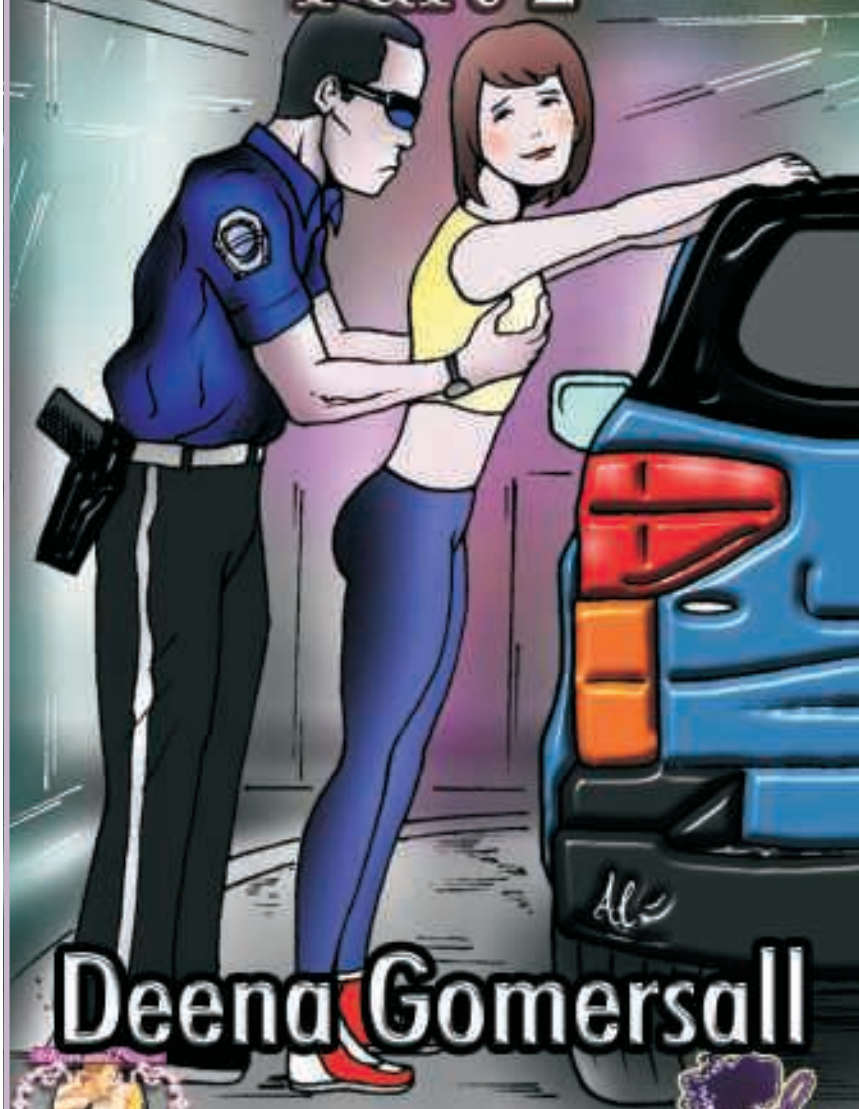


The Ghost Within Me

Part 2



Deena Gomersall



A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

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The Ghost Within Me

part 2

By Deena Gomersall

Chapter Six

Tony sat on a chair, staring into a full-length mirror that he had just bought on Jodie's recommendation. He stared but the image that stared back at him was not his own, it was the face of someone much younger than his own thirty-two years of age and it was the face of someone of the opposite sex. It was the face of a pretty girl with flawless skin and long dark hair.

It had been twelve days since Jodie's birthday, the very first time she had altered his face. On that occasion he had freaked out and demanded that she put a stop to the process of his transformation. Two days later he had allowed her to try again and the transformation had been greater. Now, as he sat looking at his reflection, she had altered him a further four times.

Tony was trying to figure out why he was allowing this to happen. Jodie was dead, robbed of her life and her youth. Yes, he felt sorry for her, especially after she had revealed the misery that had been her life and he was trying to give her a bit of her life back... but was there some fundamental fascination in seeing his face look so young, so feminine... so pretty?

He was dressed in a white jumper with the words 'Guprey' written in large red silken letters across the chest and wine-coloured trousers, nothing elaborately feminine. Jodie had insisted on him putting on some eyeliner and mascara just to bring out the eyes, and he had gone along with her request.

"You like what you see, don't you, Babes?" Jodie's voice sounded inside his head.

He had allowed the young ghost into his body ten times now and still he could not get used to the weird sensation he experienced each time it happened. "It's totally weird seeing myself looking like a young girl," he answered.

"I can't wait to see if I can morph you into my former likeness. Mrs Marchant told me I just have to, like, picture myself in my head as I start the morphing process."

"That would be even weirder, knowing that I had your face," Tony responded.

"But you will let me try won't you, Babe? You did promise me you would."

"I was drunk," Tony retorted. It was true, he had been drunk, and indeed he had been drinking far heavier recently than he had ever done before. Maybe he thought drinking would help him cope with what he was allowing to happen to him.

He had even been a little drunk when he had gone to the gym to play squash with his friend Chris the night before. Chris had asked his friend what had

been going on since they last met. Tony had not gone to play squash the previous Friday, still feeling weirded out from the changes Jodie had done to his face and some parts of his body, so there were things to catch up on now.

Tony updated Chris on how he and his former girlfriend, Jan, had slept together but he was careful to steer clear from saying too much about being haunted, preferring to play down the subject as much as possible. He certainly had no intention of telling Chris how the ghost was changing his face to look like a girl's or that he had been wearing female clothing. He knew, for sure, that would be enough for Chris to demand that his friend visit a shrink.

“Jan? Jan Crosby? No Way dude! You’ve gone back to her?” Chris had gasped.

“Yeah man, her. I’m not planning on getting it back on with her, mate. But with all the trauma of being demoted at work and Chad Myers taking over my job, I just needed an outlet,” Tony had replied.

“Well, maybe it could be good for you, get you away from your haunted house, too,” Chris then poked. “Are you planning on seeing Jan again?”

“She’s texted me a couple of times. Jodie wants me to see her ag...” Tony had immediately realised his mistake in mentioning Jodie and broke off what he had been saying.

“Jodie! Who’s Jodie? Oh, wait up, Buddy, isn’t Jodie the name you gave to your in-house ghost?” Chris questioned.

Tony had to think fast. “No, mate, you’re getting mixed up. Jodie is my cousin from upstate. I was talking to her about it on the phone and she thought seeing chicks again was a good thing and it would save me being alone at Christmas.”

Chris had looked at his friend disbelievingly. He was sure Tony had told him that his ghost had told him her name was Jodie. Plus, he had known Tony nearly all of his life but had never heard tell of a cousin called Jodie before. He decided not to pursue it further, however.

“So, you will be seeing Jan Crosby over Christmas next week? That’s good for you, buddy. I’ll be taking Mazy out, things seem to be going nicely with us at the moment. Don’t get me wrong, I still miss Suzie, but things kinda got screwed up there between us.”

“I’m sorry,” Tony apologised, knowing that he had some part in Chris and his longtime girlfriend ending things.

“Nah, don’t apologise. Like I told you, things just were going wrong anyway. If you aren’t seeing Jan all next week, come and have a drink with Mazy and me for Christmas, buddy. Otherwise, as next Friday is Christmas day and this place won’t be open, I’ll catch you the week after.”

With that, the two friends departed. Tony had no intentions of spending the whole of Christmas with Jan Crosby.

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“So, are you, like, welching on letting me try giving you my face? It’s not that hideous you know.”

Jodie’s voice broke Tony from his thoughts.

“What! No, not at all. I was just saying how weird it would be... and you aren’t hideous at all, from how I can see your image, you were very beautiful.”

Tony couldn’t see Jodie smile from inside him but he almost felt a warm glow.

“Oh, thanks, Babes, that’s so sweet of you to say. I was a bit of a stunner,” she told him.

“Well, you don’t think I would let any old minger into my body, do you?” Tony replied, chuckling.

There followed a pause without Tony picking up anything from his ‘lodge’ and then Jodie spoke again.

“Hey Babes, I’ve just had a terrific idea.”

Tony groaned; this could not be good. “What is it, Jodie? What could this fantastic idea possibly be?”

“I never said it was a *fantastic* idea, I said it was a *terrific* one. Come on, it’s Saturday, let’s play. All rest and no play makes Toni a dull girl.”

“So just what do you have in mind?”

“Easy Peezy. You are dressed; you have some makeup on, let’s go out for a walk, it’s a nice day,” Jodie suggested.

“What like this, looking like a girl? You are joking!”

“Like hell I am. Why not? It’s not like anyone is going to see you, the great Macho Tony Bartram wearing girl’s clothes. You look just like an ordinary girl. It’ll be fun.”

“Fun for whom? No, I’m not leaving the house like this,” Tony protested.

“What? You’re chicken? Chicken; Chicken; Cluck Cluck Cluck.”

“No I’m not. I just don’t see the point. How can it do anything at all for you, it’s not like you can gain any exercise from it,” Tony protested indignantly.

“But *you* can. Walk some of that weight off, Fatty.”

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It was ten minutes later, after Tony had found some 'sensible' shoes' that Tony was fearfully walking down the high street. In his head he knew nobody could mistake him for anything other than what he looked and yet he was sure everyone was looking at him and noticing he was a man wearing female clothes. It took passing several people who never so much as turned their heads before he started to settle his nerves.

Jodie suggested they walk to a local Mall where they could do some Christmas shop browsing and maybe pick some meals up... healthy ones.

"Oh wow! We just gotta buy that dress for ourselves, it looks fab. We would be, like, knockout in that, don't you think, Tony? Hey, we need to give you a girl's name for the times when you are altered."

Tony looked around to ensure nobody was near before replying in a hissy whisper. "I thought you already had... I notice you pronounce my name with a feminine infection."

"Nah, that's too close, it should be a name that helps you feel feminine like... Tanya. That's it. You are Tanya. Oh, and if you are concerned about talking to me out in public, in case someone thinks you are like a total nut job, just think your reply instead of saying it then nobody can hear you."

"What... like this?"

"Yeah, that's it, Tanya. See, I can hear your thoughts."

After two hours of shop browsing and shopping, Jodie spoke in a more saddened voice. "Oh, I would, like, totally kill for just one of those," she lamented.

"One of what?"

They were standing near to a newsagent and tobacconist shop. “For a cigarette, Babes. Would you like buy a pack and smoke one for me?”

“A cigarette? No way, no chance. I’ve never smoked one of those foul things in my life and I’m not about to start to.”

“Aw, com’on. Just one for me... your other half,” Jodie pleaded.

“No. You get cancer from those things. You keep harping on about how I should get fitter and healthier and then you suggest I cover my lungs in nicotine tar.”

“Aw!” Jodie pouted sulkily. “I’d, like, die for one right now.”

Tony was not having any of it and decided to move away from Jodie’s temptation.

Back home they cooked a meal together with Jodie giving Tony advice. He had asked her to change him back and he had put on his own clothes. Jodie stayed inside him so that she could taste what they had cooked. Afterwards she left his body and they talked about how Tony had felt in public, as he poured himself a beer.

“It wasn’t too bad, but I didn’t like the creepy looks I kept on getting from some of the boys who passed us... and older men, or some of the calls and suggestions. I never realised how intimidating it can be for young girls.

“Yep, a lot of guys are creepy, loutish assholes,” Jodie answered as Tony’s cell phone buzzed. “Who’s that, Babes?”

Tony groaned. “It’s Jan, again. What’s wrong with her? I told her to give me some space. She is so over-bearing.”

“Well, you did say to her give it a couple of weeks and, like, technically it’s two weeks today that you laid her. Give her a ring and meet up; I totes wouldn’t mind sharing your moment of orgasmic bliss again... even if it does only last about a minute. It’s the only way I’m ever going to feel sexual release.” Jodie suggested. “And, it is Christmas next week, it’ll be good for you.”

Tony considered it. He had told Chris he would be seeing Jan over Christmas. Could it harm? He pressed answer. “Hello! Oh, Hi Jan, I was just thinking about you.”

The following day being Sunday, Tony had the day to himself, or rather himself and Jodie. He had gotten up feeling low and miserable. Talk about Christmas the day before had made him reflect on happier times, Christmas with his family; Mom, Dad and his two sisters Caroline and Bethany. They had been good times, Christmas had always been magical... before his dad spoiled everything by seeing other women behind his mother’s back.

Jodie had hoped to persuade him to let her into his body early and try to entice him to have another girly day, but, seeing how he looked, she knew better than to even try badgering him on such things.

She wasn’t even able to read what was getting him down and, not being in his body, she couldn’t read his mind... so she kept her distance.

Tony was also reflecting on all that had befallen him since he had moved into the apartment on Cowper Street a little over six weeks ago. In that short space of time his best friend was thinking he had gone insane, he had been demoted at work and given a job that he really didn’t like. He had discovered that his home was being haunted, he had visited a rotting corpse, he had a ghost inhabiting him and he was allowing it to make him look like a girl and wear girls clothing.

And the thing which was really getting him down was his trying to understand what was in his own mind, get a grip on his own feelings. He had been captivated at seeing himself looking twelve years younger and of the opposite sex. He had found a strange, forbidden delight in wearing the female clothing and he had experienced excitement at going out as 'Tanya' as Jodie was now calling him, and being perceived as female.

Why was that? What was wrong with him? He had never had such inclinations before Jodie had come into his life. By early evening Tony had drunk a number of cans of beer and consumed almost half a bottle of vodka. Feeling merry with drink, now Jodie felt she could approach him.

"Hey, Babes, Wanna talk about what is eating at you?" she asked.

"You! You are," Tony replied blatantly.

Jodie was shocked and dismayed by Tony's response. "What have I done wrong, Babe? Tell me and I, like, will totally apologise."

"You've changed my life... you have. Why me? Why did you have to come to me?" he asked her in a near inebriated state.

"Actually, it was, like, you came to me. But what have I done wrong to you?"

"Changing my features, making me dress as a girl, making me show myself off in public dressed as a girl."

"No Tony, if I've done something wrong I will, like, apologise, but I haven't made you do anything. I could do nothing to you without you allowing it, Babes. You allowed me to come into you, you gave me permission to alter you. And, before you say otherwise, you enjoyed yourself dressed up and going out

as a girl. I know you did because when I am inside you I can, like, totally feel a part of you.”

“But that’s just it. I shouldn’t, should I? I’m a guy, a straight, hetero-fucking-sexual guy.”

“But why not? Who are you harming? You are giving me a new lease of life and at the same time you are experiencing something that very few others can experience.”

There followed an awkward silence before Jodie spoke again. “You are just feeling frightened that it may change you, but we won’t let it. Have fun, enjoy it. Our secret that nobody else will ever know about.” Jodie waited, biding her time and then spoke again.

“Come on, the best way to cheer you up is facing your fears. Let’s make you Tanya again. It will do you good to like have some fun.” Jodie, as Tony had already found out, could be quite persuasive, even more so when Tony was drunk and his defences were down. He swayed as he got to his feet, placing a half-drunk can on the table and followed the ghost to his bedroom.

“If you insist, I guess I’ve nothing better to do.”

It was an hour later. Jodie had entered Tony’s body and from there instigated the changes to his face and body parts. With his body she would not risk doing anything over elaborate but as she had done before, she gave Tony a shapelier pair of legs, slimmer arms and more delicate hands. She had helped him with some makeup and suggested something to wear.

Tony looked at his reflection in his new, big mirror. If anything, he looked even younger than he had done previously. His face could pass as a sixteen-year-old’s or even a mature fifteen-year-old.

He lifted his bottle of vodka, took one more look at his reflection, and took a swig.

In his boozed-up state, Tony was easily manipulated to suggestion by Jodie, who was becoming a little bit intoxicated herself from the fumes in his body. Together they walked to the local convenience store.

Tony was impeded by two youths who thought they would try their luck in scoring with an evidently inebriated girl.

“Hey babe, you wanna come to a party we are having at mine?” one asked, putting his arm around Tony’s shoulder.

“Fuck off back to school. Junior, I go for men, not kids with tiny brains and even tinier willies.” The insult did the trick and the youths left with their tails between their legs and their egos deflated.

Tony was aghast that he would come out with such a thing as ‘he went for men’ but was also amused. He and Jodie giggled about it as they made their way home from the store.

Rather than disappear inside on their return, the much drunk Tony went back into the apartment only to pick up his bottle of vodka, then return outside again, sitting on a bench on the sidewalk not far from the apartment, legs stretched akimbo.

“Cross your legs, you hussy,” Jodie giggled, “you are showing right up your skirt.”

Tony crossed one shapely leg, clad in black pantyhose, over the other knee and pulled at the hem of the short black skirt he was wearing. “You need to show me how... you know, how to do it all. I haven’t had any lessons in being a girl,” Tony replied loudly from his mouth and then carefully fed the tip end of the cigarette he was holding, between his lips, taking a drag on it.

Jodie had managed to persuade the sozzled Tony into buying cigarettes whilst they were at the conve-

nience store. “Sure, Babe, I’ll show you all you need to know in how to be a woman,” Jodie replied merrily.

They were interrupted by the click clack sound of stiletto heeled shoes. A middle-aged woman approached from the left, looked disdainfully at Tony as he sat there, legs crossed, skirt ridden up to the top of his thigh and with smoke escaping his painted lips. He was holding a lit cigarette in one hand and a near empty bottle in the other.

“You, young girl... yes you. Have you no shame?” the woman demanded to know as she stood before Tony, glaring.

Tony just stared at her drunk and dumbstruck.

“You should be behaving like a young lady, not some street tart, smoking and drinking. Are you even old enough to drink? I should phone a law enforcement officer. We don’t want the likes of you on our streets.”

“Go fuck all the way off, you old crock, just cos, like, YOU haven’t got a life.” The words spat out of Tony’s mouth.

“Really! You little madam. How dare you?”

“How dare *you*? Like telling me what I should and shouldn’t do, go, like, totally do one.”

Tony watched the woman march away, set-faced, as he gaped in surprise. He was surprised because, although the words had come out of his mouth, he had not said them.

“Omigod... I mean, did you just hear that? Like I just totally spoke for you. I, like, mean, right out of your mouth. That is so fucking awesome!” Jodie gushed.

“How the hell did you just do that?” Tony asked in complete bewilderment.

“I dunno exactly, Babes. Maybe we are just getting even more connected,” Jodie suggested gleefully.

Even though he was drunk, Tony knew he wasn't in favour of Jodie having any control of what he said or did with his body. That was rather worrying.

“Hey, come on, Tanya. We better get ourselves back indoors before the old crow calls the ‘law enforcement officers’ and the cops come,” Jodie then suggested.

Tony could see the wisdom of that and he knew the old battle axe would certainly lodge a complaint with the ‘law enforcement officers’.

Once indoors, Tony crashed onto his two-seat sofa, still with Jodie's voice ringing in his head.

“I was unsure if I would be able to do anything like that, but I can, just like Mrs Marchant said I would. Do you know what this means, Babes? I think I have, like, enough power to take you all the way. I mean like fully change your body... not just your arms, hands and legs... but, like, all of you. How amazeballs would that be?”

“Yeah, whatever, girl.” Tony responded now feeling heavily drowsy from his drinking.,

“Shall I try it? Shall I see if I can?” Jodie continued in excitement.

“Yeah, do whatever... just let me get some rest,” Tony replied without fully thinking about what he was saying. All he cared about right then was getting some sleep and stopping his head from spinning.

“Yay!” Jodie shouted.

Chapter Seven

Tony woke up literally with a shriek! Although he had a hangover and a pounding head, none of that

registered immediately. Somehow he had taken himself to bed, not that he remembered, and had shed out of every stitch of clothing. And that was how he had woken to find himself, laid on the bed totally naked.

Don't get me wrong, his body had become a bit flabby but not enough to make him shriek upon seeing it. What had made him cry out was the sight of two large, womanly breasts upon his chest. And he shrieked again when he saw that his penis was gone and in its place was a vagina! All of this was showcased on a slim, curvy, feminine body.

Tony knew immediately what must have happened, who must have been responsible.

"Jodie! What the fuck have you done to me?" he asked in a voice that sounded so wrong to him, a very feminine voice.

"I suggested seeing if I could like, go all the way and stuff in changing you and you said I could, so, I did," Jodie replied nonchalantly from inside his head.

"I did? No, I wouldn't have. Look at me. I feel so weird. I sound so weird." As he sat up, Tony instinctively cupped his hands under the round firm breasts to stop them moving about. "Ugh! That feels so wrong."

"What, you went gay all of a sudden? You don't like the feel of a woman's titties anymore?"

"Well, of course I do, but on women, not on ME! And this voice... Change me back!" he commanded, almost panicky.

"Calm down, Babes, you are just, like, so tragic. If at some point we are going to try changing you into me, then no way do I want my head perched on top of a manly body. I mean, like, ew! It's just like feminising your face, you'll get used to it."

“No I won’t. This it totally different... I’ve got a woman’s body... and all the parts. It’s just all so creepy and disturbing. Wait, what day is it today?” Tony tried to rack his brain for a moment, “Shit, its Monday. What time is it?”

“Well, your wall clock says it’s a little after twelve babes.”

“Oh, fucking hell! I’m in big trouble, I should be at work. This day is becoming a disaster. Oh, my head!”

As Tony’s stress levels rose and his heart beat blood into his brain faster, Tony realised the banging headache that he had.

“Geez, even I can feel your head pounding. Go take some tablets, Tanya,” Jodie suggested.

“I’m not fucking called Tanya. Stop calling me that. I’ve had it with all of this feminising shit. And if you are now going to go and sulk for a week or so go do it, but this is way too much.”

“Okay, grumpy drawers, keep your knickers on... or rather, you should go put some on. I’m not going anywhere, Babes. I live here, and we are on the brink of a major breakthrough. I get that you have woken up with a hangover and moody as heck. I understand it may have been a shock but you gave permission, then fell asleep,” Jodie told him. “And go get some paracetamol or something; we’ll feel much better when you do.”

“I have to go to work; Blake is going to kill me for sure,” Tony said, crossing to his bathroom very much in need to pee, holding his breasts and feeling strange even by the way he was walking.

“You’re already late and in no fit state to go into work,” Jodie protested.

“No fit state! Tell me about it,” Tony responded, using his hands to emphasise his body, his breasts now

fully exposed. "That's why you need to come out of me and let me become myself again."

"I didn't mean 'fit state' like that, I mean you are hungover. Get some..."

Jodie was cut off by Tony's cell phone ringing. Tony went over to pick it up and saw the caller ID was his workplace.

"Shit." Tony pressed the answer button. "Hello!"

"HELLO? Who's this?" Blake demanded to know, "Whoever you are, young lady, go tell your lover he is suspended until further notice." The phone went dead, leaving Tony feeling shaky. He had forgotten about his voice. No doubt, now Blake believed the reason he hadn't gone into work was because he'd had a girl sleeping over.

Tony walked over by his window and slumped morosely into a sitting position, his back against the wall, no longer caring that his breasts were fully exposed. He was going to lose his job for sure. His wages were already cut, his bank balance was dwindling, and all, just a few days before Christmas. "Oh boy, I'm screwed. Shame you are dead, I think I could do with you pulling some tricks in order to keep paying for this place," he said despondently.

"If I could, I would." Jodie answered despondently. "I'm sorry, Tony; again it's me that has gotten you into this. I should just go and leave you in peace forever."

"No, don't you dare do that. You are all I have left. We'll figure something. Maybe I can find some other job... though I doubt Blake is going to be giving me any great reference now."

"Thank you for saying that, Babes, that means a lot. Now go get an aspirin or whatever, we've got a banging headache."

A couple of aspirin later and some welcome relief on the toilet, Tony had something else to complain about. "This is total crap... that I have to sit on the toilet just to piss," he moaned.

"We girls have to do that all the time... and don't forget to mop, Babes."

Tony had been so sullen that even thinking about re-requesting Jodie to come out of his body so that he could change back to himself had not entered his head. Indeed he seemed to welcome the comfort of Jodie being with him.

Jodie was happy to stay there, not having anything better to do and enjoying his life force and energy. Rather than suggesting or making a move to leave him, she instead made a suggestion.

"It's pretty cold today, Babes, and you are naked. Why don't we go get some clothes on and make some food? How's your head? I can't feel the pounding now."

"It's okay now, thanks," Tony answered gloomily, getting up from where he had been sitting for the past hour and returning his hands to cover his breasts.

"What are ya being so shy for? It's just us two girls here and I have seen plenty of naked breasts before," Jodie said with a laugh.

"I'm not a girl and, although I too have seen many naked breasts before, I'm not used to having a pair of my own bouncing and swinging around on me," Tony protested in his strange feminine voice.

"Okay, chill. Let's get a bra on and they will be kept in control."

"A bra! Why a bra? Why not let me have my male body back."

“If you demanded it, then I would have to, but why waste the opportunity? You have never experienced being totally a girl before. You can hardly count snoring your head off while sleeping as experience, nor sitting sulking in a corner.”

Tony didn't really want to accept that what Jodie said made sense but it did. Also, inside him was a strange curiosity to just experience what life was actually like being a girl.

The experience of putting on a bra, this time, was a whole lot different. Before, he had fastened the bra in front, then twisted the fasteners to the back. This time, to do that, he had to go underneath two large breasts that obstructed his view and, after twisting the cups to the front, there was the problem of how to get the cups over the bottom of his breasts so that they could sit in the cups. Jodie intervened, suggesting that now, with a girlier body, he may just be able to reach around and fasten the bra in the back. Then it would be easier for the new assets to just drop into the cups.

Tony was to have another totally new experiences while he had the full body of a girl. He had worn panties before, but this time when he put a pair on, they felt totally different on him, not least in that without his male parts they lay flat and snugly to his body. They sat differently on his body now that he had wider hips and, against even smoother and hairless skin, they felt even softer and silkier than ever.

The panties didn't stay in place long as Tony again needed to go to the toilet. Again he had to sit down to urinate rather than just pulling his cock out as normal and aiming his jet into the pan. He presumed he must have needed to go through the previous night too but it had never occurred to him in his drunken state.

As he scrunched up a pad of toilet paper, Tony examined for the first time what now was between his legs. It was weird not having his cock and balls dan-