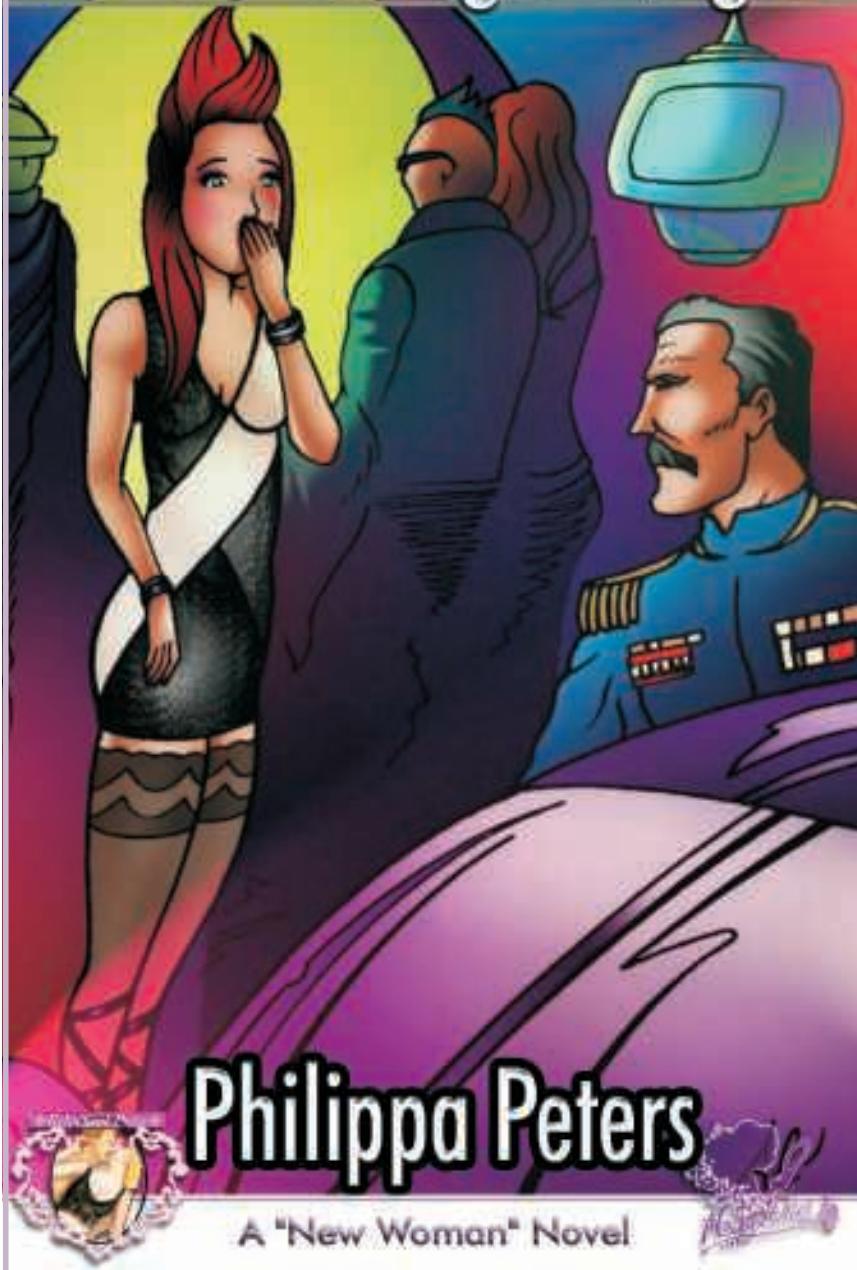


# The Unmaking of Abigail



# Philippa Peters

A "New Woman" Novel



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# THE UNMAKING OF ABIGAIL

by Philippa Peters

I'd managed to stop crying by the time I got to the transport landing pad in Duncansford.

"Lady Abigail Brel," announced the pilot to the young men who swarmed forward to assist me with the luggage Jessica had packed. My husband hadn't told the pilot, evidently, that I'd be traveling on Jessica's papers.

I stood on my high heels; the breeze, kicked up by the slow rotation of the stubby, ornithopter blades, made my light skirt swirl about my legs, caressing my stockings and making me feel just like the person everyone thought they saw when they looked at me. They all thought I was a girl. I felt like one.

But I wasn't. Even my husband knew that now. He knew I was Jeffrey Dowerson, who I'd always been, even when he made love to me. I just couldn't help reciprocating, participating in loving him as a woman should. Most of the time.

On this world of Carmichael, nanotech transformation was widespread. Changing men into women was commonplace, well, not rare, anyway. The ordinary citizenry didn't know much about it as most 'girls' were psyche-conditioned after their transformations to accept their new roles. Some were dancers and actresses; others wives and mothers. Yes, mothers, by processes the 'women' seemed to accept, the 'natural way,' not just decanting the child from its uterine replicator, as almost all women did these days, even on the backward world of Foreman. Well, backward by Nebula Kingdom standards.

"She's married," I heard one of the boys, gently laying my packages onto a robo-hauler, whisper to his companion.

The other boy, the good-looking one—yes, I was becoming more adept as a woman at rating men—grinned at me, knowing I'd heard his friend.

"The pretty ones always are," said the good-looking boy, programming the robo-hauler to take my clothes, my *female* clothing, to the St. Duncan Hotel.

"No," I said to the boy, taking his recorder and changing that. "My maid will be following me. Most of this is hers. It will be better to send these to the Upabové Hotel, as I'm leaving on a trip to Prime tomorrow."

"Yes, myLady," said the good-looker, winking at me. "Would you like me to process that for yourLadyship?"

"I've already done it," I said to him. He shrugged, alerted by my tone, I think. I wasn't in need of masculine companionship for the night.

"Terly!" someone called and my admirer left. A sense of relief swept over me. I re-programmed the robo-hauler to go to a cheaper, smaller, sleep-inn, all I wanted before I headed out to Foreman, my home planet.

I was at the Travel Cottage within minutes. The robo-hauler, headed right to the room, along the out-

side passage, already assigned to me, 'Jessica Rainford'. A housemaid appeared right away, young and bouncy, to help me with my dresses.

"We know you're traveling on right away, Mistress Rainford," this girl no older than me said. She made me squirm. I realized why as she assisted me in putting my feminine undies in the proper drawers, makeup on the makeup table, and making my gowns hang as they should in the closet. I squirmed as she did feminine things for me, delighting in her tasks. Yes, Rosanne was a real girl, not a fake like me.

Rosanne explained in a most lively way why her father and mother insisted on maids being available to assist with this service, both on my arrival and departure. I had that to look forward to, another long visit from a real girl who loved clothes and adored every piece of underwear that I possessed. She didn't say but I'd guess she longed to try it on for herself. She should, I thought, quivering. She was the only woman in the room.

I couldn't stay there, in that room, as there was no flight I was actually booked onto. I'd have to enquire. It would delay anyone tracking me. My husband had warned me there'd be people like that, wanting to imprison a freak like me, back in Lannan. I wasn't a freak because I'd been changed into a woman. No, I was a freak because I wanted to be changed back into the man I really was.

The director of Lannan Laboratories wanted me back to find out what had gone wrong with my programming, my husband had intimated to me. Then, of course, she'd correct the flaw. I'd be like other 'girls'. I'd be conditioned to love being a woman, a temptress, a wife, desiring a man to make love to me. I'd be a woman, happy to be called that.

The night would be too long to waste doing nothing. I don't think, except for when I was asleep, I'd been out of someone's company, since I was captured on Lennox. I missed Cory, my husband, and Jessica, who'd have been a good friend, I was sure, if I'd wanted another girl as a friend. She was a geecee, gender-corrected, girl like me. Yes, that's what we

girls called ourselves but never in front of those who weren't from Lannan Labs where we'd been changed. That was built into us.

Where else could I go but the Drum Theater, the infamous entertainment center of Duncansford, where Barbara, a converted soldier like me, had told me Colette had gone, to be a dancer? I couldn't imagine it. Well, I could. I'd seen Colette dancing and laughing with men provided to us as partners in our 'training', as newly-created women. No one but me ever said that was what we were. We were just girls, being readied for whatever female 'professions' suited us.

Somehow, I'd been assessed as a man's perfect companion. I was marked as a wife and, in time, a mother. But I couldn't keep to that, even though I'd only allowed one man to share my body and bed, my husband Cory, Sir Cornal Brel of Grampton. I couldn't imagine what it must be like for Sergeant Tobert, my military adviser, macho, ('old and grizzled') I'd called him, trooper in the Foreman Civil War. He was Colette? He was a dancing girl who partied with men, more than one, night after night?

I couldn't believe it; but I did believe Tobert might be holding out, sending messages by girls like Barbara, rallying members of our squad, including me, the lieutenant, the only officer, to resist and find a way out of the predicament we were all in.

I took an autocar to the Drum, stopping a distance away as we approached. I shuddered as I looked at the crowd of soldiers and marines, space workers, and ship's personnel, milling about in the street, girls in pretty dresses swinging about on their arms, pulling them towards the massive Drum icon in front of the sexiest entertainment club, by reputation, in the Giant's Rift region of space.

"Hi, darling," said a boozy voice. Suddenly, I had an arm wrapped around my slim waist. My reddish dress flared about me as this tall, muscular spacer, I guessed, swung me around on the street in my red high heels, telling me I was his. He was going to spend every credit mark he had left on the prettiest

girl on the Strip, *me*. He'd remember having me 'forever', on his next trip across the Rift.

"No," I hissed fearfully at him, trying to break free. I'd no male strength any more. I tried to avoid the kiss he aimed at my lips and partly succeeded, wriggling partly free as the big man kept hold of me.

"Hey!" yelled a voice from across the street. I was swung around, my long hair flying around my mostly bare shoulders, only the small straps across them keeping me in the flirty, evening dress we girls wore. Some were wearing a lot less, and showing a lot more. I'd felt so embarrassed, as it was, to be out, in the city, dressed as a 'party girl'.

From across the street, a tall, powerful man was moving quickly towards us. "She's not a Drum girl!" the man yelled at the other, trying to squeeze my tush tight against him.

"Then what's she doing down here?" the drunk rasped, catching my breast and pinching it as I fought to break his embrace.

The drunk's arm was suddenly removed from my waist. I tottered unexpectedly away from him, my high heels feeling about to give way. The booze-influenced guy grabbed at me, before screeching as my rescuer jabbed him, hard, in his stomach with some kind of probe.

I stared, fascinated, as the drunk slowly sank to the sidewalk, his legs and body, even his arms, relaxing, ceasing to function. Two more men hustled up the street. Several, on the fringes of the big crowd, were turning to look at me. I saw the girls begin to smile, grab their men's arms and tug them again towards the Drum. No one came out of the crowd to aid the big man.

"Need help?" asked one of the approaching men.

"No," laughed my rescuer. "I've signaled the scruffs. They'll be here in minutes to take him in. All he needs is to sleep it off."

The big man was muttering incoherently as a blue vehicle, its green lights flashing, approached.

"I'm Rongey, crowd control here at the Drum," said my rescuer, gently taking my arm and leading me away from the robo-attendants, scooping up the drunk. "I'm right, aren't I? You're not a Drum girl or a girl who brings customers into the club."

Rongey seemed amused. I clung to his arm as security directed the taking away of the spacer, shaking their heads at him, telling him he couldn't grab women like that, not on this planet, not on any planet of the Rift, for that matter. And I knew why. Women were rare out here, and precious. It was why Carmichael was making women in its 'hospitals' and labs. I was living proof of that.

"I, I came down to see a friend, a girl," I said, adding the last as he lifted an eyebrow as if to tell me I could find any kind of male friend I wanted outside the Drum. "This, this is a bad time, isn't it? I, I should head back to my sleep-inn, shouldn't I, and get out of your way."

"I see you're not from Duncansford," laughed Rongey as he led me across the street, away from the milling crowds, many people now watching security and the drunken spacer. "No time's a good time to visit the Drum unless you want to party. I take it you're not here to party?"

"N-No," I gasped as he dropped his arm to take my hand in his, squeezing it. For a moment I was scared, thinking I'd jumped from the asteroid into planetary gravity.

"Pity," said Rongey, using a computer key to pass me through the opening door and into a long passageway that clearly led to offices. "Who'd you come to see? A girlfriend, you said?"

"Y-Yes," I agreed nervously. "Her, her name," I shivered to use such a feminine pronoun for the sergeant, "is, is Colette."

"Colette?" asked Rongey in surprise. "Well, that may be a something of a problem, whoever-you-are. I take it you didn't look up at the displays going around the Drum?"

"No," I said nervously. He led me down to where several office workers pored over screens, frowning at them as they did something I couldn't comprehend.

"If you'd looked up," said Rongey, pointing to a revolving drum on a large screen over one of the women's heads, "you'd have seen Colette."

I couldn't help an involuntary shriek. There was this nude, blonde woman in a huge wine glass, bathing herself in some bubbly drink. Another busty girl 'swam' around her, obscuring their most private parts. The girls entwined their bodies before pouting at the camera trained on them.

Colette leaned forward, her gorgeous breasts exposed, and beckoned with a finger to whoever was looking at her. "Come on in," she purred. I could hear as Rongey did something at a console, lifting the sound. Several people turned to look at us. "I really need a man, a real man, tonight, maybe two, or three!"

Colette's eyes, so exquisitely made-up, were laughing as I'd never seen her, as a sergeant, ever do. "So do I," said the red-haired girl, so perfectly feminine from her naked rear to her long hair.

"Colette and Melinda, ready to party, all the way girls," said another sultry voice as both girls began to giggle and splash whoever was filming them.

The sound died as some technician took over. "Want the three-dimensional or holo version, Ronge?" the girl asked. She smiled at me. She was dark-haired, as pretty as the naked girls on the screen. But she wore a long-sleeved top and a short, dark skirt, with black hose that covered her legs as far as I could see.

"You'll love them," the woman said to me, her bright smile, showing perfect, white teeth to contrast

with her red, glossy lipstick. "They'll make you feel you're actually touching Colette or Melinda. Let me show you!"

It was true. The holographic view of Colette sliding around and over Melinda was frankly erotic. I could feel my phantom penis starting to rise as I looked at the girls. Shame and embarrassment swept over me as I realized I was lusting after a man, years older than myself, trapped there on the screen as if he was a pretty, teenaged girl begging a man to make love to 'her'.

"Is Colette engaged now?" asked Rongey. The girl looked across the office at us and snorted.

"Do avians fly?" she asked with a smile. "Of course, that girl's engaged, Ronge! She's got two guys doing her at the moment. She's a real big help to the assignment office, taking on doubles or triples all the time. She loves it!"

Tobert couldn't be that woman, Colette, I thought, a tremor running through my feminized body. My sergeant taking other men, and not just one at a time but in groups! *He* was the busty woman! I couldn't believe it. Barbara, who'd been a corporal with Tobert, must be wrong! Tobert couldn't be the adorable little sexpot, Colette!

"I'm Nicole," the dark-haired girl said, turning down the display of Melinda and Colette kissing one another's breasts as they swam in the 'cocktail glass'. "Colette will need a break after she's been with juiced-up marines half the night. I'll see your girlfriend meets the star of our show, Ronge. You can leave her here and go back on the street!"

"Come on, Nicole," said the man who'd escorted me into these offices. "You can't leave me like this, all horny and unrequited!"

To my utter astonishment, the girl behind the counter danced away from her desk and console, and threw her arms around Rongey. They ignored me completely as they kissed passionately, as Melinda and Colette were doing in the vid. Then, Nicole's legs

were lifted about his waist. His hands were on her pretty, rounded tush, her short dress moving up over her garter belt. Her panties were coming down.

I gasped and stood back, unable to believe what I was seeing. Nicole had a penis! Rongey seemed to know it. He stepped back to a chair and drew her tush over his own enlarging penis. Then the two of them went at it in front of me, leaving me not knowing where to look.

"Oh yes, darling, darling!" Nicole was squealing between kisses, her breasts over the top of her bra and opened blouse, exposed to the attentions of Rongey's mouth and hands. "Deeper! Deeper!" she was demanding, her whole body bouncing again and again against Rongey's as she sought some kind of orgasm, her own manhood pressed against Rongey's abdomen. "Do me, my darling! Do me! Drive it into me. You know how I like it! Come on, Ronge! Fuck me, oh, fuck me, fuck me, fuck me!"

And that's what Rongey did. It was amazing how he lifted her up and drove her down on his manhood. How she giggled in delight, encouraging him to have 'her' in such a ferocious manner. It didn't take long. Rongey was grunting as he came inside her. She was squealing as she climaxed as well, Rongey's hands assisting in the process.

"Oh sugar," said Nicole, swaying and refusing to lift from Rongey's pole, "Colette's girlfriend must be straight from Lannan! You are, aren't you, whoever you are? You don't know about blue girls and pink girls, do you? Rongey, you've got to get back on duty. I'll take this girl down to the pool where I can clean up and we can get to know one another."

Nicole had to embrace Rongey several more times before she actually did lift herself from the man, the one who dressed like a man that is. She took my hand in one of hers, her panties in the other, and wiggled down the hallway in her high heels, her hair and makeup showing the ravages of her tryst.

"Gwennie!" Nicole called to one of the other girls working a different console. Those girls had ignored

the sexual congress going on. A blonde looked over and shook her head in mock sorrow at the brunette 'girl', her short dress still showing off the manhood that had erupted on Rongey while he'd been emptying himself inside 'her'.

"Gwennie, look after the lists, will you?" Nicole said, wiggling on her high heels as if she was a girl, her tush swaying. "Melinda is to party with the Danforth captain and Natalie has the admiral. Wren is from the Liffey Heights and wants a blue girl. See if Sally's finished with her regular. If she isn't, call me in the pool. I'll take Wren myself."

"Is that a new girl?" asked Gwennie, shaking her long, flowing blonde hair in my direction. "Can I put her on the schedule?"

"Not yet," laughed Nicole, tugging my hand. I shivered at what I might be offered. "She's just a visitor, for now."

"Where...?" I began as we went further into the building, away from Rongey and the only way out I knew of.

"Shh," whispered Nicole, opening a door. We went into the back of a darkened room. At the front, there was a brightly-lit stage from which deafening music emanated. On the stage was a chorus line of dancers in the skimpiest of costumes and high, feathered headdresses, who were doing an intricate production number.

Suddenly, they all joined up and began to high kick to the music, the crowd at the tables between us and them standing up and cheering. Perhaps the fact that none of the girls were wearing any panties was the reason for the male voices cheering and whistling.

"Come on!" hissed Nicole to me. We slipped along the back wall. Several men who saw us shouted, though I couldn't hear a word they said, and indicated to us to join them.

We went through another door into a red-lit, dim passage. The door behind us closed so securely that we didn't hear music any more as we swished down the passage in our high heels, through the doors marked 'Leisure Room'. Almost immediately, the sound of girlish voices, laughing and giggling, reached me. There, in the pool stretched across a wide room, were girls of all sizes and shapes, some naked, and some in bikinis, relaxing in and beside the pool.

"Nikki!" called one girl, a brunette, her eyes violet and darkly fringed. "What happened to you?"

"Rongey!" said another girl, a blonde in a red bikini. "She's got a thing for that guy! She should marry him!"

I couldn't believe my eyes as Nicole began to take off all of her clothes, exposing herself to anyone who wanted to look at male genitals.

"What's your name?" Nicole asked me as she kicked off her shoes and peeled off her stockings.

"J-Jessica," I managed to say, although 'Abigail' had been on the tip of my tongue.

"Jessica's new, from Lannan, a friend of Colette's!" called Nicole to the girls who immediately began to call out welcomes to me.

Nicole tossed her female clothing into a basket, her panties and dress quite soiled with essences from Rongey and probably from "herself". "You can put your dress and bra and stuff in the change cubicle," said Nicole, "and join us in the warm water."

"But I don't have..." I started to say.

"Bikinis in the top drawer," said Nicole, turning and diving into the water. I was left to stagger in my high heels. A tall, naked brunette, with quite a dark bush about her vagina, pointed where to go.

It wasn't really a bikini, but a thong I found for myself. There was no top.

"Oh, don't bother about that," called Nicole. "Come on in. It's so warm. Colette will be here in five minutes. She always relaxes in the nude!"

I shivered again but the warm water drove away the nervousness I felt.

"Jessica hasn't seen a blue girl before," announced Nicole. I felt very strange as I tried to swim across to Nicole from the steps. It was so odd, swimming with breasts.

"You're new," said a red-haired girl with a grin. "They don't teach you that in Lannan, do they?"

"What's a blue girl?" I asked of the sea of smiling, feminine faces around me.

"The Northern Continent coined the phrase," the blonde, Andrea, told me. "They had no women there at all. It was forbidden. But you know men. They need sex with someone. So the youngest and weakest were forced to be housewives, maids, comfort girls. The men could make believe they were making love to women. Blue girls had everything a man has but they grew their hair—the men made them—and wore women's clothing, makeup, jewelry, everything a woman does."

"We're given girl's names as well," said Nicole with a grin. "And we do for men, as I did with Rongey, everything a man wants from a girl."

"But when Lannan began to do transformations for Lord John McDonald," said Andrea, "there were all these girls to be given away to the rulers, the powers, of Northern. Some of the blue girls were so pretty they looked like us geecee girls from Lannan. That's when the terms blue girl and pink girl came into use. We're all pink girls from Lannan..."

"Not every one," said one of the girls, a girl with chestnut brown hair and large, rounded breasts.

"... but some Northerners liked the girls they'd made," Andrea went on with a grin. "They let some of us go into Coldhaven and have our breasts aug-

mented or our tushes rounded. But they liked us to be girls with a little extra, like Nicole and me.”

I gulped as I stared at the very pretty Andrea. Her maleness, if she had such, was concealed by her bikini bottom.

“Here, we don’t take any notice of the difference,” said another girl, the redhead, Marcia. “Besides, the blue girls often become pink after they’ve been here a while. You’re going to do it, Nikki, aren’t you?”

“Yes,” said Nicole with a grimace. “And I’m going to be a bride as well. You can when you’re a pink girl.”

“You can when you’re a blue girl as well,” said Andrea with smile. “Lady Liffey, Lady Rosemary, she’s a blue girl. She even has five kids, I think.”

“Ooo, that’s got to hurt,” said another girl, floating out on the water.

“Blue girls have caesareans,” said Andrea, who seemed to be the expert on this strange phenomenon. It sent shivers up and down my spine as the girls spoke so earnestly. “It really isn’t very different from the way pink girls have their kids...”

And how is that? I wanted to scream.

“Here’s Colette,” interrupted Nicole. “Hey, Colette, over here! Jessica’s here from Lannan to visit you!”

Colette’s dress was stained, her stockings were torn and her blonde hair was half pinned, half loose, as she smiled faintly. She dumped all her clothing, bra and panties, into the basket that Nicole had used, and dove into the warm water. She came up with hair all over her face.

“Twelve men I wrecked tonight,” Colette said with a feminine giggle. “I need some food, fuel, before I go back again!”

“Twelve isn’t the record,” laughed Nicole to the naked woman drifting beside her.