

# SOLON'S STORIES

*By Solon Plorry*



*ILLUSTRATED BY CHAS*

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**AN 'ADULT' NOVEL**

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## A SILKEN LADY MYSTERY CYCLE

By Solon Plorry

The old man saw the bicycle out of the corner of his eye. It was laying on its side, and the front tire was still turning slowly. No one was visible in the alley, and Jodry hadn't seen anyone during his approach. The other end of the alleyway abutted a blank wall. There was probably a way out, but he could see none.

The cycle appeared to have been abandoned; it looked in good shape. Looking closer, Jodry saw a small derailleur with cables to gear shift knobs; it was a three speed. It was one of the unicycle types, where the cross bar angled down, making it easy for a person in a dress to mount.

He was alone. The bike was abandoned, his for the taking. Jodry tried to walk away, but a sense of desertion kept him from going. He looked around again; life went on benignly indifferent to him, to the bicycle. He felt alone, and the bike seemed a part of his life already, just from its fellow loneliness. Hesitantly Jodry reached for it.

He was an old man. In fact, tomorrow was his 70th birthday. When you're seventy and alone, you truly are alone.

Jodry wanted the bicycle, if only because it appeared abandoned, but also because he hadn't had one for many years. As he grasped the bike and stood it up, he confronted a dilemma. All his life, Jodry had obeyed. His parents, his teachers, his bosses throughout the years, the law. And what had obedience gotten him? A shabby room above a restaurant that smelled like hell oftentimes, worse than his neighbor's shit when she used the shared bathroom, and that was bad enough.

He was poor, though Jodry had worked from the time he was a boy. He had four children, all grown up and disconnected from him by distance and disinterest. They were waiting for him to die, after their mother, his wife, passed on a few years earlier. She had died of progressive leukemia or some damn thing. The expenses drained his savings, then his assets, then his expectations.

Now Jodry lived on a small monthly pension check, renting a pair of rooms, one which he used to store a lifetime of junk that would break his heart to throw away, but which tied him down like a Gulliver to his situation. He had never stolen, or even taken wrongfully, anything in this life!

Jodry walked away with the machine, hesitation in his step, a pathetic explanation on his lips in case the bike's ferocious owner appeared out of the blue. But of course no one did. The world spun merrily on its axis, coldly indifferent to Jodry and all his doings. As Sam pushed the cycle down the walk, he watched the passing, indifferent traffic, and suddenly he wanted to yell at them, "Hey, I'm stealing this bike, you assholes, come and get me!"

But he didn't. Even when he went out of bounds, the bloody world never noticed! A burst of helpless anger surged through the old guy, making him quite tough. The world never cared what he did, yet he had kissed its ass for a lifetime! A childish rage animated him, his eyes flashed at all those who entered his purview; but those that noticed just assumed he was a dirty old drunk.

Sam came to a small grade in the sidewalk, where it sloped down and around a bend. For the first time in decades, Sam Jodry mounted a bicycle.

Awkwardly, with rusted competence, he sat back, lifted the old tired feet and rolled forth on the bike. It picked up momentum, and Sam put his feet on the pedals. Instinctively, he began pumping as he went around the bend. Peddling the bicycle was easier than he remembered, requiring very little effort.

The last bike he'd rode, more than fifty five years earlier, had been built out of cast and bolted together with steel. One grip of that old machine weighed more than the entire bike Jodry now glided along on. Advances in design and manufactory had leap-frogged common usage, making available in your corner bike shop what was unimaginable even twenty years earlier.

To a man of Sam Jodry's expectations, a modern bicycle was nearly magical in performance. It was tonic to a tired spirit just to ride.

When he pedaled, it felt wonderful. Even when the slope bottomed out, ran flat for a while, then rose sharply, the bike never slowed down! Sam pedaled with expectation of seizure or disaster, and that just made the reality of gliding along sweeter. The bike seemed to transfer the tiny effort he invested in pushing the pedals directly into speed. There was a smoothness of machined quality in the bike's gearing, and as yet Sam hadn't even changed gears!

The thing clicked with marvelous effect, whirring efficiency. Sam felt a surge of pleasure. He stood up on the pedals, a sight to see! The seventy year old went faster than he had in thirty, forty, fifty years on the pedals of the SilkenLady bicycle, flying along down the sidewalk.

Ahead, Sam saw a couple old ladies trudging along, old bats he thought them. He saw a way, so turned off the walk onto the shoulder of the roadway. When he hit bumps, it was as if he were one with his bike, absorbing them with disdain. Jodry shouted with pleasure. The old ladies looked at him, faces dark with disapproval, thinking, "That old fool's gonna kill himself," as they shook heads simultaneously.

Sam stuck his tongue out at them, barely catching it as their eyes widened in shock at the unseemly behavior by the old fool! He flew away from them forever.

The very act of riding the bicycle changed Sam Jodry, filled him with recall. He remembered being young, his hair flying in the wind as he raced along. Sam rode up to a corner. One direction led him uptown, where the traffic was snarled and the people snarled at each other. The other led out of town, to Cornucopia Junction and the old highway. "Shit," he laughed as he went that way. "what a difficult decision that was!"

With more energy than he'd felt in a long time, Sam cycled down the road, for the first time changing the bike's gears, feeling the heavy load of the low gear and the

weightlessness of the high. He settled in second and stayed there, peddling determinedly until he rolled onto the highway past the lights. That's when he turned it on.

There was very little traffic. Most busy people preferred using the freeway than the old highway because it was built for high performance and getting there quickly, unlike the old highway, which threw in lots of twists and turns along with pretty scenery, worthless baubles in a day and age where the bottom line was the only measure. That was good, Jodry reflected, as it meant not so much competition for the old highway's charms.

At Cornucopia Junction, where the old highway had its proper start, Sam stopped and prepared for a bike ride. In the store, he purchased a bottle of water, which fit neatly into a carrier hung under the crossbar. An adept could reach down, take refreshment, then put it back, all while cruising along. The comely idea seemed truly impressive to Sam, and made him think of all the things he had missed.

When Sam got back on the bike after his rest stop, he mounted it from a running start, just like a youngster, throwing a leg over the seat and standing up on the pedals as he built up momentum. With no traffic in his lane, he stayed on the pavement, and very quickly he was flying on the ground.

When high gear was useless, he changed to second, and when second was also thus, he went into low, feeling the gearing engage and conscious of magnificent power. He pedaled confidently, feeling the air stir his smattering of white hair. Miles fled past as he entered countryside, with fields and orchards giving rustic charm to his journey.

A strange thing happened, and Jodry noticed right away, it was so unexpected. It was sexual twinges, deep in Jodry's belly! Sex! Sammy was flabbergasted!

Since Diedre died, Sammy had lots of time to think about his life. Recently he had even more time, as old friends passed on or disappeared into the maws of family arranged pre-deaths. One day his own kids would surely do that to Sam, when his faculties broke down and he couldn't resist them any longer.

Sex, Sam realized, had been shortchanged in terms of his life. It had never been given its proper status, because of embarrassment. Diedre seemed to hate it, though Sam had saw her masturbating, so obviously she didn't completely! They had settled into a groove after their marriage, with the act performed in obedience to some perceived rule, and that was that.

With the growing awareness recently that he had basically wasted his life, Sam almost cried at the memory. As he gunned it down the road on his new bike, a fire that he thought was out forever flared up and burned anew. Sex!

Jodry felt wonderful. Something was different, and Jodry couldn't say what it was. He felt younger, and as another mile whirred under his bicycle, felt younger yet. He remembered more than forty-some years earlier his first love, and Jodry's slowed, the face of sweet lovely Lari, barely discernible through the mist, hovering just out of reach.

Jodry reacted, the pain of his loss so exquisite it became impossible to go on. He stumbled from the bicycle and fled into some trees beside the road, where he fell to his

knees against a chestnut and gave in to the awful sadness and loneliness a life accumulated that was lived for propriety's pathetic sake.

With all his heart, Jodry cried in helpless anger at the error he had made, the waste of precious life, and his loss of the only person he ever met whom he had truly trusted, wanted, loved... a willful mistake made by him. Jodry cried his eyes out, like a kid, turning the anguish round and round.

Whimpering, his face drenched, Sammy suddenly became aware of a car having stopped, and a door clicking as someone got out. Drying his eyes best he could, he stood and tried to compose himself, reverting instantly to old Sam Jodry. The bike! Sam suddenly considered that someone maybe saw the bike, and... Sam rushed out into the open, over to the bike.

A middle-aged man in a business suit stood beside a rental car, looking around, the bike at his feet. Sam rushed to it, grabbing it and pulling it away possessively, his face flushed. He brushed hair out of his eyes as the businessman looked at him.

"Are you okay, kid?" the businessman asked.

Sam looked back, sniffing away the last of his whimpers. The clothes he was wearing hung on his slight frame, and suddenly Jodry became aware of long brown hair plastered to his face, where tears had soaked the disarray.

"I'm okay," he said to the man, startled at the clear clean tone of his words. Such a youthful tone! Sam turned and fled back into the protection of the trees, pushing his bike and glancing back at the man, who raised a hand to stop him futilely.

When the creature was gone, the businessman sadly returned to his car, wishing he could have gotten to know the strange young man a little...

As soon as Jodry was safely hidden in the trees, he set down the bike and looked in astonishment at his hands. They were smooth and fresh, the hands of inexperience! His hair, thick and long...

"My God, what's happening?" Jodry tried to shake the illusion; it was too sweet! He was young again, a bursting youth.

The stranger's car started up and drove away, leaving Sam with the mystery. He had a hard time grasping what was going on. He could smell the trees. He could hear his heart pounding, the steady thumping of a clean strong muscle.

Falling to his knees, Jodry tore open his old man shirt, staring in wonder and excitement at the hard, trim belly, hairless as a girl and smooth as a baby!

"Whoa!" he yelled, rushing around, feeling himself up, uncertain where to turn, and on the verge of hyperventilating.

Gleefully, Sam pulled out his dick and laughed as he urinated with power he had totally forgotten. He could piss ten feet easily, and he turned, sending a stream arcing towards the road. The astonishment he felt was too much, and he felt numb, paralyzed. But what joy!

Sam Jodry was a kid again, and the old man he once was, already forgotten!

## Part Two: A Lady in Waiting

Intellect is never disconnected from the physical senses.

Called heart and mind, the supremacy of one or the other determines how someone acts in a situation. But Sam Jodry had no way of coolly appraising his situation, because his heart was thumping and his practical mind nearly jammed up. All he could do was press on and let events unfold, hoping for the best.

It was still midafternoon when he realized he had experienced a miraculous transformation of some sort, and the bicycle became his refuge. He rode, not fast like earlier, but at a steady, horizon-reaching pace. He rode through small towns and villages, one after another, leaving what once was far behind.

The rush was incredible. The hormones his young body pumped were a drug; speed mixed with coke cut by smack and clarified by long sniffs of a really good airplane glue! Seventh heaven and then some. The bike let the boy burn energy which would have made trying to relate near impossible, so miles and miles came and went until they were counted in dozens.

As Jodry approached Selbyville he became ravenously hungry. He prepared for entering into society by brushing a hand through his hair and licking his lips.

Sam had some money, but not much. In his old life as a youngster, he lived on a pittance, budgeting for a cup of coffee. So he kept his fortune safely in the bank, where the blessed few used it to fuel society's daily demands, making nice profits out of the process and extracting service charges from people when they even looked at their money.

Using his bankcard, Sammy extracted five hundred, a significant part of his savings. But Jodry smiled at the idea of worrying about money now. Many years earlier, in one of his 'experimental' stages before settling down, he 'went with' older men, and let them take care of him! Having seen his good looks wither and fade, he now understood that in his youth he had been 'setting on a fortune!'

The kid laughed with pleasure as he took the money and went back to his bike, his unconcern recorded by the camera.

Sam used the money to eat, first thing. He went to a ubiquitous MacDonald's and had a big meal, probably the biggest he'd consumed in years. It wasn't enough, however. Wandering around the west side after his meal, he felt hunger pangs still tugging at his young gut; he went to a Screamy Ice Parlor and had the biggest banana split he could buy, eating it with eager disdain for the weighty implications or expense.

He looked like a derelict in old Sam's jacket and clods, the straitlaced of conformity still entangling the youthful one in its freshly cut fetters. After licking away the last traces of banana split, he attended to a very important business: buying a secure lock for the bicycle, which he had to leave unlocked whenever he did anything.

Sam wasn't sure what the bike represented, but to lose it would be a disaster. It was riding the bike that renewed him, remade him. It was a 'fountain of youth' machine or something. Sammy disposed of more money in a sporting goods store.

Before dark, he had hunted a second hand clothes store, filling a plastic bag with a pair of jeans and a T-shirt more in line with his new self. When he got tired after all that, he was bowled over by the heavy weight of tiredness he suddenly felt.

It was a physical burden to keep going, so he pedaled to a motel a few blocks away. He rented a room for a week.

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Sami woke in delicious comfort. He had an erection that seemed sculpted to his body, but it had nothing to do with lust. He needed to pee, and bouncing from the bed, he sashayed into the bathroom, his hard-on like granite. He stood over the toilet; his dick pointed up and away from the target. Sami laughed, turning and releasing toward the bathtub, watching his stream splash off the tiling and into the tub.

Lawlessness was fun! As he urinated, he glanced over at the sink, where a mirror loomed. A few moments later, he stood in front of the mirror, taking a good look at himself for the first time.

Youth, someone once said, is gorgeous. As Sami stared in wonder at the apparition in the mirror, he understood what his friend Lari meant all those years ago. It wasn't just the twenty-two-year-old visage he saw either; he was very nice looking in a feminine way.

Long ago, this had embarrassed and upset him. Lari was a kid he met at the library, who had flirted with him outrageously, but unobserved by others. Only the two of them were aware. Sami had blushed furiously, trying to flee the boy, but Lari was... so unthreatening. And things just clicked.

Eventually, they ended up in Lari's room, and Sami's virginity got a shocking denouement. Sam blushed at the memory even now!

They became friends, meeting here and there. Sam's mother appalled him one day by hinting that she knew he had a girlfriend, in an aside that nearly sent Sam to puttyville... The fright was the first of many. If his community found out about him and Lari, Sam may as well be dead, he thought, so terrible was his imaginings of the reaction, and so cowardly was he.

As Sami preened in front of the mirror, he remembered doing likewise, with Lari standing by and encouraging him. Makeup, mascara, his hair done, earrings and lipstick, being transformed! Lari transformed herself too, and with pantyhose, a corset, padded bra, high heels and a skimpy blue dress, all topped by a golden wig; she was ravishing. Sami pondered himself as the memories flooded back.

The fun they had, dressing and undressing one another, napping in each others arms, waking up to blow jobs and the total surrender involved...

Refreshed from sleep, full of energy, the youth considered the situation. It was his seventieth birthday, yet he felt about twenty! As Sami watched himself in the mirror, he decided 'he' would not make the same mistake he'd made with Lari. Terrified by the



prevalent homophobia of the time, he had turned his back on Lari and a life that should have been. He had gotten married and jobbed, he had satisfied everyone but himself.

Now that he had another chance, he wasn't going to make the same mistakes, he thought.

At a store not far from his domicile, Sami got the items necessary to a new way of life. Thankfully, the old lady at the counter was disinterested in his purchases, and never noticed the hesitant manner or red face as he paid up.

Back at the room, Sami used tweezers to pluck and shape his eyebrows, combing back his hair and adding blush, shadow and mascara. As Lari Love said to him so long before, 'she' was lucky her design was so femme. 'She' had no problem with facial hair, or body hair for that matter. Sami must have a double X and Y chromosome instead of the usual XY, Lari speculated, to account for his femme characteristics, which were desirable in the closed rooms they played and fantasized in, though alarming in the other, real world.

Sam, like many kids, went through a time of peer review, where machismo walked away and sissies ran. A few times Sam had been found wanting by his buddies, who humiliated him horribly by stripping him and painting him up like a 'girl' using motor grease and marker! It was nature versus nurture; and nurture had to win.

But this time, Sami used her imagination. A pair of skin kisser panties with soft blue garters... The snaps held up blue nylons that made Sami almost giddy from the texture.

By the time she was dressed, she was huffing, her face flushed, mouth agape and... delirious! The jeans were a faded blue, and she filled them to a snug contoured fit. For a top, over her padded, shoulder-strapped bra, she rejected the tee, which was too see through, and fabricated a blouse out of Sam's old shirt by tying it tight at her midriff. This left an expanse of pale belly, the navel enticing to say the least.

Sami twirled and admired the results. She was so fetching she made herself horny! For shoes, she had no choice but to use Sam's scuffed clods, but as Sam's feet weren't that huge or anything, the clods would have to do. As Sami prepped to go out, she idly planned some shopping for the next day.

Sami escaped the motel room without being detected, rushing to the corner and heading down town. She had put the bike in the safest place she could think of, locked in front of City Hospital, where traffic assured it's safety and it could be left for months or even years without anyone bothering it. Although it was a 'halfa' girl's bike, she knew she didn't want to divide her attention from her adventure, so she made sure that part of it was safe.

Twirling a chic string bag that she pressed into service as a purse, Sami strolled down the walk, noticing the many admiring glances she was getting from the men in the passing cars. She deserved them, she thought.

Her joy was tinged with sadness as memories of Lari touched home.

In Sami's remembrance, Lari was still the delightful hunk she was nearly fifty years ago. The affair had blossomed into something strange, something Sam then and Sami now would not be able to describe. But it had assumed immense proportions in her then youthful, inexperienced heart. It got to the point Sam felt happy only when he was with Lari, and it became difficult to carry on in Sam's hometown, where dark rumors about the sexual proclivities of those who were not part of the herd were rampant, and cruelly so.

A few snippets of rumors had come back to Sam, alarming his family and appalling his good friends. Sam was awkward around girls, but when that failure was coupled to his prettiness, it became very troubling to everyone. Sam's father took him to a farm, where Sam watched a variety of animals making love: This was sex education in those days.

Unfortunately, Sam seemed too interested in the penises and heavy, softball sized scrotums of the male animals. And there was the farmer's son, who shared looks with Sam and blushed furiously with him when their dads caught them batting eyes.

Sam's father was angry, but unable to express why, as sex was a taboo topic, underneath life. So the uncomfortable situation went on and on, until Sam talked Lari into running away with him!

### **Brannon's the First**

Sami went shopping when she got to the uptown mall. She wanted some costume jewelry to go with the earrings she was wearing, and she strolled around looking for a nice jewelry store.

At a magazine place, she stopped by the racks, checking out a few fashion type mags. A young guy was idling away some time among the soft core pornography, when he saw Sami. There was something about the girl that caught his attention, so he approached.

His name was Brannon; he was an unemployed waiter doing a bit of shoplifting to make ends meet. When he saw the young woman, he slipped several high end skin magazines from his shirt and restocked them with such nonchalance no one noticed. He then casually moved over to where Sami was, where she was lost in a New Model magazine. She looked up when she became aware of the intruder.

Like most white people, Sami wasn't a racist in her personal life. Society's structural racism kept blacks and other non whites in their "place," so she was at a disadvantage when forced to deal with a black person whom she would rather not be around. Brannon sidled up to her, saying "Hi, doll" softly when she noticed him. Sami moved away, nonplused by the guy's nerve. These were different times from what we live in now.

Brannon correctly foresaw her reaction, and by a series of moves, both getting closer to then backing off, he was able to move Sami into an alcove. There was no escape but one, which he then blocked off.

Brannon had done this before, carefully maneuvering prospects into a situation where she had to confront him boldly to be shed of him. When Sami found herself in

the blind aisle, with Brannon as bold as brass blocking the way, her confusion knew no bounds. She wanted to be attractive, and she wanted men to come on to her, but...

Brannon had seen this all before. White girls were so unfailingly polite and self-conscious of the reasons for brushing a guy off, not wanting anyone to think anything as crass as racism was at work in their logic. But still, busy girls with boyfriends, husbands, children and jobs appointments needed the same thing! The prize was between their thighs, a warm, moist treasure trove bracing to a connoisseur like Brannon, if he had the touch to take it.

Brannon saw that Sami was a shemale, but that just made her a bigger prize! Sami had the male cast that hadn't yet been weakened by hormones, which in effect meant chemical castration. He wondered if Sami was fully functional, and wasted no time in establishing a "relationship" with her.

Sami was completely thrown by this development. Nothing had prepared her to deal with an obtrusive black fellow! The magazines were forgotten, as she tried to get away from him without being looking too uncouth. Unfortunately for her, it was only by being an asshole that she would be let go, though she didn't realize that.

"What's a honey like you doing all alone, babe?" he asked Sami, pressing nearer.

"Actually", she replied, trying to think up an explanation, "I have an appointment... Very important!"

"Let me buy you a tall, cool one, girl," Brannon asked the flustered girl, whose blue eyes looked around, in imitation of a cornered fawn. He thought she looked very cute.

