a good job on him.’” Penny began laughing at her story whilst pulling her long blonde hair behind an ear.

“You shouldn’t have done that, Penny,” I said sternly.

“But you *do* want to become a girl so badly, don’t you? I know it’s scary at first but don’t go getting cold feet. I’m here to encourage you. To achieve that, you need to take these.” As she spoke she was opening the packet and pressed a single tablet from its foil wrap.

“Here, take this with a sip of your juice.”

I looked at the pill sitting between her long painted finger nails as if it was poison she was offering. Or as if, by taking it, I would instantly turn into a girl. The image of my having breasts in the shower flashed back through my mind.

“I...I...”

“They won’t kill you, Adele. In fact it will be weeks before even the slightest noticeable change. It is more to get your body in tune with your brain and get you feeling more at ease. They’ll take some of the rougher masculine edges from you.”

I deliberated. She was correct, of course, I knew from taking just one tablet I would not instantly develop breasts. It was more knowing what they were and what they could eventually do that was the scary part.

Refusing to take them would start revealing the truth. If I really was transsexual, I would take them. If I didn't take them, Penny would question me, she would start to figure I did not want my sex changing at all. Everything would come apart at the seams. I would lose all my new friends; I would lose my job and eventually my apartment. I would be broke and I would no longer be able to help my Mom out with her financial problems. One tablet would not harm me. It would appease Penny and buy me more time. I took the pill from her, popped it in my mouth and swallowed it down, opening my mouth to show her it had gone.

“Wow! The very first step to your becoming a girl and I was right there with you to share that moment,” Penny gushed with a smile and a tear welling in her eye.

“Thanks for getting them, Penny. You are correct, I would have held off and held off for ages instead of starting myself on my corrective journey,” I told her as I reached out my hand towards her. “I'll take the box and I promise to take them as required.”

“Oh no, girlfriend. I'm keeping these,” she told me, making me look at her in surprise. “You have to take one every day. Once you start, it is vital to keep up with the medication. If you suddenly stop or start missing, it could lead to bad complications. I've read the notes inside.”

“So I will make sure I take one every day,” I informed her, not quite truthfully, knowing just the one pill would not make me need to take more.

“Better that I give you one daily. You may forget. You are under a lot of emotional stress and going through a big change in your life. It would be easy for you to forget to take one. I’m here for you and to ensure you follow procedure to the letter. I made a stinky promise and you do NOT break a stinky promise.”

I looked at her worriedly, wondering how I was going to get out of this one.

Chapter Seven

The day arrived that I was really dreading. Okay, I had now twice had to dress up in female clothing and be seen in public. Most of my work colleagues had seen me dressed and in makeup. But this was different.

As I arrived for work on Wednesday, I knew that I would have to wear girls clothing all through my eight-hour shift, much longer than my previous two ventures. I knew that I would be seeing, up closely, many members of the public who knew nothing about me. Would they see I was male? Would I have to act all female to them? Also, for the previous two times I had the advantage of allowing alcohol to settle my nerves and make me a little more confident. That wouldn’t be happening today.

Penny had been a visitor to my house for the last four days, talking mostly but ensuring I took one of the hormone pills. I’d had four pills! One I had doubted would make any difference... but four? It was getting more serious.... And she was so adamant about ensuring I took them. I really had to find another job, it was the only way out. At least she had kept her promise on her visits and not had me doing any modelling.