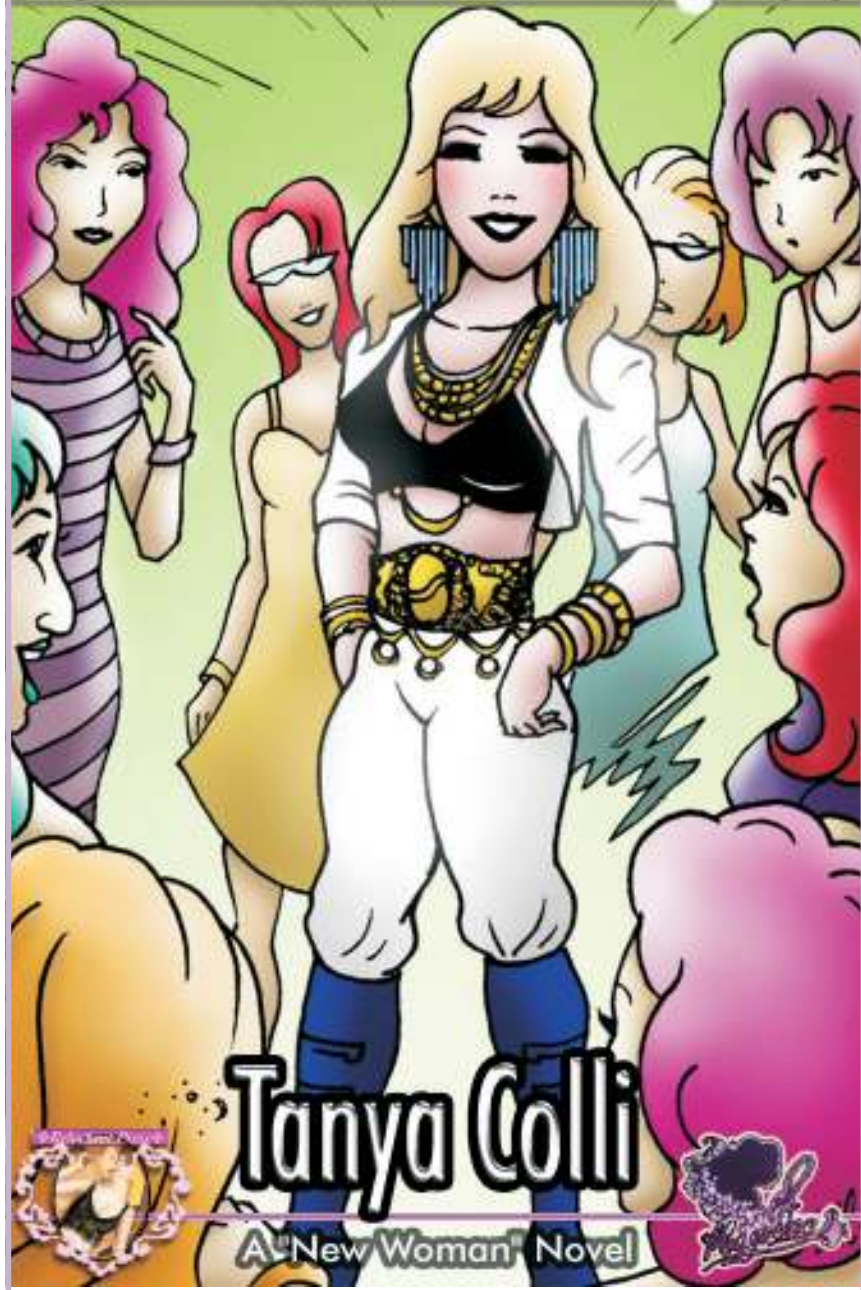


Booked for a Change 2



Tanya Colli

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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Booked for a Change 2

By Tanya Colli

All week long, my emotions were on a roller coaster. The estrogen was amplifying and distorting my emotions unbelievably. At work, Bobby and Francis had come to expect that, at least twice a day, at work, I'd start crying deeply about some silly or inconsequential something or other.

Francis described it to a T when he said, "Aw, she's just the estrogen weepies!" By Friday morning, as I dressed. I was overcome with a melancholia.

Vick tried to cheer me by reminding me that I'd be getting a purchase order from Richie that night at the party. And she reminded me that both she and her mother would be there at the party as well.

It cheered me a little but I secretly wanted to avoid the party like I had tried to skip my daily pills before supper.

Yet, I knew all too well that Vick would take charge, like she had forced me to submit to the pills

after a session over Vick's knees like a small child subjected to the will of an adult via a firmly applied hairbrush!

I would not avoid the party because it took me a whole day before I could sit down without a reminder of how childishly I had behaved. Nor could I forget how easily Vick had subdued me into submitting to that very shameful spanking. I was just too frightened to resist, too femininely submissive!

That night at the party, I noticed that my breasts were definitely larger and the nipples much more sensitive. I found that when I was dancing with Vick and my breasts rubbed against her, it aroused me. If I hadn't had on tight panties constricting my penis and holding my testicles up inside me, I would have displayed an erection right there on the dance floor!

Vick decided that she needed to get me home and into the sack P.D.Q. (pretty damned quick).

We went over to Richie so we could thank him for inviting us to the party and excuse ourselves.

Richie wanted us to stay longer but Vick told him that she really needed for me to get her home. Richie laughed and winked at us. He handed me a purchase order for my company and commented, "You know, you really work at looking good as a woman. I really appreciate your efforts. You'll find I know how to show my appreciation."

All the way home, Vick kept fondling my breasts and playing with the front of my panties.

I was so aroused by the time we arrived home that my heart was racing and I was short of breath.

Vick hustled me straight back to the bedroom.

By the time I got to the bedroom, I had already taken off my blouse and bra. When I got to the bedroom, I snaked my skirt down over my hips. I still had on my panties, garter belt, hose and heels.

Vick peeled down my panties freeing my penis to spring to erect from hardness. Vick shoved me into bed and leaped in after me. She had me lubed with estrogen cream almost immediately.

And then she assumed the masculine position on top of me and lowering herself into me.

I felt that somehow I wasn't quite as hard as I had been used to being. And my testicles seemed somehow softer and sort of spongy.

She started to ride me to a climax. It took a lot longer than it had taken just a few days before.

Even with Vick sticking her finger into my anal opening and stroking my prostate, it took a long time before I finally climaxed.

And when I finally erupted, it wasn't with as much force as usual.

Afterwards, I felt more soreness and I ached longer as I cried to myself, accepting the feminine vulnerability that my emotions demanded.

Vick noticed the changes in our love making and asked, "Is there something wrong, Sweetie? Why are you crying?"

"I don't know, I just don't know," I sighed through the wonderment of my tears.

How could I explain to Vick that I felt like a woman being raped! Despite the orgasm of release I had experienced, I cried over the frustration of Vick's total management of my sexual response *to just use me...*

She looked back at me speculatively. but said nothing.

The next day Vick confided to Jackie the extent of changes that were occurring in me.

Jackie thought that her use of Premarin with DMSO as a lubricant for sex was absolutely inspired, since the DMSO served to absorb the heavy dosage of estrogens directly through my skin to flood into my sexual organs and breasts during the heat of our sex play. Jackie also agreed with Vick that the most loving thing that she could do would be to be supportive and helpful to me in learning womanly ways. Jackie suggested that Vick should start giving me an estrogen/vitamin mixture with breakfast that would accelerate the feminization of my body. Vick readily agreed.

When Vick started having me take these new vitamin pills each day for breakfast along with the estrogen pills at night I really didn't think anything of it since I could see little chance of refusing them. Besides, I was too preoccupied with trying to increase sales at the office and with keeping my emotions from carrying me away. So I didn't notice the changes that were happening to my body so rapidly.

My weight was redistributing itself. My arms had lost a lot of their muscle mass to become slender and feminine. As a consequence, my arms had also lost most of their physical strength so that I was now weaker than Vick. My waist had become even smaller and had repositioned itself higher up on my torso.

My legs, though, had not just kept their muscle mass but they seemed to have increased in overall mass. However, the muscles had changed to become somehow sleeker and shapelier.

And all over, my body seemed softer and sleeker. It was as though all of my features had softened in every way. My body had become radically feminized.

Vick had encouraged me to have all of my hair permanently removed. I agreed and went to see the lady at the electrolysis clinic. She suggested a radical approach. She had a new depilatory cream that she wanted to try along with electrical stimulation. I was leery but she convinced me to try it. She even offered the first treatment for free.

She led me back to a small room and had me remove my suit coat and blouse. Then she gave me a smock to cover myself. She had me lie down on the padded table and take off all my makeup in my beard area.

“I see that you have had a good deal of electrolysis before,” she noted thoughtfully, confirming my suspicions about what the doctor had done when he removed my pad of under chin fat. Shrugging, she applied a cream to my entire beard area and down onto my chest. Then she applied little wires (she called them electrodes) to the edges of where the cream had been applied. With a cheery warning that this might hurt just a bit, she pressed a button on a plain looking box.

Everywhere the cream was on me felt like it was on fire. It took my breath away. I couldn't even scream! It lasted just a second or two and then it was over.

She then washed the cream off with a washrag. After all the cream was gone, she applied a soothing lotion to my face that removed all the stinging at once. The lotion felt so good that I almost forgot the stinging pain. She then told me to come back the next week and we would see if the treatment had been successful.

The next week I was too busy to go back. So it was two weeks before I could return. When I arrived, the lady told me she'd been afraid that I wasn't coming back. I explained that I had been busy at work.

She led me back to the same room and brought out a small microscope that was on a long metal arm so that it swung over my face. She peered through the lens at every inch of my face.

Then she announced that all of the hair had been permanently removed.

I was skeptical but I agreed to have another treatment.

This time it was my entire back. The pain was the same. But the lotion worked even more quickly. That decided me to let her do my entire body, except for the area where I was still a male.

Some weeks after I had finished having all my body hair removed, except around my remaining maleness, I took a good look at myself in the mirror.

It was clear that the special hair removal treatments had worked.

Even I had to notice that there was no possible doubt. My breasts had definitely grown larger! My B-cup sized bras were just too small. Only my C-cup corsets and C-cup bras fit like they should.

Even my nipples had enlarged and they had become unbelievably more sensitive within the fifty-cent piece size of the aureoles.

I had noticed something else about my breasts; when Vick fondled them, she aroused me rapidly and caused my crotch to feel warm and tingly.

When she would continue fondling my breasts, I felt a warm tingly blush that spread from my groin to all over my body, while my nipples swelled and hardened and I became uncontrollably aroused, even though my little penis seemed to take forever to reach orgasm.

She loved this reaction in me because she had more time to reach her own multiple orgasms and delighted in referred to it as my having a case of “terminal horniness and hot flashes.”

My work at the book distributorship was going well. I was actually getting sales to increase, not just at Richie’s store but at all the stores. I also had added three customers. The three stores were in nearby cities.

Jackie was pleased and proud of what I was doing in running the business. but like everyone else there at the business, Jackie could tell that the hormones were driving my emotions and my senses all over the map. Jackie was somewhat concerned. Also, she was getting regular reports from Vick that told of my gradual loss of my masculine prowess in bed and my need to be aroused like a woman before I could submit to sex.

Jackie laughed at this news and wondered aloud if her daughter was really so disappointed in this new approach to sex. After all, wasn’t Vick having good sex despite my lack of masculine aggression? “Dearest, you have to admit that Sweetie isn’t really a suitable male, she is your little sex toy now. Have your way and enjoy yourself, rather than be concerned about her poor little needs.”

She then suggested to Vick that while I was sleeping I should wear headphones playing tapes of stress-relieving music combined with subliminal suggestions that might help to improve me.

Vick told me about how a friend of hers rested each night listening to soothing music. I agreed to try it. The tapes seemed to help a little bit even if I couldn't seem to stay awake long enough to understand the subliminal messages that my mother-in-law had prepared.

I couldn't see it but Vick and the others could. My attitudes and my thinking processes were changing themselves to a totally feminine approach and position. My thought process had moved from my logic-centered male half of my brain to the other, more female dominated side. I was becoming instinctual and my emotions now played a much more central part in my decision making process. How I felt about things had become overwhelmingly important.

My strangest emotions seemed to follow the cycle obviously created by the little daily purple pills. I could mark the calendar each month for those dreaded days when I could feel that irritating bloat, swelling breasts, nervous tensions constantly balanced near the edge of hysteria, chronic headaches and pain in my groin. I knew that I must have just imagined these symptoms during those awful days.

An amused Vick told me, "Sweetie, most women that suffer from PMS are just over reacting. Despite what male chauvinists claim, women are just not victims of 'raging hormones'." With this, she patted me on the head and looked critically at my bloated tummy to casually announce, "But maybe you should go on a diet, because you do seem to be gaining weight in your little tummy!"

"My God!" I exploded, only to have Vick shrug and withdraw to the spare bedroom until I got off the 'rag' and stopped being such a nag. So I took my little PMS pills and suffered alone in embarrassment until, I was "fit for human company."

I also had become acutely conscious of my looks. I had let my hair grow out and become femininely full and luxurious. I now had to make sure that I looked just right all the time. I wouldn't do anything, or go anywhere, without first checking my looks.

Vick and Jackie rewarded my increasing femininity with money, clothes, perfume and little feminine lacy, frilly, underthings.

I now wore ladylike suits to work as a proper professional. and I had a smashing wardrobe of party dresses and outfits. My figure was good enough to wear bare midriff outfits and even sexy, skimpy bikini swimsuits out by the pool.

Much to my relief my men's clothing seemed to disappear or was quietly take over by Vick for casual wear.

Vick's wardrobe had altered as well. She had taken to wearing more mannish-looking clothes. She had even had her hair shorn into an mannish cut. She still looked like a woman but now she was looking decidedly "butch".

Jackie, too, was looking rather mannish

I didn't care to complain, though, because as they gravitated to more mannishness, they encouraged and aided my becoming exceedingly more feminine. I was becoming their super femme princess.

I had an insatiable desire to become feminine. I couldn't be feminine enough fast enough. Anything that only girls would indulge in, I had to make a part of my life. I managed to attend a modeling school to improve my basic feminine skills to please Vick.

I began to regularly patronize the beauty shop for a shampoo and set and from time to time I had my hair

permed, or indulged myself with a new hair color, or styling.

I must confess that after a while I discovered that Vick actually preferred me to be a blonde with a fluffy hairdo like that worn by this year's blonde in Hollywood. It was clear to me that to Vick's amused tolerant way of thinking. I fit the image of the fluffy headed dumb blonde.

But if that was what Vick wanted, why not?

Vick's mother had other expectations as she took an interest in my role as homemaker. When she visited our home with her friends, it seemed that she and her circle of lesbian matrons seemed to occupy themselves by inspecting everything while making little snide comments about anything out of place. Jackie and her friends seemed to time these critiques of my homemaking ability when I was suffering from PMS.

"Oh, why do you invite them here?" I bitterly complained as I sat tearfully at the kitchen table as Vick stoically looked on. "I just don't understand your mother and her friends, all they do is pick, pick, pick! Jackie never does that to me at work, Vick."

"I suppose that you think my mother was being unreasonable when Jane couldn't find any toilet paper in the basement bathroom," Vick countered in calm measured tones of cold logic.

"We never use that bathroom," I protested. knowing that to Vick, it was all my fault. I was being the typical daughter-in-law caught lacking in homemaking skills.

"Oh well, dearest. Don't worry, I married you because you are so sexy," Vick laughed, patting my fluffy blonde head to add in patronizing tones, "and

like most modern wives you will learn how to be a good homemaker.”

“Oh, my God!” I swore, seeing that I could not win and that all I had accomplished, by the look in Vick’s eyes, was to spend that night while Vick retreated to the neat orderly unemotional world of the spare bedroom. I was left with no choice; I had to suffer the snide complaints of the matrons and Vick’s patronizing sympathy for my inability to do chores that even a simpleminded domestic could do better. I resolved that next time everything would be spotless if I had to do ‘Spring Cleaning’ every time before *they* came. As a result of my frustrations, I became fastidious to the point of compulsive attention to being the perfect homemaker. To improve my homemaking skills. I even took up sewing and attended cooking school.

After a tea for Jackie and her matron friends, Vick came into the kitchen where I was hand washing each glass left dirty by the matrons. Vick sensed that, unlike previous visits, all had gone well for the *little homemaker* and her mother-in-law. Vick gathered me in for a little hug and kiss, ignoring my need to finish my duties.

“See, I told you that mother and her friends were really not being unkind. It’s just their way of being very helpful, Sweetie,” Vick observed aloud, patting my golden curls with amused approval before lifting me into her arms to our bedroom. “It really is too bad that she doesn’t understand what I really married you for...”

Despite my PMS, I submitted to Vick’s pleasures like a dutiful wife should.

I’d become so feminine that everywhere I went people just automatically assumed that I was a woman and Vick was sometimes even mistaken to be my husband. Even my hands had reshaped themselves

to a feminine smallness. I now kept my nails in a femininely beautiful almond shape and quite long. They were always perfectly polished and I now loved wearing necklaces and bracelets and earrings.

By now many months had gone by since I had started wearing girl things. I now was accepted unequivocally as a woman by everyone. Bobby and Francis had both taken to referring to me always in the feminine. Not Mister but Mrs. Not Sir but Ma'am. Not Him but Her. Not He but She. I had decided that either Francis was partially a woman, as I had become, or he *was* a woman. Either way, I would treat Francis as a woman from now on. I would have to make myself to think "she" every time I thought of him, I mean *her*. Francis blossomed with this treatment. She dressed as a woman all the time and gave up any vestiges of masculinity.

It was one Tuesday afternoon that Jackie popped into the office unannounced. She told me to take the rest of the afternoon off and go home and just rest. I decided to do what she said.

When I drove up to the house, I could see that Vick was already home. When I went inside, Vick met me in the living room wearing a pair of mannishly-cut satin pajamas and a man-styled robe.

She handed me a glass of blush wine and kissed me.

"It's our anniversary," she explained. "Nine months ago you started dressing as a woman. This afternoon we're celebrating, just you and me. Later tonight, Mom is throwing a party for us! Why don't you go take a long bubble bath and in a little bit I'll join you."

I was unwinding and letting the wine go to my head when Vick came in and joined me in the bath.

She started fondling my maleness in the bubble bath.

“Did you know your balls now feel kind of spongy?” she asked.

I was so relaxed that what she said didn’t alarm me at all. I just answered, “No, I really didn’t.”

Vick suggested that we “roll in the hay.”

I agreed and suggested that I fix myself up a little first, to which she agreed. I used a blow dryer and a curling iron to make my hair look really nice.

Then I fixed the makeup on my face. I’d noticed that perfumes smelled differently on me now than they had smelled when I started dressing as a woman. I choose one that Vick had recently said really smelled good on me. I found four sets of white pearl earrings that were exceedingly sexy and dangled most provocatively. Once the earrings were inserted, I added several pearl necklaces from a single choker strand down many strands to a strand that rode in the cleft between my breasts.

I had recently been given a sexy nightgown, robe, and house shoes by Vick to make me feel happy so I put them on. The nightgown was sheer black silk with a lot of lace trim. The robe was black satin with black lace trim. The house shoes were the style called mules. They were black with toweringly high heels and fluffy fuzz across the instep. Looking in the mirror, I could see that I looked devastating!

I went in to join Vick in bed.

We started fondling each other and soon had progressed to the making love stage. Vick assumed her normal masculine position and started to ride me to

a climax. She had gone through several orgasms when she realized that I was unable to ejaculate.

She was so understanding and sweet about it that I tried not to cry and disappoint her.

Instead, I kissed and tongued her in lesbian fashion until her concerns for me were abandoned in her own sexual delights and her feeling that I was as sexually satisfied as she was.

After all, it was my duty, as her wife, to make believe that I was delighted in Vick's prowess and quite content if I managed to please and satisfy her sexual needs.

My needs were met with my feminine submission to her sexual demands.

I do not remember how I learned this, but it *was* my duty.

We finally got up to dress for our anniversary party.

I felt like dressing as femininely as I possibly could so I chose a sexy little cocktail dress that I thought would knock them dead. It was black silk and had sheer sleeves that fitted my arms closely. There were no cuffs, just the end of the sheer sleeves. The dress was low-cut in the front and the rear and it fit my midriff as tightly as a glove. It was a dress that was designed to drive the person holding the wearer of the dress insane with lust and passion. I was going to look good enough to arouse even a statue.

I prepared by getting into a sexy black lace little wisp of a bra. It pushed my rather large breasts upwards into even greater prominence. I added a little black lace garter belt. I rolled onto my legs a pair of black lace patterned silk hose and attached them to

the garters. I then got out a pair of black lace deep V bikini panties that I could use to compress my remaining manhood up inside of myself.

Once I had my underthings on, I carefully put on my face makeup. Next, I fluffed and curled my hairdo so that I looked positively fine. With my hair and makeup done, it was time to put on my shoes and my dress. I selected a pair of plain black stiletto heeled pumps with little thin ankle straps. Then I slithered into my dress. I had to get Vick to zip me into it but it was worth it. Even without jewelry, I looked deadly! (I looked like a femme fatale or man killer.)

All I lacked was jewelry. I selected a simple gold chain with a gold heart that dangled down just above my cleavage. I chose a simple gold chain bracelet and a gold wrist watch. Then I selected the four sets of earrings that I would wear. There were a pair of gold studs, a pair of small gold hoops, a pair of black onyx studs and a pair of golden dangles. I selected several gold rings to finish off the look.

When I had finished with all the jewelry, I checked myself carefully in the full length mirror. I looked so good that I even aroused myself. I was going to knock 'em dead.

Vick had decided to wear a woman's tuxedo outfit. She didn't wear a blouse but she did have a bow tie around her neck. It was the kind of outfit that you would keep watching to see if she ended up exposing her breasts. She wore black high-heeled boots with it. For jewelry, she had on just one white gold diamond ring.

Jackie had arranged the party in the private room of the swankiest restaurant in town. It even had it's own private entrance. When Vick and I arrived, nearly everyone had arrived. Bobby and Francis were there, as was Jackie.

It was going to be just the immediate family and friends.

Jackie's party was a great success. Towards the end of the party, Vick whispered to me that she wanted me to start taking the tablets in the green bottle along with the estrogen pills.

I whispered back that I would.

When we got home, Vick had me strip down to my undies before she removed my panties. She produced a pair of extraordinarily tight leather panties for me to wear. These strange leather panties zipped up the back and then buckled at the waist to fit so tight that not just my testicles but my penis as well was compressed up inside of me.

Once they were on, I realized that protruding from the front was a leather-covered spring steel dildo with a heavy leather knot on the end of it. The steel dildo was attached to the crotch of the leather panties. Inside the crotch was a steel protrusion where something could be screwed into it.

To my feminine eyes it looked positively obscene and far too masculine for me to wear but I knew that I was there to please Vick, so I posed in that awful panty, feeling really silly.

Vick had screwed into it a funny thing that looked like a two-pronged fork. The tines of this fork were about an inch thick from the front to the back. The tines would extend up into me on each side of my penis and they would transmit the slightest movement of the steel dildo into every part of my compressed manhood!

Just walking in the dildo pants caused the dildo to bounce up and down like a rampant penis would. That motion was transmitted and amplified into me.



It hurt as well as stimulated and aroused. I was suddenly dizzy and had to lie down, knowing that my dizziness was caused by my submissive fears about the panties. I had never worn anything like this for Vick.

Then she handcuffed my hands behind my back and eased me back on the bed. She lubed the dildo with K-Y jelly and eased herself down onto it!

I could feel her pressure transmitted into me. I felt like my penis was being stroked every time she stroked herself up and down on the dildo, I was compressed and unable to be erect, but my body was throbbing with desire.

I felt tingles all over. My breasts sent lightning bolts of pleasure through my body every time she touched them.

She fondled my breasts as she pumped herself up and down on the dildo protruding from my panties.

Her fondling and her stoking quickly had me aroused even though I wasn't able to get hard I was throbbing with passion.

My heart was racing. I was panting and gasping for breath.

When Vickie came, I started to subside. When she recuperated and started again, I started being aroused again. I was tingling and horny but I wasn't able to do anything but squirm, buck, and complain.

When I opened my mouth and started to tell her, Vick gagged me with the panties she'd worn to the party and a thin belt. I was being tortured by being aroused but not allowed to fulfill my arousal.

I was so very helpless and frustrated!