

Transformed



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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TRANSFORMED

By Olivia Evans

"A GIRL to Kill For"

Provisional Capitol of the Republic Leadville, Colorado.

1457 Hours, 23 September 2175 (New Calendar)

"I tell you. Ms Morgan, I don't like it," the big man wearing the gray jumpsuit said. The long scar running from his mouth to the tip of his left ear made him look like he was perpetually smiling. It was deceiving; he rarely smiled. He looked around the small circle of three men and one woman which, with himself, made up the greatly feared council of five.

Two of the men wore military style uniforms, while the other two men were in the loose nondescript one-piece lounging suits favored by bankers and others who felt they were part of the establishment.

The “*council of five*,” which was always written in small case letters, were the supreme leaders of the political group called the Republic,’ although it was anything but a republic.

The big man stared hard at Ms Morgan. She was wearing a white skirt and jacket as always, even though blood red would have been more appropriate. It was almost as though by wearing pure white clothing, she was trying to atone for the blood her staff spilled at her request. Her section, the ‘peace keepers” had the well-earned reputation of being the bloodiest bunch of killers since the formation of the so-called “Love Squads” in the late 21st century, or the Nazi Stormtroopers in the century before.

“I don’t care if you like it or not! if we don’t eliminate him, then our own existence, not to mention the continuation of the Republic, is in serious jeopardy,” the man in the military uniform sitting next to the woman said hotly. The pips on his epaulets said that he was only a major in the Army Engineers. In truth, he was the leader of the Secret Police, although only the council of five and a selected handful of men knew that. The secret police were only slightly less bloodthirsty and brutal than the “peace keepers.” He looked to the woman for support.

She merely glared at the man who had protested the current plan.

“Murder, you mean,” the woman in white softly interrupted the gray haired Major.

She didn’t care for the euphemisms the others seemed to prefer. If it was murder then damn it, call it murder.

The Major looked sharply at the woman.

“I stand corrected, Madam Group-Leader . . .murder... his great grandfather, then the projected odds are 99.9987% certain that the revolution will die with him. If we are not successful...” He shrugged his shoulders.

“The so-called revolution” has been predicted to have a 99.9987% chance of overthrowing the Republic.”

“I’m not sure I fully understand how all of this is supposed to happen. If we were able to go back in time nearly a hundred and fifty years and kill one of his ancestors, what would prevent Schmidt from being born anyway?” the youngest member of the group asked. It had been the first thing he had said in over two hours, having preferred to just listen and absorb information as the others presented it.

The big man, the number two man in the Republic, looked at the young man with his single medal on his military uniform and sighed.

“Because, Sir, if we kill the grandfather, the genetic blood line will be broken.”

“But we’ve tried time travel before to perform an assassination. If I recall correctly, it wasn’t entirely successful,” the young man said, referring to the attempted elimination of the current leader of the opposition faction. “What makes you think that it will be this time?”

“There were two things wrong with that particular project.” The heavier of the two men in civilian clothing looked down at the floor in obvious embarrassment. “We underestimated how difficult it was to change history and the team had no idea when they murdered the father that he had already had impregnated the mother. We were too late by about half an

hour. When we realized what had occurred, the mother had gone deeply undercover.”

He failed to mention that when the woman had learned the real reason for the murder of her husband, she began training her child, almost from birth, to oppose the Republic.

No one asked what had happened to the assassination team. By failing, it was obvious that they had joined the ranks of the “disappeared.”

“I see, so now you are proposing that we go back three generations and eliminate the grandfather...”

“Great grandfather,” the woman corrected again.

“Great grandfather. Then the present threat to overthrow the council by Gene Schmidt IV, will be stopped?”

“If all goes well, by this time next week, we wouldn’t even know who Schmidt the Fourth was, because he will have never existed,” the ‘Major’ said, as sporadic gunfire erupted outside the heavy bulletproof glass window.

The young man barely glanced up. Schmidt IV and his group were at it again. Nothing serious as usual, but certainly annoying.

It helped make up his mind. “All right, I say we do it,” the youngest leader in the history of the Republic announced.

The group nodded their agreement.

The woman cleared her throat. “I think that I would like to do this one myself. I really don’t trust anyone else with a project as important as this one.”

The 'Major' looked surprised. "But I thought that you never did any, uh, dirty work yourself."

"Normally, I don't." The woman smiled and shook her head. "But I want to take a short 'vacation' and I can't think of a better way or time to do it. At least back then, I won't have to keep watching my back. Also, because my peacekeepers seem to have a problem in stopping Schmidt, I feel responsible to do it myself."

The other members of the council looked at each other and nodded again in silent agreement. She was responsible for not stopping him before it had reached the crisis stage they were currently in.

Taking their lack of protests as approval to proceed, the woman stood up and walked toward the door. When she reached it she turned back and looked coolly at the rest of the council.

"Unless I am killed in my attempt to eliminate Mr. Schmidt the First, I will see you at the meeting tomorrow," she said just before she quietly closed the door behind herself.

"Good woman, she'll get the job done. Too bad we don't have more like her," the second man in uniform said, looking toward the closed door.

"If she fails, are we going to kill her too?" he asked no one in particular.

"A good woman, yes, but I don't think that she is going back purely out of a sense of duty," the big man said, passing a handful of old photographs around. Each member of the council looked at the old-fashioned two-dimensional still photos before passing them on.

Even though the color had faded badly, the image of the man was still clearly visible.

“Handsome man, wasn’t he? I think Ms Morgan has more than just murder in mind for him. Poor bastard, I hope he survives what she considers love, long enough for her to kill him.”

The young man chuckled, summing up the thoughts of the others.

Provisional Capitol of the Republic, Leadville, Colorado.

0730 Hours 24 September 2175 (New Calendar)

“Good morning. Madam Group-Leader. Going hunting?” the old man said as he looked at the head of the “peace keepers” through his small window.

The sign above the window said “armory” and the name plate on his chest said “jake.” The little gold star next to his name indicated that he was one of the few men allowed to carry weapons in the presence of the council of five. He was, despite his advanced age of nearly eighty, the best armorer in the “republic.” There wasn’t a weapon made, past or present, that he couldn’t disassemble, repair and reassemble blind-folded. While he was a master at the modern energy weapons carried by the “peace keepers,” his real love was the powerful old projectile weapons common during the 20th century.

“You might say that, Jake,” Group-Leader Morgan said. “I would like two easily concealed hand weapons, manufactured after 1950 and before 1990, with a bore size of not less than 38 hundredths nor more than 45 hundreds of an inch.”

“No problem. I have just what you need. Wait here a minute.” Jake disappeared back into the dark confines of his armory. Five minutes later, he returned carrying two hand weapons and laid them on the counter. They gleamed an ugly dull blue in the harsh light of the armory.

Group-Leader Morgan picked up the larger of the two and pressed the magazine release. She deftly caught the empty clip before it hit the counter top. “Ammunition?”

Jake ducked out of sight for a second and returned with a plastic box. He slid it toward the tall woman. “.44 magnum. I loaded them myself. Guaranteed to fire and guaranteed to knock a charging rhino down with one shot and kill him with two.”

Morgan looked up from the gun she was holding.

“What’s a rhino?” she asked, bewildered.

“A rhino was a large animal with a couple of horns attached to it’s nose,” Jake started to explain. He was stopped by the look in her eyes. It was colder than the steel weapon in her slim, delicate-appearing hand. A slight bead of sweat broke out on his forehead when he realized that she thought he was making fun of her.

People who made fun of Ms Morgan didn’t live long to tell of it. Rumor had it that she had murdered her last lover when he laughed at her when she had broken the heel on one of her shoes and fell on her rear.

“It’s a large extinct mammal. It lived in the central plains of Africa,” Jake said hastily.

Ms Morgan could vaguely remember hearing something about the large animal when she had been

a little girl in the state-run school. There were no more, having all been killed for the medical qualities of their horns. She nodded as the cold look left her eyes.

Jake sighed silently knowing how closely he had missed joining the ranks of the “disappeared.”

“Would you like to try it?” Jake asked, clearing his throat and indicating the weapon she was holding. “You should fire at least a few rounds with it. It kicks like a mule... uh, I mean there is a strong recoil.”

“Kicks like a mule?” Morgan laughed. “I’ve always wondered where that expression was used. Get some ammunition for the other one and let’s go to the range. I want to see what a Thule’ can do.”

Provisional Capitol of the Republic, Leadville, Colorado.

1030 Hours 24 September 2175 (New Calendar)

“Now I know what ‘like a mule’ feels like,” Morgan said, rubbing her sore wrists. She had fired the entire box of shells for the .44 magnum. Despite the heavy recoil, she had managed to keep her groupings to less than an inch in diameter. She knew that if she hadn’t been wearing ear protection, she wouldn’t be able to hear properly for a long time. “Show me how to clean these, give me some more ammunition and then I’ll be leaving.”

She watched closely as Jake disassembled and cleaned the weapons. He was about to reassemble them when she put out her hand and stopped him.

“Let me,” was the quiet command.

Jake stepped back and watched closely as the woman quickly put the weapons back together.

She was almost as fast as he had been.

“Uh, if you ever need an honest job,” Jake offered, nodding toward the assembled weapons and smiling. He placed the weapons in a fiat metal box and added two boxes of shells for each.

“I’ll take that as a compliment,” the Group-Leader responded, smiling with her eyes and mouth for the first time since she reached the armory. She picked up the box, turned and started to walk away. She had gone about three steps before she stopped and returned to the window.

“Yes, Ma’am?” Jake asked.

“I almost forgot, I need a ‘Re-Former’.”

“Full or partial?” Jake asked, looking at his stock. The little device changed the appearance of the person needing to disguise themselves, either on the surface or down to the molecular level, depending on the model used.

“Full. I may need to change my appearance completely after I’ve... when I’m done,” Group-Leader Morgan stated, all business again.

Jake leaned out of his window to watch the woman walk down the hallway. He knew better than to wonder what she was going to do with the guns. She was one of the most attractive women he had ever seen but she was also the most cold-blooded killer he had ever met. There was no doubt in his mind what she intended to do with the weapons; she was going to kill someone. If she used the Magnum, it would be a messy and brutal death.

Warehouse Redevelopment Project, Seattle, Washington.

2315 Hours May 5th, 1995 (Old Calendar)

Briefly sheltered by the overhang of the doorway, the tall well-built man turned up the collar on his raincoat and shuddered, watching the cloud burst flood the gutters. He had barely made the doorway in time before the storm hit. The rain that had been falling off and on for the last three days was from one of those cold nasty storms off the Pacific Ocean the city sometimes got in the late spring. Winter-like storms that produce rain that chill you to the bone, taking most people by surprise and dropping the temperature by as much as thirty degrees in an hour. There were more cold spells in this month than any other. The man shivered again, but not from the cold. For the last three days, he'd had the uneasy feeling that someone was watching...or stalking him.

He counted to ten and quickly looked both ways down the empty street. Nothing but silent parked cars greeted his searching look. He ran across the street and into another doorway, this one the entry to his three-story converted warehouse in the center of the urban renewal project.

The foremost thing on his mind when he had reached the outer security door was to get inside, out of his wet clothing, and into a hot shower.

Ordinarily he wouldn't have gone out on a day like today had been. But this was not an ordinary day. He had just completed and mailed the final report of the his investigation into a company that should have been making money, but wasn't. The report wasn't very complimentary and had in fact identified a

half-dozen people who had been stealing from the company.

He removed his rainsoaked clothing and stepped into the shower, intending to stay under the hot water until he'd warmed up. Half an hour later, he had reached the point that he could no longer justify wasting the water.

He'd never cared for mirrors but conceded that one in the bathroom is necessary, if for no other reason than to shave in front of. However the architect that custom designed the remodel of the warehouse into a townhouse had, for some strange reason, felt the need to make one entire wall in the bathroom a mirror. For no other reason than because it was there, he had fallen into the habit of watching himself in the mirror as he dried off. The reflection was always the same. The man in the mirror was tall, just over six feet. His graying hair implied that he was older than his forty years. His shoulders and chest were broad, muscular and marked with two bullet wound scars.

"Alright, Mr. Gene Schmidt, what new scars do you have this time?" he asked himself as he inspected his naked body.

Of course there were no new ones; the existing ones were souvenirs of a much wilder time, a dozen years ago.

Back then he had been an undercover agent for the DEA with the idea that he could rid the world of the scum that pushed drugs on kids. The larger scar on his shoulder was from a .357 slug that had hit on the very edge of his soft body armor. A third of an inch to the right and it would have torn his shoulder off. Because it had been slowed down by the Kevlar fabric of the armor, the slug had turned and pushed itself backwards below the surface of the skin. It

looked far worse than it had actually been. Instead of taking his life, it had knocked him unconscious and saved his life. The gunman, a hit man Schmidt's testimony had convicted, had taken one look at his bloodied body and fled seconds before the patrol cars arrived.

The smaller of the two wounds had been far more serious and the most embarrassing. He had been shot by a woman who had mistaken him, as he crawled through a window during a drug raid, for her ex-boy friend and shot him in the stomach with a .32 automatic. What was even worse than being shot by the woman, was that he had been crawling through the wrong window in the wrong house. The raiding party had been given the wrong address. The dealer was captured days later after a bloody gunfight. A total of seventeen men died trying to apprehend the dangerous man. Schmidt had the satisfaction of being the key witness at the trial.

There were no new wounds after the second one. He had resigned from the DEA, deciding to go into a less risky business. "Something like bomb disposal," he had half-seriously joked to his supervisor. He didn't stop carrying a sidearm though; he'd made too many enemies when he was undercover. Most of them had sworn revenge, making carrying a gun and enrollment in the Witness Protection program both prudent and necessary.

That had been twelve years, three moves, and three different names ago. He was living under the fourth and hopefully the last assumed name he would need. For a while after leaving the DEA, he'd missed the excitement of the work. Now he was content just to read about it in the newspapers.

Gene threw a bathrobe over his naked body and walked down to his bedroom. The noise of opening

the dresser drawer woke the figure sleeping in the bed.

“Gene honey, what is it?” the blonde asked, stretching her slender figure sensuously.

“Nothing, sweetheart. Go back to sleep, I’ll be in to join you in a minute or two,” he replied, hoping it was true.

A short while later, dressed comfortably in a pair of jeans, a bulky pullover sweater and a pair of thick wool socks, he sat in a darkened room watching the street in front of the townhouse.

Warehouse Redevelopment Project Seattle Washington.

0015 Hours May 5th, 1992 (Old Calendar)

Morgan watched the building from across the street for an hour after Schmidt had gone inside. She had been following Schmidt for three days, trying to determine the best way to force a meeting. One that appeared entirely accidental and natural. She thought that she had the answer; his townhouse shared a common entry with an identical dwelling. It was currently occupied but that wasn’t a problem. All she had to do was to kill the owner, an unmarried blonde woman about her own age and take over the house. She nodded, satisfied that the plan would work, and stepped out of the doorway she had been hiding in.

She quickly walked across the wet street to her vehicle, opened the door, and drove off. She didn’t notice that Schmidt had been sitting in the deep shadows of the unlit room on the second floor, watching the street and her.