



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Stacy's Crazy Nights

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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**A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL**

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# “London Nights”

**By Stacy Nolan**

The National Express Coach was running late, not surprising considering the storm that we were traveling through.

Just outside Chester had been the worst with our Driver battling gale force winds in an attempt to keep control of the coach which veered wildly across the carriageway, even the Stewardess had taken her seat, fastening her seat belt tightly around her.

By the time we began to follow signs for Birmingham the storm had begun to recede, dark clouds broke up as golden rays of sunlight burst through.

Following a 20 minute stop at Birmingham's Digbeth Bus Station we set off for London, the old Lady that had occupied the window seat next to me, she had been one of the first to leave the faint smell of the peppermints still lingered.

With the two seats to myself I stretched out and tried to sleep my jacket rolled up to use as a pillow, I awoke some time later to the sound of the stewardess making an announcement.

“Ladies and gentlemen welcome to London’s Victoria Coach Station, please ensure that you have all of your hand luggage before leaving, we hope that you enjoyed your journey and that you will travel with National Express again soon”.

I allowed myself to be pushed along with the crowd as they headed for the exit, I clutched my small Nike sports holdall tightly not wanting to become a victim so soon after stepping off the coach, the bag contained all of my worldly goods, not that they amounted to much, two full changes of clothes, a small alarm clock, a discman and a dozen or so c.d's and my wallet which contained £350, my stake until I could find somewhere to live and a job.

Home was Wallasey on the Wirral, a million miles from the hustle and bustle of London, where nameless faceless strangers pushed past me as if I didn't exist.

Last night my Mom and sister Hannah had cried, begging and pleading with me not to go.

“There are a lot of bad people out there!” mom had warned me several times.

Stopping at a small all night Cafe, I took a seat at the counter and waited my turn to place an order.

Ten minutes later and I was tucking into Beefburger&Fries and a hot and strong mug of Coffee, having not eaten for almost ten hours I was feeling famished.

Looking up I saw that a middle-aged woman was sat watching me, she smiled and said, “It sure looked like you enjoyed that! can I get you another coffee?”

“Yes please, that would be very nice,” I replied.

The woman got up and moved around the counter as the short order cook served up the coffee.

“Do you mind if I sit with you?” she asked.

“No not at all, please feel free” I replied. “my name is Christopher, but please call me Chris.

Twenty minutes or so later and we had virtually told each other our life stories, her name was Brenda, she told me that her husband of twenty seven years had died of a stroke two years before, then, just as she was beginning to come to terms with his loss her nineteen year old daughter Emma had been the victim of a hit and run driver, she lived for five month’s on the Hospitals life support, when eventually it was switched off it took Emma eleven minutes to die.

“Oh Chris, you look so like Emma its uncanny, if you have no where to stay and you need a roof over your head you are welcome to come and stay with me for as long as you like. Look, don't make a decision now.”

Taking a piece of paper and a pen from her bag she scribbled down her name and phone number and handed it to me.

“Give me a call anytime Chris, I would love to see you again.”

With that she got up and left without a backward glance.

This may sound stupid but there was something about the lonely old Lady that frightened me.

Something that got all of my internal alarms ringing, why?

Leaving the Cafe half an hour later I realised that I still didn't have a plan of action.

Deep in thought I wandered the streets aimlessly already feeling homesick, maybe this hadn't been such a good idea after all?

The two men appeared outta nowhere, a fist the size of a small truck hit me in the face knocking me to the ground, I felt myself being dragged into the alleyway, the stink of piss and stale beer was overpowering.

I was lifted to my feet and held upright against a wall, the guy easily held me off the ground with one hand.

“So what have you got that is worth having?”

“Not much, that is unless you count this,” I replied stabbing a finger into his left eye.

He let go of me and reached for his damaged eye squealing in pain.

I made a run for it, almost reaching the end of the alley when my legs were kicked from under me, I hit the ground hard having all the breath knocked out of me.

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Later ... It was raining when I came to, sitting up I found that my body was one big ache, they must have given me one hell of a kicking!

Looking around I realised that my Nike sports bag was missing along with my new training shoes, my leather jacket and my wallet, even my Casio wristwatch and signet ring had been taken, they had certainly done a number on me.

Sitting in the rain feeling sorry for myself I considered my options, it only took me a moment or two to realise that I had none, I would have to call home, get Dad to drive down and collect me.

Oh my parents would love that, I could almost hear them saying, “You can't say that we didn't try to warn you Christopher, but oh no you knew best didn't you?”

“Look at the state of you! perhaps next time you'll listen, for crying out loud grow up will you?”

“It's about time that you sat up and took notice!”

It was then that I remembered the woman in the Cafe. What was her name? Yes, that was it, 'Brenda'!

She had given me a piece of paper with her telephone number on it.

For a moment I panicked fearing that the number had been lost along with my jacket ... then with a sigh of relief I found it tucked into the back pocket of my jeans.

Finding a public pay phone I searched my pockets for coins, finding two 20p coins, just enough for two short phone calls.

The phone box smelled of stale beer and urine, and something worse, I leant against the door to let in some fresh air.

“Hello Brenda? Hi its Chris, listen, I hope you don't mind me ringing you so late? its just that, well, I've been beaten up and robbed ... no, no, please really I don't think that I need an ambulance, give me a few days to recover and I'll be fine...really.

The problem is, Brenda, they have taken everything , and I mean everything, my bag which held all of my clothes and worldly possessions, and of course every penny that I had!”

“Okay honey just stay where you are and I’ll get a Taxi to come and pick you up, now give me your exact location?”

Brenda’s home in Hampstead had three floors, it stood in its own five acres of land, everything about the place just screamed *Money!* although you might be forgiven for thinking otherwise.

Brenda could hardly be described as anything other than “plain”, and she certainly couldn't be accused of spending a lot of money on clothes, she seemed to be stuck in a 60's timewarp.

The journey was little more than a blur, I remember strong hands helping me from the Taxi into the house, then nothing.

How long had I been asleep? I for one had no idea, sun streamed through a crack in the curtains falling across the bed where I lay, as I lifted a hand to shield my eyes I realised that an I.V. line had been put into my arm, it stretched from the needle which had been taped in place on my right arm up to a clear bag of fluid which hung from a metal stand on wheels.

As I tried to sit up I felt a sharp pain at the back of my neck, cautiously I reached behind me, my fingers finding a large gauze dressing...just what the hell was going on here?

Exhausted I slumped back down on the bed, it was then that I realised that I wasn't alone in the room, Brenda sat in a rocking chair reading a woman's magazine.

“Oh Chris...you're awake! I've been so worried!”

“What have you done to me, and why haven't I been taken to the Hospital if I'm that ill? What's with the drip, and why do I have a bandage on the back of my neck?”

“I may as well tell you, dear, for there is nothing that you can do about it. The process is well underway, it can't be stopped now...not for anything! You see I'm not about to lose Emma again.

My dear Chris, you are too like my daughter to be allowed to just leave. I intend to re-create you in Emma's image, you will be Identical in every way.”

“You're Crazy! You seemed to have forgotten one vital detail...Emma was a *girl!*”

“Yes, and so shall you be, my dear! A cocktail of female hormones and Emma's D.N.A. are now circulating through your body, your pituitary gland has been surgically removed from the base of your brain, I have replaced it with female glands, as you may be aware the Pituitary gland controls the body's production of hormones, it also dictates your gender, and yours will now be producing female hormones only, sugar.”

“You must be stark raving mad! Do you honestly think that you can get away with it? I mean, turning a *boy* into a *girl*? You must be sick!”

“Sick? Yes, I suppose I am, and single minded in the hope of returning my daughter to me. Now I have you, my dear, and please, do call me Aunty Brenda.”

Escape? I thought of little else, but I barely had the strength to lift my head off the pillows, surely Brenda must be adding something to my regular injections ... something to keep me weak and placid.

Everything became a blur, days quickly became weeks and weeks turned into months. I could feel my body changing; breast tissue swelling , my thighs and butt becoming rounded and feminine.

Brenda was adamant that I should not see my reflection in any mirror, she made sure that all were removed.

As my changes “progressed” I felt my strength slowly returning to me. This may sound strange but my feminised body no longer seemed so alien to me: My full breasts jiggling and bouncing in their lacy wrappings, and I didn't need a mirror to tell me that I now had a perfect “hour glass” figure.

I couldn't help but wonder at what “girly” secrets my new face and hair held for me, I felt curious rather than fearful, you see it had never really dawned on me that what Brenda was doing to me could be permanent. I figured that once I got out of here I would become masculine within a few weeks or a month or two...WRONG!

Sadly, it wouldn't be that easy, once I was allowed up and about again I found that my strength soon began to return, in fact I felt great.

Brenda made a big fuss about letting me see my “new” face for the first time, I tried to stay calm, not wanting how nervous I felt to show, not wanting to give Brenda the satisfaction.

Taking Brenda's offered hand I followed her into her bedroom, she instructed me to sit at her large vanity table, it's triple s having been covered with a sheet.

“Oh Emma, I have waited so long for this moment, I have missed you so much my darling, I'm going to take such good care of you!”

Without another word she reached out and pulled the sheet from the mirror.

For just a moment or two I managed to resist the urge to look, but curiosity got the better of me. Slowly I lifted my head and opened my eyes.

Try as hard as I might I couldn't stifle the scream that forced its way out of me. I was grateful to be sitting down for I would surely have fainted.

The face that looked back at me matching my every expression was undeniably feminine, brown eyes framed by luxuriant lashes, finely arched eyebrows, fine high cheekbones, a pert upturned nose, and a wide sensual mouth with full pouting lips, I now had the face of most men's fantasy woman!

My hair, although still its own natural chestnut brown in color...but it now hung long straight and heavy to a point way past my shoulder blades.