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Conspiracy Theory

By Charlotte Johnson

Chapter 1

The plain simple fact is that I loved Adam. No, more than that, I adored him, worshiped him, would do anything for him. I had first met him when we were both undergraduates at university at the same business school. He was the stereotypical 'Man's man'. Tall, athletic, handsome, the sort of man who would never have any trouble finding a girlfriend. I on the other hand was the polar opposite. Only 5'7" tall, whippet thin and I suppose quite good looking in a babyish sort way although not the type of man who would attract the ladies. Not that I minded, for I am gay and the sort of

person I wanted to attract were men exactly like Adam and I was exactly the sort of guy that attracted them.

Adam and I had been assigned to the same tutorial group, he as the PhD student leading the tutorial and me as the student. At first he was really stand offish. Whilst I have never been overtly gay or camp in any of its forms, I made no secret about my sexuality and I put down his attitude to the stereotypical behaviour of all heterosexual men. I was later to discover that his attitude towards me was caused by a much more deep seated issue he was struggling to resolve.

I, on the other hand, worshipped him from afar.

Anyway, imagine my astonishment and excitement when, one day, he took me aside, and with a dry mouth and trembling hands, he had asked me out on a date. The phrase 'you could have knocked me down with a feather' comes to mind. At first I refused to believe him, thinking it was some sort of prank but he worked hard to convince me he was sincere and I eventually agreed to the date.

I am sooooo glad that I did. Our first date had consisted of three bottles of wine which we drank alone in his flat. He had consumed the large proportion of the rather nice Merlot whilst, a little drunkenly, he unloaded on me, telling me about how he had always denied his sexuality, how he had been enormously attracted to me from the moment we met, how he had tried to deny his feelings. I just sat and listened and made the right noises at the right times and then I had kissed him. I think I startled him when I did that but he soon warmed to the idea.

The first time we made love was an awkward time. I suppose we both needed to work out what our role in the relationship would be. I soon realised that he

would be the 'man', he would be the strong dominant one and this complimented my own needs perfectly. I adored it when he would come to me and make love to me, allowing me to be soft and compliant.

Yes, everything was perfect between Adam and myself. Well nearly perfect. However, there was one thing that bugged me big time and that was that Adam insisted that we keep our relationship a complete secret. On the rare occasions when we found ourselves together socially, at some party or other, all I wanted to do was to hold his hand, to dance with him, to kiss him and proclaim to the whole world that I loved him. Adam, on the other hand, wanted none of that and on these occasions he would practically ignore me, something I found incredibly frustrating. Oh I understood why of course. He came from an old, traditional, titled family with parents who would be devastated if they found out he was having a relationship with another man. So to spare them the ignominy he insisted we keep our relationship strictly private.

Yes I might have understood but I didn't have to like it, did I?

Anyway, I resigned myself to the fact that I loved him and he loved me and that our sex life was simply incredible. And it was just after one of these sessions, when I was feeling very relaxed and mellow, that he dropped the bombshell. I was snuggled up to him as he lay on his back on the bed, just enjoying the afterglow of our love making.

"Charlie," he began "Mum and Dad are still on at me about who I will be taking to the wedding."

The wedding in question was the wedding of his sister, Amelia, to one Dr William James, and was to be one of the society occasions of the summer. His sister, his twin sister by the way, was the only other person in the world who knew about us. Adam was closer to her than anyone else in the world and he told her everything.

"Well you will just have to go on your own then, won't you," I replied sleepily.

"But I don't want to. I want to go with you."

I sat up when he said that and looked at him in amazement.

"What?" I asked incredulously "so you are finally going to tell everyone about me?"

"Nnnoo," he stammered and I actually saw him blush. "No," he said more firmly "that's not what I meant at all."

"So how?" I demanded.

"I want you to go as my girlfriend."

"What!" I shrieked "You must be out of your friggin' mind."

"No, hear me out. Mum and Dad want me to take a female date to the wedding. I want to take you. Therefore you will have to be my girlfriend at the wedding."

"This is some sort of a joke, isn't it?"

"No Charlie" he replied looking at me "I am deadly serious about this."

"But, but, but..." I stammered "there is no way in hell I could do that."

"I happen to disagree. Remember this?" he said as he reached over to the bedside cabinet and fished out a

photograph. It was of a very handsome 'Clyde' and a very nervous looking 'Bonnie'. A couple of years before, an ex boyfriend of mine had persuaded me to go to a fancy dress party with him and we had gone as Bonnie and Clyde.



“Oh shit, where did you find that?” I asked softly.

“That doesn’t matter does it? What really matters is how great you look as a girl.”

“But.. but.. but.. that was a one off.”

“Maybe so, but I bet you fooled everyone there didn’t you.”

“Well, yes, as a matter of fact.”

“Then why not do it again?”

“Because fooling people at a fancy dress party and most probably drunk is so far removed from fooling people at a wedding, especially your sister’s wedding. God! Just think if someone were to find out.”

“We would have to make sure they didn’t find out. Here,” he said, handing me a glossy brochure, “this is for a rather special academy in London for boys who want to be girls. They specialise in helping ‘erm’ people look like the beautiful women they long to be. Think of it as a training and finishing school for people in the trans community.”

“My God!” I exclaimed “you really are serious about this. But....”

“You don’t know how serious Charlie,” he interrupted, sensing I was wavering a little. “Please Charlie,” he begged “please do this for me.”

“But, but this is ridiculous. I can’t be a girl.....” I mused as I looked at the picture again remembering the fun I had had, fooling everyone into thinking I was really a girl.

“How about this then? You go to the academy for the day. Let them do a makeover on you, make you look like a girl. Talk to them, see what they think. See if

they think you could do it and then decide. I promise that if you say no then that will be the end of it and I will go to the wedding on my own. Please Charlie, please. Who knows, you might even enjoy yourself." he pleaded in that little boy voice that he knew I could never resist. But in my heart I knew I had to. How could I do something so outrageous?

"Look Adam" I said "I am not saying I will do this but I will think about it" I said evasively, knowing in my heart that I didn't want to, no couldn't do what he was asking of me.

"So you will at least consider this? Thank, you, thank you" he said grinning at me and pulling my face to his so he could kiss me. I couldn't help but kiss him back and I suddenly realised just how turned on he was by the thought of all this, for despite having just made love, as I reached between his legs, his cock was long and hard and erect once again. Strangely, so was mine.

Chapter 2

I suppose it had been inevitable. For two whole days Adam had worked on me, trying to convince me to at least see if it would be possible for me to be his 'girlfriend' as he had taken to calling me and, slowly, he wore down my resistance to the idea. We went on line and he showed me pictures of 'girls' who had made a successful transition and I had to admit that some of them were utterly stunning. But at the same time it became apparent that for most of these girls it had taken years of hormone therapy and in some cases radical plastic surgery to achieve their looks and this just created even more doubt in my mind. It was ridiculous to think that I could do this in a matter of a few

days. Once again Adam had worked hard to convince me that I could, repeatedly showing me the brochure for the 'Chrysalis Academy'. But in the end it was those big baby blue eyes, pleading with me, those big baby blue eyes that I could never resist that finally made me give in and agree to give it a try.

So it was, that on the next Sunday morning, Adam dropped me off in front of what looked like a large but very ordinary terraced house. He had waited in the car until the door had been answered by a small slim man in his late fifties who had ushered me inside and had taken me into a spacious living room. There we had been joined by an attractive middle aged woman, again in her late fifties.

"Welcome Mr Johnson" she said as she gestured for me to sit on a large sofa. "Welcome to the 'Chrysalis Academy'. My name is Mary and this is my husband Gerry. We will be looking after you today."

"Thank you Mary" I said somewhat nervously. "but I have to admit that I am not really certain about all of this. I'm not really a"

"Yes, we know," interrupted Gerry, his voice deep and masculine, "your boyfriend has enlightened us to the situation."

"Well then, you will know that I am not what might be called an experienced cross dresser."

"But that's what we are here for," said Mary patiently. "As far as we understand the situation; your boyfriend wants you to play the part of his girlfriend at an important social event and that the purpose of your visit today is to see if that might be feasible."

"Do you think it is possible, you know, to do what he wants?"

“Stand up” ordered Mary “and let Gerry have a look at you. He is the transformation specialist.”

I did as I was asked to do and Gerry walked around me, looking me up and down as he did so, talking aloud to himself as he went.

“Mm 5’7”, about 130lbs. Longish hair, mmmmm, 34” chest, 26” waist, 28” hips, mmmm, legs, don’t know about those until we get your trousers off. Pretty, feminine face too. Not a hint of an Adam’s apple. Yes” he said eventually, his inspection over “I think we can do wonders darling.”

“If Gerry thinks he can make you look utterly gorgeous and convincing then I am sure we can. He has a pretty good eye for these things my dear. We have been doing this a long time now and even though I say so myself, we are pretty good at what we do. Here, have a look at this.”

She handed me a large photograph album and as I flicked through it saw that each double page was filled with professional looking photographs of just one gorgeous woman after the next. Some were young, some middle aged, some older but all were beautifully groomed and well dressed. Some had chosen conservative clothing to be photographed in whilst others were in the sort of lingerie reserved for playboy models. I have to admit that I gasped out loud when I saw one model. She was utterly stunning, long gently curling blond hair framing a beautiful face. She was also topless and had the most incredible pair of breasts I had ever seen.

“She can’t be.... you know....” I managed to mumble incredulously.

“Oh but she is. By day he is a mild mannered accountant but, whenever she can, she becomes Trixie-Belle, the ultimate seductress.”

“But those breasts, they have to be real.”

“Nope” said Gerry “They are false. State of the art false, admittedly, but still false. But you will find out about those later. Now have you seen anyone in there you might like to base your look on. Your boyfriend has only given us a rough guide as to what he would like.”

“Well,” I said, my eyes lingering on Trixie-Belle, “if I can look anywhere near as good as she does.....”

“I think we can do that,” said Mary, smiling at me. “Don’t you Gerry?”

“Undoubtedly” he replied. “But for you, something less flamboyant, more classical beauty I think.”

There was one page that, surprisingly, was blank, the photographs having recently been removed. I looked quizzically at Mary who simply said

“The client asked for them to be removed and we respect our client’s privacy over everything else.”

It was Gerry who took me up to the second floor of the house. As we climbed the stairs he explained the organisation of the house which it seemed was arranged over three floors. The top floor was Gerry and Mary’s living space and was a no go area for guests. The second floor was given over entirely to their business. One room had been converted into a beauty parlour, a second a dressing room with several large wardrobe stuffed with clothing, a third was a small photographic studio whilst the fourth was left as a pretty bedroom. There was, of course, a large bathroom too. And it was into this room Gerry took me first.

“Right then Charles” he said in a very businesslike way “off with those clothes. You can put them in that hamper over there. Oh and please don’t feel embarrassed about being naked around here.”

I did as I was asked and somewhat self-consciously, I stood naked in the bathroom whilst once again, Gerry looked me over.

“You are a bit straight up and down for my liking, but we can do something about that. Now the first step in the process is hair removal.”

I watched as he grabbed a huge bottle of chemical hair remover which he handed to me.

“All over please, except your face. I will do your back if I need to.”

Ten minutes later I was covered in the sweet smelling pink gunk, thanking the stars that the room was quite warm enough to stop me from shivering. Gerry put a little timer on the window sill and had left me to it with a ‘wait 15 minutes and then into the shower. Oh and use the sponge and back scrubber provided to get the cream off.’

I did as I was asked and watched every last strand of my body hair disappear down the drain. And I do mean every last strand..... I suppose Gerry had been waiting for me for as I was towelling myself down he came back into the bathroom carrying a white silk robe.

“Good, good” he mused as he gave me a cursory inspection before handing me the robe. “Now into the beauty parlour.”

I followed him into the well appointed room to find Mary already waiting there.

“Right then, Charles. Oh!” she said suddenly “we can’t be calling you that now. We need a girl’s name for you. How about Christine?”

“Or Katherine” added Gerry

“Charlotte. I have always liked the name Charlotte” I said meekly, wondering where on earth that had come from.

“Charlotte it is then. Onto the chair please Charlotte.”

The chair was a sort of a cross between a dentist chair and a massage table. Electrically driven it could be lowered or lifted depending on the treatment being used.

“We normally start with the body first Charlotte” explained Gerry “as we find that this has the biggest psychological impact. “Open your robe please”

“You are going to love this Charlotte” grinned Mary “The prosthesis we use are state of the art and were designed for women who have had mastectomies and prefer not to go through reconstructive surgery. It’s amazing what they can do these days to make them look entirely natural and you are going to be one of the first of our customers to try them,” she said as she grabbed a large white cardboard box on the table and flipped open the lid. “The prosthetic breasts are made from a material called synthaskin. Remember Trixie-Belle, well she was wearing a pair of these and they are completely realistic and undetectable when applied properly. They come in a range of skin tones so we should be able to match them to you perfectly and the edges feather to just one human cell thickness so when they are glued on they will merge perfectly into

your own skin. Here, see how the edges are virtually transparent.”

“God they are huge” I said as I took the breast from her and felt its weight.”

“No not really. These will give you a C cup but they go up to FF. Now they are big!” she giggled “Now lie back and open your robe.

The whole process took about an hour. First my skin was thoroughly cleansed with surgical spirit. Then a special adhesive was sprayed onto both my own chest and the back of the prosthesis. Very carefully and before the glue could dry, the breasts were positioned on my chest. With Gerry holding one breasts and Mary the other, they had me sit up just for a few seconds so they could check the positioning. One was a little high so it was quickly re-sited before I was instructed to lie back and remain perfectly still.

After about fifteen minutes I was told to sit up again. I couldn't help but gasp out loud as I felt the weight and caught a glimpse of my reflection in the mirror. Fascinatingly there was still a hint of a join visible but as the glue dried properly, and with the application of a little skin colouring, they simply disappeared.

“There” said Gerry “What do you think? Good aren't they.”

Carefully I walked over to the mirror and stared open mouthed. Even close up, I couldn't see any sign that they were prosthetic breasts. I couldn't resist cupping them in my hands and tweaking the nipples. And when I did, something really strange and wonderful happened. A jolt of electricity shot through my skin

causing me tingle all over and to gasp out loud in pleasure.

“Ooops, forgot to tell you about that. They have a built in sensory connection that allows you to feel touch. Good aren’t they”

“Oh my God” I said, tweaking them again.

“That’s enough Charlotte. There will be plenty of time for experimenting later. Now, some things to remember. The glue is good for about four to six weeks but I would recommend removal once a week to clean and rest your skin underneath. The breasts themselves need to be treated like your own skin. You can shower, bathe or even swim in them if you so wish. A good fitting bra is essential too,” said Mary handing me a pretty white garment which she helped me put on. The support definitely help to prevent the breasts pulling on my own skin but the sensation of the nipples rubbing against the cotton was incredibly distracting.

“I would recommend silk or satin bras Charlotte” said Mary as she saw the fleeting look of pleasure on my face. “Now for your hips and bottom.”

Gerry opened another box and lifted out what could only be described as a flesh coloured crotchless control panty.

“These are made in exactly the same way as the breasts” explained Gerry “They have thigh, hip and bottom padding to give you a more girlie shape whilst at the same time allowing your privates to remain free and usable.”

So the process of gluing and colouring was repeated and soon the prosthesis was firmly attached to my body. This time, when I stood, I definitely had the con-

tours of a young woman. The only incongruous part was the penis that still hung between my legs.

“We’ll sort that out with a gaff Charlotte” said Gerry casually as he helped me back into my robe.

“Now comes phase 2 Charlotte. Nothing we have done so far is permanent. But you have some decisions to make which might alter your physical appearance if you decide to go back to being Charles.”

“What do you mean?”

“Eyebrows for one. They need to be properly shaped. And I would recommend hair extensions too. It all depends what sort of look you are after.”

“I promised Adam that I would not hold back on anything. So do your worst, I think” I replied nervously “If I am going to do this, I might as well do it properly.”

It took nearly four hours, with them both working on my head, to glue the human hair extensions, strand by strand, onto my own hair. Then Gerry had washed, cut into style and coloured my now long mane of hair. Whilst I was under the drier Mary did my nails for me attaching long extensions before applying three coats of a soft pink nail varnish.

“Onto the last stage now Charlotte, make up. Gerry will do that for you. He is far better than I am,” said Mary, matter of factly.

“I used to work in Hollywood” added Gerry “I worked on all the stars at one time or another. Elizabeth Taylor, Sophia Loren, Raquel Welsh, you know, made them look glamorous dahhhhhling!”

“Well don’t go over the top with Charlotte” warned Mary “a nice casual look I think, no perhaps evening look.”

“Yes dear” he sighed theatrically.

It took Gerry nearly an hour to finish my face. He started with a hair removal cream which he guaranteed would prevent any hair growth for at least two weeks, not that I had much of a beard anyway. Then he had worked with silent concentration, applying this colour and that powder until eventually he stepped back to have a last look at what he had created. I must have smiled for he smiled back and cried,

“It’s alive. It’s alive” mimicking the famous scene from Frankenstein and earning him a playful slap from his wife.

“Here Charlotte, slip off your robe and your bra and have a look at yourself in the full length mirror,” said Mary eventually.

I simply stood there and looked at myself in awe. My hair and makeup were simply stunning, my large full breasts simply amazing, my hips and bottom plainly womanly. Every last inch, apart from the flesh between my legs, screamed woman. And I could hardly believe my eyes. I just stood and stared and stared and stared desperately trying to understand how I felt. Pride, confusion, excitement, bewilderment all came to mind. Suddenly and very embarrassingly, I felt my penis begin to twitch and to stiffen. I simply had no control as I found myself becoming aroused at the sight on my new self. Embarrassed, I grabbed the robe and fastened it around my body once again, the flimsy material hardly concealing my arousal.

“Don’t worry Charlotte, it’s only to be expected” said Mary softly. “now let’s see if we can find something for you to wear shall we.”

Mary began rummaging through a wardrobe and chest of drawers looking for the items she wanted. She first handed me a pair of really tight control panties, which went part way to hiding my embarrassment, explaining that when I had a little more ‘self control’ she would introduce me to a gaff which would prevent any more little mishaps. I also slipped on the bra I had been wearing earlier before pulling on a pretty white blouse and struggling to get a grey pencil skirt over my hips. It was nothing glamorous, just plain and pretty women’s wear and I loved it.

The two of them spent a few minutes fussing over me. A little jewellery, a ladies watch, some clip on ear rings and of course some shoes which were a little tight. Only then would they let me back in front of the mirror.

Once again I stood and stared and stared and stared, trying very hard to understand where this beautiful young woman had come from. And again all my doubts, all my concerns came flooding out and I found myself turning towards Mary and Gerry for affirmation. Mary went first, a woman’s intuition telling her about the emotions I was feeling at that moment.

“Well then Charlotte. One thing we pride ourselves on is honesty and I can see you want an honest appraisal.”

“Oh yes” I panted breathlessly “you know my boyfriend wants me to go to this wedding with him as his girlfriend, but.....” My voice tailed off as I turned again to the mirror.

“Ok then. Appearance first,” started Gerry. “It has been my privilege, over the years, to work with some of the most beautiful women in the world and I can honestly say that I have only met three ‘men’ whom I would include in that list. The first is someone we met a long time ago in America, someone we helped during a difficult period in her life. The second, wouldn’t you agree darling, is Trixie-Belle, the girl in the picture you saw earlier. Now I am going to add you to that list. Usually, there is some tell tale sign, a hint of an Adam’s apple, hands and feet that are too big, shoulders that are too wide, a voice that is too deep and masculine. But once in a blue moon a person comes along who is the perfect package. You, sweetie are such a person.”

“Oh, oh, shit” I managed to mumble.

“I thought you were pleased Charlotte?” added Mary.

“I, erm, am. It’s just that had I erm.... not...” I stumbled

“Ah, had you not been so convincing, had you looked like some man in a third rate drag act, it would have given you a way out of this. Is that right?” said Mary.

“Yes,” I said softly.

“Well fortunately or unfortunately, whichever way you look at it, your appearance is simply perfect,” continued Mary. “However appearance is only part of what it takes to be a ‘successful woman’.”

“What Mary is trying to tell you Charlotte” continued Gerry “is that at the moment you walk like a fireman and move with all the grace of a silver back gorilla”

“Oh!” I said somewhat crestfallen.

"I don't think I would quite have put it that way Gerry" continued Mary crossly "Passing as a woman is much more than just appearance although looking as good as you do is definitely a start. You have to learn how to move and walk and talk like a woman. All her gestures and her behaviour have to become second nature to you."

"Yes I see what you mean. So" I said thoughtfully, staring at myself, "if I decide to go through with this, what next."

"Your boyfriend has arranged for you to stay the week if you choose to do so, so we can give you a crash course in becoming a woman," replied Gerry.

"The cheeky bugger!" I exclaimed, turning towards Mary.

"I think he wanted to make sure you have the right support if you decide to do this. Anyway like I was saying, you can have the rest of the week here, if you want to do so."

"Except for Wednesday" reminded Gerry.

"Oh yes, Wednesday. Wednesday we have another young person coming in for a makeover and photoshoot. First timer too so he will be nervous."

"Do you think we have enough time, you know, for me to perfect the basics?"

"That depends on you. Look, why not try it. What harm can it do? You might even find you enjoy being a woman for a while. It's really not all that bad you know. Then, at the end of the week, you can always tell your man that he will have to go to this wedding alone," she said very persuasively.

“Mmm, I suppose. After all you have gone to the trouble of making me look utterly gorgeous. Seems a shame to spoil all that work now.”

“At a girl” said Gerry

Chapter 3

It was around 2pm on the following Thursday afternoon when Gerry and Mary knocked on my bedroom door and let themselves in.

“Right then darling, have you everything you need for this evening? Lingerie, shoes, dress, make up.”

“Condoms” quipped Gerry “We don’t want our little girl getting pregnant on her first date.”

“Oh Gerry” scolded Mary “do behave yourself!”

“No” I giggled “I have everything I need thank you. I do have one request though. Would you do my make up Gerry?”

“Of course dear” he replied “but you are just as capable of doing it yourself. I have never known such a quick study.”

“Thank you Gerry but I will never be as good as you are.”

“Ah flattery from a beautiful young woman. Might go to my head if you are not careful. Just give me a shout when you are ready to begin.” And with that he left leaving me alone with Mary.

“So how do you feel?”

“Nervous, scared. Oh Mary, I never thought I would be saying this but it has become really important to me to make a good impression on Adam. I think I am more nervous about that than anything else.”

“Well you will be perfectly wonderful. Like Gerry said, we have never had such a quick study before. Believe me when I say we would not be letting you loose on your boyfriend if we didn’t think you were ready. Now scoot. Go and make yourself impossibly feminine and beautiful.”

I had the whole afternoon planned out to the last minute. I dashed upstairs and ran a hot scented bath for myself, allowing myself 30 minutes or so to luxuriate in the warm water. Lying there, I allowed my mind to wander back over the previous days. I remembered how, with each passing moment, I had become more and more comfortable with my new persona. I actually enjoyed learning about makeup and hair from Gerry and I smiled as I thought about how nervous I had been when Mary had taken me out shopping for the first time and then experienced the joy of the freedom I felt when I realised that the only people that were looking at me were giving me admiring glances. I remembered all the hard work, every lesson I had been taught. Lessons in hair and make up, deportment, speech. Oh, how my legs had ached, as Mary had me practicing walking in every type of heel imaginable until she was satisfied that I had mastered ‘the walk’. Meeting their young customer on the Wednesday had been a real giggle. He had arrived a little early, just as I was on my way out for my first solo shopping trip. He had thought me to be a member of staff and had simply goggled when I told him I was actually a guest. I saw the pictures, later on, of a very beautiful and extremely happy brunette.

But now I was to prepare myself to meet Adam for the first time as Charlotte. He had pestered me continuously on the phone until Gerry had had a strong word with him and told him to leave me alone until they

deemed me ready. It had been me that had finally convinced them to let me see Adam, and, full of confidence, even suggested that we meet in a bar or restaurant like any other couple might on their first date. In the end Adam and I arranged to meet in a local hotel on the Thursday evening.

Collecting myself, I went into my now daily routine of checking my body for any signs of stubble. I think I was beginning to realise just how 'high maintenance' this body of mine was going to be. Everything took five times as long to accomplish and gone were the days of a quick dip in the shower. Lying back in the water I carefully washed and conditioned my hair before completely soaping down my body. That in itself had been quite a revelation as the sensation of soft soapy hands on my sensitive breasts was quite, well, oooooooh.

After drying myself and taking myself back into my room, I spent a few minutes moisturising myself with a lovely scented cream. I loved the way the lotion felt as I applied it all over my soft smooth skin so I perhaps spent just a little more time doing this than I should have.

Then Gerry had arrived to do my hair and make up for me. He left my hair hanging loose around my shoulders and took extra special care over my face, creating the most perfect sultry evening look that hid any and all traces of my masculine face (not that I had had many in the first place).

Mary had come into the room just as I had finished putting on my lingerie. The dress I had chosen was sleeveless and had tiny little shoulder straps so I had decided not to wear a bra. I had put on my little gaff, hiding away my penis, before putting on my black

stockings, suspender belt and panties. I felt wickedly sexy!

Mary had then helped me into my dress, a classic ankle length cocktail gown that simply oozed class. The bodice was tight around my chest displaying more than a modest amount of cleavage and once again I thanked the stars that my breasts were so realistic. The rest of the dress simply hugged every curve that had been created for me and screamed 'woman'. A simple gold necklace, some gold drop ear rings in my newly pierced ears and a gold ladies watch that Mary had lent me finished off the outfit. All that was then left to do was to give myself a healthy spritz with my favourite perfume and to pack a few items into a little black evening clutch bag and my transformation was complete.

Grinning, Mary had taken me by the hand and had led me down into their living room where Gerry was waiting with camera in hand.

"So then Charlotte" he asked as he began snapping away "any doubts left."

"No I suppose not. Well no doubts that I can pass for a woman anyway. Plenty of doubts as to whether I want to be a woman though." I answered honestly.

"Well as far as I am concerned" added Gerry "if you decide to go back to being Charles, it would be a real loss to woman kind."

"You, my dear, are an old flatterer," said Mary as she kissed her husband lightly on the cheek. "But I happen to agree Charlotte. Just remember, you are a beautiful young woman, even if it is for just a few weeks."

"Few weeks?" I replied somewhat mystified at the comment.

“Ah, yes, well,” said Gerry, trying to cover up her mistake. “Mmm, oh yes. There’s your taxi” he said somewhat relieved. Now are you sure you don’t want either of us to come with you?”

“No,” I said firmly “I have to do this on my own. I have my key though, so I will see you later.”



I had arranged to meet Adam in the bar of a nearby 5 star hotel at seven pm and, as it was already just after seven, I knew I was going to be a little late. With every passing mile, as I sat in the back of the car, my heart began to beat just a little faster. Strangely I remembered a science lesson years before when the teacher had played the recording of a field mouse's heart beat. It had been beating so fast that it almost sounded as if it were humming. Well, that's how my heart felt by the time we arrived at the hotel. The taxi driver, a young Asian man, was most attentive and even helped me out of the taxi when we arrived and after paying him, I began what felt like a marathon journey to take me into the bar.

Adam was already sat at the bar nursing a glass of lager as he chatted to the barman. Slowly, remembering every lesson that Mary had given me, I walked towards him, my heels soundless on the plush carpet, my hips swaying in a most sultry way and watched as the barman nodded towards me indicating to Adam that I had arrived.

Again I watched as Adam turned nervously towards me and then I grinned as his mouth fell open in abject surprise, shock flooding through his eyes as he jumped to his feet and stood before me.

"Ffuucking hell!" he whispered as his eyes feasted on what he saw before him. "Charlie? Is that you? Is that really you?"

I stood and smiled nervously back at him, finding it difficult to look at him in the eyes.

"Yes it's me," I replied softly, being careful to modulate my voice the way I had been taught to do.

“Holy shit!” I exclaimed “You look, look, well, astonishing.”

“Thank you Adam,” I said softly, now looking up at him properly. “So you like then?” I asked doing a half twirl.

“Like! That is an understatement. I never.... never in my wildest dreams thought that you.... well you know” he said as he saw the barman turn and look towards us.

“Can I get the lady a drink?” he asked as he looked at Adam.

“What? Oh yes, of course. What would you like Char..... erm?” he asked me realising he couldn’t call me by my given Christian name any more

“ A very large gin and tonic I think,” I said to the barman and then leant towards Adam and whispered “and my name is Charlotte, by the way.” As I leant forward I found my lips close to his so it just seemed natural to keep going and give him a soft kiss.

“God this is just all so incredible, you are so incredible,” said Adam softly as he took hold of my hands and looked me up and down, taking in as much of the view as he could, almost as if he were in a dream.

“Thank you Adam,” I said again as the barman placed my drink on the bar. “Why don’t we go and sit over there so we can talk privately. I really need to talk to you about all of this.”

Adam picked up our drinks and followed me over to the seats I had indicated. I could almost feel his eyes feasting on my bottom as I put a sexy sway onto my hips before sitting gracefully on a chair, crossing my ankles as I had been taught to do by Mary. Adam sat in

the chair next to me and leant forward a little almost as if he wanted to get a better view.

“This is, no, you are unbelievable Charlie” he said, a slightly confused look on his face “I see your face, all the familiar features but you aren’t Charlie anymore.” I watched his eyes flicker onto my cleavage.

“Hey, I am up here you know” I said grinning at him.

“What? Oh, sorry. It’s just that they are.. you haven’t had.... you know, breast implants...”

“Don’t be stupid. Breast implants in three days! No these are prosthesis.”

“Incredible, quite incredible! So how do you feel, you know, about what we discussed?” he asked, once again looking at me in the eyes.

“About what you made me agree to. We hardly discussed it Adam,” I said firmly. “How I feel is open to debate though.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well,” I began “I am not really sure how I feel. What I do know is that this is the first time we have been for a drink in a bar like this, you know openly. This is the first time I have been able to kiss you and to hold your hand in public.” I said as I lifted my hand to find Adam had taken hold of it. “I rather like that. But all of this is rather disturbing too.”

“How?” he asked

“I think I might like being a girl just a little too much” I admitted.

“Isn’t that a good thing?”

“For the moment, yes. But what happens after the wedding?” I asked.

“I don’t honestly know Charlotte” he said “that’s really up to you. Oh!” he declared as he realised what I had said “Does that mean.....? Does that mean you will come to the wedding with me, you know as Charlotte?”

“Yes” I sighed theatrically. “I will be your girlfriend at the wedding.”

“That’s fantastic darling. Amelia will be ecstatic.”

“What, what do you mean?” I said rounding on him angrily.

“Oh, erm, I sort of told her about our little experiment.”

“You did what?”

“Now steady on Charlotte. I could hardly bring you to her wedding and not tell her. Imagine how she would have reacted if she had recognised you at the wedding. After all she knows Charlie almost as well as I do.”

“I suppose” I replied reluctantly “but you’ve told no one else, have you?”

“Erm no!” he said looking away from me for a moment.

“Adam!” I said crossly.

“Dinner I think,” he grinned as he desperately tried to change the subject.

“Adam, look at me. You haven’t told anyone else, have you?” I demanded.

“No, of course not!” he said forcefully enough to half make me believe him.

“You had better not have!” I said.

“Dinner” he said simply.

I watched as Adam stood and held out his hand to help me out of my chair. We walked hand in hand out of the bar and I couldn't help but smile to myself as I caught two business men staring at me with open admiration. Adam had pre booked a table in the restaurant and as we entered a waiter greeted us and showed us to our table. I was inordinately proud of myself as I remembered to smooth down the back of my dress as Adam pushed in my chair for me. I was equally proud of myself when I allowed Adam to order for me when the waiter returned.

The meal was wonderful. Adam was incredibly attentive and I loved him just a little more for that. He held my hand across the table, stroked the back of my wrist with his fingers, laughed at all the little silly stories I had to tell him about my stay at Mary and Gerry's. We even shared a dessert and Adam spoon fed me some delicious gateau and ice cream in a most sensual way. For a gay guy, he certainly knew how to treat a lady. It was almost as if he were trying extra specially hard to convince me that I was outwardly now the person he wanted me to be and I was, to say the least, flattered. In the seventeen months I had known him he had never once been publically affectionate and I loved the change in him.

“Adam,” I began after coffee had been served “What do think to all of this, you know, me?” I asked shyly.

“I have been thinking about that all evening, wondering when you might ask. I don't really know yet to be honest. Ask me again in the morning.”

“What, what do you mean?”

“I’ve booked us a room at the hotel,” he said innocently.

“Have you know, you presumptuous animal,” I laughed, knowing exactly what he had in mind, for I had the same thought too.

“Shall we then?” he said, holding out his hand.

I just grinned and nodded as I placed my hand into his. Adam signed the bill for our meal and, hand in hand, we made our way to the elevator. As the doors opened Adam took a half step back and allowed me to enter first but the moment the doors closed, I was in his arms and he was kissing me, hard on the lips.

All too soon the gentle ‘ping’ indicated we had arrived at our floor and we broke apart. Adam led the way down the corridor and paused outside a door as he fished in his jacket pocket for the key card. The moment we walked into the room I found myself in Adams arms again. He just pulled me into his body and kissed me hard on the lips, our tongues snaking into each other’s mouths. It was a long, hard passionate kiss, the like of which I could hardly remember, his stubble rasping delightfully against my tender skin. How long that kiss lasted, I do not know, but the moment we parted, Adam took me by the hand and led me over to the enormous four poster bed that dominated the room.

“God, you even smell wonderful,” he said as he kissed the nape of my neck “and I have been wanting to do this all evening” he whispered as he stood behind me and slipped the straps of my dress down over my shoulders. His lips continued to nuzzle delightfully at my neck as I felt the tiny vibrations of a zip being

pulled down and slowly he pulled at my dress, leaving me naked from the waist up. Adam simply spun me around and I took a half step back so he could see my breasts properly for the first time watching him smile in appreciation.

“My God” he whispered in awe “they are incredible. How do they make them so life like?”

“I don’t know, but if you come here I will show you something rather special.”

Adam came to me and I took his hands in my own and brought them to my breasts.

“Here, feel them, see how life like they are for yourself,” I whispered and sighed as he weighed them in his palms. “Touch the nipples darling, please” I again whispered and as he did so I couldn’t help but close my eyes and moan with pleasure as the sensory connections fed intense pleasure to my brain.

“What, what’s going on here?” he asked, his fingers never leaving the nipples.

“Ooooooh, oh... “I managed to utter “ The erm, ooooooh, oh, nip, oooh, nipples have, oooooh, oh, some form of, oooooomph, con,ooooh,ect,oooo,tion to my brain,” I said removing his hands “and if you keep doing that I won’t be held responsible for what might happen.”

“That is quite remarkable” he said as he bent his head and took one of the nipples into his mouth “so if I do this I could make you cum” he said as he sucked firmly.

“Ooooooh, God, Yes! Ooh Adam, sstop,” I moaned as I reluctantly pushed him away. Quickly I collected myself and as my dress was almost falling off my hips anyway, I took a step back, and steadying myself on

the bedpost, I allowed it to slip to the ground before gracefully bending down to pick it up and throw it on the chair. After a sudden wicked thought, I decided that my panties and sex cache were superfluous to need so they were discarded too. Now, dressed only in my stockings and heels I stood and posed for Adam, my own little penis slowly coming to life having been released from its constraint.

“So what do you think Adam?” I asked huskily.

“What I think Charlie” he replied simply “is that I have never wanted you more than I do right now.”

I grinned, walked over to him and grabbed him by the tie, pulling him into another kiss. And as we kissed I began to help him undress too. First his jacket fell to the floor and then his tie. Next his shirt was discarded and I found my naked breasts squashed delightfully against his muscular chest as he kissed me again.

Then I knelt before him, as I had done so many times before. First his shoes and socks were removed and then his trousers. Sometimes, when we had played this game in the past, his penis had needed some encouragement. Not so that evening, for his tight white pants showed just how aroused he was and soon they were discarded too so that he was stood naked before me, his cock standing hard and proud before him.

“Mmmmm” I said “Is that for me?” I asked as I looked up at him innocently. Without taking my eyes from him, little by little I took his wonderful cock into my mouth and was rewarded with a huge hiss of pleasure from my lover. Unhurriedly, I began to rock my head backwards and forwards, swirling my tongue around the crown of his cock as he liked me to do. Once again I looked up and saw that Adam was staring at me lustfully. Perhaps it was my luscious red lips or

maybe my long golden hair that was falling around my face. Who knows? But what I did know was that Adam had never been bigger or harder than he was at that moment.

It was then that I felt his hands go around my face so he could pull me from him and I knew I had won a little victory. I had so nearly made him cum! Smoothly he pulled me to my feet and I smiled at him as his hands snaked around my waist and he pulled me to him.

“Mm” I said as my arms found themselves around his neck “I do believe you were enjoying that.”

“Almost too much,” he growled as he suddenly picked me up and threw me down onto the bed. Instantly, he was on me, kissing me, fondling me, groping me, like some wild animal, his hands in my hair and mine in his. Then his lips found my neck caressing the most sensitive of places that he knew so well. Lower he went until he found my nipples, once again causing me to gasp out aloud in pleasure. It was almost if they were directly connected to my penis, for each time he suckled I felt an intense throb of pleasure coursing to the very tip.

Gradually he moved down my body, his tongue lapping at my stomach, at my belly button, his hands caressing my stocking clad thighs deliciously. Lower and lower he went, teasing me, deliberately avoiding that ultimate point of pleasure, concentrating instead on that tiny strip of flesh above my stocking tops. And then it was if he could wait no longer. Grasping my length in his hand he pulled the tip to his own expectant lips and slipped the crown into his hot moist mouth. The groan that escaped from my mouth was anything but feminine, all of my voice coaching forgot-

ten in the heat of the moment. This time it was my turn to almost lose control and I soon felt my fingers grabbing his hair, pulling him away from me.

“Oh I do believe she likes that,” he grinned mimicking my own words as he revelled in his own little victory.

“Oh God Adam, now darling” I moaned as I turned and knelt on all fours, presenting my pert little bottom to him. “Now!” I demanded urgently. Adam just grinned as he reached for a tube of lubricant sat on the bedside table. I wriggled and ground my cute little bottom into his hand as he smeared the cold cream onto my flesh moaning appreciatively as a finger slipped effortlessly into my depths. And then he was there, his huge cock nestling at the entrance to my body, pushing firmly but gently whilst at the same time pulling me back towards him with his hands on my hips.

I gasped out loud in time to his huge groan as I felt my flesh part to allow him entry to my body and I couldn't help but wince and gasp in pain as I felt the massive head of his cock invade my depths.

“Oh wait, wait for a moment” I hissed through clenched teeth “God, Adam you are so big.”

I felt him pause for a moment as I struggled to control my breathing but soon the pain began to fade to be replaced by that wonderful sensation of fullness and, as the pain passed, I felt myself push backward telling my lover I was ready for him. He needed no more encouragement. Forcefully he pushed forward slipping his entire length into me and then he was fucking me, his strokes long and slow and smooth. In, out, in, out, each thrust causing me to moan each withdrawal causing me to groan. Faster and faster he began to fuck me, his hands all the time resting on my little bottom, urg-

ing me to match his rhythm. And as he fucked me, I felt Adam reach around me, searching for my own cock but I slapped his hand away as I knew, that night, I would need no help to cum.

His motions were becoming urgent now, harder, harsher, and they were matched with the own movements of my body, my round little bottom slapping against his flesh, my large pendulous breasts swaying delightfully beneath my chest. I felt my arms threaten to collapse underneath me, but Adam urged me to stay as I was by reaching around and cupping my breasts in his hands. His fingers found my sensitive nipples and instantly, wave after wave, pulse after pulse of pleasure coursed through me as I came hard, shooting spurt after spurt of my own delicious cum onto the bed beneath me, my back arching uncontrollably as I ground myself onto his cock. Adam too, gave a massive groan as he came, deep inside me, my body thrilling to every pulse of his cock. Our orgasm just seemed to go on forever, both of us instinctively understanding that this was something special, something that may never occur again, both of us knowing that we were connected by much more than a simple piece of flesh.

Slowly though, as all things must surely pass, that incredible intense feeling started to subside. I felt Adam rest his weight onto my back so I rolled to my side, my motion mimicked by my lover as he pulled me into a fierce cuddle.

“Does that answer your question Charlotte?”

“What question?”

“The question concerning how I feel about you?”

“Oh that one. Mm partly, but go on, tell me, tell me how you feel anyway,” I demanded.