



Identical

Chapter 1 - No Time Like the Present

It's settled, then. We will get you all set up to carry on as my twin sister. Kyle and I will take care of it all; it will be easy with my connections at City Hall. I'll have your paperwork turned around in no time. Kyle will help get you packed up and moved out of that crusty old apartment you've been living in, too. You don't need to worry about a thing, ok?"

You were grateful for your sister's support. You had just decided to follow through with ending your former life and agreeing to start a new one from scratch. You hadn't had any time to process what a new life for you would even entail. Instead, the physical changes you'd undergone occupied your mind, and you were suddenly startled to realize you needed a job, and it would be your first time applying for work as a woman. In the meantime, would your sister let you stay with them? For a week? A month? A year? How long before it would be weird that you were still around?

When you returned to your apartment, your first stop was your closet. Every piece of clothing was woefully inadequate for this new body you developed over the last several weeks. This was the first time you had thought about being seen in public with your curves, and a sudden desire for some feminine modesty contrasted with your life-long ambition to have this type of body. So, with the same vigorous spirit as your sister, you pulled all your old clothes out of your closet and started making piles of clothes to take to be donated.

Satisfied that you'd sufficiently prepared the clothes into neatly arranged piles, you went to find a box to pack the clothes into. While rummaging through the apartment, you overheard your sister talking on the phone. It sounded like she was following through with the plan of getting your gender and name change processed. You figured she must be talking with the city clerk, given the clinical tone of her voice. You again confronted the reality that was imminently approaching. You were about to step into an entirely foreign role. Firstly, that you were living your life as a woman now and not a man. Then, additionally, the responsibility of being a sister to Kelly. Would she want to catch up on lost time? Play girlie games and gossip? Braid each other's hair and talk about boys? Discuss outfits and what shoes went best with what dresses? This brought you back to

your task at hand: clothing. Once you'd finished packing your old clothes, there was the matter of getting a new wardrobe. Hearing that your sister was off the phone, you decided to interject about possibly getting some outfits from her to try out.

"Hey Kelly, I was just finishing packing up my old clothes to donate, and I was figuring it made sense to try out some clothes that will fit me better. Could you possibly loan me a few items to try out? I think we have similar builds and are pretty similar in height," you said, mentally acknowledging to yourself that you still had room to grow in bust and bum.

"Oh, that's great, Jared. That's very responsible of you to donate your old clothes. What made you think to do that?"

You weren't comfortable telling your sister the whole reason that you were tired and embarrassed by seeing your nipples press through the fabric of your old t-shirts anymore. So you decided to fib a bit, "I was just thinking through what it would mean to be your twin sister, is all. I doubt anyone would believe she was this much of a tomboy."

"Haha, no, I don't imagine they would, considering the curvy bodacious bods we inherited."

"Ha, umm yeah," you half-heartedly played along with the humor. You didn't quite find the joke to your liking at this point.

Your sister picked up on this and said, "I'll get a few outfits together for you and place them in your new room. Maybe we can go shopping later for outfits based on what you like?"

"I'm not sure if I'm quite ready for that, but I will... well, I'll think about it."

Having tried on approximately six different outfits, 3 of which being outright dresses, you settled on the stretchy pants and athletic tops as more your style. You didn't want to be an exact clone of your sister in every facet, and seeing yourself in the dresses gave you fearful little tremors you couldn't shake. Satisfied that you had something more appropriate to wear now, you shared your preferences with your sister.

"So, I think clothes like this," you said, gesturing at your current attire, "I can tolerate wearing this. I don't like dresses."

"Understood, sis. I'm glad you tried them, at least. Are you up for hitting the mall with me to get more outfits for you? I don't think we can keep up with the laundry given our few options in this style."

"I... I don't know that I'm ready for that yet, Kelly. Could you get me some more, and maybe I can help get dinner ready here or something else instead?"

"Sure, Jared, you can stay here, and if you'd finish prepping my lasagna, I'd appreciate that. It just needs to go in the oven at 4:30 and remove the cover after 2 hours to let the top brown. Ok?"

"Sure, that's easy. No problem."

"Great, I'll gather my things and head out shortly."

Your sister had been gone for a couple of hours, and your timer to remind you to go down and put the lasagna in the oven had just gone off. You went to the kitchen and pulled the lasagna out of the refrigerator. While doing this, you heard the door to the garage open and then closed. You figured it was your sister returning from her shopping trip. You positioned yourself in front of the oven, lowering the oven door, and bending over to place the lasagna inside when you felt something bump against your backside. You froze briefly, thinking that someone bumped you accidentally, but the sensation didn't stop. Someone had squarely lined up behind your bottom and was now in complete contact with it. Shortly after that, you felt hands on your modest but developing hips. You froze in awkward agony as your mind filled in what was happening. Your brother-in-law had mistaken you for your sister.

"Uhh, Kyle..." you finally managed to say as you released the lasagna and started to stand back up.

Your brother-in-law instantly removed his hands from you and backed up. "Shit! Jared. Oh my God! I'm so sorry, I thought... I thought you were Kelly."

"That's... that's ok, Kyle. I can understand why you'd think that"

"It's just with the clothes and your changes. When did you start wearing these clothes?" He said in a wholly flustered manner. His face was a mix of confusion and horror. You felt terrible having fallen into this predicament with him. You also felt something 'else' that was causing you further mental discomfort. *Were you a bit happy being held like that?*

"Oh, uhh, just today. My old clothes no longer match my choices. We will donate them next time we go by the thrift store. Kelly gave me these to wear, and she's now grabbing more clothes for me."

"That's good, good. Yeah, well, it looks like we're having lasagna?" Your brother-in-law tried to move the conversation off of the awkwardness of his actions towards you.

"Yeah, Kelly had me put it in the oven, so it'll be ready in a couple of hours."

"Sounds good, Jared. Yeah, I'll... head up for a bit." Your brother-in-law looked like a deer in headlights, completely lost in his thoughts.

"Sure, that sounds good, Kyle," you said, trying to release the tension and get the two of you out of each other's space as fast as possible. You had your conflicting thoughts and feelings to deal with.

That night...

You were sleeping soundly and actively engaged in your dreams. You were out at the movies with Janelle, and you were both having a great time laughing as the film played along. You were sitting there when you felt a hand on your leg and saw that Janelle was moving her hand up along your pants ever closer to your crotch, which you felt was starting to stiffen in response.

Your dream's setting suddenly shifted like they casually do, and you were now lying down on your bed with Janelle continuing her advances with her hands. Without realizing it, you were now nude, and Janelle started moving her hand along the shaft of your penis, and you could feel yourself rocking your hips to the rhythm of her hand's movement. Without realizing it again, Janelle was now riding you, and you moved your hands up to her breasts. They weren't overly large, maybe an average cantaloupe, but they were firm and felt amazing in your hands. You could feel yourself inside of Janelle as she continued to grind herself along your length. The pleasure of the moment continued rising as you felt yourself starting to peak.

The release did not come, though. You looked down and saw that rather than your hands on Janelle's breasts, now her hands were on your breasts, which had to be the full size of your sister's, 32H. Janelle continued grinding, but she was now squeezing your breasts and also lightly nibbling at your nipples. The feeling was starting to drive you wild with ever-increasing sexual pleasure. Another shift

occurred, and you began to feel the difference. While you could still feel yourself grinding, the sensation had changed, and you now felt very full in your groin. As though it was no longer you that was penetrating Janelle but rather her penetrating you. You continued to buck your hips up as you felt the length of a penis run along your insides. Each thrust causes your senses to become overwhelmed. You close your eyes and just let the pleasure wash over you as you hear Janelle grunt and groan at the pleasure from her side.

You shouted out, "Don't stop, oh God! That's it right like that!!!" The pace of the thrusting increased, though, and your mind went into overdrive. You still couldn't stand to open your eyes, but you reached out and grabbed ahold of Janelle but were stunned that you had grabbed someone much more muscular. You couldn't process it, though, as you felt yourself reaching your climax. Instead, you just drove your face deep into the crevice of this body's neck. You practically squealed from the pleasure as you felt the spasm of the penis inside you release its contents, your own body clenching down firmly.

"That was amazing, Jared," came a deep voice.

You let go of your mystery sexual partner and crashed back onto the bed. Finally, you were able to look up at their face. You were shocked when you saw your brother-in-law staring back at you.

Chapter 2 - Reconciliation

"No! No, no, no, no!!!!" You yelled at the top of your lungs as you jolted awake.

A moment later, your brother-in-law appeared in your doorway, "Is everything ok, Jared? I thought I heard you yelling."

"Yes," you replied softly, "I think it was just a bad dream." He looked at you with kindness and compassion and said, "Well, you know I'm always here. If you need anything, just ask. Ok?"

You went back to bed after you had been startled awake. That morning, you woke up and realized that your dream about at least one thing had been prophetic. Your transition was progressing at a swift pace. On inspection, you found yourself larger up top. Your breasts hung a bit off of your chest where. They had been more perky before. It was probably your imagination, but you considered it a good step forward. Kelly was right that you had the genetics to support a well-endowed physique. To top that off, you were surprised when you looked at yourself in the mirror. If you didn't know yourself so well, you would have said you were the

spitting image of your sister in virtually every respect. You still could see the little male differences in your face, but those flaws disappeared if you looked at yourself through your peripheral vision. Throwing on the sports bras your sister had given you yesterday, you noticed you filled them in much more substantially. She must have seen the writing on the wall in giving you these. In addition to the array of sports bras, she got you multiple pairs of panties that seemed entirely foreign at first inspection. Inspecting your lower half, you were still male where it counted, but it appeared to have shrunk. Your habits of keeping yourself hairless down there helped your dysphoria, and you even thought your tiny dick looked a bit cute. Putting the pair of panties on, they had a nice smooth appearance over your groin area that appeared to be accomplished by the elastic material they were made from.

Satisfied with your appearance after preening for about twenty minutes, You made your way down to talk with your sister, and when she saw you, she seemed to have flipped a switch. You weren't Jared in her mind anymore. You needed to figure out what your name should be, however. You didn't have the most straightforward feminine name translation.

"So, today is a big day," Kelly started.

"Yes, I think you're right."

"Well, I think we should celebrate."

"Celebrate? Why would we do that?"

"Well, for starters... I always wished I had a sister. So we will celebrate our new relationship. Then, we can celebrate you! You are starting such a big journey, and I'm so proud of you for deciding to pursue your best life."

"Our new relationship? I thought you were always my sister," Jared quipped.

"So true! Of course, that's not changing and won't. We get to have a second special connection now, too. Like we can get our nails done together. Go shopping, have fun doing things we adult women get to do."

"I get you now. I think those things sound fun. Just remember you've been doing those things your whole life. This is still going to take some getting used to for me."

"That's the spirit, and I understand your concern. I won't throw you into the deep end on your own. Why don't I make an appointment to get our hair and nails done? But first, we must settle on a new name for you."

"Oh, yeah, you're right. We can't go around calling me Jared in public."

"Right, so I have an idea for your name. When we were younger, I had a tough time saying Jared all in one go. Do you remember that?"

"No, I don't. That's weird; why don't I remember that?"

"Probably because I was the only one that had to do speech therapy. I was put through hours of extra time with physical therapists to help me correct that."

"I did forget that. It sounds familiar now that you mention it. So, what name do you have in mind?"

"Jeri, what do you think?"

"Ooh! I like it. It's close to my name somewhat, so it should be easy to work with."

"Great! That does it then; you'll be Jeri Holmes, my twin sister!"

"Not Reynolds?" you asked instinctively but realized your question was extremely odd after it escaped your lips.

"No... After all, I'm the only one married to a Mr. Reynolds."

"Oh... duh, just got a bit, uhh, confused there for a second. Of course, Holmes. Jeri Holmes," you said, looking down at the ground as you replied. Your unsavory dream caused your mind to make some connections to desires you could still not process. For a second, it felt like you were as much a part of this family as Kelly. You reasoned that it was probably a combination of your dreams and that you had moved into their home yesterday. You decided it was wishful thinking taken too far and filed away the part that you were starting to feel attraction to men in a way you never had before.

"Well, it's settled then. I'll get us an appointment, and you can take some time for yourself until we leave. I'm looking forward to this!"

"Yeah, me too, Kelly!"

You settled in for a few rounds of death matches at your game console while waiting for your and your sister's hair and nail appointment. The thought of getting pampered over wasn't high on your list of goals for the day, but you couldn't turn

down your sister after she looked so excited to do this with you. You figured it was just another hurdle you would have crossed eventually. It might as well be today.

With each round of the deathmatch, you kept seeing your K/D ratio dropping. You were having a tough time nailing headshots like you usually did. Sometimes, your hands felt like they weren't steady in executing your shots. You found this increasingly frustrating as you finally ended a round with zero kills to seven deaths. *Shit! These noobs just schooled me, and I couldn't even get one kill.*

You heard the banter and trash talk over your headset but knew you couldn't clap back at these idiots. As soon as they would hear a feminine-sounding voice, they'd be all over you, so you just had to suck it up.

"Jeri, it's time. Let's get going, ok?" Kelly announced loudly up to the room you were staying in. From the sound of her voice, it wasn't the first time she had said this. You wondered if you had missed it.

"Yeah, Kelly, I'm on my way," you said, turning your console off. You were grateful for the reprieve, as you hadn't found your stride today.

"By the way, you should probably get used to being called Jeri. I was calling up to you for several minutes before you responded. We wouldn't want people looking at us like we're crazy if I can't get your attention without saying your old name."

"Good point. The whole Jeri thing is pretty new..."

"That's all right, Jeri. Now, let's get going. Would you like to drive?"

"Do you think that's a good idea? What if I get pulled over and a cop checks my ID while I look like this?"

"Yes, I got you all setup. City Hall works quickly when you have the connections I do. Here is your new ID and license, all ready to go."

"Awesome! You're so incredible, Kelly. I don't know what I'd do without you!"

"Probably just sit in that gross apartment you had and play online shooters."

Kelly's words stung a bit. She knew you pretty well, but she hadn't known about your desire to transition until ten months ago. You reasoned that you used gaming as an escape from your feelings. Focusing on something active and engaging rather than dwelling on your feelings was easier. This topic was too deep to get into right now, however.

"Burn, sis. Wow. It's true, in any case... Well, what do you say we mix things up then?"

"Sounds great... sis, let's go!"

You and your sister spent several hours getting pampered, and you almost immediately regretted signing up to do these things with her. At first, it seemed innocent, but the constant pressure to gossip and gab on with your sister and the various beauticians was more feminine social interaction than you had accounted for. Plus, each new action the beauticians took in working on you seemed strange and unfamiliar. The beauticians expected you to have the same familiarity with the process as your sister had—that of a woman approaching her forties. You, however, did not have that. So you couldn't keep from jolting your legs as the beauticians worked on your feet; they kept hitting ticklish spots! You looked at your sister, pleading with your eyes to make it stop, but there was no way she would intervene.

To add insult to injury, your sister thought it would be cute to get matching nails and, well, matching everything. So when the two of you finally finished your visit, you looked more like identical twins than you had any right looking. Your sister snapped some photos of the two of you together, and you were shocked that you now looked the part of an identical twin. Before, you could say you didn't have the same hairstyle, but Kelly had offered to have the beauticians put in extensions for you to get the same shoulder-length hair she had. She called it your "birthday" present even though the day you were born was seven months later.

You and your sister made your way home and started to settle in at the house. It was close to time for Kyle to return home from work. Your sister popped her head into your new room and asked if you would mind finishing dinner again. She had some more things to complete regarding amending your birth certificate. You agreed without any complaint and set to the task.

You were thinking something simple, so you prepared breakfast for dinner. You got a pan to fry some bacon and another pan to make scrambled eggs. You had always appreciated a nice, simple meal for dinner, so you were hopeful that your minimal culinary skills wouldn't bother your sibling or brother-in-law too much. You noticed some bacon grease splattering, so you ran over and grabbed your sister's apron to protect your clothes from stains. Placing the apron on over your head, you couldn't help but acknowledge your sizable bust, and the effect of the apron pulling your clothes in tighter accentuated your developing curves. You heard the garage door open, announcing Kyle's arrival, but you continued at your task,

flipping bacon strips over and whisking eggs into the pan. A moment later, you found yourself in a familiar but uncomfortable situation.

"You know that apron drives me wild," came a husky voice in your ear as you felt hands firmly gripping your waist. You couldn't believe it. This was happening to you again and so soon. You felt your brother-in-law's body pressed up against you, and you just ***froze***. Your hands stopped working and stayed out against the countertop. You felt Kyle's hands start to migrate further south, and then you felt a firm hand squeeze against your ass cheek. You were stuck; you couldn't bring the words to your mouth to protest like you knew you should. The shock of the action and an intrusive desire to be desired had you firmly immobilized. You could feel that your body had an arousing effect on your brother-in-law, feeling a growing presence pressed firmly against your backside. Then, without missing a beat, came, "Kyle! What are you doing?!"

Your brother-in-law immediately released his grip on you and darted back, flustered. "Wha? Who? Oh God, not again..."

"Again? You've done this before?"

"Well, it was an accident before."

"And this time was intentional! You better start over. Jeri, how do you explain this?"

"I... I just froze," you said, feeling tears start to form.

Your sister, on seeing this, rushed over and hugged you. While still holding you, Kelly started back at Kyle. "I can't believe you! How can you just come in here and start groping all over Jeri?!"

"Look, I messed up. I know that, but you need to see it from my perspective. You two look so much alike, and now you even have the same hairdo. It was an honest mistake. Kelly, you have to believe me."

Your sister continued to hold onto you, but you could tell she was starting to soften her anger towards her husband. "Well, you better make sure it doesn't happen again. I'm not going to have you mixing me up with my ***sister*** again," she said, looking at you as she concluded her sentence to show her commitment to your new relationship arrangement.

"Yes... yes, of course. I'd never do that."

"Good, now let's let Jeri finish up her prep. I'll get the table set for dinner. Kyle, you can eat in your study."

"But..."

"No buts, you can eat on your own tonight. Jeri's suffered enough as it is."

You looked over at your brother-in-law, who was sullen from the berating your sister had delivered. You felt highly conflicted as he had essentially just sexually assaulted you. Still, he was your brother-in-law, so you were sympathetic to his feelings and knew he hadn't done it maliciously. Furthermore, your developing sexuality was sending you conflicting emotions about what felt good and what you actually **wanted**.

Later that night, as you were preparing for bed, you noticed something different. Looking at your breasts, they looked strange. You noticed that the veins on your breasts seemed much more visible. They looked like blue highways running across your chest and flowing towards your nipples. Looking at your nipples, those looked different as well, darker than they had been. Not just darker, much darker. The contrast between your breast and areola was much more pronounced. The difference was enough to be somewhat alarming. You moved your hands up to your nipple and pressed against it. It felt firmer to the touch than before. You enveloped your nipple with your hand and gave it a little squeeze. A stream of liquid shot out the end of your nipple and streaked across your bathroom mirror. Unsure of what had just happened, you repeated the hand motion, and sure enough, another stream of liquid came shooting out. *Oh shit! I'm pretty sure that's not normal.*

Your brain was now racing; while this was an alarming experience, it wasn't one you were completely unfamiliar with. Your childhood friend, Cameron, had shown you videos of porn stars doing the same since he had such a big thing for MILFs. Now that you were looking so much like your sister, you couldn't help but connect the dots between your friend's kinks, your sister's MILFy qualities, and your own body's sudden, shocking ability. You were now outright making milk, but you had no idea why that would happen. You were only supposed to be transitioning from male to female. You expected growing breasts, softer skin, less coarse body hair. You did not expect to be producing milk.

You had hoped that you'd be able to disregard this further development, but you were shaken from that possibility by the build-up of pressure you felt in your breasts. They were also starting to feel painful resting against your chest. You could see that your breasts seemed fuller in appearance, creating a much rounder and more pronounced curve than they had earlier. You raised your hands and held each breast, feeling their collective weight. They were warmer and firmer to the

touch as well. You started to lower your hands and felt a twinge of pain. Your body seemed to be telling you not to move your hands off of your breasts. So you went ahead and started squeezing at your nipples, and with each squeeze, a little blast of milk shot out. You were making a huge mess, but you could feel some relief starting to come on as you continued your hands' ministrations.

Several minutes later, your breasts were visibly less swollen, and the overwhelmingly warm sensation had died down along with the painful feelings. After ten minutes, you were satisfied that you had created the relief you needed, so you set to cleaning up the mess you had made. Fortunately, after the first few minutes of expressing milk, you had the good sense to aim your nipples down towards the sink basin to allow the milk to drain away. After a few minutes of wiping down surfaces and your bathroom mirror, you were satisfied that the mess was finally cleared and there was no remaining evidence of milk on surfaces. With that done, you had to decide your next course of action. Your life had already taken a considerable detour from its former trajectory, and adding Milkmaid to the list was not your top idea for future career ambitions. You debated telling your sister and hoping she could help. You debated calling your endocrinologist to see if he could give you something to stop it. Of course, you also considered keeping it to yourself and avoiding humiliation over this inconvenient and embarrassing subject.

Chapter 3 - Umm, do yours do this too?

"Hey, uhh, Kelly. Can I have a few minutes of your time? I need... I need to speak with you."

"Sure, Jeri. What's up, Lil' Sis?"

"Uhh," you froze like a deer in headlights. Your sister, who had been imminently supportive since she learned about your transition plans, didn't need another shock. Especially not another one so soon after you had been forced to ask her for a place to live. The seedy area you lived in was not safe in the first place. It was where women vanished without a trace. Even after all of that, you had even more news to share. Not to mention the sensitive topic that you needed to broach with her. "Maybe we could chat in my room. It's a bit... private."

"Ahh, gotcha. Girl stuff. Enough said," Kelly said, keeping a chipper attitude despite your tension.

You started walking back to your room with your sister following behind you. Her commitment to your new sisterhood caught you off guard, as had everything that had happened to you the last few weeks. Finally, after reaching your room and closing the door, you started to detail the events that had transpired in the

bathroom. Each word came out with a bit of agony as your embarrassment peaked. Your sister, however, maintained her calm. She looked at you with perhaps too much composure. *Was this something she expected to happen?*

"Well, first, Jeri. You've stressed out too much on this. It's a natural and perfectly healthy function of your body. I understand it has come as a surprise, but you don't need to be alarmed. Dr. Armstrong told me that he suspected it was possible that further changes could happen."

"What do you mean further changes? What else might happen to me?" You asked, starting to freak out even more than you already were.

"Nothing so sinister, Jeri. It's more about how a woman's body changes over the years. Like, well... like the fact that I've been pregnant."

"You've been pregnant? When?"

"About six years ago. We thought we would be able to start the family we always wanted to... But there were complications. I lost the baby before we reached 12 weeks."

"Oh my God, Kelly, I'm so sorry. I didn't know! You could have told me, and I could have been there for you."

"No, it was something I had to handle on my own. I appreciate you saying that now, but going through it is hard. I didn't need someone telling me it would get better with time. I knew it was true but didn't want to hear that. I just wanted to be angry at the world. Angry at myself... We're drifting off subject here."

"Sure, but we'll discuss that situation more... later. You were saying about my body?"

So, you're transitioning. Your body is being flooded with hormones that you aren't used to, and, well, your body is going through some changes, and it looks like lactating is part of that."

"Wait... Are you saying my body is acting like it's pregnant? To what effect?"

"Well, a woman's body isn't fully finished changing until she has been pregnant and given birth. There are just a few additional things that change during that process. Like your hips getting a bit wider, your pelvic tilt changing a bit, and your nipples darkening and getting bigger. Small stuff, but stuff that doesn't happen otherwise."

"Well, I guess I've noticed some of that stuff," you replied, trying to take stock of what she had listed and what you had noticed versus not.

"See, it shouldn't be anything more than that. It's not like you'll pop a baby out in 9 months!" She said jokingly, but you did not share in her humor over this development.

"Do I need to do something? My... breasts... were so full they hurt."

"Well, you'll have to deal with that then. We were gifted with an ample milk-making system," she said, gesturing at her chest, "So, there's no use ignoring it. It will just hurt and be a mess. Hopefully, it'll clear itself up in a few weeks. A few months tops."

"Months?! I have to deal with this for months?!"

"Just be happy, it probably means your boobs will be a bit bigger for a while."

"Bigger? Bigger than they already are? I guess I'm just a bit overwhelmed here, Sis."

"Comes with the deal. You wanted to be a woman; the women in our family come packing a pair of big ol' knockers."

Jeri sighed heavily, "I guess I'm going to have to deal with it then."

"That's the spirit, Sis; now, is there anything else I can help you with?"

"No, I guess that was it."

"Great, don't forget you have your therapy session with Dr. Kolby tomorrow morning. You can drive yourself, right?"

"Ye... yes. I can; thanks, Kelly, for looking out for me."

"It's all good, Lil' Sis. Have a good night!"

"Hello, you must be Jeri. I'm Dr. Kolby," a tall man with salt and pepper hair said as he reached out his hand. You straightened out your dress as you stood up and reached your hand out. "Very nice to meet you, Dr. Kolby," you responded.

Though, you still were feeling somewhat apprehensive about attending therapy sessions. Dr. Armstrong had suggested them, and your sister had set the appointments up without discussing it with you. This was after you agreed to move in with her, so she felt she could make these decisions without consulting you. You considered canceling the appointments for a while but ultimately decided to keep them. You had to admit you had been through an overwhelming number of changes recently, and having someone to talk to about them would be nice.

Well, it would be good to talk to someone about the physical changes that have happened to you. For example, the fact that you were now passing with relative success despite only having been transitioning for around ten months. Your sister helped you get dressed for your appointment today. While you weren't opposed to wearing dresses, you hadn't had time to socially adjust to being seen in public in such feminine attire. Kelly had insisted, however, that a lady wears this type of clothing to formal and professional engagements. Still, there seemed to be something else motivating Kelly. When you were living with your sister, it was becoming clear that you were beginning to look similar to her. People would recognize you as siblings, if not twins and identical ones. Kelly was a girl's girl, however. Her insistence on your attire may have resulted from her desire to maintain her social standing. You had to wonder if her ego would be hurt if you left the house in jeans and a blouse while looking so much like her. Indeed, your sense of self bore the brunt of the societal expectations your sister was pushing on you.

"Well, if you follow me this way, we will get started," he said, guiding you into his cozy office. There were two chairs positioned in the center of the room with a couch just to the side of the chairs to support a communal conversation among anywhere from 2 to 5 people. In the back corner of the office was a small desk with various papers positioned in neat piles. The room had a welcoming quality and created a calming quality that was just what you needed. The stress of everything was catching up to you.

"So, Jeri, it is Jeri, right? I understand this is a bit of an unusual circumstance. I could also call you Jared if that would make you more comfortable?"

"Jeri will be fine Dr. Kolby. I don't look the part of 'Jared' anymore."

"All right, Jeri, and please call me Ted."

"OK, Ted. Is this the part where I tell you how messed up my life has become?"

"If that's what you'd like to use our time for, I'm happy to listen. I can also help with more directed questions for you as well. Which would you prefer?"

You wasted no time unloading on Dr. Kolby about how you had suffered since your

incident and how your body had started changing so drastically since you committed to transitioning. You told him your feelings that you hadn't adequately processed the traumatic events you'd been through. Then you told him how you could tell your sister was asserting herself in your life and how you had acquiesced to moving in with her and her husband.

"So Kelly hopes you will lean into being her sister and all it entails. I can see why she would say that; you are the spitting image of her. It's uncanny, really."

"Yeah, it's uncanny, all right as in, freaky as all hell. I look like a forty-something woman, and there's barely a trace of the man I was, but I'm still figuring things out here," Jeri said, pointing at her skull before continuing, "Let's not forget the whole being raised and socialized as a boy component of my identity, and now I'm suddenly very womanly, meaning everyone is treating and looking at me differently."

"That must be very hard to reconcile. How have you been coping? Is there anything you've done to help yourself feel better?"

"Coping? What am I supposed to do? The last ten months feel like they are happening ***to*** me. Ever since my incident, I've felt like I can barely decide. The ***only*** thing I've known is that I'm not too fond of not living as my true self. So I started transitioning, but even things with that ***happen*** to me. Kelly took us to get a manicure, pedicure, and fresh hairdo. I went along with it, thinking it was the right thing to do and that it would be a good time to bond with my sister, but it was overwhelming. I got these hair extensions; I didn't ask for them... I just... ***Sigh*** I want to feel like I'm in control again."

"Well, lots of things happen to us. It's how we relate to the things in our life that we can and cannot control that helps establish our relationship with the world."

"I mean, I get that, but how should I deal with the fact that everything, I mean everything, in my life has been thrown on its head? Even simple life preferences are different for me now. I didn't even tell my sister this, but my taste buds have changed. I don't even like the same foods anymore. So, when you say how I am coping, I'm just trying to stay afloat. I feel completely overwhelmed by these changes."

"That's certainly a lot to be processing, Jeri. Are you finding anything as an outlet for yourself?"

You had to take a minute to think about it. You had tried gaming, but it was frustrating the last time you did it. You had been helping out around the house more, especially in the kitchen, but that made you think of the incidents with your

brother-in-law and his mistaking you for your sister. You hadn't been able to talk with Cameron for a while, either. The two of you had been practically inseparable all through schooling. He was the first person you told about your plans to transition and supported you immediately.

Thinking about your friend and all these challenging situations had you feeling tears welling up in your eyes. Dr. Kolby handed you a tissue and assured you it was ok. "I think *I* might not even have anything left of myself, doc. I seem to have lost who I am in going through all this, and my sister is making me so confused with this Lil' Sis thing. She's always been my sister, but I'm supposed to go to her for 'sisterly' support, and I don't know what that means or how to engage in it. I wasn't raised as a girl, so I feel I'm already letting her down. Oh, and then there's the fact that she got so mad when her husband mistook me for her the other day. She yelled at him even. I was standing there preparing dinner, and then Kyle came in, and he started feeling me up and... and... I didn't do anything to stop him." You paused for a minute to catch your breath before continuing, "I think I might have liked it... but he's my brother-in-law, and he's married to my sister. So no, I'm not coping. I'm dealing with it in probably the worst way possible. I'm just letting it all happen to me, and I don't even get the satisfaction of being pissed off about it because my body or my stupid brain seems to be receptive to this stuff."

"That's a lot to process, Jeri. I can see why you'd be feeling upset."

"That's not even the half of it. Did Dr. Armstrong tell you I'm lactating? I mean actual milk-making lactation. From my body! You'd think I'd be upset or freaking out, and I did freak out a bit at first, but then I talked to my sister, and it was all ok all of a sudden. I even started feeling a little good about it. Like, I could imagine a future where I'd be ok with it if I did have a baby to feed. Where the hell did that feeling come from? So, yeah, pretty confused and upset is putting it lightly, doc."

"We've covered many topics, Jeri, and with time, I'm sure we will be able to help you find peace with each of these, but we're unfortunately out of time today."

"Wow, that hour flew by. Thank you, Ted. I... I'm glad I could finally tell someone all that."

"Of course, Jeri. That's what I'm here for. Before you go, I've got a little homework for you until we meet again."

"Oh? What's that?"

"I want you to think about a few possible options for the next step in your life. For example, do you want to continue your education and pursue a new career? Or go straight into work?"

"Oh... umm, do you think now is the right time for me to start thinking about that now?"

"It will be a good next step for you, Jeri. You can't stay living with the Holmes forever. Please don't make it a chore. This should be fun! You have the whole rest of your life before you. Make a good time of thinking of all the limitless possibilities!"

"Ok, I'll try. Thank you, Ted."

Chapter 4 - Jealousy Leads to a Forced Conclusion. It's Time to Choose

Several days had passed since your visit with Dr. Kolby, but every idea you could develop felt stilted or cliché. Thinking up a job with no degree, no experience, and no professional passions was a lot harder than your psychiatrist had thought. *Make it fun.* "Ha! What a joke," you thought to yourself. New ideas weren't coming quickly, and you were not having fun. "How could I?" You continued thinking. Here you were, a virtually identical clone of your sister after making the most significant decision of your life to transition to live as your authentic self, which you only decided after a near-death experience scared you so much that you could no longer stand the idea of living as a man for another day. So now you are supposed to sit down and imagine a bunch of fun little careers for yourself. "Sure, I'll get right on that. Right after I get these tits to stop leaking milk every waking minute, and I can stop dreading whatever is going to happen to me with my life."

You heard your sister call to you from the first floor, "Jeri, dinner is ready, gal! Time to come down; you don't want the food to get cold!"

"Even more fun for the evening. A family dinner," you thought to yourself as you stood up. You straightened your outfit, which had scrunched from sitting on your bed. You started to walk to the door of your room but caught sight of the breast pads your sister had covertly dropped off in your room. "Better grab those before I go down," you practically winced in your mind. You indelicately stuck your hand down your blouse and into your bra, positioning a pad over your nipple. The same nipple that mere months ago was smaller than a pea was now close to the size of a thimble.

Sigh

Before the accident and your realization that you needed to transition, you would have been happy to see a nipple that was this impressive. Hell, any nipple on any breast at all. But these? They, indeed, were astonishingly sexy to behold. Here you

are, able to do anything you want with nipples this fantastic, but you found yourself frustrated that your enjoyment of them was so stunted by the 'natural' function they were performing. They hurt more of the day than not and had become a chore for you to keep them from becoming painfully engorged. This meant you were constantly working those ***impressive*** nipples to get the milk out, and now they were sore, too. You knew Cameron wouldn't suffer if your roles were reversed; he was such a horndog that if he suddenly found himself in a body like yours, he would likely dance joyfully. As of now, you found yourself unable to find the joy in them. So much so that it didn't even register for you when that exciting slight electric tingle emanated from your nipple as your hand ran across it while placing the first pad; moving on, you placed the second pad and proceeded to adjust your ample bosom back into place within your bra. You turned at the waist, checking your appearance in your full-length mirror, and decided that you looked acceptable to be in the company of your family. A sobering thought crossed your mind that you could at least take solace in the fact that the breast pads reduced the visibility of your nipples through your tops.

Of course, you desired the modesty because of your brother-in-law. Also, it was because of your sister, but only because she continued to punish you for your brother-in-law's indiscretions. You could feel your blood pressure rising as you ambled toward the stairs on your way to the dining room - a visceral reaction to the impending tension of being in the same room as your family. Your brother-in-law couldn't keep his eyes off you, which seriously bothered your sister. It was bad enough when Kelly was actively yelling at the two of you over the case of mistaken identity. Still, this new passive-aggressive tension that Kelly was creating was slowly exacerbating the situation. To you, it seemed like only a matter of time until it blew up, and you did not want to be the cause. So, you were increasingly happy when you stumbled into ways to minimize the typical impact of your increasingly voluptuous form. You couldn't help that you had the curves you had now, but it was making you feel weird to have your brother-in-law checking you out.

That weirdness was compounded by the feelings you had begun to experience. While you consciously desired to avoid further problems from your brother-in-law's attention, you felt things you had never felt before. Tracing it back, it had all started from those incidents, innocent as they should have been, with your brother-in-law mistaking you for your sister. Being held by a man, by ***this*** man, had your mind working overtime, feeling comfort, warmth, and maybe a sense of desire. These tangled up in your mind, and you sometimes felt jealous of Kelly. She had this perfect man whom she didn't even appreciate. You were on the verge of being out on your own, all alone, with no job and no relationship to speak of. You wished you could have that safety and security that Kyle provided for Kelly. "Maybe Kelly is right to worry about Kyle's wandering eyes," you thought.

You sat at the family dining table and quickly made pleasantries. You caught your

brother-in-law glancing at your bust even though you were modestly dressed for the evening. "He just can't help himself," you thought.

"So, Jeri, another day of job hunting? Any new leads?" Your sister asked.

"No, unfortunately not. I haven't decided what direction I want to go."

"Don't be silly; you just have to choose between marrying a doting man, like me, or staying single and starting a housekeeping service to pay the bills. It's what I had to decide when I turned 18, and now you do too."

"What? Are you serious?" You responded in shock.

"Yes. I'm a homemaker here for this family, and it's been gratifying. Of course, I was fortunate enough to meet Kyle. So, I had someone who could provide for me, but as you have seen, caring for the house requires continuous work, and somebody has to do it. And let's face it, Jeri, you've become a near-identical clone of me. So things that were good enough for me should be good enough for you!"

You were utterly devastated by the simplistic view your sister was taking. *How could she equate the two of you like that?* You wanted to reject the insinuations outright, but she had struck a chord. You indeed weren't behaving like yourself recently. You had found some joy in your chores around the house, but that wasn't your sister's only conclusion. As a teen boy, you were most definitely attracted to women. As an approaching middle-aged woman, you weren't sure how you felt. Your brother-in-law's inadvertent advances towards you had left you questioning this, and now your sister was concluding it, at least in her mind. You couldn't deny that you felt strong feelings towards your brother-in-law that you had never experienced before.

"So, I'm just supposed to go out and meet a man? I don't even know if I like men that way!" You huffed out an exasperated response while standing up at the dinner table. Your sister looked shocked at your answer, while your brother-in-law looked bewildered at what was happening. You surveyed the room and saw both your sister and brother-in-law trying to avoid eye contact. "I know you want to pretend I've always been your girly sister, but I'm still figuring this out. I thought that was why you asked me to live with you. So I could figure things out and do them in a safer space. Well, I guess that's impossible anymore, so I'll be out of your hair as soon as possible."

"Jeri... Jared, wait," your sister meekly replied, but it was too little for you to be swayed by as you retreated immediately to your room.

"If she wants me married off, then she's got another thing coming. Maybe I'll marry

Cameron. Wouldn't that be something? I can hear the scandalous responses now." You continued thinking about all the devious ways to get back at your sister. Each devious thought contributed more energy to the seething anger you felt. After a seemingly endless number of ideas had been processed through your mind, you heard a knock at the door.

"Jeri, can I come in?"

"Kyle?"

"Yeah, I was hoping we could talk."

"I don't know..."

"I just want to help you, Jeri. I know this has been a mess the last few weeks, and Kelly was out of line."

Hearing your brother-in-law admit that a line had been crossed helped you feel better, so you decided to let him in.

"I told Kelly that she was wrong to push you so forcefully down her path."

"Thanks..."

"She... well, she will come around eventually," Kyle said as he sat beside you on your bed. He misjudged his placement, and the two of you ended up hip to hip, and his hand grazed your butt. He didn't linger this time and scooted to the side to give you both some space. You were once again confronted by the feeling that being touched in this manner felt familiar, and you were welcoming of it. However, it didn't matter since your brother-in-law behaved clinically in moving over.

"You should know you are always welcome to stay with us, Jeri. Nothing will ever change: you're a part of this family and welcome here."

"Thanks, Kyle."

"I know this is a unique situation though. You have the body of a woman but none of the past to set yourself up for success. So, I will allow you to jump-start a life for yourself. If you want to, that is."

"What do you mean?"

"If you want, I'll get you set up at your apartment, and you can stay there while you figure things out. You can take one of my credit cards and use it for expenses. Just

promise not to run it up too high, and we will be fine."

"So... you want me to leave too?"

"No, not at all; I'm just giving you a better option than being alone without support. If you want to stay, you are welcome, but if you feel like leaving is still the best option, you can do so with more structure. The choice is yours... Really."

You were happy with the clarification but still very conflicted. Kyle must have sensed this as he reached out and took your hands into his.

"You have my complete support, Jeri. What's happened to you is unimaginable, yet here you are, living through it. Whatever I can do to help you process this... I want to do that. So, you just let me know, and I'll take care of it," he said, looking you deeply in the eyes. You couldn't help but stare back into his eyes while your brain rapidly processed your feelings and thoughts into a coherent response.

Patiently, your brother-in-law continued holding your hands while waiting for your decision.