



Reluctant Press presents:

Everything Stacy

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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“Everything Matters”

By Stacy Nolan

“Chapter One”

The man was a bastard...a wife-beating, child-beating bastard!

It's not easy to admit that the only early memories I have of my own father are of him coming home from the pub just barely sober enough to beat my mom into a bloody pulp, then turning what remained of his anger on me. I tried rolling myself into a tight ball on the floor but it wasn't enough. I soon lost count of how many broken ribs I'd suffered, how many teeth knocked out.

When he eventually walked out on the two of us, I felt an immense sense of relief. It was as if Christmas and my Birthday had come early.

Mom passed away last year, after suffering a stroke at the age of twenty-nine, Doctors tried to assure me that she did not suffer, death would have been quick...but what did they know? Surely the years of constant beatings must have taken their toll? No, Dad had murdered Mom as surely as if he had shot her with a gun.

Little things used to seem so important to Mom, things that I considered to be trivial; now that she is gone, I realized that nothing is trivial: Everything matters and it was the little things that counted for so much.

At ten years old, I was far too young to be left to fend for myself. Social Services stepped in and I was taken into care, initially being placed in a massive Children's home in Highbury, North London. Although everyone that I met were friendly and kind, I hated it; my world had been turned upside down, it just wasn't fair.

Hope came in the form of “Aunty Carla.” She came to visit me every day for two weeks, we got on like a house on fire. I could see Mom in her in so many ways, when she eventually asked if I would like to go and live with her, I jumped at the

chance. Adoption papers were drawn up and signed, and several days later Carla became my legal guardian,

Aunty Carla had nobody special in her life; she soon made it clear that she had no time for men in her life as she openly despised them.

One evening after dinner, Carla seemed unusually quiet. She had barely touched her food, pushing it around her plate with a fork absentmindedly. "What's the matter, Carla, have I done something to upset you?" I asked, fearing the worst.

Forcing a smile, she replied, "No, Chris sweetheart, of course not. Whatever gave you that idea?"

It was later that same evening while we sat and watched television that Aunty broke the silence. "Chris honey, this isn't easy for me so please bear with me, OK? I don't need to tell you about your dad, how he beat you and Judith.... your Mom, but she never told you the whole story, about the sick cruel unspeakable things he forced her to endure. She grew to hate men, so many were arrogant, violent, Judith didn't want you growing up like that, Chris.

"It was her wish to raise you as a girl; unbeknown to you, she began to add female hormones to your food and drink when you were little more than a baby, not enough to bring about any drastic feminization, but over the last couple of months or so there have been some changes. Have you noticed how your body has become softer, more rounded?" she asked, her voice subdued. "Some breast tissue has begun to form, your nipples are now more prominent....and I expect tender and more sensitive too?"

I nodded my agreement, too embarrassed to meet her steady gaze,

"Chris, your voice is so high and girly and your hair, it's gorgeous. Most girls would kill for hair like yours, so soft, full of body and shine. And its length! I bet that when you take it out of its ponytail, it will reach way past your slim shoulders?"

She was right of course, I had noticed that my body was changing in many little ways. I had put it all down to puberty, I certainly hadn't thought even for a minute that I was being turned into a girl, for crying out loud. Things like this just didn't happen!

Besides, surely Mom wouldn't have done such a thing to me...or would she? I knew that Mom loved me dearly, she would never hurt me, and if she had been turning me into a girl, it was because she was convinced that it was the right thing to do. But me, a girl? Just the very thought of it made me tingle all over, the thought was as exciting as it was frightening. What is wrong with me? I asked myself, was I some kind of sissy?

In a trembling voice, I asked Aunty Carla, "But surely if I suddenly started going out dressed as a girl our friends and neighbors would notice? And school....it would be a nightmare, how would I cope?"

“Oh Sweetheart, do you really think that I could be so cruel? Of course I wouldn't send you out fully dressed as a girl. We would take things slowly, progress only when you felt that you were ready. As for worrying about friends and neighbors, there is no need. Once you agree, we would move to another area, somewhere that nobody knew us at all, a place where we could make a fresh start.”

“Carla, it's a big decision to make. Can I have some time to think about it?”

“Of course darling, but don't take too long, will you? Your Mom has left a considerable amount of money to be used for your transformation, with enough left over to give you a good start in your new life. But one stipulation in her will clearly states that if a decision is not made within a specified period of time, the money should be distributed amongst several charities.”

“Chapter 2

Before Aunty Carla's proposal, I hadn't thought of becoming a girl or even dressing as one, but now that the idea had been planted, I found it deliciously exciting. I didn't need the “thinking time” that Carla had given me, my mind was already made up.

“Okay Carla, I'll do it, for Mom that is. When do we start?” I asked, trying but failing to keep the excitement out of my voice.

Carla laughed. “Right away seems like as good time as any. Come on, I've got a surprise for you.” She took my hand and lead me upstairs to Mom's bedroom. She opened the double doors to the walk-in closet and switched on an overhead light. “There you go honey, all yours.”

She stepped aside to reveal rows of the most feminine clothes I had ever seen. I bent forward slightly to ease the pressure as I felt my Cock beginning to grow hard in my pants. “For me, really?”

Carla laughed in amusement. “Yes, of course they are for you, all brand new, bought especially for you, sweetheart. If there should be anything there that doesn't fit, you let me know and I'll get it exchanged for you, OK, Hon?”

I couldn't wait to be alone to get my hands on the feminine clothes before me, but I couldn't help but feel a little awkward and embarrassed in front of my Aunt.... what would she think of me if she knew how I felt, would she think me a sissy? I wondered.

As if sensing my dilemma, Carla said, “You take your time, sweetheart. I've got to call on Mrs. Laymon to ask if she would look after Benny, and on the way home, I must stop at Wal-Mart. Steak okay for dinner?” she asked. Benny was our three-year-old Labrador.

I nodded, not trusting myself to speak.

“Great! Take your time choosing an outfit. If there is anything that you're not too sure about, I'll give you a hand when I get back. Bet you'll look gorgeous!”

I had decided that if I really was going to do this, I may as well do it right. I wanted to look like a real girl and not just a boy dressed up as one. Taking my time, I carefully selected each item from where it hung in the closet or from the large chest of drawers which contained an Aladdin's cave of Lingerie and Hose.

By the time I had made my final selection, I was almost ready to come in my pants, just handling the beautiful feminine clothes had me so turned-on. My cock was rock hard, its tip slick with clear pre-cum. I managed to grab a handful of tissues from the box on the vanity table just in time to avoid a mess.

Feeling weak at the knees, I sat down on the bed to catch my breath. Just what was happening to me? Why was I finding the feminine clothes such a turn-on?

I quickly undressed, but still took the time to fold my clothes neatly and with a kind of finality, almost as if I didn't expect to be wearing them again.

Dressing, I savored every moment, my senses working overtime, suddenly aware of the delights of femininity that I had been missing for so long. I handled each garment gently, almost reverently.

First came a matching white bra and panties. The bra cups I filled out with a pair of soft gel inserts which felt and moved just like real breast tissue. A white lacy suspender belt came next, quickly followed by a pair of sheer black hose which I carefully rolled up my long, slim legs and attached to the suspender belt. I sighed with pleasure, feeling my cock coming back to life as I watched my feminization in the full-length closet mirror.

I stepped into a short tight black woolen skirt, then slipped into a cream-colored soft and fluffy angora sweater which immediately clung to my new breasts. I felt so turned on I thought that I might just faint there and then.

A dozen pairs of very feminine shoes were lined up neatly on a shelf at eye level, none of which seemed to have a heel of less than 2 inches. With a shaking hand, I reached for a pair of black leather ankle straps with spiked 3 inch heels. I sat down on the bed and slipped them on, not at all surprised to find that they fit me perfectly. I stood slowly and carefully made my way around the large bedroom. I felt just like a baby who had found his feet as I tottered about in the unfamiliar shoes.

I looked with a kind of longing at the row of women's wigs that occupied another shelf in the closet; from long to very long, the wigs were in a variety of colors ranging from a dark brown to a honey blonde with highlights. Carefully, I lifted down a classic ultra-feminine style and took it from its display head. It was medium brown in color with noticeable blonde highlights, backcombed from its crown and hanging long and straight. Its sides were carefully backcombed and feather cut, long full bangs made sure that no one would mistake it as anything other than a very feminine style.

Carefully, I put the wig on. It was perfect, its elasticized cap just snug enough to give a comfortable fit. The wig was obviously made from 100% human hair; its

skin parting cap made it all but undetectable as a wig. Even without feminine clothes and make-up, the wig was undeniably *100% female*.

Sitting down at the vanity table, I carefully applied a little make-up, something I had done many times when I was alone in the house. I had soon become expert with a tube of lipstick or a mascara wand. Finally I was ready to face Aunty Carla. I now looked more like a sixteen-year-old girl than a ten-year-old boy. It was a case of Good-bye Chris, Hello Rachel-Louise.

Aunty Carla was amazed when she arrived home. Not just with my feminized appearance; I had also cleaned and dusted the house from top to bottom, and prepared dinner!

Later, after clearing the dinner plates and washing up, Carla asked me to sit down with her for a chat.

“You know honey, even though the female hormones have been changing you for years, I was still shocked to see just how pretty and feminine you have become. What an incredible transformation, Chris! You are absolutely gorgeous, so like a girl. Sweetheart, it’s obvious that your transition from male to female will be an easy one. The thing is, do you really want to become a girl?” she asked, her expression serious. “You see, much longer on the feminizing hormones and you will no longer have a choice in the matter. I know that I promised your Mom that I would see this through for her, your feminization was her last wish, but I can't do it, not unless you are 100% in favor of it yourself?”

“Oh Carla, of course I'm confused, in fact I'm terrified, but dressing like this just feels so right, so natural. Maybe it's because of the hormones, I don't know, but I want more, *much* more.

“Chapter Three”

Carla increased my dosage of female hormones, supplementing the tablets with “booster” injections. Their effect was almost immediate and it felt as if my body were being turned inside out, remade.

My lengthening hair became a problem at school. It was long, reaching to a point way past my shoulders, full of body and shine, so feminine, it wasn't long before people started to comment. I tried to hide it as best as I could, but it was just too “girly.” I was left with no choice other than to wear it in a unisex ponytail. The problem was that each morning before I left for school, Aunt Carla insisted on doing my hair for me, leaving me with a high girlish ponytail that was secured in place with a black velvet scrunchie.

It wasn't long before my hair became the least of my worries. You see, the female hormones were really kicking in. Just like other girls of my age, my body was “filling out” with the onset of puberty. It wasn't long before I became the talk of the school. Some of the guys couldn't resist taking things a stage further, beating up the little sissy boy. I always stood my ground and fought back, but it wasn't easy being one little guy up against three or four jocks,

I managed to keep things from Aunty Carla until the day I returned home sporting a black eye. She was furious, I had never seen her so angry!

The next day she accompanied me to school and went in demanding to see Mr. Logan, our head teacher. She refused to leave the school until Mr. Logan recognized that there was a problem and promised to do something about it.

Mr. Logan's solution was a simple one. As several of the boys seemed to be unable to accept that I was now more feminine than them, and the chances were that the problem would more than likely get worse before it got better if nothing were done about it, he decided that the ideal solution would be to transfer me to Hayfield Girls School, a safe four miles from Langley Boys School. I was far from happy with the decision. That day after school, I told Aunt Carla of my reservations.

“But Carla, I just couldn't do it! If the girls were to find out that I was really a boy, I would *never* live it down! I would be so embarrassed,

Carla looked angry as she replied.

“Chris has gone forever, Rachel. You are a girl now, it's as simple as that. You look so natural in your short skirts and high heels, your gorgeous long hair, you have become so gentle and feminine, I doubt whether you could be a boy again even if you wanted to. Surely you must have noticed how your young body has changed, is still changing. Okay, perhaps you could stop things now, refuse to go any further, but the most that you could hope for is to be an effeminate sissy boy. You could never be masculine again. Accept things sweetheart, savor every moment of your transition, embrace your new found womanhood. There's a whole new world of sensations waiting for you out there, enjoy every moment.

I made the most of weekends and vacations, spending every spare moment as Rachel. I longed for the day when I could become her forever. Evenings after school, I went for what I hoped would be seen as a more acceptable “Unisex” look, a pair of classic faded jeans, ankle boots with two-inch heels, a seamless white sports bra worn under a baggy woman's sweater. I wasn't happy about it, but I wore my long feminine hair pulled back away from my face in an attempt to hide it from the curious stares of passersby.

I kept my make-up to a minimum with just a hint of eye shadow and mascara, a light coat of liquid make-up to give me an even complexion, a lick of cr me lipstick to give me a sexy pout. I finished off my “unisex” look with a couple of coats of clear varnish on my lengthening fingernails. Deep down, I knew that I wasn't fooling anyone; I couldn't hide the fact that, like it or not, I had become a very pretty young girl.

It didn't take me long to realize that my “unisex” look just wasn't working. I went into a shop to buy some shampoo and conditioner only to have the cashier call me “Miss.” I didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Did she think that I was a real girl or did she know that I was just a boy wearing girls clothes?

I awoke early, for it was a special day, my first day at Hayfield girls school. I took my time dressing in my new school uniform, wanting everything to be perfect. Mew white bra and panties, my breasts a full two sizes bigger than they had been only four months ago, a crisp white blouse followed by the striped school tie in navy red and gold. I then stepped into a short navy blue pleated skirt which

swirled about my shapely hairless legs; white knee-high hose reached to a point just below my knees, leaving my cock feeling exposed.

Sitting down, I slipped my feet into a pair of sensible sturdy black leather shoes with two-inch Cuban heels. They were buckled with two leather straps across each shoe. Picking up my school blazer of navy blue with a large badge sewn onto the pocket which bore the schools crest, then picking up my new school bag into which Carla had already packed with my lunch box and soft drink, I was almost ready to go. My long hair was pulled back into a girlish high ponytail and secured in place with a fluffy pink scrunchie. My make-up was kept to the absolute minimum: a quick coat or two of mascara, a hint of eye shadow, followed by two coats of lipstick. I was as ready as I would ever be.

Hayfield Girls School was a good twenty to thirty minutes drive from our home, a journey lasting long enough to fill me with trepidation at what lay ahead, and excitement at the thought of being the only boy among over 700 girls. Wow, what a total turn-on! Even all of the staff was female! How could I not become more feminine, surrounded as I would be for five days a week by so many girls and women?

I was snapped out of my reverie as we drove through the large gates of Hayfield. Outwardly, I looked calm, but inside my heart was beating out a tempo. Aunty Carla left her car in the car park and we made our way on foot toward the school's main entrance. Inside, we reported to the reception desk. Five minutes later we were being shown into the office of Headteacher Miss Carter. She rose from behind her desk with what looked like a genuine welcoming smile.

"Good morning ladies, its a pleasure to meet you, Mrs. Weaver, and this pretty young Lady must be Rachel-Louise?"

I replied, "Pleased to meet you, Miss Carter," feeling my face blushing red as I did so. Why did my voice sound so high and feminine?

Miss Carter had her secretary, Mrs. Krantz, give Aunty Carla a guided tour of the School, while we had "a little chat" to get to know each other better.

She looked across her leather-topped desk at me and smiled as she sat toying with what looked like a very expensive gold fountain pen,

"Please don't look so worried, dear. I don't bite. Well, not usually," she laughed. "In fact, I have been looking forward to this moment since I received the telephone call from Mr. Logan about your little problem. And now, here we are!"

I smiled, wondering where this was leading.

"I have always been fascinated by special young boys like you, dear. What makes a perfectly normal and healthy boy like you want to turn himself into a pretty sissified girl? Is it the prospect of wearing beautiful feminine clothes, or does it go much deeper? Tell me, Rachel, what is your story?"

I told her the story that Aunty Carla and I had agreed on.

“I have always been feminine, more girl than boy. When I failed to change like other boys my age, my mom took me to see our doctor. What followed was months of tests, leaving me feeling like a pincushion,

“The tests eventually revealed that I was suffering from a hormone imbalance. My body was producing the female hormone estrogen. My testosterone levels were virtually nil. By the age of seven, I was developing as a girl. Doctors made several attempts to halt my feminization, but to no avail. I reacted badly to a course of male hormone, leaving me seriously ill, suffering from nausea, headaches and palpitations. Once the testosterone injections stopped, I felt fine again.

“After another week, I was allowed home. Doctors informed my Mom that they felt that my condition was nature trying to correct its own error, that I should have been born a female.”

Miss Carter seemed to be more than a little intrigued by my story, to the point that she actually seemed to be sexually excited. Well, maybe not, but I do know how she seemed, saying things like “Delicious! What a pretty little thing you are! We are going to have so much fun leading you into womanhood!” Et cetera.

“Okay Rachel, I have placed you in Miss Danver’s class. Her main subject is English, but she also specializes in Home Economics which covers Cooking and Dressmaking.

“Miss Danvers also runs our Department and Ballet classes, all of which should be ideal for you, Rachel, helping you on your journey into womanhood.

“We have no secrets here at Hayfield, therefore I have made the decision to inform my staff and pupils of your rather delicate situation. As in any establishment of this size, negative comments are only to be expected. I have warned the girls that I intend to come down hard on anyone that I find acting in anything other than a ladylike manner.

“I’m sure that you will find that the majority of the girls will go out of their way to be as helpful and supportive as possible towards you, dear. I know for a fact that your new classmates are especially excited to meet you Rachel. I can think of no reason to keep them waiting any longer, so if you’ll follow me to your new form room, I’ll make some introductions.”

I followed her along a dark corridor, her high heels clicking on the highly polished surface. No, surely it couldn't be, my life would be an absolute nightmare if it were true. What chance would I have here if everyone knew about me?

My heart was pounding so hard as Miss Carter stopped outside a classroom, opened the door and stepped over the threshold, that I felt sure that everyone must have heard it.

“Good morning, Miss Danvers, girls.”

“Good morning, Miss Carter,” they replied as one.

“I would like for you all to give a big Hayfield welcome to Miss Rachel-Louise Weaver. Today is her first day here and I’m sure that she will welcome any help and advice that you can give her. Like myself, I’m sure that you will take it as a

compliment that a boy of Rachel's age would choose to spend the rest of his life as a girl."

Turning to me, Miss Carter said, "I have chosen to place you with Emma Gordon and Sharon Gleeson. Both girls have expressed a willingness to take you under their wing to help make your first days at Hayfield less daunting, but I feel sure that the same goes for the other girls in 7C."

I took a seat at the table indicated by Miss Carter.

I was finding it difficult to breathe. Suddenly the room seemed to be closing in on me, claustrophobic. Emma and Sharon were speaking to me, but it was as if their voices were coming from a long way away. Their expressions changed to ones of concern.

I took some deep breaths and the panic attack seemed to pass.

"Are you okay, Rachel?" asked Sharon, "we thought that you were going to faint there for a minute, you looked so pale."

A moment or two later and a bell sounded, indicating the end of morning classes. The girls rose as one and headed for the door. Emma asked, "Are you having school dinners, Rachel, or have you bought sandwiches?"

I held up my pink plastic lunch box. "Great," said Sharon, "it's a lovely day. Why don't we grab a quick bite to eat on the grounds? That will leave us with plenty of time to show you around the school and perhaps introduce you to some of the girls. Our friends can't wait to meet you, Rachel."

I cringed at the very thought but said, "Sure, that sounds nice." Perhaps things were going to be alright after all.

As Miss Carter had predicted, the majority of girls were openly friendly towards me. All were interested to find out how I became a girl and more importantly, did I enjoy it? To my surprise, some even admitted to finding me a real turn on!

Not all of my fellow pupils were so friendly; in fact, several were openly hostile, calling me a freak and a little sissy, giggling at me behind my back, saying hurtful things. Thankfully, girls like this were in a minority.

"Chapter Four"

Aunty Carla's House had been up for sale for almost a year. Several people had shown an interest, but so far no one had signed on the dotted line.

Carla had found the house of her dreams. It stood like something out of a fairy tale on its own three acres of landscaped grounds on Hayling Island in Hampshire, a two-hour drive from central London.

Sharon, Emma and I became really close; we would go anywhere and do everything together. Soon I began to forget that I had ever been a boy; it was as if I had always been Rachel-Louise. Perhaps it was because I was constantly in the company of females, who knows?

Now that I was spending five days a week dressed as a girl at school, it was hardly surprising that I soon lost all inhibitions about dressing as one in my free time. Jeans and slacks gave way to pretty skirts and dresses, feminine tops and high-heeled shoes. I found the wearing of them pleasurable, and if I'm totally honest, a real turn-on. I was in a state of constant sexual arousal.

One day, Sharon explained that she was planning a "stop over" at her house; her parents would be out of town the following weekend. "Oh please do come, Rachel. It will be great to spend some time together out of school. We will have a great time; my older sister Glenda may be home, but will more than likely spend the weekend with her boyfriend Brad. Naturally, Emma will come. I've also invited Claire Nichols and Helen Sharpe."

I knew both girls and got on well with them. Yeah, if Aunt Clara didn't object too strongly, I would like to go. It sounded like fun!

Friday Night, Aunt Clara dropped me off outside the Gleeson Home a little before 7 PM. It was summer in the city. Even dressed as I was in a pair of skimpy pink shorts and a sleeveless white blouse, I felt sure that I was melting. I had a small drawstring bag with me containing all I thought I might need for the sleeper: a shorty nightdress, shampoo and a spray deodorant, a small make-up bag, plus a change of clothes, and underwear.

The car radio blasted out Bill Withers singing "Lovely Day." Clara lowered the volume and turned to me and asked, "Now, are you sure about this, sweetheart? We can turn around and go home again, you know?"

"Please Clara, don't fuss, I'm fine, honestly! Can you pick me up again on Sunday at around midday? I promise I'll be good. Yes, I've got clean panties and yes, I will phone you!"

We hugged and kissed, and then she was gone, leaving me standing alone on the sidewalk.

Sharon answered my knock at the door, her expression changing into a welcoming smile when she saw me standing there.

"Rachel, its lovely to see you!" With that, she threw her arms around my neck and hugged me close.

"Come on in, the other girls are already here!"

The girls were dancing to music coming from a CD sound system. I couldn't help but stare, for here I was in a room with four sexy young girls, their bodies gyrating to the music, hips swinging, breasts bouncing, long feminine hair swaying. I felt my small cock twitch, coming alive with a mind of its own.

The girls all wore revealing skimpy summer clothing, nothing at all like our school uniforms, which by comparison were heavy and drab.

The girls all squealed with delight on seeing me standing there and rushed over to meet me, each taking a turn to kiss and hug me.

I really can't remember the last time that I had laughed so much. That was the first time for ages that I had really been able to relax and enjoy myself, and the

first time that I didn't worried about my true gender. It didn't seem to matter anymore, I was happy and content, and that's all that mattered.

Later I couldn't help but notice the way that the other girls watched me as we all got into our nighties ready for bed. Emma had a dreamy faraway look in her eyes as she stared openly at my feminized body. Sighing, she said, "Oh Wow, Rachel! Most girls would kill for a body like yours. Your boobs are even bigger than mine, and your hair...it's Gorgeous!"

Blushing, I murmured my thanks. It's strange but when I was a boy, girls as pretty as Emma and Sharon wouldn't have looked at me twice. I felt a power that I had never had before.

It seemed that Sharon and Emma had already decided upon who was sleeping where and with whom. Claire and Helen got to share Glenda's room while Sharon Emma and I got to share Sharon's parents king-size bed. Talk about frustrating! Here I was, snuggled up nice and close to two gorgeous girls and there was not a thing that I could do about it, for many years' use of female hormones had left me chemically castrated. I could no more get a hard on than I could fly!

"Chapter Five"

It was almost two years before Aunty Carla found a buyer for her house. It was worth the wait as she managed to get the full asking price for it. A quick phone call confirmed that, amazingly, the house on Hayling Island was still for sale!

Carla made arrangements for us to go down over the weekend to view the property. I was excited myself. It unsettled me greatly knowing that school friends, teachers, and, of course, neighbors knew all about me. I didn't want to spend the rest of my life being known as the sissy boy who dresses and lives as a girl.

Aunty Carla insisted that I go looking my very best, and who was I to argue? Carla took me shopping for a new outfit for the occasion. It was almost two hours later when we were almost ready to give up that we spotted it: a two-piece soft woolen skirt suit consisting of a cream-colored figure-hugging short skirt and a matching ultra-feminine sweater that clung to my budding breasts, making them look much larger than they were.

"Girl, you're a woman now!" laughed Aunty Carla. "Come on, we haven't finished yet. You'll need some underwear, and maybe a new pair of shoes. I saw a gorgeous pair in Mystery Girl."

Carla's excitement was contagious. I couldn't wait to get home to try on my new clothes! Had I been a sissy all along and just not realized it?

A little later, back home in my room, I undressed quickly and stood naked before the full-length mirror. It almost felt as if I were seeing myself for the very first time. I lightly ran my hands over the contours of my body, the soft mounds of my budding breasts. My swollen nipples hardening at my touch, my long feminine hair swaying around my bare shoulders sent tingles of pleasure flooding through me. I dressed quickly, averting my eyes from my reflection in the full-length mirror. It was either that or take a cold shower before I had a little "accident."

My friends, including Emma and Sharon, came over to say their good-byes. We were all tearful, kissing and hugging each other. In the short time that I had known them, the girls had accepted me as one of their own, not judging me or mocking me in any way. I would miss them greatly.

The journey from central London to Hayling Island in Hampshire took us a little over two hours. We picked up the main A3 and stayed on it all the way. The wide open spaces of Hampshire were a breath of fresh air after the hustle and bustle of London.

Lifting our moods, Aunty Carla put a Beach Boys Greatest Hits CD in the cars player, their harmonic vocals taking us on a journey to sun-kissed beaches and golden sands. We sang along to the music, that is until we came to the track "When I grow up to be a man." Carla and I just looked at each other, unsure how to react, then we both burst into fits of laughter!

We crossed the bridge which spanned the small but picturesque harbor of Hayling Island. I took a deep breath, savoring the clear fresh air; for the first time in a long time I felt as if I was coming home. The island could best be described as a living picture postcard, breathtakingly beautiful in many ways. I loved its waterfront Funfair, its big wheel painted a pure white against a clear blue sky, seagulls circling overhead, the smell of hot dogs and hot jam doughnuts filling the air, the sounds of children's laughter, and their squeals of delight from the Roller Coaster and the Bumper cars. For the first time in a long time, I began to feel at peace with myself.

I did not return to school after leaving London; it would have been too traumatic to have to go through it all a second time, although I did remain in contact with my friends Sharon and Emma. They came to visit me at least once a month, but more about that later.

Time passed quickly, too quickly, none of our new friends and neighbors seemed to have a clue that I was anything other than the pretty girl that I appeared to be. I was no longer playing a part, body and mind were now one. Chris was but a distant memory, I was Rachel Louise now. The feminine clothes, hair and make-up that used to seem so alien to me were now accepted as correct for my gender.

June 18th, three days short of my 18th birthday, I was returning home after a jogging session on the beach when I noticed a small white sign in the shop window of "Surfer Girl" which specialized in sports wear and beachwear for young women. It read, **Sales assistant required, would suit school leaver aged 17 to 19 years, good pay for the right person, five-day week including Saturdays. Apply in person to the manager, Ms Debra Murray between the hours of 9 AM- 5 PM.**

Stopping at the nearest public payphone, I called Aunty Carla and told her about the vacancy. Sounding excited, she said, "Oh Rachel, it sounds ideal, a great way to meet people and make new friends. And of course the extra money will be useful. Go for it, girl!"