

Raven's Diaries



Raven Starke

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Raven's Diaries

By Raven Starke

October 1, 1992

Dear Diary,

I feel a little foolish writing to myself in this manner. However, Dr. Linden suggested that it would be a good way of getting familiar with the notebook computer she bought me for my trip overseas with Dr. VanDerstadt. It's a Compaq Computer; I still can't believe it's mine.

It's about 5:30 Thursday night and I'm trying hard not to get too excited about tomorrow. We're going out to dinner tonight with Morgan and other friends, for a 'bon voyage' party for Dr. VanDerstadt and me. I'm glad we're just going to Fig's so I won't have to dress up. Most of my dressy things are packed.

I wish I could invite Lori to join us for dinner but I don't think it would be too cool. I think Dr. Linden

suspects that I'm seeing someone but she hasn't said anything yet. The time they met was when Maria came to pick me up after work at the bar one night and Lori and I were finishing wiping down the tables. Lori told me that Marla had been very friendly and warm.

I think I'll please Dr. Linden and wear my tight gray jeans and white satin blouse with the high collar. The blouse scoops very low in the front (which I don't like), but it's the least I can do for her.

Maybe, if I get comfortable with this format, I'll send some of these to Reluctant Press. Perhaps they'll be interested in my adventures in Europe and Africa?

October 1, 1992

10:50 P.M.

Hello computer, you slim, lightweight, high-tech little wonder. Just thought I'd talk to you a little before trying to get some sleep.

Dinner was an interesting experience, especially since Morgan and Dr. Linden got into a loud argument in the parking lot! I don't know what it was all about but Morgan had been acting weird all night. She wouldn't tell me what was wrong. She couldn't even look me in the eye when I spoke to her.

Even though she's played a part in feminizing me, I've grown to like her. In fact, she's just about the only person I trust these days, other than Lori.

I don't know what they were arguing about; I was in the bathroom when it all began. I'd just returned to

the table when I heard Morgan screaming at Dr. Linden out in the parking lot. I tried to go see what was going on but Dr. VanDerstadt grabbed my wrist and wouldn't let go.

Dr. Morgan said she was "a lying bitch" before getting in her car and driving away. Dr. Linden rejoined us at the table but wouldn't elaborate on what happened. I tried calling Morgan while we were still at the restaurant but there was no answer.

I'm afraid I drank a little too much cognac, Dear Diary, because I'm gradually falling asleep as I type. I'm gonna call up Lori, then hit the sack. Good Night.

Friday, 10/2/92

8:30 A.M.

I hate the fact that LAX is so crowded this morning! I don't think I'll ever get used to being in public looking the way I do. I can feel the eyes of men staring at me as I sit here trying to mind my own business. Shit!

I woke up with a terrible hangover this morning, an hour later than I planned and had to rush through a shower while Dr. Linden and Claudia had breakfast in the garden. No sooner had I dried my hair than the airport shuttle had arrived. I'd planned on wearing my loose and comfy jeans, tennis shoes, and a sweater for the flight but Dr. Linden thought otherwise. It's because of her that I'm sitting here wearing a denim dress that zips all the way down the front, red pantyhose and red leather ankle boots.

I feel like a whore, which is exactly what Dr. Linden wants. Right down to the red leather purse and matching lipstick. Since I barely had time to shower,

my hair must look like I just got out of bed. I wanted to get it cut this week but Dr. Linden suggested that I wait, then maybe I could go to a fancy European hair salon instead. I just want to get it cut so it's not so hard to take care of. It gets too hot and tickles, although Lori does like to run her fingers through it. She's told me it's the only thing she'll miss when I become a guy again. Maybe I'll keep it longer, just for her.

She left just a few minutes ago so she could get to her job at JC Penny's. We pretended that she was here to see another friend off, that it was just a coincidence that we ran into each other. Dr. VanDerstadt acted quite surprised that I'd made outside friends and I could also see that she found Lori very attractive.

We managed to sneak away to the bathroom to say goodbye to each other. It didn't last long enough and made me even more sorry that we are going to be apart for six weeks! I'm lucky to have found a girl who isn't a lezzie and is not turned off by the fact that I look the way I do.

She was the first one to be my friend when I started working at 'Peanuts'. She's told me that at first they all thought I was a 'lipstick lesbian', because of the way my makeup and hair were always so perfect and because I always wore really girly clothes! I guess I can thank Marla for my giving that impression.

Lori's never had a relationship with a woman but was attracted to me anyway. In a way, it was a great relief for her to discover that I was really a guy. I think it took away some of the guilt she was feeling about being gay. By the same token, I once again believe that someday soon I can return to my male life and have a woman to love.



Dr. VanDerstadt is heading back from her trip to the newsstand. I don't want her to see what I'm writing and thinking about so I'll sign off now.

Friday, 10/2/92 -

Somewhere over Colorado

They just served us lunch, which was quite good for airline food. I'm afraid I overindulged on the complimentary wine they serve in First Class, though, because I'm a little loopy and nauseous. Dr. VanDerstadt suggested I go to the restroom but all of the ones up front were occupied so I had to walk all the way to the rear of the 747 in order to do my business. It was difficult for me to keep my balance in these 3" boots. A couple of times when the plane lurched, I almost fell into someone's lap.

Maybe I'm paranoid but I'm sure the other women on the plane are passing judgment on the way I'm dressed. I want to tell them I'm not crazy about it either!

Anyway, once I got to the toilet I had to wait in line and I wound up talking to this black guy from New York named Troy who works for the Knicks basketball team. He wanted to know where I was from, where I was going, what my name was. Jeez!!! All the time he was pretending to be interested in my answers, he was looking me up and down like crazy. He asked if I would be in New York for a while and invited me to go out to dinner.

I don't know what to do at times like that. I know the way I look now attracts men which is what Dr. Linden wanted, but I'm still not interested. Although ever since I've been seeing Andrew (*her hypno-thera-*

pist) I've found myself becoming less repulsed by the notion of a man in a romantic sense. In fact, every time I see Andrew, I enjoy giving him a kiss as a greeting. Am I becoming bisexual? I find it hard to believe, because I get so aroused when I'm with Lori. I didn't think I'd be able to get as many hard-ons as I still do when she's around. Sometimes it gets damned uncomfortable when we're waiting tables together at the bar and my penis starts to swell up inside my gaff. Ow!

2:30 P.M. - CST

The pilot just announced that we'll be landing in Chicago in about twenty minutes but I wanted to get this down first. I was just napping for about an hour and I woke up crying about a dream I had concerning my parents. I think it was probably due to the fact that we'll be landing for a short while in Chicago which will be the first time I've been back in my home town since Dr. Linden started feminizing me.

The dream was so weird. In it, I was working at some restaurant, or fast food place of some kind and it was really busy. Suddenly I looked up to take the next order and it was Mom and Dad in front of me! For some reason I started laughing; my Dad held out a \$20.00 bill and asked for a hot dog and some french fries. I tried to stop laughing. I couldn't, then my mother grabbed me by the arm and squeezed my right breast really hard and said. "He doesn't really want the food...he wants to fuck you!" .

Mom then took the money from Dad and stuffed it down the front of my blouse. The blouse had changed from a typical McDonald's-type uniform into the leopard and bustier which I wear when I waitress at 'Peanuts' during the week.

Claudia asked me why I was crying but I couldn't tell her the truth. She'd only tell Dr. Linden, and they would use it to embarrass me somehow. Even though she tries to be my friend and we sometimes have fun together, I'll never be able to forgive her for deceiving me when we went to Holland with Dr. Linden. I think she knows that and is hoping to use this trip of ours to make it up to me.

I've decided two things, Dear Diary. Actually three.

1) I love this notebook computer, and I find that I really like talking to you, my alter ego.

2) I'm going to password protect these writings so that I can continue to say what I feel about my growing feelings for Lori, as well as my thoughts about Claudia and Marla without fear of it being used against me.

3) I'm going to leave Marla and Claudia after this trip and move in with Lori. She wants to help me get back to my male life, if possible.

O'Hare Airport

3:45 P.M. CST

I just got up the nerve to call my parents but there was no answer. Dad was probably at work but I thought for sure Mom would be home. I'm not really sure what I would have said if she'd answered. I sometimes forget that I don't sound anything like I used to before so maybe she wouldn't even believe it was me!

I think that if I had the time to explain what's been happening to me, I might have begged her to come to

the airport and take me home. However, I don't think Mom and Dad could handle the way I look right now. I never realized how much I missed them until lately. When I'm back to being more my old self, I'll go visit them. I wonder if they think I'm dead?

Our flight to Brussels should be boarding in just about thirty minutes so I'm going to go buy some magazines and try calling home again.

9:00 P.M. EST

I finally got through to someone at home before the plane took off. It was my Aunt Laura. When I heard her voice, I thought it was Mom's for a second and it froze me. I stammered for a second before asking if my Dad was there but I said "Is Mr. Johnson there?".

Aunt Laura paused for a second before asking who I was.

I wanted desperately to tell her but I was embarrassed too, so I lied and said that I was an old friend of their son David and wanted to know how to reach myself. Aunt Laura was very curt with me and she said that the family hadn't heard from 'David' for several years. She sounded angry about it; before I could even respond she hit me with the bombshell.

Dear Diary

My father died this past summer and I didn't even know! I guess he had a massive stroke and lingered for a few weeks before finally passing away on the 11th of July. Aunt Laura asked me to tell 'David' the news, and if I found out where 'he' was, ask 'David' to call home. In my shock I said I would and hung up.

I tried calling Lori cause I really needed to talk to someone but I only got her answering machine.

I walked outside the airport and stood crying for a few minutes while I grieved privately for my father. How did my life get to the point at which I was standing in an airport not twenty miles from my parents' home, dressed like and looking like a woman? I thought about how distant I was from not only my family, but the person, I used to be. And then, when I realized that the female hormones running through my body were causing me to be more emotional than a normal man would be at a time like this, I cried even harder!

I finally started shivering so much from the cold and sobbing softly that a skycap came over and suggested I go back inside. He put his arm around me to lead me back into the concourse and I freaked out. I pushed him away and called him a "horny son-of-a-bitch."

I went into the bathroom and the thought of having to use the women's room started me crying again. Looking at myself in the mirror as I dried my tears and fixed my makeup, and I think I really saw for the first time how different I was. My lips, eyes, and nose don't look like they used to, and I can see now that Marla made sure it was going to be very hard for me to ever look like 'David' again! I sat in the toilet stall for maybe fifteen minutes, pondering all this shit.

I listened to the sounds of the other women in the bathroom with me and found myself trying to remember what it felt like to be in a men's bathroom, standing at a urinal, instead of sitting in a stall. I was identifying with those women who married the wrong guy. Whose lives were now out of their control. Some-

how, during this thought process, I found that my penis had gotten hard and I was stroking it.

It's the first time in quite a while that I've had a spontaneous erection. In fact, it had gotten to the point that I no longer even thought about sex unless I was with Lori. Marla and Claudia occasionally allow me enough time to get hard and cum when I'm performing orally on them but Claudia usually teases me about how small my dick has become and how it takes me too long to orgasm.

I was afraid I would get caught but I couldn't stop myself. I think it was a way to relieve the pressure and depression of my Dad's death. I filled my hand with a small wad of toilet tissue and stroked myself until I came. It felt so good but at the same time I was shocked at how little fluid actually came out. I guess there really isn't much chance of me getting Lori pregnant.

I remember the first time Marla and I had sex, before the 'feminization fantasy' began. She was amazed at how big a load I'd shot into her mouth. Now, it was barely a trickle.

Diary, what bothered me even more, though, was that as I was stroking myself, I realized that I was also rubbing and pinching my nipples! With my right hand I was trying desperately to reassert my masculine identity, yet with the long and red polished fingernails of my left hand I was pleasuring myself in a very female way! I got very confused.

I contemplated just leaving the airport without speaking to Claudia at all and finding a way to Mom and Dad's house but I know that would have been a stupid thing to do. I don't have any cash or credit

cards and my luggage was all checked baggage except for my purse and the computer. Besides, where could I go looking the way I do? I just couldn't face Mom right now and Aunt Laura would probably figure out that it was me who called.

How do I handle discovering that my father had died and telling my mother that I've been living with a kinky woman in L.A. who's made me look like a girl? And that I have girlfriend who I work with as a waitress in a wild West Hollywood bar!

I've often wondered if Grandma ever told Mom about my TV books and sometime dressing up? In a way it wouldn't really be any easier if she had. How can I explain that my past infatuation with crossdressing stories has resulted in my dramatic transformation? I'm too confused.

Anyway...I finally rejoined Claudia at the gate and we took off for Brussels, Belgium about forty minutes late at 4:10 PM Chicago time. I'm not exactly sure what time zone we're in now but I'll just stay on east coast time until we land.

Before we took off, Claudia asked where I disappeared to for so long; I tried to evade giving an answer but she put her hand on my shoulder and I broke down into tears again. I finally told her about Dad and was really surprised at her reaction. She was very understanding and gentle. I couldn't believe it. She understood when I told her how sad I was and that I had missed saying goodbye to him. That I wanted to be able to go home again as a whole person and not as some shemale creation of somebody else.

Maybe if I'd opened up to her sooner, we'd have a better relationship. I could hear the sincerity in her

voice when she promised me that she would talk to Marla and discuss my concerns and desires.

It's been quite an emotion-filled day for me and there's nothing to see below us but the occasional ship's lights, so I'm going to try and get some sleep. The seats in front here are fairly big and comfy. Maybe the next time we meet it will be in Europe!

Me

Oct. 3, 1992

9:40 P.M. Belgian time (I think)

God! I'm sooo tired! Our flight landed at about 7:30 this morning, which of course to me felt like the end of a long, long day. We went through customs without any of the embarrassment I suffered returning from Holland last time and once we got our luggage (an hour wait!) we took a taxi to the Brussels Hilton.

The traffic was quite heavy. I got whistled at more than once by bicyclists going by when we arrived. I felt not only tired and grungy but overdressed for that time of the morning.

I'd hoped Claudia would allow me a room of my own but we were checked into one rather large suite with two queen-size beds, a foyer and sitting room, and a large enclosed balcony overlooking the B'vard de Waterloo. I'm typing this on the black marble dinner table next to the balcony.

Claudia wanted to go downstairs for breakfast but I was just too exhausted, mostly from all my crying last night. She left her things for me to unpack and left. After getting all our clothes hung up and in

drawers, I changed into my nightie and fell into bed. It was pretty hard but I was so tired it didn't matter.

I woke up about 5:00 and to me it felt like early morning instead of late afternoon! I laid there for a while thinking about Dad and how I wish I could have spoken to him just one more time. I turned on the television and brushed my teeth.

It's strange seeing 'The Beverly Hillbillies' speaking French! About the only thing I could find in English was CNN so I took a long, hot shower.

While I was soaping myself up, I thought again about what happened in the stall at O'Hare Airport and I started rubbing my crotch again with my soapy hand. I felt very strange and naughty, and I could see my nipples getting hard too. I tried to pretend that Lori was in the shower with me and was licking my nipples and stroking my penis.

I still find it difficult to accept what I see when I look down at my breasts. I know there was a time when I fantasized about having them, but reality is so much different. I liked them better before Carla had me get that last augmentation.

I tried for about ten minutes to get myself hard but it just didn't work, although my tits felt really good.

When I got out of the shower I blow dried my hair and went back into the bedroom to get dressed. Claudia had returned and was sound asleep in the other bed, snoring like crazy. I tiptoed around while I put on my bluejeans and blouse. I dug my Hard Rock Cafe sweater out of the drawer and slipped it on before stepping into my black pumps. I took a traveler's

checks out of Claudia's bag, grabbed my purse, and left.

I ate a hamburger and french fries at the Burger King down the block from the hotel and wandered around the immediate neighborhood, including going by this beautiful fountain not far from here. I sat there for a while watching the pigeons and people, then I threw some Belgian francs into the fountain and made a wish (Guess what for?) Then I walked back to the hotel.

When I got back to the hotel I went to the room and found that Claudia was in bed with someone. I heard them laughing and talking in French. So I grabbed my new best friend (the notebook computer) and headed back to the lobby where I've been for the last hour and a half drinking white wine and typing. I've also turned down at least five requests in as many languages from men who wanted to join me. I didn't understand them too well but I guess 'NO', means the same thing in all languages.

I'm getting very comfortable with this notion of keeping a diary of my thoughts and experiences, especially if I can manage to keep my password from falling into the wrong hands. If Marla or Claudia ever got hold of some of these thoughts, I'd be screwed big time. Maybe someday after I've gotten back my male identity, I'll publish these writings. That is if I can stand the public humiliation. If I do, I think I'll call it 'The Fantasy Trap' by David Johnson. Even though that's what my passport says on it, nobody calls me that back home anymore. Even Morgan calls me Raven now.

There's a very beautiful woman with short black hair sitting alone just two tables away reading a book. I think she must be about my age, certainly no

older than thirty, and I'm very attracted to her, even though she's wearing brown clogs with a black denim skirt. Yecch!

Dear Diary

I'm getting aroused just thinking about talking to her and my penis is getting hard, which is very uncomfortable tucked away in my gaff! For a moment I thought about asking if I could join her for a drink, then I realized that was what all these guys around here were doing to me! I also know that to her and everyone else, I'm just another girl.

Unless she's a lesbian who likes she-males, like Marla and Claudia, or an exceptionally understanding person like Lori, she'll have no interest in me. I guess I'll just have to order another glass of wine and fantasize about seducing her. Maybe I'll come back to Europe as my male self someday and meet her?

I remember back when I was thirteen and I brought a girl home one day. Mom was still working at the telephone company then and hadn't gotten home yet; Dad was reading the paper in the living room and watching television. I was so nervous about introducing him to Nancy, afraid that he'd tease me like the other guys in the neighborhood. But Dad was so cool that day. Even though he'd worked all day, he fixed us hamburgers and potato chips and horsed around with us for a while. I'll never forget that.

Afterwards, he drove Nancy the eight or so blocks to her house, then told me what a nice girl she was. He told me that since I was showing an interest in girls, I should know about sex and stuff. That night we discussed it, although like most kids I already had a really good idea of the basics. I remember him pat-

ting my shoulder and telling me I was a good kid and I told him that I wanted to be just like him when I grew up! What happened? Oh, God...

Well, I think jet lag and too much wine is getting to me, so I'm going to try heading back upstairs. I have no idea who Claudia is fucking but I am surprised that it sounded like a man. I wonder if Marla knows that Claudia is doing this?

Sunday

4 October, 5:53 A.M.

I can't even think straight anymore and I hate Claudia with all my heart! She's a bitch and a slut and I'm going to make sure Marla knows about it. I'm sitting alone on the patio just off the main lobby of the hotel and other than an occasional maid or maintenance worker, I have the place to myself. I had the concierge make me a pot of coffee and I'm trying to calm down.

When I got back to the room it seemed like Claudia and her `date' had gone to sleep, although I knew he was still there because his pants and shirt were draped over the back of a chair. I decided to sleep on the sofa in the sitting room; after taking off my bra and shoes, I got an extra blanket from the bathroom and settled in for the night. I was afraid I'd have a hard time falling asleep but the wine must have helped because in no time I was out like a light.

I've got a pounding headache and if you must know the truth, my ass hurts like hell. I was sleeping when I felt someone stroking my hair and shoulder. At first I was half asleep and not really aware of what was happening but pretty soon I started to wake up,

especially when I felt the person's hand slip inside my panties.

I was still only partially awake but I remember Claudia whispering to me to roll over and I felt her stroke my head first, then my tits. I guess I did roll over because the next thing I knew there was something heavy on my back and my shoulders were pinned to the sofa cushions.

I was very groggy but I felt something rubbing up against my rear. I tried to say something but Claudia stuck some stockings into my mouth as soon as I opened it.

What am I? Just a piece of meat?

Suddenly I felt a very sharp pain as something was rammed up inside my ass! Claudia helped hold me down while her friend fucked me in the ass. I felt him rubbing Vaseline all over his penis and he even put Vaseline into my butt while he used me. He was kissing my neck and stroking my hips and ass while he pumped me. Then after he came inside me, he reached under me and started rubbing and squeezing my tits. The whole time he was speaking in French so I couldn't understand a word he said.

Finally he pulled himself out of me and kissed my cheek before getting up. I wanted to scream but I felt so humiliated that I just sat there crying while Claudia put her goddamn arm around me and told me it would be all right. I called her a lying bitch and told her that I was scared of getting AIDS from that bastard but he just waved his limp dick in my face so I could see that he'd worn a rubber!