



Reluctant Press presents:

A Dream Realized

Heather Berdrow



AN 'ADULT TV' E-BOOK

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A Dream Realized

by Heather Berdrow

Larry:

As with everyone, my story began when I was born but my end results are unlike anything I have heard of before. My abusive drunk of a father left my mother and me just as soon as I took my first breath. Knowing what I do now, that was probably a blessing. With him gone, it was my mother with her sixth grade education and little me against the world. That sort of start tends to limit one's employment opportunities.

I remember my mother leaving for work very early in the morning, usually before light, and coming home well after dark. She was a plain woman who wore no makeup; she pulled her hair back into a small ponytail. Her clothing was simple, usually a service type of dress that did not lend to her figure, and sensible shoes. I never knew it, but she was happy with the way she looked, a kind of defense to fend off any potential suitors. Her hands were always dry and cracked, her nails always in need of repair.

Once when I was very young and alone in the small apartment we rented, I found a picture of my mother in her youth. I discovered that she was once what is called a "Hottie." Looking at her now, nothing would lead you to believe that statement. I spent much of my time alone, taking care of myself. I was never big, never had muscles, but I did have a baby face, which inspired many a bully to try and get over me. The majority of them found that they had tangled with a devil child.

Shortly after I began high school, my reputation led me to be recruited into the local crime family, as an enforcer. I was more than tough enough for the job, and I carried a giant chip on my shoulder. On my seventeenth birthday, I received the best news of my life. That old bastard drunk of a father had gotten himself knifed at a bar, just off Skid Row. He died before any assistance could arrive. He earned that death.

As my high school graduation came closer, my rise in the "family" had a sort of graduation as well. A drug pusher who had stiffed the crew once too many times, was declared a dead man by the head of the family; it was my job to make that happen. My snarling face was the last thing the pusher saw as he lay in a downtown gutter, his belly sliced wide open. I had finally made it. I had become what I used to hate the most: a bully.

I worked very hard to make enough money so my mom would not have to work so many hours. I tried many times to give her gifts of several thousand dollars, but she always refused to take it, calling the money dirty; she would not soil her hands with it. One day soon after my nineteenth birthday, I found my mom on the floor of the apartment, dead of what I was told was a heart attack. This just added to the sadness of my life and made the mean streak running through me that much stronger

Slowly, I moved up the ladder. I could now afford my own house, new cars, and all the young women I wanted. I didn't abuse them physically, but if they didn't please me, they knew it soon as they found themselves back on the street. I wanted them all to dress a certain way, and treat me like I was their king. Basically, I wanted to be worshiped. It made me feel whole and like I measured up.

One of the lessons I had learned growing up was that if you do something long enough, you become that thing. So when I was asked to take a fall for the son of the head of the family, it was a bitter pill to swallow. I did it, with the promise of a big pay off when I got out of custody. I didn't care for it, but I took the fall. I was found guilty and sentenced to five years in prison. My house, my cars, and all the girls were gone. My new living arrangement would consist of an orange jumpsuit, flip-flops, and an eight-by-ten concrete cell with a small window. Everyone in my cell block knew who I was and what connections I had on the outside so I was pretty much left alone. The days were long, the nights longer still. I never received a single visitor; all my communications with the family were through the lawyer they had provided me. Most of my free time was spent in the library, trying to get educated.

Of course, I had to maintain my tough guy image. I am sure that saved me from the fate some of the smaller guys had to deal with. Many of them became prison bitches who serviced their owners at will. A quick look was all that was needed to tell exactly what they were. Their owners would sneak women's clothes into the facility for their property to wear. They became their owners' "little girls." You would see them sitting at the feet of the guys who held their "contract." On occasion, the contract could be bought or sold for as little as a carton of cigarettes. I was approached many times and asked if I wanted to buy a contract or two. Lucky for me, I was able to keep those urges under control. The idea of being with another man in that way was just repulsive to me, no matter how girlish he was, or what he wore.

Finally, I was out on parole after three years due to my good behavior and prison overcrowding. I was sent to a halfway house for rehab, then released. First thing I did was head to my old stomping grounds. I was soon to learn how much things could change in three years.

The family that had controlled that part of town was gone, as was their influence. Gangs now ruled the streets and neighborhoods. I did the best as I could to stay away from them. But my reputation preceded me and spread from corner to corner. One night, after getting off work at the donut shop and taking the bus home, I was walking the short distance from the bus stop to my apartment, when I found myself in the middle of a group of young men. They had made a circle, cutting off any chance of escape. I could see the blood in their eyes. I saw an opening and ran in the direction of my home, just a couple of blocks away. They chased me onto an unfamiliar street where they taunted and teased me. The confrontation was over in the flash of a semi-automatic handgun. The last memory I have of the confrontation is the feeling of cool a well-manicured front lawn against my cheek, as the light slowly dimmed into darkness.

Lisa:

It seems that I have been sitting here for hours, looking at the image staring back at me. The image should be easily recognized; mirrors don't lie, do they? Any memories from my childhood seem far, far away. I do know who I am, or at least who I am told I should be. But she remains as unfamiliar as someone from another planet. I guess she is pretty; at least that is what I am told by a woman who claims she is my mother. But, like the face in the mirror, she is a stranger to me. She has been wonderful, very loving, helpful, and supportive. But for all her reassurances, something just isn't right. What it is, I just don't know. Maybe, as she has said before, I am just afraid of what lies outside the front door of our home.

I look around my room. Everything here is mine. But is it really? I try to shake these dark thoughts from my mind, as I am supposed to be getting ready for a date with a man I am told I am in love with. This too seems foreign to me. "Lisa," the woman calls. "You'd better get a move on. Charles will be here soon."

I smile, take a deep breath to clear my confusion, and slide away from the vanity. One last check. My hair looks great and my makeup is just right. I remove my dressing gown and step to the wardrobe. From the top drawer I select a pair of white silky panties, then slide them up my smooth legs. I love how the panties hug my bottom. Next, I slip on a matching bra. It took forever to learn how but I can finally clasp the bra behind me and slide the straps up my delicate, tanned arms. I lean forward and adjust my C-cup breasts into the bra. This new bra really highlights my cleavage.

Instinctively, I roll suntan pantyhose up my legs and adjust the waistband. I look carefully and see no wrinkles, just like I am told they should look. I then slip a feathery light sundress in a dark floral pattern over my head and let it fall into place. I straighten the hem that falls well above my knees. Last, I put a pair of three-inch, strappy heels on and do a little spin in front of the wardrobe mirror. I feel the hem of my dress float across my thighs. Just a dab of perfume on my wrists, behind each ear, and a little bit down my cleavage. "Well Charlie, I hope you like," I think to myself as I grab a clutch and head for the living room to wait for my date to arrive.

Mrs. Morgan:

I may be judged harshly in the future but the last five years have been the best of my entire life. Since Lisa came to me, I haven't needed one drink or one pill to get through the day. But I digress. You are interested in Lisa, and how she came to be.

My name is Betty Morgan. I am in my early forties, never married. I don't hate men; it's more of a fear. I think it began when I was eight. A neighborhood man took me to his house and made me do things. I only remember the pain of having my panties pulled off and of him on top of me. Since then, I just stay as far away from men as I can.

But one night, more than five years ago, I heard a commotion in my front yard, then a gunshot. After it had been quiet for quite a few minutes, I ventured outside to see what had happened. It was dark but I could make out a person lying very still near the flower bed. I rushed over to see if I could help this poor soul. As I got

closer, I could see that it was a man, but he wasn't very large. Even in the darkness, I could see that he had very feminine features. His eyes were closed and his breathing was regular. I also saw a bleeding wound on the side of his head, just above the ear. I knew he had been shot, but by who I would never know.

To this day, I don't know what prompted me to bring this person into my house. But I am so glad I did. Now I have something I could only have dreamed of. I now have the daughter that I prayed for. My hope is that I will be around to see her get married in a grand ceremony, before she learns the truth.

After getting him inside and on the couch, I began to tend to his wound. I found a very large, angry-looking bump on the back of head. Now that he was in the light, I looked more closely at him. I guessed that he was somewhere in the neighborhood of five foot six to five foot eight, weighing about one hundred and forty pounds. If he had been any bigger, I never would have been able to get him inside without help. His skin was smooth; he probably didn't have to shave very often. He had high cheek bones and full, lush lips. His hair was quite long, dark blonde in color. He looked more like a girl than a boy. It was at that point that an idea began to take shape. When the day comes, I will have to pay for what I had done, but so be it. I have no regrets for what I was planning to do.

I was able to get him into my spare room where I undressed him and covered him up with a blanket and sheet. As I removed his pants, a wallet fell out. The ID said his name was Larry Walters, twenty-five years old. He lived just a few blocks away. I put the wallet and ID away for safekeeping. A couple of days later, his unconsciousness was lifting slowly.

While he slept, I searched the internet to see if my plan could be worked out. I found a company, B to G, Inc., that had all the information and supplies I would need. One phone call was all that it took to lead me down the road we are now both on. I put a rush on the shipping and all the products arrived the very next afternoon. I opened every box and read every instruction manual. All was coming together well, and I was becoming more and more excited. "This will really work," I thought to myself. After a brief bout of self-doubt, I began. I would finally have my child, even if she was twenty-five years old at "birth."

Lisa:

The door bell rings, so I stand, straighten my short skirt, and answer it. It's my boyfriend, Charlie. Suddenly, that sounds so funny. "I have a boyfriend?" I question myself. Yes, and his name is Charles Berman. He is the manager of the local mall. We have been dating for several months now, and my mother says he is try-

ing to work up the courage to propose. That sounds odd to me too. On all of our dates, Charlie has been a perfect gentleman. It was me who started things down the physical path. I blush and giggle to myself when I think back to that date.

A second set of knocks awakens me from the conversation I was having with myself. As I walk the rest of the way to the door, I hear my spike heels click on the hardwood floor. When I finally get to the door, and open it, I see Charlie's face, smiling with those bright white teeth. He hands me a bouquet of roses, puts his hands on my shoulders, and pulls me towards him. He then kisses me lightly on the lips, so as not to harm my make-up. I can smell and taste the mints he is so fond of. I invite him in, and he follows me into the kitchen.



"Are you almost ready?" he asks, "We have reservations at that French place downtown for eight."

I smile and say, "Just let me get these in water and I'll be ready." I grab my purse and go to say goodnight to my mom. I look at my hand, and think to myself, "My purse?" and gently shake my head.

I poke my head into Mom's room. She looks up from the book she is reading, gives me one of her super sweet smiles, then comes to the door. She looks me in the eye and says, "Tonight may be the night." She grins. I feel myself blush as she kisses me affectionately on the cheek.

"I know, Mom. I'll remember what you said and keep my panties on." She laughs, spins me around and gives me a little love tap on the fanny. She knows that always makes me blush. "Mom!" I say with exasperation.

"Have fun and don't stay out too late," she tells me as she returns to her bed and her book.

I think to myself, "She probably needs loving more than I do," but I stay mum and head back to Charlie, purse in hand.

Charlie walks me to the car with his hand on my narrow waist. After opening the passenger side door, he ushers me in. I turn towards him, gently place my bottom on the car seat, and with my knees together, I move my legs into the car. Charlie shuts the door, walks quickly around the rear of the car and jumps in the driver's side. I think to myself, "I hope my panties didn't sneak out too much, for Charlie's sake." As usual, I feel myself blush at the thought of the word "panties."

Charlie starts the car, looks over my way, and asks, "Ready?" I smile and shake my head yes. He puts the car into gear, and we are on our way.

As Charlie is watching the freeway traffic, I notice a tell-tale bulge in his coat pocket. "Oh my gawd!" I think to myself. "He is going to ask me. What am I going to say? I don't think I am ready for such a big step. I still have so much to tell him that may change his mind." I am getting quite nervous now, with the restaurant just a few blocks away. I remember hearing girls talk all the time about this moment, and about how excited they were. I can't call what I am feeling "excitement" exactly. It's more like terror.

The car stopping brings me back to the here and now. Charlie is already out of the car and at my door. As he opens it, he puts out his hand to help me out. As I spin out of the seat, I think, "Damn sports cars. Why do they have to sit so low? He is going to get an eyeful of my panties, and there is nothing I can do about it." The hem of my dress rides up as I swing my legs out, towards the pavement. I see Charlie's eyes go wide. "Yep, he sure did." I am blushing under my makeup.

Charlie checks us in, and we are seated right away. When the waitress comes by, we order wine and ask for a few minutes to decide our menu selection. Once

our wine is delivered, I hear Charlie tell me about his day. His voice seems so far away, as the near future is foremost on my mind. I watch Charlie eat his meal. He always eats like there is no tomorrow, whereas I just pick and peck at my dish like a little bird. "I must stay slim for my guy," I always think to myself. The feeling of disconnection comes back strongly as the meal is nearly finished. I blink back the feeling of dread, as Charlie continues to chit-chat. I don't hear a word he says. He has no clue what is going on inside me. For that matter, neither do I exactly.

I take a long sip of my wine, hoping it will calm my nerves a bit; I know it will go right to my head. The meal was delicious. I wish my stomach was larger than a small apple, as I would have loved to have more. Instead, I ask to take my potion home so I can share it with Mom. The background noise of the restaurant seems to mute as I see Charlie reach into his coat pocket and remove a little black box. I can feel my breaths getting more shallow and I try to swallow. That isn't working either.

"I know that we have been dating for just a short time," I hear him say from across the room. "But when you fall in love, there is no time like the present." He opens the box and pulls out a lovely engagement ring of white gold and a single diamond. "I would be honored if you would accept this ring and become my wife," he finished with a wide, nervous smile. There is no time to think, or rehearse what I want to say. The time is now; I have to make a decision, one way or the other. I can feel myself blush fiercely and I can't take my eyes off the stone in front of me.

"It is I who is honored, Charlie. I love you too. But before I can accept your ring, there are a few things that you need to hear about me, but not here. Can we go to the park?" I ask. "Not in public, please?"

Charlie smiles widely and agrees to the delay. I would have thought he'd be upset with what I had said, but he wasn't. We then left and before I knew it, we were stopping at our favorite spot, overlooking the lake.

Mrs. Morgan:

It was always my dream to pass down all my knowledge to my daughter. I wanted to show her how to dress properly, how to put on makeup without looking like someone working the streets. But most of all, I wanted her to know about men and how they can be. Most men react the same way. They have expectations. If they take you out, they will look for return on their investment. The little man they carry around in their pants often dictates the terms of the encounter. The woman must be ready at all times, ready to flee if necessary. I wouldn't be able to tell her specifics, as that would mean sharing my secrets. I'd have to use generalities. What she does with her life is up to her. I will never judge any decision she makes. I

would just her to please be very careful. A man and a pair of panties can be a recipe for disaster

So now I had my chance. Lisa was like a sponge for the lessons and advice I was giving her. We sat for hours in front of a mirror where I showed her beauty products and how they are used. We did this with each item of make-up application. It took some time, but Lisa became proficient at makeup, perfume, and hygiene.

Next, we worked together on the subtleties of how to dress, and what is proper. I embarrassed her on several occasions with my advice but she needed to know, just as my mother had taught me. At first, she was very shy about me seeing her in various states of dress and undress. I had to remind her that we were both women and women do not judge each other on a personal level, as men often do. Soon enough, I was pleased to see Lisa moving from room to room in nothing more than a bra and panties.

We both took care of the home, both inside and out. I was preparing her to become a wife and to take care of a husband. Over time, Lisa became quite the housewife with the cooking, vacuuming, and dusting. We had cooking lessons every night. I had not been much for eating out so most of our meals were prepared at home. Lisa became a great cook in just a few short weeks.

Now that we were preparing for her future, I felt more sure with each passing day that I had made the right choice. She took to her role as a woman as if she was born that way. But for now, I would be the only one who would know of my sweet Lisa's true beginnings.

Lisa had a knack for fashion. She could really put an outfit together. We would go to the mall often, so she could search the racks for clothes, matching tops to bottoms. One of our most difficult times was when Lisa had to learn to walk in heels of various heights. I started with flats, and we worked our way up to 3 and 4-inch heels. It was difficult; Lisa got frustrated at times. She saw that girls much younger than her had little problem with high heels. Finally, after many hours of practice, Lisa could stroll easily in the highest of heels. The better Lisa got at becoming a woman, the more I was assured that I had done the right thing when I found Larry in my front yard.

Larry remained in a semi-conscious state for some time, mostly because I was giving him two different medications. One was to keep him in a relaxed and compliant state, and the other was to change his body, as I was told by the company I was dealing with. From all I had read, that would be the easy part. Helping him

think like a girl and erasing all the male patterns of his life was going to take awhile.

He was not only losing weight, but muscle mass as well. I could see that the fatty deposits of his body were also changing and settling in his hips and bottom. The dose of hormones he was on was high, and it didn't take long for the first buds of his breasts were starting to show. When he opened his eyes for the first time, he whispered, "Where am I?" I told him he was home, recuperating from a serious accident. "And who are you?" was his next question. I told him that I was his mother, and I had been taking care of him while he rested and got better. I could see that he was still very confused, as if he had a difficulty understanding English.

"I, I can't seem to remember anything. What is my name?" I had been waiting for this moment, dreading this time for three months.

Without hesitation, I told him, "Your name is Lisa Morgan. You are my daughter." There, I said it. I waited for Larry to jump up and run from the room, but he didn't. He looked into my eyes, hoping he could trust what he had been hearing and seeing.

"Wow, Mom," he said. "It must have been some accident, I don't remember anything," he said, somewhat shakily. He tried to move but couldn't due to weakness. I told Lisa that she had quite a few serious injuries and that she had been restrained on doctor's orders so she wouldn't hurt herself further. She seemed to understand, and relax. I then gave her a cocktail of relaxation medication and her daily hormone fix. Her eyes fluttered, she smiled weakly, and fell back to sleep.

"Wow," I thought. "That was much too close." I knew that I would have to increase the doses of her medications.

One of the products I had ordered was a set of tapes. They gave subliminal messages, over and over. Lisa would hear them through the earphones I placed over her ears while she slept. They were guaranteed to help any male start to consider himself female. I prayed that the tapes would work or my plan would be short-lived.

Another month passed, and Lisa's body had almost completely changed. She had lovely, moderate-sized breasts, her waist had narrowed, and she had womanly hips and behind. Her arms and legs had become very shapely and her hair had grown to past her shoulders. Her male parts were a very different story. Due to the high doses of female hormones I had given her, they had shrunk to nearly nothing. One of the products I had bought was a fake vagina. I spent some time applying

the device to the right place, so now I was confident that Lisa may never know about her male past. She would have to sit to use the bathroom, never have a period, but she could experience orgasms, or so the brochure said.

I felt it was now time for Lisa to wake up and be a part of this world again. By slowly reducing the doses of her meds, I hoped she wouldn't have problems with withdrawal symptoms. Before she came completely awake, I slipped a pair of silky panties and a short nightgown on her in hopes of reinforcing the idea that she was a girl. I was so pleased when she opened her eyes, smiled, and said, "Hi, Mom." It made all my work and worry well worth it.

I explained to Lisa that it had been a few weeks since her accident and that she would be very weak. With some therapy, she would be as good as new in no time. The tapes seemed to have done their job. Lisa lay back and accepted my explanation. "Thanks for taking such good care of me. I hope I wasn't too much trouble," she said through a weak smile. I assured her she was no problem, and that is what moms are for. It was now up to her to get better and to get back on her feet. So far, everything was going as planned.

Lisa worked hard at her recovery. She was diligent at keeping her appointments for therapy. It seemed that she got stronger every day. Her mood also improved as her strength returned. It took a while but Lisa was now healthy, as her physical therapist declared after a session. She was encouraged to keep up an exercise program at home, but her appointments had been completed.

All along the way, I had been shopping for clothes that a young woman her age would wear. I bought all that I could without her there to try on the different styles. Then, without warning, another hurdle I had failed to consider popped up. "Mom," Lisa asked one day as we sat down for dinner. "I'm not a kid, so what kind of work did I do before the accident?"

Boy, did I have to think fast. "Well honey, you kind of bounced around, looking for your niche in life. I'm sure that you will find it soon," I told her with my heart doing leaps in my chest.

"I've been thinking. I really liked my therapist, so I was wondering if I could do what she did, and help someone else help getting back their health. What do you think?" she asked, rather nonchalantly.

I really dodged a bullet there, I sighed to myself. I smiled and told her that it would be a great profession for her. We could start to look into what schooling she would need in the morning. I could see that she was really excited with the idea of

what she could be doing. I suggested that we check the computer to get an idea of what would be required.

After our meal, we found that Lisa needed a degree; the local community college offered that sort of program. Within just a few days, she had signed up. I thought, "My little girl is really going places." I was so proud.

Lisa:

Sitting with Charlie was always fun. We would talk for hours about work, school and politics, just about everything. We always seemed to have the same opinions. We were on the same plane and we really seemed to belong together. But that is why tonight was turning out to be so difficult. I truly care for Charlie, I just don't know if that is enough reason to marry him. Then there is the problem of children. Charlie said he wanted a big family with lots of kids. I took his hands in mine, and looked him directly. "I was told that I was in a very serious accident. I don't remember a thing about the accident or anything before it. The doctors told me that was normal for someone with my type of head injury. I also had parts damaged that couldn't be repaired or replaced. I know how much you want children, and I can't grant that dream." I could see the hurt in his eyes. "Also, there is a little voice in my mind telling me there is more to my life. I just can't get a good grasp of it. That's why I couldn't accept your ring tonight." I could feel the tear that formed in the corner of my eye, traced a path down my cheek, and fell onto our interlaced fingers.

Charlie put his arm around my shoulder and whispered to me, "Yes, having children is important to me. What is most important, though, is who I want to be their mother to be. That is you. If we can't have our own, we will adopt," he said and gently kissed me on the forehead. I took out a hanky and dabbed my eyes as best I could.

After several seconds of sitting quietly, I looked up into Charlie's warm eyes. I saw that his lips were moving towards mine; his free hand was resting high up on my thigh. As we began to kiss, I could feel his excitement, his desire, his needs. I felt the need to give into him but I was conflicted at the same time. Either I go farther or I could lose him

By my reckoning, I am over 30 years old. I don't remember ever have had sex, or even being anywhere close to it. "Am I a virgin?" I asked myself. Charlie was moving his hand up my thigh, very close to my panties. It was now or never, so I opened my legs and allowed him access. I could feel the urgings in his body. I reached over and felt his hardness from the outside of his trousers.