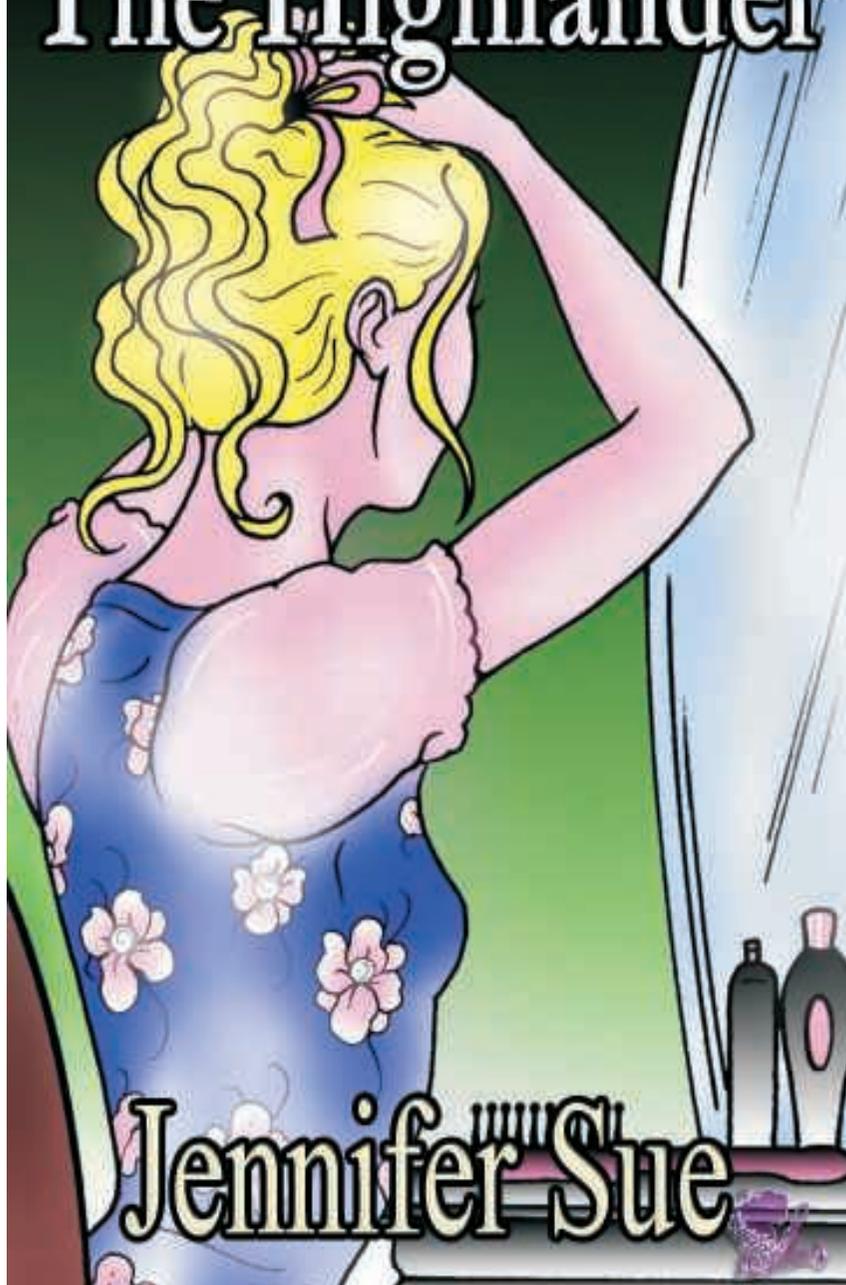


# The Highlander



Jennifer Sue



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# THE HIGHLANDER

**by Jennifer Sue**

When I was growing up in the late forties and early fifties I always enjoyed a swash-buckling, suave hero. As a child I often played cowboys and Indians or army, naturally casting myself in the role of the hero. Many times I wished for immortality, supreme fighting skills, intelligence, and common sense that the movie and television heroes displayed. I always longed to be a hero and to be popular with the ladies. Alas, my life was quite average. I worked as a supervisor in a bakery, was active in my church, and had been happily married for twenty-five years. I had two sons, aged 16 and 12 and a daughter aged 14.

## 2 Jennifer Sue

At five feet nine inches and two hundred ten pounds, I also had a pot belly, bad knee, bad back, high blood pressure, and three mortgages on our home, not to mention the start of a plastic debt. All in all, I was a typical middle aged, mid-income American male!

I'm sure you're familiar with the movie and television show entitled the HIGHLANDER. Practically everyone thinks the HIGHLANDER stories to be fiction, no one truly believes in immortals anymore than they believe in vampires. Well I can tell you immortals do exist, very much like those depicted in the HIGHLANDER! I found out the hard way!

My discovery of the veracity of that tale happened in New York City. I had taken my family there for Christmas shopping and to see the Radio City Christmas Spectacular on the Saturday after Thanksgiving in 1972. Sure, my kids weren't delighted to be stuck with Mom and Dad while in New York City, but that's the only way they were going to get there! Since the Big Apple was only 3 hours drive away, I usually drove into Manhattan and parked in the PORT AUTHORITY BUS TERMINAL parking garage. It only cost \$8.00 a day, which was a lot cheaper than having five people take a bus. After the show, it was sleeting and windy, absolutely miserable.

My wife was a bra burning women's libber yet expected me to treat her like a lady at all times. Once she saw the weather, she decided to take the kids to a nearby late night diner while I trudged back for the car. (We both knew I was too cheap to take a taxi.) I'd then drive to the diner to pick them up. What choice did I have? In order to preserve marital relations, I stepped out onto the dreary sidewalks of late evening New York City after strapping on my knee brace. (Af-

ter seven knee operations, no cartilage, stress fractures in the bones, and all the ligaments torn, I always carried it with me.) I was not surprised to note that I was virtually alone. Needless to say I was drenched and freezing by the time I entered the lobby. I was also quite pissed.

My anger had adrenalin pumping through my body by the time I stepped off the elevator on the next to the top floor of the garage. It was only that surge of adrenalin that saved me. Or did it? I sometimes wonder if I'd have been better off being killed. Oh, well, I survived.

As I walked towards the lobby doors from the landing, a huge, heavily muscled man thrust the doors open, stumbled inside, and collapsed. One hand clutched his stomach in an effort to stop the blood pumping from a hideous wound. My first instinct was to run, but the elevator had already descended and the stairs were on the other side of the small lobby. Cautiously I looked out into the garage, but saw no one. Against my better judgement, my Christianity forced me to aid the man. As I assisted him, I noted the bloody sword he had in his other hand. At first I thought he was a mad man, possibly suicidal. Blood bubbled from his lips as he tried to speak. I never did find out what he was trying to say, but in hindsight I can assume he was trying to warn me to get away.

Suddenly the doors from the parking area burst open and in staggered another quite burly man. He too had a nasty looking sword and several bloody wounds upon his arms and legs, in addition to a nasty gash that exposed a portion of his brains. It didn't take much intelligence to figure out that I was in deep shit.

Fortunately, I was pumped up with adrenalin, and thus dodged the sword blow he aimed at my head.

With my middle age, out of shape body, I dove away. Unfortunately, the huge, ugly blade caught my right leg just below the knee. As I rolled away in agony, the man on the floor stabbed upward and almost gutted the second man. My lower leg should have been severed. Fortunately, that was my bad leg, and my steel reinforced knee brace saved it. Of course, I was severely cut.

The wound would have incapacitated most men. However, my leg had been my nemesis for years, and pain was a constant fact of life. Knee operations and severe arthritis leave you somewhat immune to pain. Quickly I forced the pain to begin to recede. I removed my belt to bind the wound while I kept a wary eye on the men. Momentarily, I was forgotten. However, I harbored no illusions, I knew that I would be next.

The first man rolled away as the second collapsed against the wall. While I'm no doctor, I've seen bad injuries. Both men should have been fatally hurt. Something very wrong was going on. I'm not ashamed to say that I was scared. I thought of my family and what they would do with me gone. The pain, while no longer mind numbing, continued to wash over me. Anger flared within me, I'd never been a quitter. Even when I knew I'd lose, I'd always gone down swinging. Fumbling in my pocket, I drew out my trusted Swiss Army Knife (The Champion model) and extended both blades. I knew my four inch blade could kill, but the little one and a half inch blade could hurt. As I waited for an opening, I thought morosely that my knife would do me a lot of good against swords and guys that had already been hacked up.

The man on the floor staggered to his feet. After making sure his opponent was at least temporarily out of action, he glared at me. "This isn't your battle. Get

out while you can. If I lose, he'll kill you. He doesn't like witnesses," he hissed through pain clenched teeth. With that he raised his sword and tottered to the attack.

The other man, the one I'd already labeled the bad man, eyed the good man who'd warned me. In a sudden rush, he lurched from the wall and swung. Steel rang on steel as the two men almost lost their limited balance. The bad man stepped near me.

Pushing myself to a crouch, I lashed out, stabbing him in the thigh, plunging the four inch blade into the hilt. He squealed and turned on me, wrenching my knife from my hand. The Swiss Army knife wobbled in his leg as a look of hatred on his face chilled me to the bone. I felt as if I was looking DEATH right in the face. His sword swung at my head again. This time I was ready. I surprised him by standing up and leaning back. The swishing blade sliced into my abdomen at least an inch. Amazingly, it didn't really hurt. It just burned a bit. I glanced down to see my bloody intestines oozing out of the gash. It seemed as if I was no longer attached to my body. All I knew was that I was really pissed because he hurt me!

I had created the diversion the good guy needed. He lunged forward, aiming a mighty blow to the bad guy's head. The blade bit deeply into the man's throat, blood gushed all over me. The force of the blow sent the sword flying from the good man's hands and he fell to the floor.

Amazingly, the bad guy didn't fall! His spinal cord had to have been severed! His eyes were wild with fury as blood burbled and foamed from his lips in a wordless curse. At that instant, I knew he was an immortal ala the HIGHLANDER. I was involved in the clash of the cosmic forces!

The bad guy slowly turned towards the good guy and raised his sword. He was about to take the now defenseless good guy's head! I still don't know why I did it, self preservation, fear, hatred, latent hero? It really doesn't matter, although I prefer to think of it as chutzpa.

I yelled savagely to vent my frustration and rage, and leapt upon the broad shoulders of the bad guy. My impact knocked him to the floor. I rode him to the floor, clinging to his back while his almost detached head twisted unnaturally backwards to glare into my eyes. His blood-flecked lips were still silently cursing. The bastard was still alive!

Before he could move, I released my grip on his shoulders, sat on his back, grabbed his hair, and yanked his head back. Blood spurted everywhere. I was in a frenzy. Savagely I wrenched his head from side to side. I could feel him resisting, struggling to throw me off. I could also feel myself dying. At that point my only thought was to take the fucker out before I died. With a sudden yank, his head pulled off in my hands as I fell backwards.

For several seconds I sprawled upon his body with his gory head raised triumphantly. For a brief moment I was elated! Then the pain struck. I dropped the grisly head to gaze down at my bloody entrails spilled out across the demonic body I had just slain. A strange tingling slowly replaced the pain. Everything became fuzzy, I could have sworn the evil body beneath me simply dissolved leaving me outstretched on the bloody floor. Everything grew dark and cold. My last thought was that I had died.

I was totally disoriented and confused as my senses slowly returned. I realized I was in a huge, soft bed. As I opened my eyes I noted a snug, warm pink comforter

was tucked about my throat. Without moving I looked about the room. I was amazed by the immense size of the furnishings and doors. The walls were of richly stained oak panels. I could tell they were real wood, not fakes. The ceiling seemed fifteen feet high. The doors had to be ten feet high. It was a corner room with a huge window in each outer wall. Heavy damask drapes shut out any outside view and light. Dainty pink Priscilla curtains covered the drapes, softening their imposing bulk. The bed itself was a solid oak four poster with a ruffled pink canopy that matched the dainty Priscilla curtains. A nightstand, chest of drawers, desk, and vanity table completed the furnishings. Paintings, not prints, of kittens and ballerinas hung upon the rich wooden walls. Delicate, dainty dolls were placed tastefully about the room. I knew that I was in a girl's bedroom.

I felt very strange. As my disorientation cleared, I recalled the fight in vivid, gory detail. My first impression was that it had all been a dream. But then, I'd never seen this bedroom before. Where was I? Had I died?

That seemed to be the answer. I didn't hurt! Even if the fight and my mortal wounds had been a dream, my knee never stopped aching and pounding. I had to have died. I just hoped I was in heaven. All the thinking and attempts to analyze what was real and what was dream left me extremely tired. My eyes fluttered closed as a warm feeling enveloped me and I drifted off into a dreamless sleep.

"Wake up, darling, you've been asleep for six days," a soft, caring, female voice spoke.

I didn't recognize voice, but it sounded like a caring mother talking to her child. Still quite disoriented I wondered why a stranger would be talking to a child.

Memories of the fight and my brief awakening flooded back into my mind. Before I could make any sense of what was happening to me, I felt a hand gently shaking my shoulder. I cautiously opened my eyes to see a very beautiful woman seated beside me upon the bed. Her face was radiantly happy as she intently watched me. A quick look about told me I was still in the huge comfortable bed in humongous bedroom. Gazing back at her, I noticed that she dwarfed me. She had to be over eight feet tall! I thought I had to dreaming so I closed my eyes and shook my head to clear the cob webs. Tentatively I opened my eyes, nothing had changed.

Barely able to suppress the terror I felt building inside of me, I asked, "W... what's going on?" At first what I heard startled me. It wasn't my voice! My words came out in a frightened, high pitched, childish voice. Now I truly was frightened. I began to babble. "What's happened to my voice," I asked as hysteria crept into my speech. "Where am I? What happened to the bad guy? Where's my family?" The voice... my voice... stayed the same. For all my former self confidence and chutzpa, I felt small, defenseless, and very vulnerable.

"Take it easy, dear," the giant woman responded with great compassion and concern as she placed a comforting hand upon my trembling head. "I'll explain everything." A touching smile filled her face as she sat beside me upon the bed stroking my long hair.

Her face was one that I felt I could trust. Despite my terror, I relaxed as she gently reached out to brush a lock of my long, straight blond hair off my face. Panic once more swept over me. I had short dark brown curly hair!

Before I could react to this latest revelation that something was drastically wrong with me, I heard the door open and someone softly came into the room. The woman blocked my line of sight of whoever had entered. Suddenly I saw a giant man loom over the woman so he could look down upon me. I shook with fear of the unknown.

"Well, I see you're finally awake. You passed out before I had a chance to thank you for saving my life," the giant stated in a pleasant, genuinely thankful voice as he stood beside the bed.

It was the good guy. Only he seemed to be in perfect health! There was not one sign that he had been grievously injured by a sword! In addition, he must have stood nine feet tall! Yet in the parking garage lobby, he'd seemed only six and half feet!

I was terribly confused and frightened. Only six and a half feet? I assumed I had to be insane. I needed answers before I totally fried every neuron in my beleaguered brain. Lying before these giants I felt small. I decided to sit up to make myself less helpless. As I drew my hands from beneath the covers to grasp the edge of the comforter, I felt strange yet vaguely familiar sensations that totally interrupted my train of thought.

I tried to figure out where and what caused such entrancing sensations. I'd felt similar but much weaker sensations when making love to my wife. Suddenly it hit me that it was the intimate feeling of soft, feminine flesh beneath the soft, silkiness of satin. Only this time it was caused by the sleeve of whatever I was wearing rubbing sliding against my torso! They had obviously clad me in a satin shirt - or worse - a nightgown! Yet even more disturbing was the realization that the soft,

sensitive, pliant flesh that was encased by the sissy garment was mine!

I assume the panic and confusion I felt was evident upon my face because the motherly woman quickly tugged down the comforter and swept me into her arms. In that brief instant of exposure, I noted that I was wearing a pink satin nightgown! The long sleeves ended at my wrists in wide lace trimmed ruffles. There was a V of lace trimmed ruffle extending from my shoulders to the center of the bodice. For the first time I also noted the tickling of the lace edging on the ruffled hem of the snug high neck. Equally disturbing were the waist length blond twin braids that tumbled from my shoulders. But the most shocking thing I saw in that brief glance was the unmistakable soft mounds created by my budding breasts! Even worse was the fact that I could actually feel them jiggle and wobble within the loose caress of the satin as the giant woman pulled me to her. That movement caused very disturbing yet delightful sensations. All this registered on my stunned brain as MY breasts were flattened against her ample bosom.

It seemed obvious that I was dressed and probably looked like a cute preteen girl! A violent trembling swept over me as tears burst forth from my eyes. A high pitched, girlish wail escaped my throat as the woman held me to her, stroking my hair and back in a most comforting motherly fashion. Fearing what I would find, my hand slipped between my legs to discover that my penis and balls were gone. The familiar bulk of my genitals between my thighs had been replaced by a light warm emptiness. I bit my lower lip as further probing through the soft satin folds of the nightgown revealed the still hairless, soft, warm lips of an obviously girlish vagina!