

Now, Then



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“Now, Then...”

By Olivia Evans

Aaron Roberts’ feet were cold, colder than he could ever remembering them being before. He knew the reason they were cold; the high-heeled open toe sandals and knee highs he was wearing didn’t provide any warmth at all. Of course, knowing the reason didn’t make the cold any easier to endure.

At least he was wearing pants rather than a skirt or dress. And he WAS grateful for that, not that the thin nylon palazzo slacks, even with the girdle and panties he was wearing under them, were any warmer than his sandals.

He glanced over in the direction of his sister. Susie, who was two years older than himself, didn’t seem to be having a problem with cold feet. Of course, SHE was wearing a pair of high-heeled, fur-lined boots that ended just below her knee, a long wool skirt and heavy turtleneck sweater.

He reached over and turned the heater control lever a little more into the red zone. His deliberate movement brought a smile to his sister.

“What’s the matter? Are your little tootsies cold?”

“Freezing,” he replied tersely. “I wish you hadn’t talked me into wearing this stuff, Susie. I feel stupid, not to mention that I’m freezing my butt off.”

“With all that extra padding surrounding it? I hardly think so,” Susie snorted. “Quit complaining, you’re going to get to go to the party. That’s what you wanted, wasn’t it?”

“Yes but not dressed as a dumb girl!”

“Now Erin, you look perfectly divine. And you have to go. You’re the last item on my scavenger hunt list; ‘a boy dressed in drag’. As cute as you look, I may have a problem convincing everyone that you ARE a boy. We’re sure to win though.”

“I don’t care if you win or not,” Aaron said.

She was right though; he did look good as a girl, which was what bothered him.

“If you go through with this, I’ll remember it when you want to borrow my car again,” Susie promised. She paused and continued grinning broadly. “I’ll even fend off the boys at the party for you if you want. Of course as foxy as you look, Erin, that might be pretty hard to do.”

Aaron couldn’t tell if his sister was serious or just rubbing in the fact that he looked so realistic and so, so damned sexy. He shook his head in disgust over his sister’s idea of a joke.

He reached up and adjusted the gold bustier top that covered his foam rubber and stocking-filled

strapless bra. The short bolero jacket he had on over his bare shoulders provided some warmth, but not much.

“I wish you wouldn’t call me that.”

“What, Erin? It’s a perfectly good girl’s name and I can hardly call you Aaron looking like that, now can I?”

“No, I suppose not,” Aaron sighed.

They drove for a few more minutes in relative silence, Aaron concentrating on the slippery road and Susie humming along with the radio.

“Do you know what Mom said when she saw you before you had your makeup on?” Susie asked, taking a break from her harmonizing.

“No, what?” Aaron was dreading the worst, his mother probably thought he looked as stupid as he felt.

“She said that you looked cute and that you should have been born a girl,” Susie giggled as Aaron groaned. “She said that she had always wanted two daughters. A brunette like me and a blonde like you.”

“She didn’t,” Aaron said, startled that his mother of all people could say such a thing.

“As sure as I’m sitting here. I think she was joking, but to tell you the truth, there’s been lots of times when I wished you were a girl. It would have saved... AARON! LOOK OUT!” Susie screamed.

Susie’s scream had alerted Aaron to another car that was sliding on the slippery road and heading directly toward them.

Aaron frantically twisted the wheel and fought to keep the long blonde wig he was wearing from slipping down over his eyes.

For a second he thought he'd made it, then everything went black.

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Aaron awoke a few minutes later, still in the car. He brushed a strand of long blonde hair from his face and looked toward his sister.

She was unconscious, with a growing bump on her forehead.

Aaron reached over to feel her pulse; it was strong and steady.

Aaron looked around for the other car. The road was deserted. Aaron cursed the other driver both for causing the accident and for leaving. Knowing that it might be hours before another car came along the lightly-traveled road, Aaron decided that he'd better inspect the damage.

Aaron walked all around the car in amazement. Nothing seemed to be damaged in spite of the wild spin the car had gone into.

Susie was awake when Aaron finished his inspection and returned to the warmth of the car.

"Everything alright?"

"Yeah, sure. How are you feeling?" Aaron asked, wishing for the hundredth time he was wearing some sensible shoes.

"Other than a splitting headache, fine. You don't sound so swift though."

“Just shook up that’s all,” Aaron replied. His voice was pitched a little higher than normal. Had he thought about it, he would have assumed that it was because of stress from the accident.

“If I can get this thing going again, I think we should call it a night and forget the party.”

“You’ve got my vote. In fact, all I want to do right now is go back to slee...” Susie’s voice trailed off.

Aaron frowned at his sister.

She had her eyes closed again and was starting to breathe in sharp, ragged breaths.

“Hang on, Sis. I’m going to take you to the hospital,” Aaron said as he turned on the ignition.

The car started on the first try, much to his relief.

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Aaron had been sitting in the waiting room of the emergency room for nearly a half-hour before his mother arrived. He was looking at the television mounted on the wall. He had no idea what he was watching nor did he remember that he was still dressed in his sister’s clothing.

Discolored by the mascara Susie had put on his eyelashes, tears of fear and anger streamed from his eyes. The accident had been all his fault, he just knew it was.

If his mind hadn’t been on other more serious matters, like the condition of his sister, Aaron might have found it odd that no one else seemed to think his apparel was strange.

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The call Mrs. Roberts had received from the hospital had been a little strange, but had sounded urgent.

“Mrs. Roberts? This is Nurse Simmons at the hospital. Your daughters have been in an automobile accident. The doctors think they’ll be alright, but could you come to the Emergency Room at the hospital?”

My daughters? Mrs. Roberts thought as she hung up the telephone.

Mrs. Katherine Roberts hesitated when she hurried into the waiting room, not quite sure what to expect or where to go. She glanced around the waiting room.

Forgetting in her near panic that Aaron was wearing his sister’s clothing, Mrs. Roberts didn’t recognize the sole occupant, an attractively dressed and worried looking young blonde, as her son. She just looked like any other young woman who was waiting word on an injured loved one and crying her eyes out while she waited.

Mrs. Roberts started toward the nurse’s station. She took another glance at the young blonde and skidded to an abrupt halt.

The attractive young blonde was her son Aaron! She suddenly remembered Susie dressing him up for a party.

She hadn’t really approved of Susie’s choice of costumes when she’d first learned that he was going to be part of a scavenger hunt. She had been afraid that it was just some weird scheme of Susie’s to embarrass him, but strangely, she hadn’t said anything. She had been curious what Aaron would look like as a girl for years. Besides, Aaron, a boy who trusted his

sister to a fault, had to learn to defend himself from her someday.

Mrs. Roberts had seen her son right after Susie had dressed him in a pair of borrowed high-heeled sandals, (they belonged to Connie, a friend of Susie's who had bigger feet than she did), black floor-length palazzo pants and a well-stuffed shiny metallic gold bustier, but had missed seeing him with his wig and makeup on before they rushed out to go to the party.

Mrs. Roberts may not have approved of what Susie had done to her brother, but she had to admit, even without makeup or Susie's wig on, he made a credible looking girl.

Now, wearing Susie's long blonde wig and with makeup on, he appeared to be a real young woman. Quite ordinary for a girl in most other respects, except for her beauty which not even the dark mascara-stained tears streaming down his face managed to hide.

Attractive or not, he was still her son and looked very afraid and guilty about something. She, er, *he* needed her.

Mrs. Roberts sighed and walked toward her son.

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Aaron suddenly felt someone sit down beside him.

"Aaron dear, are you alright?"

Aaron nodded without looking up.

"Can you tell me what happened?"

Aaron looked into his mother's face. Suddenly the trauma of the accident and the uncertainty of his sis-

ter's condition was too much for him. He threw his arms around her and broke into sobs.

Mrs. Roberts put her arms around Aaron. She tried to comfort her cross-dressed son as best she could, as she wiped his cheeks clean of his badly streaked mascara.

After a few minutes, Aaron had composed himself enough to tell his mother what had happened. As he spoke, Mrs. Roberts resisted the urge to send him to the ladies' room to touch up his makeup.

"...and she's been in the emergency room for nearly an hour, Mom. I'm worried sick," Aaron sniffed.

"I'm worried too, honey. Why don't you wait here for a second while I find out what's happening." Mrs. Roberts gently pulled herself free from her son, walked to the reception area and talked with the ER Doctor. A few minutes later, she returned and sat down beside Aaron.

"The doctor said she has a mild concussion. She'll have to stay here for a few days for observation, but they think that she'll be alright. He said that you refused treatment. Are you sure you're okay, honey? You don't sound like you are."

"I'm okay, just shook up, Mom. As soon as they let us see Susie, I want to go home and get out of these clothes. My feet feel like they're frozen solid."

Mrs. Roberts glanced down at the dress sandals and smiled. They looked as though they would be cold even if it had been at the height of summer, rather than late fall. "I can believe it, dear. You know, honey, as much as I hate to admit it though, you do make a cute-looking girl."

Aaron carefully refrained from giving his mother the dirty look he felt her comment deserved. In an hour or so, he would be out of the stupid girl's clothing and back into his own more familiar clothing where the zipper was in the right place, the front!

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"Turn up the heater a little, will you, Mom?" Aaron asked from the passenger seat of his mother's car.

Mrs. Roberts moved the lever a little.

"Better?"

"Yeah, thanks," Aaron said, crossing his arms protectively across his chest. It was cold too.

"You know Aaron, you surprised me back at the hospital."

"I did? How?"

"I was watching you when we walked to the car. I don't know how you ever learned to walk in high heels like that, but you do it as well, if not better than any girl your age I've ever seen."

"Aww, mom," Aaron said, chagrined that his mother would even think of something like that. It had been a struggle to keep the sandals on his feet as he walked. They had been snug on his feet when he'd first put them on. Now, after several hours of wearing the skimpy shoes, they felt like they had stretched out considerably and were almost too large on his feet.

"You haven't been wearing your sister's high heels in secret, now have you?" Mrs. Roberts laughed when Aaron groaned his denial that they didn't fit.

It wasn't until a moment later that Aaron realized how his denial had sounded. He groaned again.

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When they arrived home, Aaron went straight to his bedroom to rummage through his dresser for some warmer clothing than what his sister had dressed him in. The first thing he would put on would be a pair of thick wool socks, he decided, pulling a pair of heavy socks from a drawer.

Tossing the clothing he had selected on the bed, Aaron slipped the high heels and knee-highs off of his feet. Although his experience with the sandals had been limited to only a few hours, it felt strange to be suddenly three inches shorter.

Aaron's first instinct was to strip to the skin and put some of his own clothing on. But as he fingered the hair of his long blonde wig, Aaron had the sudden urge to see himself in the mirror one last time. Deciding that there wasn't any reason to be any colder than necessary, he slipped the wool socks on his bare feet.

Walking in his stocking feet, Aaron went into the bathroom. Brushing a strand of long blonde hair from his face, he studied himself in the mirror. Mom was right, he decided with a mixture of interest and revulsion, he did make a cute-looking girl.

Removing the short bolero jacket, Aaron turned sideways to inspect his profile. Even from the rear, his hips looked like a girl's; full, well-rounded and sexy.

He knew of course, that the well-rounded hips and rear, as well as his firm appearing bust line, were the products of some skillfully made padding his sister had found.

Everything below the waist was merely an illusion, foam rubber held in place by a long leg panty girdle. Above his waist, his shape was the product of a lot of padding in the cups of a backless long line strapless bra and of course, the gold bustier. It was the blonde wig that made his face look so soft and feminine, helped by what remained of his makeup of course, he decided.

Aaron blew a little kiss toward his reflection and sighed. If it had been a real girl in the mirror rather than himself, Aaron could have easily fallen in love with her.

Time to change back to pants with the zipper in the right place and shoes that are more than a few strips of thin leather and a impossibly high heel, Aaron thought.

He picked up his bolero jacket and returned to his bedroom; he had already decided that he would leave the wig on until last. Mainly because he would need help with the tons of hairpins Susie had used, but also because he enjoyed the slightly sensuous feel of the long hair as it brushed against his bare shoulders. He wanted it to last as long as he dared.

Aaron reached around his back and tried to undo the dozen or so hooks of the bustier. He quickly discovered that he couldn't reach them all. Something that he hadn't realized because his sister had fastened the top for him when he'd dressed.

Sighing to himself, Aaron went back downstairs. His mother would have to help him undo the strapless top.

"My goodness," his mother exclaimed when she saw her son. "Your top looks so realistic."

Blushing, Aaron looked down at the tops of two soft mounds peeking over the bustier. They did look kind of real at that, he had to admit.

“Susie put some kind of push-up pads with the padding in the bra,” Aaron explained as he turned around and pulled the back of the wig to the top of his head. “Could you unhook me, Mom?”

“I never realize how soft your skin is, dear,” Mrs. Roberts said as she unfastened the bustier for her son.

Aaron grabbed it with his free hand before it could fall to the floor. He started to walk away, heading toward his bedroom.

“Don’t you want to take your bra off? Let me have it so that I can throw it in the wash,” Mrs. Roberts asked, amused by the picture of femininity her son presented.

From the rear, the combination of the long blonde wig, white bra strap stretched across his back and his broad ersatz girlish hips under the black party pants made Aaron look as feminine as his sister.

“Oh, yeah,” Aaron replied. He faced his mother, reached around to his back, unhooked the bra, and allowed it to drop.

Both Aaron and his mother expected to see the padding fall out of the strapless bra cups and Aaron to revert to his normal flat chested self.

Neither were prepared for what actually happened. The two soft mounds of flesh that had been barely peeking over the top of the bra cups didn’t fall to the floor — they remained firmly attached to his chest!



“What the hell?” Aaron exclaimed as he reached up to cup the two large mounds of flesh. He looked up at his mother in confusion and shock.

Mrs. Roberts, just as confused and shocked as her son, stood staring speechless at the well-formed feminine breasts.

“Maybe the skin on my chest was just pushed out of shape by wearing the bra, Mom? After a while, my chest will just... uh, shrink down to normal?” Aaron suggested, dry mouthed, hoping that it was the truth.

His mother, still in open-mouthed shock, just nodded.

Growing embarrassed by his Mother’s stares, Aaron blushed and crossed his arms over his firm breasts.

“I uh, had better change the rest of my clothes.”

All the astonished Mrs. Roberts could do was nod again as her son, arms still crossed tightly over his very prominent breasts, fled from the room.

When he reached the privacy of his bedroom, Aaron slumped down on his bed and stared down at the twin mounds on his chest. He hesitantly touched one of the plump nipples, hoping that they were nothing more than a bad dream and knowing that they weren’t.

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In the living room, his mother had also abruptly sat down. Stunned by what she had seen on her son, her mind reeled. Aaron was wrong, she knew. They were no product of Susie’s artful padding. The twin lumps of flesh wouldn’t “just flatten out,” they were too large and too well-shaped to be anything but real.

Somehow in the last two hours, her son had grown a pair of breasts that rivaled his sister's in shape and size.

She suddenly grew frightened for her son. What if other, more drastic, changes existed as well? She had to see for herself. She slowly rose, composing herself for the walk to Aaron's bedroom.

Aaron was lying on his bed, out cold when his mother opened the door and walked in. She studied the prone figure for a moment trying to decide what to do next.

Maybe it was better this way, she decided as she rolled the unconscious Aaron over onto his stomach. She unzipped the back zipper of the pants and slowly pulled them off.

She couldn't tell if the broad hips and well shaped rear were the result of the padding under the long leg panty girdle or...

No! She shook her head, the thought was too horrible to consider it.

Looking grim, she reached under the wide, heavy elastic waistband of the girdle and pulled it halfway down Aaron's hips, hesitated, then pulled it all the way off. A pink pair of Susie's panties quickly followed the growing pile of women's clothing on the floor.

Her worst fears had been confirmed. There wasn't an inch of padding anywhere on his curvaceous body. At least, none that wasn't natural!

Not wanting to leave her son lying naked on the bed, Mrs. Roberts got the clean T-shirt from the pile of clothing Aaron had removed from his dresser.

She pulled it over the comatose Aaron. When the now oversized shirt was adjusted properly, Mrs. Roberts laid him out straight and started to cover him up with the sheet and blankets.

She stopped and thought for a second, then went into Susie's room. A few minutes later she pulled a pair of Susie's hip hugger panties up his legs and over his hips. She was not surprised to see that the white cotton panties fit him perfectly.

She sat down on the bed beside her son and cried softly until she went to bed herself.

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Mrs. Roberts was awakened by a piercing scream coming from the bathroom the following morning. Knowing exactly what she would find, she rushed to Aaron's aid. She found her son standing nude in front of the mirror. The look of horror in his eyes and tears streaming down his pretty face tugged at her heart.

"What happened to me?" Aaron wailed, looking wildly from the mirror to his mother then back again.

"There was an... accident, dear," his mother said sympathetically.

"An accident?" Aaron asked uncomprehending. Even in his panic his voice was soft and feminine. "What kind of accident could have done this? Certainly not what happened last night with the car!"

"Well, that was part of it dear." Mrs. Roberts gave a quick glance at her son's nude body and caught a whiff of his pungent fear generated sweat. "Why don't you take a shower? I'll get some clothing from Susie's room for you. When you're dressed, come down to the kitchen and we'll talk about it."

Stunned by his mother's seemingly cavalier reaction to his sudden transformation into a girl, Aaron could only nod. His mother smiled and closed the door behind her, leaving Aaron alone with his curvaceous naked body and his thoughts.

When Aaron turned on the water in the shower, he was suddenly reminded of the reason he'd come into the bathroom to begin with. Sighing heavily, he stepped out of the shower again and stepped to the toilet.

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Over the faint sound of the shower, Mrs. Roberts heard the slightly louder sound of the toilet flushing. That's one hurdle, she thought to herself as she hurriedly dressed and went to the kitchen. Aaron would be hungry, she knew. Aaron Senior had been.

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Mrs. Roberts had just finished preparing breakfast when Aaron walked into the room. She turned to look at him, faintly disappointed to see he was wearing his sweats.

The day before, when he'd been a boy, they had been a little too large and fit his body loosely. Now the top appeared huge, while the sweat pants were just a little too snug and emphasized his broad hips and rear.

"Did you find the bra and panties, dear? I know they're your sister's, but you can wear them until we can buy you some of your own."

"I found them," Aaron said tersely as he sat down at the table. He had seen them both but didn't bother to put either garment on, unwilling to accept the fact that he could no longer wear his own undergarments.

He waited until his mother placed a plate of waffles in front of him. He had thought, when his mother suggested breakfast, that he wouldn't be able to eat, but he found himself digging in as though he hadn't eaten for a week.

"Erin," Mrs. Roberts began, unconsciously using the feminine version of Aaron's name. "I can't tell you how sorry I am that this happened to you. Your sister must have made some comment or was thinking what it would be like if you were a girl when the accident happened."

"Susie did this to me?" Aaron's mouth dropped open in surprise.

"Don't talk with your mouth full, dear," his mother said automatically before answering his question. "Yes, honey, I'm afraid so."

"But how? Why? How could she have done this to me?" Aaron could feel his eyes tearing up again. Mrs. Roberts brushed a few strands of blonde hair away from his cute face.

"I really don't think that it was intentional, darling," his mother said softly. "It was most likely the cause of the accident. You see, Susie has a kind of special ability, I suppose you could call it a talent."

"A talent?"

"In the old days, she would have been called a witch..."

"My thoughts exactly, she's a witch!" Aaron interjected angrily.

His mother flashed a warning look. Aaron fell silent, waiting for his mother to continue.