

Becoming My Twin Sister



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



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Becoming My Twin Sister

by Deena Gomersall

Chapter One A Very Bad Feeling

Jennifer Marshall gave birth to twins, half an hour apart, on the 8th of August 1997. One was a boy and the other was a girl. She was too exhausted to be fully aware herself at the time, but everyone else in the delivery room was amazed at how very similar the two babies looked as they were laid side by side. They could almost have been identical twins, if only they had both been boys or both girls.

With her husband Howard standing by the bedside, Jennifer and he decided on names for their newborns, Andrew and Andrea.

The similarity between the two did not change even as the twins developed and grew up—apart from the obvious differences in sexual anatomy, and the fact that the son had his hair kept fairly short while

the daughter was allowed to wear hers long. Other than that, their height, their build, their blue-gray eyes and their dark brown hair were exactly the same.

As can be the case with identical twins, there was a strong connection between the two. They often thought the same thoughts, even spoke the same things out loud at the same moment, and they knew instantly if there was anything ever troubling the other; each would even feel an element of pain if the other was hurt. They were the best of friends, and during early childhood they were always in each other's company.

Things only began to change between them once they hit their teens and puberty began. Andrea started becoming interested in more girlish things, experimenting with make-up, buying clothes and shoes, and hanging out with her friends from school. Andrew began doing more boyish things, playing sports and trying to get the attention of girls with his own friends, not to mention sometimes getting into trouble from his boyish antics. He soon got in with a local gang and started to get into trouble with the police.

At home, however, they would enjoy the same food, listen to the same music, and enjoy the same television programmes.

In their late teens they began to see less and less of each other. Andrea had begun going steady with Ian Crompton, a boy from Andy's school, whom he knew.

Whilst Andrea went on to attending college after leaving school, Andy became a bit of a layabout and unemployed. Andy would hang around on the streets or down at the Mall with a group of his best friends, often not returning home until late. He didn't have a steady girlfriend, but he was a good looking boy—fresh faced, almost pretty, some might say. He attracted lots of female attention, and so he was able to play the field.

On a cold evening in February 2017, when the twins were 19 years old, Andrea went out to meet up with Ian as usual, telling her family they planned on seeing a movie. Andy went out himself 40 minutes later with his mates, Rick, Kyle, and Joe That is where Andy's life story changed dramatically.

The four boys kicked a can around at the deserted and shuttered shopping mall, hoods up over their heads and hands stuffed in pockets from the biting night air.

“Well, we ain't gonna be picking up any chicks tonight.” Kyle lamented, “It's way too cold; they'll all be sitting at home watching the box or washing their hair.”

“What time is it anyhow, Andy?” Rick asked. Andy glanced at his wrist watch. “It's a quarter after eleven,” he replied rather glumly. “Don't know about you guys but I think I may head back home anyway.”

Just at that moment it began drizzling. “It's been dead tonight, and the weather is crap, hell I may just go home too.” Rick agreed as Joe began throwing stones across the road at a tin can being blown about by the wind.

“Hey Andy—you okay, buddy?” Kyle suddenly asked his friend.

Andy had gone ashen and was evidently in discomfort. “No, man! I don't feel so good, and my heart is pounding in my chest.”

The other two now noticed the expression on Andy's face was distorted, showing both fear and extreme discomfort. Suddenly he placed his hands to his groin and let out a pained noise.

As quickly as it had happened it went away again, though Andy's heart kept beating fast as though he was having palpitations. He ignored his concerned

friends' questions as he took out his cell phone from his jeans pocket.

"Hey, Mum! is Andrea home from the cinema yet?" he asked as the phone was answered on the other end.

"She isn't? I dunno, Mum, I just have a bad feeling. Listen, I'm hanging up, I'm going to give her a ring on her phone, okay?" With that, Andy stopped his call and instead made a call to Andrea. After the initial ringing period the call went onto voice mail. Andy stopped the call and tried two more times before giving up.

Phoning his parents' home again, Andy informed his mum that he couldn't get in touch with his sister and he felt uneasy. His mum took it seriously; she knew how closely her two children were connected.

Upon arriving home at his parents' house, Ian Crompton put the kettle on to make some drinks for them, his older brother, and himself. He stopped what he was doing to answer his cell phone.

"Ian? Hello, honey, it's Mrs Marshall, Andrea's mum. Is Andrea with you?"

"Oh, hi Mrs Marshall. Err, no, I left her about an hour ago. I thought she would be back home by now."

"You left her? Didn't you see her home? Where did you leave her, Ian?" Jennifer pressed, more urgently.

"We went to go see a movie, but she was in a bit of a mood with me for some reason. After the show I said I'd take her home, but she was still being off with me and said she had a headache. She said that we could talk later and that she would find her own way home."

“And that was about an hour ago?” Jennifer asked for confirmation.

“Yeah. Say, is everything all right, Mrs Marshall? I saw her get onto her usual bus out of town.” Ian was now starting to feel uneasy himself.

Andy had wasted no time in heading home. The rain was now heavier, and he pulled his hoodie over his head as he cut onto the estate where he lived. His heart dropped and he felt sick when he saw two police cars, both with their lights still blazing, parked up outside his house as he came onto his street.

Opening the front door and entering, Andy was greeted with three police officers, one a female, standing in the hallway. Andy’s mum was sobbing hysterically and his dad had a comforting arm around her.

“Mum... Dad... What’s happened? What’s happened to Andrea?” He asked in concern, his voice breaking.

Andy sat in stunned silence as he learned that his twin sister had got off a bus and had taken a short cut across a local park, a park all of the teenagers in the neighbourhood used, and had been attacked by a rapist—attacked and badly hurt. In fact she was in hospital, in a coma, fighting for her life.

Andy wiped away a tear as he digested all of the information. His Dad made everyone a strong cup of tea, and the police left after half an hour.

George Fernandez took a last pull on his cigarette before tossing the butt into some bushes. He shoved his hands into his pockets. It was chilly, but he was waiting. In dark clothing, standing in the shadows, Fernandez was hoping for prey. He had that burning, yearning feeling that wouldn’t go away.

The 56-year-old Fernandez was a registered psychotic who had also been diagnosed as bipolar some twenty years ago. Together the two created a mix, at certain times, which made him want to rape innocent women. He had that need right now.

Fernandez had already committed a number of rapes over the past few years in this area alone. He believed in his mind that those women would want to be raped, they had needs too, and he was providing a service for the both of them. On two occasions he had made repeat attacks—raping a woman and then, weeks or months later, targeting the same woman. It was like a sport, hunting his intended prey rather than taking an opportunity.

Andrea Marshall was on her way home from meeting her boyfriend. It hadn't gone well, and she thought their relationship was going stale. She had called it a night and, rather than having her boyfriend see her safely home as usual, she had made her own way.

Andrea had stepped off her bus from town and was going to walk around the local park to the estate where she lived, but then she felt the first specks of rain on her face. She was wearing ankle boots that had a two-inch sturdy heel, not too bad for walking over grass. Maybe, she thought, she should cut through the park to avoid the rain before it got heavier. Many of the local teens used the park as a short cut.

As she walked along the path, she became aware of a shadowy figure coming out of some bushes from behind. It could just be some guy relieving himself, but it made Andrea's heart start pounding and she quickened her step. As she did, it sounded like so did the man, and he was following her.

She was feeling frightened but she knew, sometimes, it was better to face your fears. Who knew? The man might go walking right past her, walking fast to also get out of the rain.



Andrea turned to look and immediately was seized by the man, rushing her and clamping a hand over her mouth to prevent a scream whilst using his force to push her off the path and into shrubs.

But Andrea was made of tough stuff, like her brother and her Dad who had been a bare-knuckle fighter. She put up resistance, punched back, and used her knee, trying to hit him between the legs.

Fernandez was not used to any of his victims fighting back. Initially it surprised him, but then he struck out in anger, punching Andrea clean on the jaw and sending her falling backwards. As she hit the ground her head struck a rock and she knew no more, but that didn't stop Fernandez. He had that need and he quickly unbuckled his pants, unzipped his fly, yanked Andrea's skirt up to her hips, and forcefully tore her panties and pantyhose down to her knees.

None of the Marshall household felt like going to bed that night. They sat up, glued by the telephone in case there was any news. They planned together to go to Andrea's bedside as soon as they were allowed.

It was just breaking dawn and Andy was stifling a yawn, sitting up in his bedroom, when there was a knock on the door. Mr Marshall went to answer it. There was some talking and Andy heard a woman's voice. Before long both a man and woman had entered the sitting room, still talking.

"Good morning, Mrs Marshall. I am Detective Constable Marcie Bellwood, and this is Detective Constable Tom Bridges. I have been assigned to investigate the attack and rape of your daughter. May I?"

Marcie asked the question for an invitation to be seated on an empty armchair. Jennifer Marshall nodded her consent.

“I am really sorry for what has happened to your daughter Andrea, especially that she is currently in a catatonic state due to the blow on her head. This was sustained by her falling onto a rock rather than being hit with it by the perpetrator. The rock was semi-buried into the ground and had lain there for quite some time.”

“Oh, so what you are saying is, if you catch this filthy rapist he is safe from being charged with putting my daughter into a coma, it was an accident! Is that it?”

The detective stretched her lips. “Mrs Marshall, I understand that you are in a very delicate state at this time. We are on your side, truly. We want, indeed we badly need to catch this man. He is guilty of rape—and he will strike again if we don’t catch him.”

“How do you know that, detective?” Howard Marshall asked.

“Here is the thing. Do you remember a couple of rapes in this area a few years back? The papers made a big thing about two rape victims being attacked not once, but twice, each one within a span of several months between the first and the second.”

Jennifer nodded her head. “Yes, I do recall reading something about that. Do you think it’s the same man?”

“Hard to call, Ma’am.” Detective Bridges spoke for the first time. “If it is the same guy, he has also carried out another 17 rapes in this region.”

“Seventeen!” Howard exclaimed loudly, “We haven’t seen reports of any other rapes—well since the one you just mentioned.”

“We have tried to keep them a low profile sir. The thing is—” Detective Bridges began.

“Low profile? My daughter is laid in a coma, man, after having being raped. If people knew that some multi-raping son of a bitch was out there, she might have been more cautious!” Howard blasted, his face going red.

“Yes, wouldn’t everyone? But then everyone’s quality of life suffers, out of fear. It’s the same way that terrorism works: detonate a few car bombs here and there, and scare people into not going on holiday or carrying out their normal daily lives. You don’t defeat terrorism like that, you play into its hands. It’s the same with rape.”

“And you have to remember that these rapes are sporadic, over a period of a number of years.” Detective Bellwood joined in.

Howard was a tough man, but he let his emotions get the better of him as tears welled in his eyes. “My daughter, my beautiful daughter! She is only 19; her life could be ruined! What if she never wakes up again? If I catch him I’ll tear him limb from limb!”

Jennifer was more stable, taking things in. “Over many years? How come you haven’t caught him yet? Surely he has left enough clues.”

“That’s just it, Mrs Marshall. He hasn’t, which is also why we cannot say it is the same man. Whoever he is, he seems to be very careful: no semen or saliva specimens, no finger prints—nothing. All we have is an odd footprint and the fact that there seems to be a certain way that the rapes are carried out that has similarity to them. What we do know about your daughter’s case is it was premeditated, not like some opportunist who finds himself in a quiet place with a vulnerable young girl and just acts on impulse. This man knew what he was doing. He was prepared, he carried condoms, gloves, he was a sexual predator out for prey—and your daughter was unfortunate to be in the wrong place at the wrong time.”

Howard was now more understanding and just nodded his head in response.

“We have a profiler working on the cases. She believes it is the same man, and we have our own ideas as to what kind of man he is. The likelihood is that he is mentally unwell, which triggers off his attacks.”

“Do you have any photographs of your daughter that we can use?” Detective Bridges asked. “We’ll return them right back.”

“Yes, of course.” Jennifer got up and walked to her sideboard; Detective Bridges walked with her. There were a number of framed family pictures, including one of Andrea by herself. “You may use this one, but please do bring it back.”

Whilst receiving the photograph, Tom Bridges looked at some of the others, one in particular. “Is this photograph a recent one?” He asked, lifting it up.

“Yes, that was taken late last summer.” Jennifer replied.

“May we also use this one?”

Jennifer looked at the detective questioningly. “If you need to, I guess. That’s Andrea with her brother Andy. He’s upstairs, possibly fallen asleep.”

Bridges handed the photographs to Marcie Bellwood, but made a point of ensuring she looked at the top one. Fleetingly Marcie’s expression changed and her mouth opened as she turned her head to look at her colleague. He gave a knowing look in response.

“Well, I am sure you are all very tired after such an awful night,” Marcie said as she lifted herself from the comfortable armchair. “This is my card. If you need me, don’t hesitate to get in touch, and I will keep you constantly briefed on our progress.”

Howard saw the detectives back to the door; then he went to his wife, putting his arms around her to give her a comforting hug.

Later that day the Marshall family went off to Central Hospital to visit Andrea. Mum and Dad, Andy, and his 14-year-old sister Crystal all went together. What they saw distressed them terribly. Andrea was laid out on a bed with drips attached to her, her face was black and blue, and she looked as though she had gone 10 rounds in a boxing ring with a world heavyweight champion.

Other than the obvious facial bruising, she had a bandage wrapped around her head holding a large pad at the back where she had struck the rock, causing the head trauma which had left her in a coma. She was unresponsive, but Jennifer sat by her bedside, holding her hand and just talking to her. After a few minutes Howard had taken Crystal, crying, out of the room to get her a drink. Andy stood alone with tears in his eyes.

The family stayed in the hospital for two hours before leaving, telling the prone body of Andrea how much they loved her, and assuring her that they would visit each day until she recovered.

Chapter Two Are You Serious?

That evening Andy went out with his friends. A number of the gang were out this evening, many wanting to know the situation with Andrea and how she was. Andy couldn't tell them much, of course, but described how she looked and a little of what had happened.

Andy's friends were an unruly bunch, but they had all practically grown up knowing Andy, and

Andrea too. They were angry about what had happened to her. If they could have got their own hands on the rapist, they would have made a mess of him.

Some wanted to channel their anger, as the rapist was obviously not going to be available, and unfortunately it was two gay boys that caught their rage. The gang had been walking down a back alley when they came across the two young men kissing. It caused an immediate reaction.

Craig, who was a homophobe anyway, led the way. Pushing the bigger of the two, Craig spat, saying they didn't want their sort around the neighborhood and that it made him sick. Andy, who was one of the toughest members of his gang, did not want to join in with the actual abuse, but he began laughing as Craig continued his venomous attack. He too needed to vent his anger, and he personally couldn't understand why men would fancy other men—when, in his words, there were shitloads of sexy chicks out there begging for it.

But Andy stopped laughing when the tallest gay was punched to the floor and then kicked unmercifully. This wasn't his bag at all. Give him a rival gang member to fight and he would take the lead—but this wasn't right.

“Okay, man, lay off him, he's had enough!” Andy called out to Craig plus two others, TJ and Joe, who were continuing to kick.

Craig found the need to put a couple more kicks in as the gang started to depart. They left the young man hurt and bleeding, tended to by his boyfriend, who had been too scared to intervene himself.

“What's with you Andy? You goin' soft on the fags or somethin'?” Joe asked as they walked away.

“No, not really—but seeing my sister all beaten up today, then that guy, you know—it's too much.”

“Yeah, guess you are right,” I see where you are coming from, bro. Just a shame that faggot wasn’t the rapist.”

Seeing the bruised and battered face of the homosexual man brought back visions of Andrea to Andy and upset him. He was no longer feeling like hanging out that evening, plus he felt tired, very tired. He set off for home.

As he approached his house he saw that there was a car parked outside. He opened the front door, wiped his feet on the mat, and walked in. Sitting with his mum and dad in the lounge were a man and woman he had not seen before.

Andy’s mum, who was drinking tea the same as everyone else in the room, turned and smiled at Andy. “Andy, darling, this is Detective Marcie Bellwood and detective Tom Bridges. They came to the house early this morning; they are investigating what happened to Andrea.”

Andy gave a courteous nod without saying anything.

“Hello, Andy.” The woman spoke, smiling. She was quite young looking, with a trim figure and blonde hair gathered back in a bun.

“Andy,” Jennifer continued, “Detective Bellwood has something to ask you which she thinks could help in catching the rapist—the man who has hurt Andrea.”

Andy slipped off his hooded jacket and took a seat, looking at the woman and waiting to hear what she had to say.

Marcie sat her cup and saucer down on a table, cleared her throat, put her hands in her lap, and looked as though she was trying to figure how to start.

“Andy,” she began, “we couldn’t help but noticing this morning your remarkable similarity to your sister.”

“Yeah, we’re twins, what of it?” Andy responded.

“Well—we have no idea who the rapist is, but we do believe that he has been responsible for many rape attacks in the region, over a long period of time. It is clear the culprit needs to be caught, and fast. It is only a matter of time before he actually kills some innocent young woman.”

“So are you wanting some help to look for him? I have lots of mates that would help.”

“It is not that simple, I’m afraid. Like I said, we have no idea of who he is, or where or when he may strike next. If it is the same man, there have been a couple of cases where he has done a double strike—raped a person and then, after a period of time, raped her again. That is unusual in itself and says a lot about his psychotic personality. I don’t know if you noticed; I do know that you and your family have had a long and stressful busy day, but the story has leaked to the local press and is on the front page. The rapist knows your sister is in hospital, in a coma.”

Andy’s mum lifted the evening newspaper off the table to show him, There was the headlines and, along with the body of the story, was a printed photo of his sister, Andrea.

Andy looked at the first few paragraphs, then looked back at the female detective.

“So what is it that you want of me? How can I help?”

“What if the rapist suddenly learns that your sister is back out of hospital? Possibly able to identify him? What if he wants to make another double strike?”