



Reluctant Press presents:

The Stacy Nolan Collection

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHAS

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“Finders Weepers”

A Frightening Tale Of Enforced Feminization

By Stacy Nolan

The light had begun to fade, just as the rain that had been threatening all day finally arrived. It was not the downpour that had been expected, but a heavy drizzle, the kind that quickly soaked you to the skin.

Damn Andy Sanderson and his big mouth! If he hadn't upset Mr. Trenton, our math teacher, we wouldn't have been kept back for an hour's Detention. Asshole!!

Straining to read the time on my cheap wristwatch, I saw that it was 4.50 PM. Oh boy, was I in trouble!. Mom would be worried sick.

I had been warned never to take it, but a shortcut through Merton Park would knock a good 5-6 minutes off my twenty-minute walk home. The park was supposedly frequented by weirdoes and perverts during the day and weirdoes perverts and vicious gangs at night....none of which worried me half as much as facing the wrath of my Mom.

Entering the park via the North Gate, I pulled up my collar against the driving rain and quickened my pace a little. The normally busy park seemed to be deserted, until I reached a point by the kids' play area opposite the duck pond. I heard it before I saw her, the unmistakable tip tap of a woman in high heels, tapping out a tempo. Squinting against the rain and the enveloping darkness I could just make her out in the distance—and she was coming my way.

As she drew nearer, I let out a slow whistle of admiration. She was absolutely, stunningly GORGEOUS!, a living Barbie Doll, with long straight blond hair, a pretty face with a sexy mouth, pneumatic breasts and long shapely legs that went on forever. She was wearing a short jacket and an even shorter skirt. She was

hardly dressed for this weather. A black leather purse hung from her left shoulder and I saw that she was smoking. Her clear blue eyes had a haunted look about them and I realized that she was crying.

As we passed each other, the blonde was searching in her bag, trying to locate something. A small item dropped from her purse to the ground; it sounded like it may have been made of glass. The woman did not seem to notice, she just kept on walking.

Stopping, I retraced my steps. In the poor light, I searched the pathway for several minutes. I almost tripped over it, literally.

Cursing, I bent and picked up a small brown glass bottle. It had a small white label on one side, the print on which I failed to see in the gloom.

I went back in search of the woman, but there was no sign of her. Slipping the small bottle into my jacket pocket, I headed for home.

When I eventually arrived home, almost two hours late, Mom ranted and raved at me as never before. Then, turning to tears, she hugged and kissed me so hard I thought she might break some bones.

“You shouldn’t worry your Mother like that, Harvey. You know how difficult it has been since your Father died. It’s not been easy bringing you and your three sisters up on my own.”

After dinner, I made excuses about having loads of homework to do and made my way up to my bedroom, stopping to retrieve the small bottle from my jacket pocket on the way.

Shutting my bedroom door firmly behind me, I sat down on my bed and examined the small bottle. It was obviously meant for tablets; the white label read **“Brandt Pharmaceuticals”**

Brandt? I felt sure that I knew that name. Didn’t they make cold and flu remedies, multivitamins, that sort of thing?

I lifted the small bottle and gave it a shake, but heard nothing. Curious, I unscrewed the cap and peered into its neck. It appeared that a ball of white cotton wool had been pushed into it. I tried removing it with the tip of a finger but only succeeded in pushing it further in.

Using the tip of a ball-point pen, I was eventually able to extract the cotton wool ball.

Upending the bottle, I shook the remaining contents onto the palm of my left hand. I was left staring at eight lozenge-shaped tablets, each stamped with a single word: Feminex. I put the tablets carefully back into the bottle, then placed the

bottle in the top drawer of my dresser under a pile of clean socks and boxer shorts. Then, reluctantly, I made my way back downstairs.

I made the effort of spending a couple of hours or so with my family, but by 9:30 PM I'd had enough of sitting and listening to my sister's constantly bickering over who should watch what on television.

"Listen, I'm bushed. If nobody has any objections, I'm gonna have an early night, okay? Goodnight all."

Mom was engrossed in her magazine and my sisters, Sarah, Lisa and Tanya, were still arguing over whether they should watch Eastenders or Coronation Street. They didn't even notice that I'd left the room.

Back in my bedroom, I put the stereo on low and put on the David Gray C.D. "White Ladder."

Taking the small bottle of tablets from the drawer, I again sat down on my bed with them. With a name like "Feminex," it just had to be for women, right? More than likely intended to help ease period pain, that sort of thing. Probably contains nothing more than Aspirin. Come to think of it, I did have a bit of a headache. Anyway, what harm could they possibly do?

I took two tablets from the bottle and quickly washed them down with a drink of water. Something inside, some inner voice was screaming a warning at me not to do this but it was already too late. I was left with a feeling of foreboding, of uneasiness, that sent shivers down my spine.

Over the next three nights, I took the remaining six tablets. For some strange reason, I decided to keep hold of the empty bottle, again hiding it in the drawer with my socks and shorts.

By 10 AM the following morning, I was feeling far from well. By midday, I felt so ill that I thought I was dying.

The school secretary, Miss Bond, or "Bondage" as we liked to call her, rang my Mom at home, explained the situation and asked for her to come and collect me.

By 2 PM, I was feeling much worse. I was so ill in fact that Mom decided to ring for the doctor. He arrived forty minutes later, took one look at me, picked up the phone and called for an ambulance. I was taken to St. Hughes County Hospital. I had never known pain like this. It felt as if I was being turned inside out. One minute I was shivering with cold, the next I was burning up.

The doctors carried out a variety of tests on me. I overheard one doctor saying that my symptoms were very much like those of someone suffering from Malaria.

I tried to sit up but found that I didn't have the strength. I fell into a deep untroubled sleep almost before my head had hit the pillow.

“Mrs. Stuart? Hi. If you would like to follow me please, Doctor Jackson will see you now.”

Dropping my unsmoked cigarette into the plastic cup of cold coffee on the table before me, I got up and followed the young nurse. She lead me along a corridor to a door marked, “E.B. Jackson, Consultant.”

“Mrs. Stuart? Hello, I’m Doctor Jackson. Please take a seat. I’ve been looking at Harvey’s test results.”

“Is he going to be alright? He looked so pale, so ill. Can I see him?”

“All of his vital signs are good. As far as we can tell, Mrs. Stuart, he is in no immediate danger. However, Harvey seems to be changing almost before our very eyes. It’s quite remarkable. His case appears to be unique. His D.N.A. is mutating. I know that it may sound impossible, but Harvey is displaying XX chromosomes. Naturally Mrs. Stuart we are still looking for...”

“Wow! Now hold on a minute, Doctor. I’m afraid that you've lost me. Chromosomes? D.N.A.?”

“I’m sorry, Mrs. Stuart, but the simplest and most straightforward way to put this is to say that your son appears to be changing into a pretty and feminine young girl and at the moment there seems to be nothing that we can do to halt the transformation.”

I sat down hard in a chair before the doctor’s large oak desk. A Girl? But that was ridiculous! That sort of thing just didn't happen...did it?

With trembling hands, I took out a cigarette and lit it without asking the doctor’s permission. Inhaling deeply, I blew a long stream of blue/gray smoke towards the ceiling. This could not be happening. There had to be a mistake, surely?

“Mrs. Stuart? Mrs. Stuart, please! Has your son been prescribed any new form of medication? Has he come into contact with any chemicals, fumes or gases? You see, Mrs. Stuart, the problem which we have is that, until we know what is causing Harvey’s remarkable transformation, we cannot treat it.”

“I have no idea, Doctor. Can't Harvey tell you himself? Look, can I see him?”

“Yes of course you can, Mrs. Stuart. I’ll take you myself. My concern is that by the time that Harvey comes to...well, that it may be too late to help him.”

I approached Harvey's bed cautiously, not really knowing what to expect.

Bedside monitors beeped and flashed, their trailing wires attached to my Son. It brought tears to my eyes to see him laying there looking so frail and helpless. His fourteenth birthday was only three weeks ago. He was little more than a child.

Doctor Jackson had warned me that there had been some dramatic physical changes, but nothing he could have said would have prepared me for what I saw when I reached his bedside.

His face was no longer Harvey's, was no longer Male. He was now pretty. His nose was smaller, pert, slightly upturned. His mouth was wider, his lips fuller. Almond-shaped eyes gave him an almost feline look, long full lashes fluttered across his green eyes. And his hair!! Dark brown in color, long and straight, so full of body and shine. No boy would ever wear his hair like that...not willingly at least. I staggered and would have fallen if it hadn't been for Doctor Jackson supporting me.

"No!" I cried, "it can't be!"

Doctor Jackson gently lead me back to his office, told me to take a seat and asked a nurse to fetch us coffee.

"Was that...was that really my Harvey?" I asked, trying to hold back the tears.

"Yes it was, Mrs. Stuart. Just how far his feminization will take him, I have no idea. He is still changing; we will have to wait for his metamorphosis to complete."

It was another two days before Harvey was feeling well enough to sit up in bed and take some liquids. Even this slight exertion seemed to exhaust him. Immediately afterward, he fell into a fitful sleep, almost as if seeking refuge.

"Changed"

I awoke to the sound of voices. As I surfaced further, I heard my name being mentioned. They were talking about me.

Stretching languidly beneath the cool white sheets, I tried to recall the past few days. My memories were hazy, to say the least. I knew that I had been ill, very ill, and that I was still in hospital.

Feeling fine, rested and refreshed, I threw back the covers, sat up and swung my legs out of bed. Three surprised looking faces turned my way.

"Harvey? I'm Doctor Jackson. How are you feeling?"

"I feel great, thank you. Can I go home now please?" I asked, feeling a little embarrassed sitting there before two young nurses in what seemed more like a girl's nightdress than a hospital gown. It did very little to hide my modesty.

"Forget about going home for the moment, Harvey. First, we need to find out what has caused your remarkable feminization, see what we can do to reverse it, or at least halt it."

Pushing a long strand of hair back behind, an ear I said, “Feminization? I don’t know what you mean. I’ve told you, I feel fine.”

“When was the last time that you looked into a mirror, Harvey? Surely you must have noticed the dramatic change to your body shape, the higher girlish pitch to your voice?”

I shook my head, feeling confused.

“Then I suggest that if you feel able to stand, you check out your reflection in the bathroom mirror.”

“Nightmare”

The scream chilled me to the bone, so full of pain and anguish was it, like a soul in torment.

It took me a moment to realize that it was *me* that was screaming. I thought that I would never stop. As my knees buckled, I felt strong hands holding and supporting me. I was lead back to my bed where I sat down heavily. I looked from the doctor to the two nurses, expecting them to own up to this sick joke. Only they weren’t laughing; their expressions were full of concern.

“Please tell me that it isn’t true! That person in the mirror can’t be me! I’m not a girl, for crying out loud. I’m a Boy! Do you hear me? I’m a Boy!”

“At the moment, Harvey, you are neither male nor female, you are in a kind of Limbo at the moment, between the sexes. Harvey, there is still a very slim chance that if we can find out what has caused this, we may be able to find a cure.”

I shuddered as I remembered the pretty, even beautiful, face that had stared back at me from the Mirror. I realized with mounting horror just how much like my sister Tanya I now looked.

I shivered as I wondered what other changes awaited me under my white hospital nightdress.

It was later that day when it dawned on me. The Tablets! It had to be the Tablets. Of Course!

Ten minutes later, Doctor Jackson sat at my bedside, taking notes.

“So, you took a total of eight tablets, Harvey? And you think that they were called Femex or Feminex, something like that? Okay, at least its a start. I’ll get someone to drive your mother home so that she can pick up the bottle.”

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Doctor Jackson's office door swung open. He stepped out, looking tired and haggard.

"Please do come in, Mrs. Stuart. I have some news."

He waited until I was seated, then slumped down wearily into his own chair. Removing his glasses, he began to massage the bridge of his nose between thumb and forefinger.

"I'm afraid that its not good news, not good at all. The tablets that your son took are, or should I say, were the property of Brandt Pharmaceutical, the property of their research department to be exact. To put it in a nutshell, Mrs. Stuart, Femi-nex 03 is a totally new form of female hormone, a living organism that attaches itself to, and feeds on, the body's own male hormones. It's a parasite really, which, as it grows, becomes stronger and stronger and floods the host body with huge quantities of potent female hormones, quickly altering the body's D.N.A. until, eventually, the host body is transformed into the female he would have been had he been born female. Am I making any sense, Mrs. Stuart?"

I nodded, not really sure where this was leading.

"So, how long will it take before Harvey can be changed back into a boy again, Doctor?"

"Please try and understand, Mrs. Stuart. That is no longer an option. Harvey can never be a boy again. I have spoken with Brandt's researchers. They assure me that just two tablets of Feminex 03 will bring about total and permanent feminization. Harvey has taken eight tablets, Mrs. Stuart, a massive overdose. It's a wonder that he is still alive.



“What the long term effects of such a large dose of potent female hormones will be, I’m afraid nobody really knows. It is clear that Harvey will have to come to terms with spending the rest of his life as a female.”

Harvey did not take the news well. He screamed and shouted, ranted and raved, blaming everyone but himself for his dilemma.

The following morning, Harvey was discharged from hospital. Arrangements were made for Mrs. Stuart to collect her son at 11:30 AM.

As previously discussed with the doctor, it had been decided that Harvey should jump right in from day one, no half measures. He should start to dress and act like a girl immediately.

Mrs. Stuart was in a determined state of mind when she arrived at the hospital at just after 11 AM, along with two plastic bags containing all that Harvey would need to leave there a girl.

Entering his Hospital room, she emptied the two bags of clothes onto his bed.

“Right Baby, do you want to do this the easy way or the hard way?”

At first he was defiant. looking like he was ready to fight me every inch of the way. Then he saw what I had bought for him to wear. Not the expected sweatshirt jeans and trainers but a lovely pastel pink Angora sweater, short black woolen figure-hugging skirt, ankle strap shoes with 3 in. stiletto heels. He seemed to lose the will to fight, he didn’t resist at all as I went about dressing him, which made things that much easier for me. Harvey didn’t even flinch when I produced a make-up bag of “Goodies” to try on him.

“When I first saw the clothes Mom had bought for me, I felt sure that I would look stupid wearing them. People would look and laugh at the boy who was dressed up as a girl.

“But when Mom had finished, I was speechless. It was almost as if every ounce of masculinity had been drained from me. I wasn't a boy dressed as a girl. I really was a girl!

“The clothes just felt so right, it was almost like coming home.

“The white bra was a perfect fit, lifting and supporting my now ample breasts, making them look enormous. White lacy panties encased my pubic mound with its female slit. My Penis had recessed into my body cavity totally, leaving me with no choice other than to have to sit down to urinate like a girl.

“Sheer ‘Nearly black’ hose encased my long hairless legs, now so toned and shapely.

“A tight black woolen skirt, barely long enough to cover the wide lacy stay-up tops of my stockings squeezed my thighs erotically, causing me to gasp in pleasure.

“The Angora sweater was unmistakably a woman’s. Dusky pink in color, soft and fluffy, its slash neckline had an ultra-wide roll-down collar. The figure-hugging sweater molded itself to my now full breasts, narrow waist and wide hips.

Whoever would have thought that I would be wearing High Heeled shoes! Now here I was, not just wearing them but walking Okay in them too!”

Mom had really done a “number” on me with the make-up. Its careful use had accentuated my high cheek bones, my full lips. Eyeliner and mascara opened my eyes and drew attention to them. Eyeshadow on my lids and feathered in lightly below my eyebrows gave my eyes a feline look, my already thin eyebrows were plucked and shaped into fine arches.

I loved my lengthening hair. I doubt very much if I would have it cut now even if I was allowed to. Chestnut brown in color, already reaching a point way past my slim shoulders, I adored the way that it bounced and swayed with my every movement, its soft touch causing new sensations to wash over me.

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“Returning Home”

Once home, Harvey was quiet and withdrawn, spending most of his days alone in his room.

I tried my best to get him to open up to me, to scream and cry if it would make him feel any better, but Harvey would give nothing away.

Making matters worse was that, as his feminization continued, Harvey seemed to be becoming younger almost before my very eyes. Although he was fourteen years old, and had been tall and muscular as a boy, as a girl he looked to be no more than eight or nine years old. I soon found that none of the new clothes I had bought for him would fit anymore. I had no other choice than to buy him a new outfit of everything that a girl should need, but this time for a child. Pretty little dresses, pinafores, Gypsy tops & skirts, shorts, clamdiggers, frilly white ankle socks, sandals.

Harvey clearly hated the ultra-girly clothes but he was obviously more concerned with his continuing transformation. I could hear him as he lay in bed and cried himself to sleep at night. I couldn’t help but wonder what this was doing to his mind?

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This evening we had a visit from Louise Simmons of Brandt Pharmaceuticals. Her I.D. badge identified her, and gave her position as “Security Consultant.”

“Mrs. Stuart, I can only imagine what you and your family must be going through right now. How Harvey must be feeling...well, I dread to think. Therefore I'll get straight to the point. Brandt fully accepts responsibility in this matter. How and why the tablets were removed from our processing plant is unimportant at this time. Our priority is Harvey.

“Our research department assures me that your son's feminization is permanent. I'm afraid that there is nothing that anyone can do to reverse the process. It is a sad fact that Harvey will now spend the rest of his life as a woman. I'm sorry, but there is no easier way of putting it.

“Mrs. Stuart, you have the right to seek justice through the courts for what has happened to your son. I am here to try to persuade you that this would be the wrong course of action for you to take. Can you imagine the Media circus were this to go public? Not only could the bad publicity and media attention ruin the good name of Brandt, but think of the harm it could cause Harvey. A normal healthy young boy tragically transformed into a pretty little girl? He would be on the cover of every newspaper and magazine, there would be requests for television and radio interviews. Before you knew it, he would have become public property, to be laughed at, ridiculed, or worse, pitied. You would have no privacy for the foreseeable future...under siege by the media, unable to move an inch without their knowledge. I'm sorry for painting such a bleak picture, Mrs. Stuart, but if you take some time to think about it, I'm sure that you will see that I'm making sense.

“Please also remember that nobody forced your son to take those tablets, Mrs. Stuart. Each tablet was clearly marked with the word *Feminex*, surely a clear indication that they were intended for female use only. Could it be that Harvey suspected that the tablets were indeed female hormones, and that he took them with the intention of feminizing himself? If indeed we did go to court with this, perhaps this information would be cause for reasonable doubt? I would advise you to think very carefully before reaching any decision. In the meantime, Mrs. Stuart, I would like to offer you an alternative if I may?

“Brandt Pharmaceuticals has empowered me to make you a nonnegotiable offer of a new home in another part of the country or abroad if you would prefer with complete new identities for all the family. All of your food and other household bills paid for life. This includes new clothes and all domestic items, a new car every two years, plus a generous weekly allowance to cover spending money, et cetera, et cetera.

“Harvey will be helped every step of the way in accepting his new gender. Of course we will supply him with everything that a girl of his age may ever need.”

“Moving On”

“Harvey! Stop that at once! Do you hear me? I will not tolerate that sort of behavior from you. Anyone would think that you were five years old instead of almost sixteen. Now keep still, will you?”

I did as I was told as Mom put the finishing touches to my make-up, knowing that objecting would only anger her further. Today was the big day. We were moving to an undisclosed location.

Brandt was taking care of everything.

We were leaving behind everything that we owned, all on the strength of the word of Louise Simmons.

Up until today, Mom had allowed me to wear pretty much whatever I liked. Usually this meant a baggy sweater and faded jeans, an old pair of training shoes adding to my Unisex look.

It seemed that Louise Simmons had suggested to my mom that it would be for the best if I was seen to arrive at our new home looking my feminine best.

“Please remember, Mrs. Stuart, you now have four daughters, not three.”

My darling sisters had teased me something rotten since seeing how Mom had made me dress this morning. I’d cringed in sheer embarrassment, wishing that the ground would open up and swallow me.

I wore panties and matching bra beneath a white off-the-shoulder Gypsy blouse, its plunging neckline making it impossible for me to hide my budding Breasts. A pretty Gypsy style 3/4 length skirt swirled around my bare smooth hairless legs. How could I not feel feminine? A pair of white strappy sandals with 3 inch heels completed the picture.

Unknown to me, Mom had made an appointment for me to visit Curl up and Dye, a trendy local salon. Their clientele was young women in the 14 - 20 age group.

Cringing inside, feeling totally self-conscious, I entered the Salon with Mom a few minutes early for my 10;30 am appointment,.

We approached the reception desk where a pretty young woman was sitting, reading a fashion magazine. On seeing us, she quickly closed the magazine and slipped it discreetly into an open drawer. She turned to face us, her smile radiant.

“Good morning, ladies. How can I help you?”

“Hello, my name is Samantha Stuart and this is my son, Harvey. He has an appointment at 10:30 am with Ms Pamela?”

The receptionist’s hand went to her red painted lips to stifle a gasp of surprise, her expression one of shock. She quickly regained her composure and checked the appointments book before her.

“Oh yes. Harvey Stuart, we have you booked in for a cut and style with blond highlights. I also have you down for ear piercing and eyelash enhancement. Please both take a seat and I’ll go and let Pam know that you are here.”

The receptionist spoke with several people on her way to find “Ms Pamela.” All turned and looked in our direction; their expressions ranged from shock and disbelief to amusement. I blushed furiously, wishing the ground to open up and swallow me. I felt like the star attraction at a freak show. “Roll up! Roll up! Ladies

and Gentlemen, come see the amazing Harvey. He used to be a Boy but now he is all Girl...well, almost." I shuddered at the thought.

"Aw Mom, Why did you have to go and tell them that I was a boy? Now everyone will laugh at me! Can't we just leave? PLEASE!!"

"No! Now just sit quiet and stop complaining will you? It's not my fault that you are changing into a girl. Well, is it? If only you hadn't taken those stupid tablets, we wouldn't be in this mess."

Feeling deflated, I slumped back in my chair without another word, Of course Mom was right. If only I hadn't taken the tablets, I would still be a Boy, instead of...instead of...

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Despite my obvious discomfort with the subject, the Salon's top stylist, Pamela, seemed to be interested in my obvious feminization.

"You know Honey, I don't blame you at all for wanting to become a Girl. After all, we are the superior sex! But what an amazing transformation. You must have been taking female hormones since you were little more than a baby!

"So tell me, Harvey, what was it that made you want to become a girl? I just bet it was the gorgeous clothes, hair, and make-up, right?"

Louise Simmons of Brandt had warned us not to speak to anyone outside the family about the events leading up to my change of gender. To do so, she said, would void our contract. All offers of help and assistance would then be withdrawn.

Mom had said, "I know that things are difficult for you sweetheart, but Brandt's offer of help is just too good to risk losing. If anyone should question you, just tell them that you have known for sometime that you wanted to be a girl. It's as simple as that."

Blushing, I found myself saying to Pamela, "I've always had more girls as friends than boys. I was jealous of their pretty clothes and their long feminine hair...and yes, the make-up. It was just before my tenth birthday when I started taking the female hormone tablets. They took effect really quickly, I just hope that I have made the right decision."

"So do I, Baby, 'cause you are way too pretty to even think about going back now."

"Deeper Still"

I sat and watched in mounting horror as my long hair slowly became more and more feminine in Pamela's expert hands.

Firstly, she went too far with the blond highlights, leaving me more blond than brunette. (I only found out later that this was at Mom's instructions!)

Half-expecting to be given a perm, I was of course pleasantly surprised when Pamela left my hair long and straight, but my relief was short-lived when Pamela showed just how feminine such a style could be made to look.

Full of body and shine, my now blond hair hung long and straight to a point well past my slim shoulders. Pamela had skillfully layered and feather cut the sides, and backcombed my hair from the crown to add height. She then cut in full bangs that came down to my finely arched eyebrows. The ultra-feminine style just screamed "Girly Girl."

I sat quietly, feeling numb with shock as Pamela carefully attached long individual false eyelashes to my own. As she worked, she explained, "Harvey, these false eyelashes are of a semi-permanent type. Once in place they will bond to your own individual lashes. They usually last for between two and three years, and only a special process used by appointed agents like us can remove them."

I gave a few exploratory blinks, causing the long dark lashes to sweep across my line of vision, tickling my cheeks.

I wanted nothing more than to get up from the chair and run from the Salon but my legs felt so weak I didn't think that they would support me.

I was moved to another part of the Salon to have my ears pierced, the task being given to a pretty dark-haired girl who was not much older than myself. Her name badge identified her as "Lauren."

Her expression was blatantly mocking as she looked me up and down. "Love your hair," she remarked, a smile playing around her full red lips.

I wanted to shout and scream at her, "Please don't laugh at me, it's not my fault. I never wanted to be a girl!" But what was the point? She would believe what she wanted to believe and nothing that I could say would change that.

Five minutes later and I had pierced ears. Before I fully realized exactly what was happening, I was being fitted with a large pair of gold hoops. I had prepared myself for a pair of small studs, but nothing like this! What was Mom trying to do to me?

"No Place Like Home?"

Brandt Research kindly sent two cars to collect us. Mom and I traveled together in the first car, a Toyota Yaris Verso. My sisters Tanya, Stacy and Lisa traveled together in the second car, a Ford Fiesta.

Our driver, immaculate in his Brandt uniform of navy blue, introduced himself as Greg. He looked to be about 25-26 years old, from his muscular athletic build,

closely cropped dark hair, and his green eyes forever moving. I figured him for more than a driver.

It was pretty obvious that Greg had been briefed about me in advance. During the long journey from North London to Hayling Island in rural Hampshire, it became apparent that Greg was itching to ask me Questions. He seemed intrigued, and fascinated by my unique situation.

As he drove, I often caught him stealing glances in his rear view mirror at my long shapely legs or my sizable breasts which threatened to burst free from my brightly-colored sweater. I couldn't tell if Greg was just curious or whether he had a sexual thing for girls who used to be boys?

Louise Simmons was waiting for us to arrive at our new South Coast home on Hayling Island.

I had taken an instant dislike to her. She seemed predatory, Like a bird of prey waiting to strike.

"Hello, Harvey. You are looking well. Obviously life as a female agrees with you.

"I just love those earrings. They are so...so...YOU!"

A sharp look from Mom prompted me to reply.

"Yes, they are very nice, thank you Miss Simmons. You are very kind."

Our new home was like something out of a magazine. The living room was dominated by a massive wide-screen television, complete with DVD player.

In one corner stood a state-of-the-art sound system, with at least 200 CD's, covering everything from S Club 7 to Vivaldi.

Mom was really pleased with the large modern kitchen. Its Fridge/Freezer was stacked with enough food to feed us all for at least three months.

I thought that Louise Simmons would have made a great Estate Agent as she gave us a full guided tour of our new home.

"Feel free to explore the six spacious bedrooms, and don't miss the three bathrooms with their sunken baths, ladies. Now, if you'll forgive me, I'll just take a moment or two to show Harvey his room."

Mom and my sisters were far too excited and busy to take time to wonder why I was being given special treatment.

To describe my new room as a little girlish would have been an understatement. It was decorated in shades of pastel pink and cream; the frilly bedspread had a large floral print, as did the pillowcase, even the curtains.

A large white vanity table had been placed against one wall; its top was littered with a vast assortment of cosmetics and several items of jewelry.

Dolls and cuddly toys were strewn across every inch of spare room...but worse was to come.