

# A Dish Served Cold



Simone Reynolds



A "New Woman" Novel



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**by Simone Reynolds**

Phil slipped the Mondeo into gear and pulled away. It was going to be a long journey down to the South West coast, so she was pleased she had started early. The sun was just breaking through, there was little traffic on the road, and she was excited with anticipation. This was the first time that she had seen Martin since she and Sarah had parted. Martin had been best man at her wedding and a friend all her life, but now they rarely met, just kept in occasional email contact. Now that she had no wife it seemed like a good time to spend a weekend together.

By midday she was well down the motorway and she stopped off for coffee at the service station. She visited the disabled lavatory as it was free, for convenience, then continued with new enthusiasm. Needless to say there were traffic jams reducing the journey to a crawl as she entered Cornwall but, as the afternoon wore on, she knew she was getting close.

Soon she was seeing familiar landscapes and suddenly was able to spot the sea. It nearly gave her as

much as of z thrill as it did when she was five years old and arriving for the annual family holiday. Now there was no Mum and Dad, now she was a parent herself with adult children.

She rounded the last corner and saw the ocean, unbroken, in front of her and the breathtaking bay which framed Martin's home. There were white "sea horses" and she could make out small sailing dinghies and perhaps a surfer. It had all the makings of a perfect long weekend.

While she had enjoyed a full, married life, at least up until recently, with two sons and a full-time job, Martin had stayed single and been able to sell his software company for a handsome profit to retire 6 years ago. In some ways she had been jealous, but then her world had been fulfilling in a different way. She had a successful partnership in a firm of solicitors and she enjoyed her specialty and helping her clients.

They had been close friends at school, she going on to university for a law degree and Martin taking electronic engineering in the north. They had kept in touch but without achieving the closeness of the "best friends" that his wife had.

At last she reached Martin's house, a small villa, built back from the sea, but with a clear sight of the nautical comings and goings. She knocked at the door and Martin opened with a beaming smile to welcome her in.

Martin stood back and looked at Phil, taking her all in. He started a little uncertainly

"Well, you look rather different!"

"Yes, I've lost a little weight and I thought I would colour my hair from that grey," Phil responded. Her

hair was long but tied down so that this could not be appreciated at first glance.

“Come and sit down, I’ll make some tea.”

“I’ll bring my bag in while you’re doing it”.

Phil soon had her baggage assembled in the hallway. Martin helped her out of her coat. He looked a little suspiciously at Phil. This resulted in a slight blush. Phil was wearing a dark polo neck pullover, but there were discernible bulges on her chest. She didn’t think it would show that easily. She should have worn a pattern.

They were soon sitting to either side of the fireplace, no fire today because the weather was gloriously warm – April here was better than Phil’s current hometown of Leicester.

“It’s not just your weight, is it?” Martin started.

“How do you mean?”

“Well, your shape is different.”

“How do you mean?”

Martin indicated his chest.

“You seem a little flabby at the top, but otherwise very slim. Your hair too, it’s long – almost like when we were teenagers.”

There was a substantial pause, which was filled when Phil took a deep sigh.

“Well, I guess I’m here to tell all. I am becoming a woman. I am in the process of changing, all since Sarah dumped me. She caught me dressing up and didn’t want to cope with it.”

“She did what?”

“I know, I know, it would seem strange to anyone. Anyway, I had been dressing up and she found out. I was discovering my ‘feminine side’.”

Naturally enough. Martin laughed at that, as he was intended to.

“So how far have you got?” quizzed Martin.

“I am normally dressed as a woman and I have breasts et cetera, and usually I wear a bra, but I didn’t think you were ready for ‘full femme Phil.’ so to speak.”

“Christ, I’m a single man, shy, retiring etc. I am not ready for anything!” Martin laughed with an element of glee.

“Would you like me to dress like I normally would?”

“Why not? This is incredible, I just could not have predicted it.”

Phil made to rise, a little unsure.

“Go on, you have to now. I am all agog.”

Phil was secretly pleased that he had been spotted so early. She picked up her suitcase and headed for her room on the first floor. She carefully closed the door and opened her case.

She had a white moulded bra, which she thought would not be too OTT. Once she had this on to support her well-developed bosom, there was a white blouse. She was already wearing white knickers and she slipped on a pastel turquoise skirt which came down to her knees. She put on some white ankle socks and some sandals and completed her clothes

with a cross round her neck. She brushed her hair out and applied an Alice band. She popped a couple of little studs into her ears and felt she was all done.

When she came down the stairs, Martin was standing up to welcome her.

“That’s quite extraordinary,” he beamed with delight.

“I didn’t apply my war paint, otherwise I would have been another hour.”

“But you look splendid anyway.”

“Thanks.” Phil wasn’t really sure if he was lying.

“Look, I was planning to go out for a meal tonight at the restaurant on the corner. How do you want to go?”

“How do you want me?”

“Well, it would be delightful to take an attractive woman.”

“Yes of course, but would it be alright taking me?” They both laughed with relief at this.

They drank their tea and for the moment just talked as old friends, catching up on events and filling in the gaps. Inevitably the atmosphere was not the same, a certain falseness to it.

“You’re going to have to explain things properly, Phil.”

“Where shall I start?”

“In the words of one of your favourites ‘Start at the very beginning, a very good place to start’.”

“Well, here comes doh, re, mi. Now you know why that bit too!” They both laughed. Phil had always been a Julie Andrews fan, while his mates were more into Deep Purple.

“I think I started when I was quite young really. I had breasts when I was like an early adolescent.”

“Yes, I noticed that, but I didn’t like to mention it”.

“Now with hindsight I know that the condition is part of adolescence and hormone change for many. But I already thought I was abnormal – I had undescended testes”.

“What kid doesn’t think they are abnormal? We’re all so self-centred at that stage,” Martin added with a sympathetic tone.

“Anyway I was obsessed by feeling like a girl. When everyone was out, I used to try on my sister’s bra and knickers and of course they wore suspender belts in those days too. I didn’t do it very often and I knew it was wrong but I couldn’t stop myself, when I got the chance. One thing, I was pleased to have long hair, since in those days that didn’t make you stand out particularly.”

“True enough. Do you remember Dave getting his in the Bunsen? What a smell.”

“Yes, it was like when the dentist uses that fast drill. The smell of burning flesh.” Phil could remember it only too well. The teacher had been pretty cross.

“Still, I always wanted mine short.”

“Yes, but I guess you didn’t want to tie yours in different styles like me”.



“You never showed any of this at school.”

“I’m not an idiot, funnily enough,” Phil responded before going on.

“As I got older, I think hormones kicked in and it became less of an issue, but still from time to time it resurfaced. The funny thing is girly mags; when I see the picture, I imagine it’s me. Me posing, not me ogling. I don’t see myself having sex with the girl, but of someone having sex with me as the girl.”

“That’s certainly a new market, which I guess Play-boy may not have been aware of,” Martin interjected.

“Yet I met and dated girls and of course fell for Sarah eventually. Never really fancied men in the flesh in that way. Even when I am making love, I often see myself as being the girl. I close my eyes and imagine being taken, even while I am ploughing into Sarah.”

“I can see that might annoy her, if she knew. And I don’t particularly want to hear about things best not shared – too much detail as they say.”

“I’ve been doing this all my life, but in recent years I have become of the opinion that I am more female than male. I take more interest in women’s things; my pastimes are cooking and dancing and now even sewing. My breasts have become more sensitive and I get more fun from them than my penis. Actually, I think Sarah liked not touching the old todger as much and she never liked sucking it. I wanted them bigger and took some herbs – pueraria – which certainly helped.”

“What let Sarah into the secret?”

“Well, I was silly. I was off for a few days, while Sarah was working and it was such lovely weather that I decided to sunbathe. Really just read my book in the

garden. As I was at home by myself all day, I was wearing a bra and pants under my ordinary clothes. I slipped my shirt off and I should have known better. I just lay in the sun. Suffice it to say, I fell asleep for about half an hour or so, I suppose. I didn't really notice anything but later I could see that I had gained bra marks. White breasts against an off-white background. Sarah could see what I had been up to and quite honestly was very alarmed. I told her everything and she wasn't as tolerant as I had supposed."

"You mean you had been at it all these years and never been discovered before?"

"Actually no. Now of course it's different, I am wanting people to know, but am not sure of the best way to tell them."

"Why do you think you've decided to come out now?"

"I reckon that as I've got older my testosterone has dropped, emphasising my basic tip towards the female. I am becoming more girly."

"Why didn't you just have some testosterone then?"

"Sarah asked that too, but I don't want to. I liked what was happening and I wanted to be more womanly. I've been to my GP, then a psychiatrist, and now I am on hormones. In fact if it all goes well, I might have a sex change."

"That would be something. Getting your parts cut off. I can't imagine it myself; the very thought makes me queasy."

"Ten years ago, I would have said the same thing. Not now, though. I dream as though I am a woman –

in women's clothing and even having sex. Like a wet dream as a woman."

"That's impressive. I remember I dreamt in French when I was doing my 'A' Level, but I was still me," Martin seemed a little incredulous.

"There's not too much of the old me now. I've been on the hormones for eighteen months and I have lost a lot of hair on my body; I only shave once a week. My penis is quite tiny and I don't get it up much. My balls are small and soft too."

"So how do you get pleasure, if I may put it like that?"

"Well, my nipples feel great and all my other parts seem to switch me on. I can get some fantastic wobbly orgasms, where I seem to shake all over, like I have my finger in the mains."

"I don't know whether I am shocked or amused, but for the moment you're still Phil to me," Martin added.

"Actually I am staying as Phil – possibly Philippa or Pippa. How would you like me for dinner?"

"I don't know, do you want to do cosy or sexy?" he joked.

"Cosy, I think."

They set off at half past 7 for the short trip to the restaurant. Phil had settled on a skirt and his polo neck with some pumps on his feet. The atmosphere was busy but Martin had a table booked and they were soon shown to their seats. One of his friends came past.

“Hi Martin. You didn’t say your weekend friend was going to be a lovely lady.” it was a tall burly man who spoke.

“Hello Steve, meet Phil – Philippa – an old friend. She goes way back.”

Steve took Phil’s hand and kissed it gallantly. She responded with a smile. After came a brief chat, whereby Phil said she was now divorced, not letting on that it was from a wife.

They settled down for their food. Phil had a crab starter, then a piece of sole for the main course. With it he had a glass of white wine. Martin meanwhile had pate followed by a large steak and a plate laden with chips. Here they were handmade and fried to perfection. The steak was running red, as rare as the restaurant could manage. They were familiar with Martin’s taste in meat. He washed it down with a frothing pint of hand-drawn beer.

“Ah, perfection,” he sighed as he put his cutlery down.

Phil decided against pudding, but Martin had a large slice of apple pie and cream.

“I can see another way you’ve changed,” Martin declared. “Diet. You don’t eat as much.”

“I can’t say I want it and the type of food has changed too, as you can see. I also drink halves not pints, not just to be more ladylike, but I just don’t seem to have the capacity.”

When Martin was alone in his room he set to thinking about Phil and what he had been up to with his body. As adolescents they had been great friends, they were even accused of being gay. In fact he had felt in a sexual way about Phil and he knew that Phil

had had no feelings for him. He didn't care to disclose it either, but he had enjoyed being with Phil and when they had been on holiday together once, he had nearly revealed his feeling. In the end they had stayed just mates.

As the years had gone by they saw each other periodically and eventually Phil settled down with Sarah, a lovely homely woman who he liked and he was sorry that they had split. It showed the depth of Phil's change or stupidity, he wasn't sure which. He had spent his life single; partly he was shy, and partly he didn't ever find the right person – either male or female - to settle down with, though he had many friends. Never a special one, though.

Now something very different had happened; an old familiar friend had become someone new, but at the same time was someone he was comfortable with. He was quite attracted. What way was he attracted? Was it o the changed body, the changed mind. Certainly Phil seemed a reformed character? He was not now so voluble or gung ho, altogether more charming, but was it womanly charming or man charming? If he made a move, it would be quite a risk, he could end up looking completely ridiculous. Tonight they had looked like a couple and others had taken them as a pair. He was both bigger than Phil and more bulky. You couldn't mistake him for a woman.

He knew that nothing was required from him, but then nothing always led to nowhere. He could play along over the next few days and see how the planned trip went and how Phil behaved. That might give him a clue. He couldn't really imagine Phil as the woman of his dreams, or could he? He was certainly no longer the man of their friendship.

He was thinking his thoughts as he was preparing for bed, a little dulled by alcohol but he was soon

asleep and dreaming of the sea – pretty much as he always did.

In the next room Phil was also preparing for bed, but she didn't expect any changes in her friend. She was so relieved that he had accepted her as she was. The meal in the restaurant – really a pub – had gone well. She had dressed low-key like a holidaymaker, just out for relaxation. She didn't think she had embarrassed Martin, or herself. She was well into behaving the part now. She knew that she passed as a woman, and not just in the shade, but she still sought regular reassurance.

She slipped off her clothes and stood naked for a while, staring down at her little penis. No trouble hiding that, she didn't need to compress or tuck it away now; nearly all tight knickers squashed it away. Her balls had nearly disappeared too. She pulled on her favourite cotton nightdress with a high collar, to keep out the draughts. It came down to her ankles. She took her pills and popped into bed; once the light was out, she, too, was soon asleep.

The next day Martin was first into the kitchen and laid the table. Phil arrived soon after having completed her ablutions.

“What do you fancy?” Martin enquired.

“Oh, just some cereal I think,” Phil responded.

“You don't want bacon and eggs?”

“I don't really eat that now, I don't have the stomach for it. Just like last evening. Do you have any fruit juice?”

“Only in a piece of fruit.” He looked in the bowl.  
“Banana, orange or pear?”