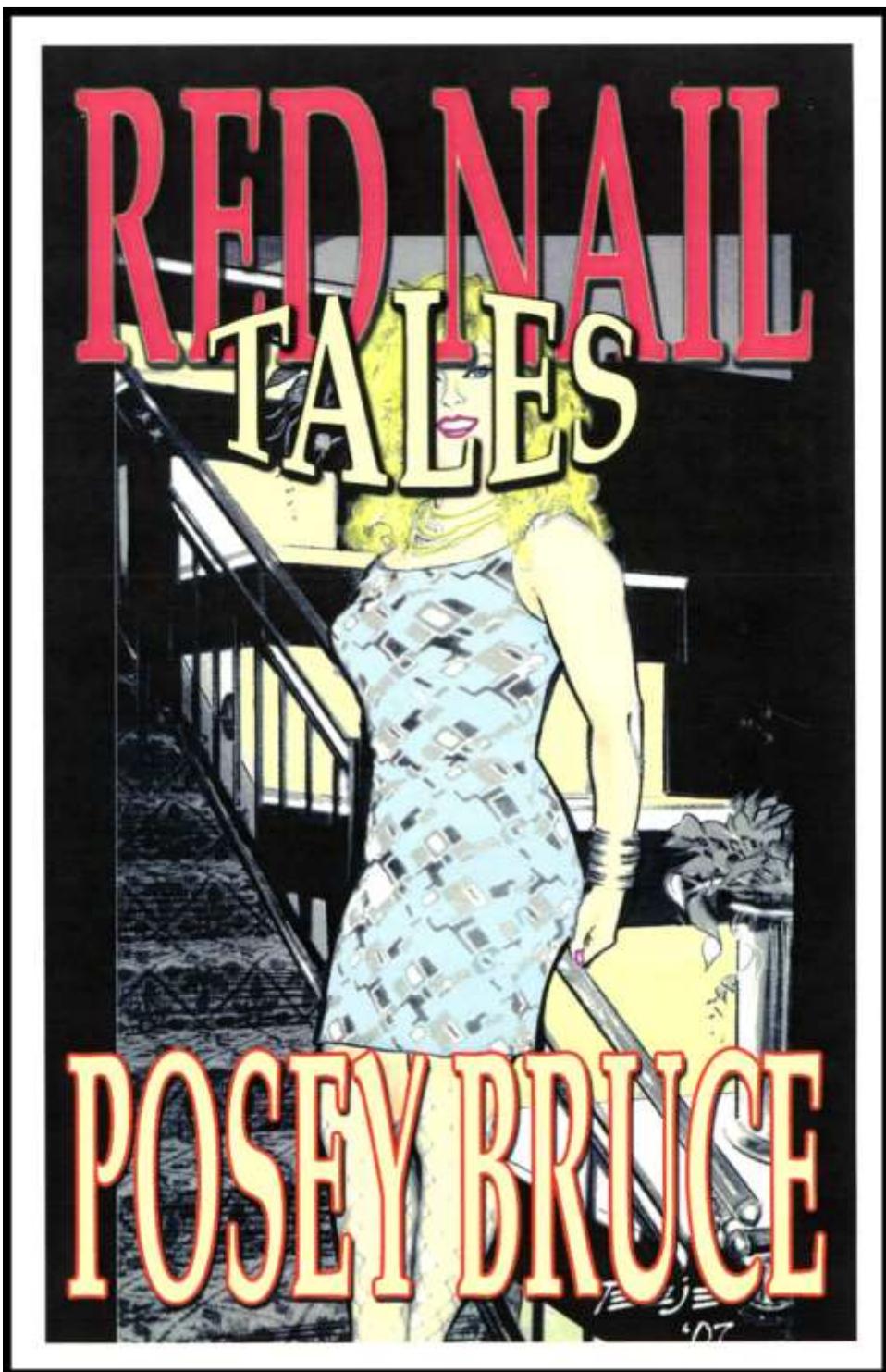


RED NAIL

TALES

POSEY BRUCE





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RED NAIL TALES

By Posey Bruce

Hello, my luscious lovelies! This is Posey Bruce. Otherwise known as Bruce Posey.

I know, I know. A little explanation is in order. Okay, how about a yummy big one? Mmm, somehow I knew you'd like that!

Well, let's see. Brucie baby one day got one hell of an ingrown thumbnail. So bad, it cut into his skin and started to bleed, not outside, but under the fingernail. Thereafter, history nodded in his direction, for a radical change!

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Despite it not leaking outward, Bruce should've taken care of the bleeding digit right away, but being the dedicated Research and Development scientist that he was, he chose to suck on his thumb as he obsessively worked on his important DNA projects. You see, while some were working on stem cells and others cloning, he was involved in human genetics. He soon was borderline fanatic about it and often overtaxed himself, juggling several tasks at the same time, due to inspiration and ideas that popped up unannounced and he didn't want to lose what might be a great idea. What's so amazing is the fact that genius or idiot – sorry, but it is true, intelligence is no boundary – minds can be one-tracked from the simplest to the intricate, and so it was in this case with this apparent minor injury.

Which project was he working on today? It doesn't really matter. Again, there were several; some being worked on simultaneously as inspiration hit to start something new or go back. Fortunately, each project, although incomplete, was noted. It just wouldn't do to have the discovery of a lifetime, leave it undocumented, then get back and wonder, "What the hell is this?!"

He constantly drove himself, ever presuming that he was so close to a breakthrough about possible manipulation of gender. You see, Bruce found the present influx of the population of women versus men highly intriguing.

From literally eons where male was the dominant gender, there were continual recent reports of there being more women than men, a 60-40 mix and rising. Not to mention that the female body was maturing at an alarming early rate: many young girls, who at one time grew budding

breasts at age 13, were needing training bras by age 10! A great percentage went on to have full B-cups by the latter age and by the sixteenth birthday, many sported D-cups. A grand average were healthy Cs. Their bosoms were not metamorphosing alone. Their complete bodies were amazingly adult as well, before the legal age limit.

Too, while it used to be rare, gynecomastia in men – feminine breast growth in men – was also on the rise. Once a rare anomaly that often faded when it happen, now remained, much to the consternation of men with hairy chests needing bras! (Not that you'd catch any macho hirsutes wearing one!) Add to this, the ever-increasing awareness of transsexualism: people assuming they were born in the wrong bodies were the major outcry. While there were female-to-male transsexuals, the male-to-females were the overwhelming populace.

The problem here was that, so far, science rarely found female internal organs inside transgender men. So they couldn't go beyond the external appearance in swapping genders. As women were built differently internally, the only true internal organ that was authentic was the mind and the neo-women, for the most part, made do. Genuinely happy for the outer shell despite dwindling limitations of law, as they still had to struggle to be legally considered females in many, many cases.

Sincerely empathic particularly of the transsexual plight, Bruce had taken up the gauntlet, as it were, to tackle each aberration as he discovered or heard of them. But he was not 100% focused on his tasks at hand the day he decided to seemingly renew infantile thumb-sucking. His predicament was tailor-made for an accident and Fate was not one to disappoint.

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A distraction of a sudden idea, to immediately write down or lose it, caused a then-forgotten heating filled beaker to boil over. The bubbling startled him into abruptly overreacting, and the beaker broke, spilling on the hand with the injury. If that wasn't enough, the natural reaction to jerk away to avoid serious scalding was also done yet overmuch, smashing several vials in the process. Bruce began falling backward and stumbled over an electrical cable that had then been partially yanked from its outlet, being errantly ripped by its angle via Bruce's foot and his total body weight. Despite wearing rubber-soled shoes, feeling a tingling sensation, no doubt from the freed raw power, sparks flew around him and electricity crackled only but for a moment.

When Bruce recovered his facilities, whatever spilled onto flesh had been absorbed. No doubt aided via the heat of electricity. Otherwise, he seemed all right...with two exceptions. His thumb no longer hurt but the whole fingernail was now oddly a clotted dark blood red!

Told by the doctor at the infirmary that there was no harm of infection, at the least, he offered to remove the red nail, thus allowing for a new thumbnail to grow in its place. Told that it would be painful for a while if it

were done, Bruce's reluctance and refusal was understood and he wasn't pressed. After all, an ingrown nail wasn't life-threatening.

But what Bruce should have been wearing in the first place was latex gloves. Something he absentmindedly neglected since he'd been occasionally sucking his thumb before arriving on the job. Not unusual to be particularly protective of his works, as many of his fellow scientists are, isolated from others, no one was around at the time, to call him on the slip-up. One distraction or interruption led to another at almost an alarming rate, ultimately culminating into the accident, it was done as quickly as it happened. Assuming that he had indeed followed normal protocol by his superiors and the physician, Bruce did not get into trouble but was given the rest of the day off.

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Bruce was home for the rest of the day but he fidgeted the whole time, in a restless state, as if he was feeling too confined. Not just his home but from inside his own skin. He paced the floor incessantly, squirmed when he did sit down; often drumming his fingers on whatever surface was nearby. All of this was noted in retrospect. At the present time, Bruce was ignorant of his being so antsy. He finally exhausted himself and went to bed. But Bruce was not asleep for long.

It had been more than four hours of downtime, having been sent home in mid-morning, just before lunch. While awake, he bounced around his house restlessly before giving in to exhaustion. Bruce hadn't eaten at noon and when he woke from his nap, the day was just in twilight. If it was dawn, he could've explained his "morning wood". But otherwise, his surprisingly stiffened genitals distracted him. It was unlike no other "woody" he ever had.

As Bruce awakened, his cock had been so hard and throbbing, it was beating a muted staccato against his hollow belly. Flat on his back, simply craning his neck downward, he then gasped at the sight, as the 'eye' of his cock seemed aimed in direct line where his mouth now was. It had grown stiff well past his navel, and realizing this, he grabbed it in shock. What astonished him even more was that not only did his member seem longer, it was indeed also much thicker. Without thinking, he went to grab it, but to his amazement as from normally when he'd handle his dick, Bruce's hand could not fully wrap around it!

Abruptly, as if at his touch, his prick seemed to be in severe pain. It felt as if it was going to burst. Yet instead of letting go, as if compelled, Bruce tried his best to stroke it. This sent shivers swiftly up his arm and immediately to every extremity like a mild electric buzz. But instead of discomfort, Bruce was now feeling incredibly good.

"Ooh, yeah, baby," he purred sultrily. "That's the way I like it!" Only later did he realize that he had spoken these words several octaves in a completely new direction.

He watched himself intently in his craned position as he stroked himself ever faster and faster, despite the inability to grasp his meat wholly. Bruce was clearly not thinking straight. Indeed, he was not thinking at all, as if his sole purpose in life was to relieve his stiff cock. He needed – and perversely wanted, considering where it was aimed – to cum!

Just as he decided to have his other hand aid in stroking the oversized dick, it happened. Bruce came.

His legs jolted as if in rigor and his whole ass felt a swift prickly sensation as semen shot from his prick in a perfect arch to Bruce's panting, open mouth. Instead of instinctively closing, his lips remained parted, to receive what was arriving. He did not gag as it landed on the back of his tongue. Bruce now even opened his mouth wider as, at the same time, his arm was a blur as it speedily stroked his penis, to pump out all of what was now expelling. Now, under normal circumstances, the male body at optimum potency can only produce sperm in ounces, no matter if it was thick or watery. In Bruce's case, however, his body was acting as if it was emptying itself of every last drop it had and possibly ever will. Seemingly feeling as if he was getting way more than a few ounces, he wanted every bit...and more. Bruce swallowing his own cum notwithstanding, something was definitely happening. And this was just the tip of the iceberg.

Now, you may have an idea what was causing this. For those of you who do, a Goody-Goody gold star for you. For the rest of you, patience. I promise not to leave you yummy darlings, uh, dangling. Ahem!

Yes, from the moment Bruce allowed his body to completely relax, i. e., taking a nap, things that happened earlier that day were allowed to begin chain-reacting. As he left deep unconsciousness to REM sleep – (Rapid Eye Movement) the period where we mostly dream before awakening, whether we recall them or not – synapses in the brain were already busily flipping on and off certain switches therein. If Bruce had been fully alert, it may have sounded like a snap or crackle (but no pop!).

As if by osmosis thereafter, Bruce's action of stroking his hard-on took on new meaning in mid-stroke, as fluidly as blinking an eye or taking his next breath. Ordinarily, being male of strict heterosexuality, it would've been repugnant for him to accept sperm orally – anyone's, and especially himself – much less, swallow and enjoy it. Yet all the same, it became natural in the mind to accept all that was happening. At any rate, Bruce's concept of femininity. His kind of woman always swallowed. And where the mind now was, Bruce's whole body soon followed.

After licking his lips from savoring his tasty cum, Bruce began breathing heavily. Somewhat euphoric yet borderline hyperventilating. With each breath out, as his chest rose, his pectoral muscles began inflating. Each pec inflating ever more so, like a balloon. Each areola expanded its sunburst pattern well away from the nipple, the latter also becoming a bit

more pudgy and pronounced. Sitting up now, it was inevitable for Bruce to look down.

“I’ve got breasts!” he exclaimed. Bruce was not called genius for nothing.

But instead of panicking, he felt – as opposed to literally hearing – more crackling inside the back of his head. Bruce then cupped his new hefty outcropping and began to fondle the new bosom with lust. Just as he had done with his huge hard cock. It was then that he realized that he was turning himself on, as opposed to it happening on its own earlier. How did he know? Bruce felt a wetness slowly growing under his sitting position. Was his cock still spurting? No. It felt much different from his penis leaking excess...and it was much closer. Dripping down the perineum, the space between genitals and anus. It was too much for pre-cum. Yet not too much for...vaginal fluid?

Bruce then calmly rose from bed to confront his reflection in his full-length dress mirror. The sun had finally set, so he had to switch on the nearby room light switch to clearly see his image.

‘Holy chymnical wedding of the rebis!’ was Bruce’s last thought.

“Chymnical wedding of the rebis” is the scientific term for the speculative DNA process of gender definition during gestation. Some consider it gender swapping. During pregnancy, the fetus is without gender for a time, and yet there is a tendency to view it as female. With continued gestation, this would be either more refined as female or take on obvious masculine definition at the culmination of the birthing process. This much is incontrovertible fact. The rebis is an area of the brain where this would take place, stimulated chemically via electric impulses. Once the brain swapped genders, it would not merely think in the opposite one, the body would literally re-conform itself to fit the mind. This latter part seems like pure science-fiction, but it’s truly one not taken from a fertile writer’s mind. It is a genuine documented scientific supposition. And Bruce is, well, a scientist!

Bruce immediately recalled that he had fallen in spilled chemicals and had been charged with raw electricity. The very process of the theory. But because he then went to the infirmary thereafter without thinking about anything but his health, he knew that by now every bit of evidence was now gone, as the lab was in the process of being returned to its pristine state – including electrical repair – by a clean-up crew. Even if he could attempt to recreate what had happened since he had everything catalogued, there was no telling what dosage of which chemical his body absorbed. Not to mention, the amount of electricity his body took for exactly how long. All he knew for certain was that the once-theory was now fact. He – or rather, she – in the mirror was living proof of that!

“Well, Posey, you’ve really done it this time!” With that remark, all kinds of snaps and crackling went off in my head. Yes, my head, your humble mistress of this tome. Bruce was gone, but Posey had arrived!

In a grand sense of irony, Bruce was more often than not called by his superiors, co-workers and even some of his friends by his last name, and not once was its feminine note was apparent in cognizance. For that matter, Bruce had never been even kidded about his first name in its stereotypical stance for someone who was gay. Granted, Posey wasn't a common girl's name, but it was feminine all the same, just like many, many other feminine surnames both sexes just happened to have (Grace, Rose and even Maria comes to mind) and was ignored as regards gender, simply because it was exactly that: a surname and not a 'her' name.

Don't ask me how it happened beyond the scientific theory but I was Bruce's vision of the ideal woman. Everything except the height. While Bruce was 5' 10", so was I. But there are even six-foot sexy sirens out there these days. I just innately knew that my breasts were a nice round 38C, waist 24", and ass a bubbly yet firm 36", as opposed to my broader masculine dimensions. As my weight remained the same, thank goodness I was fit for the most part and not overweight; now redistributed to be referred to having amazon proportions, due to my height. I kinda liked that reference instantly as I saw the reality in the glass. My rebis had apparently rewired my whole brain – my entire self, inside and out – to a feminine state, so I naturally accepted my change as something that is supposed to be, as opposed to a male mind freaking out over the transition. My cock was gone but I did have a sopping wet pussy – mildly oozing from after-sex – and instead of being chilled, I was thrilled!

Once again, I remind you, no matter why it happened, I had become Bruce's ideal of a woman. And the more I looked at myself in the glass, the more narcissistic I became. Bruce would've loved to have met me, so it was natural for me to love myself! I wasn't truly vain. But I knew that I wasn't only Bruce's ideal. Just as I would've been able to turn on Bruce if I were in a separate body, in his mind, I could turn on any man. And if no man were available, I would easily be able to 'play' by myself.

Yes, even as I would make the latter part of that supposition fact, looking at my reflection was just too much. I began fondling and caressing my luscious tits, pulling on my nipples, even a little frustrated that my boobs weren't big enough to bring them to my mouth for sucking. At the same time, with my other hand, I found my clit and began diddling and rubbing it. As I did this, I noted three – actually, four – other changes.

Hair, first of all, was dramatically volumized in thickness and length. It was also a ruddy red now from being a light male brunet. As it grew, it cascaded down my back; some tresses spilling down my new chest, lightly tickling my whole body as the tendrils lengthened. Framing my new feminine face of almond-shaped eyes, elongated lashes and pillowy permanently-pouted lips. My jawline had shrunk from being almost squared to slightly ovaled. I finally acknowledged my new timbre as I tittered giddily in my throaty but definitely feminine voice. And last of all,

instead of having just my thumbnail, all of my fingernails were as if painted a glossy bloody crimson hue.



Adding my new subconscious one more element to consider in my transformation in queries: Did my finger bleed into the mix as the chemicals reconfigured, being an integral part of my change? And if so, how did it turn the other nine undamaged nails just as red? These questions also caused me to note that while I was collected in my new state, I was no tabula rasa – a complete clean brain slate – as a female. I was not to be a true airheaded bimbo.