



Reluctant Press presents:

From Stacy W/ Love

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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“A New Romance”

By Miss Stacy Nolan

Like most transvestites I was around ten or eleven years old before I realised that I was “different” to other boys, and then it took me almost a decade to figure out what to do with it.

My Mom and older sister Vicky were great with me, Vicky was always dressing me up in her clothes, everything from her school uniform to her Bridesmaid dress, nothing was ever too much trouble, every little detail about my transformation had to be spot on.

Mom didn't really say a great deal about my love for all things feminine, she didn't encourage me but neither did she try to discourage me.

Apart from the time which I had to spend in school I was dressing almost full time as a girl, the soft feminine garments just felt so *right*, unlike the horrible rough and uncomfortable boy's thing's that I still had to endure.

October Half Term Holiday.

A whole nine days off school! It meant that I could spend the whole time as “Charlotte Louise” my feminine alter ego, I was so happy I could have cried, Vicky too was delighted to have her sister home for the full nine days!

Saturday morning Mom woke Vicky and I up at the crack of dawn. “Come on girls, we've got some serious shopping to do, lets hurry before they run out of parking spaces at the Mall.”

Mom seemed really different today, almost as if something had been worrying her, now she was chatty and cracking jokes.

“Right, Charlotte-Louise, lets see what I can find for you to wear today.”

I had been reaching for my usual T- shirt and faded jeans when Mom said: “Oh no, not today, Ma’am, you insist on making a big fuss about being allowed to wear girls clothes, well today you get your wish! I’m taking my two daughters on a *girlie* shopping trip, its about time that you got some pretty clothes of your own, you can’t keep wearing your sisters clothes all of the time now can you?”

“No Mom,” I mumbled, feeling really subdued, terrified of leaving the house and venturing out as a girl for the first time, it wasn't that I wasn't confident of passing as a girl, I knew that I looked 100% female, no it wasn't that, I was worried about giving myself away in some other way, the little gestures and mannerisms that divided the boys from the girls.

Although I was terrified about venturing outside as a girl.... I also found the thought of it really exciting!

My small cock began to grow hard as I picked up the clothes that Mom had selected for me.

There was a short skirt in tweed, a cashmere sweater in dusky pink, its high neckline decorated with four pearlised buttons, a pair of sheer patterned hose which were covered in pretty bow motifs, and a pair of black leather shoes with twin narrow ankle straps and three inch stiletto heels, Mom kept my underwear simple, white panties with frilly edging to the waistband and to each leg, my bra again was simple, Mom had sewn gel pads into the bra cups, giving me a realistic bosom for a young girl of my age.

I always enjoyed having my hair and make-up done by Vicky, and today was no exception; with each application of make-up I felt my masculinity slipping further away, careful use of make-up totally feminised my face that could never have been described as masculine to begin with.

It must be at least eighteen months, maybe more since I had my hair cut, at first my lengthening locks had just been a nuisance, but as it grew longer and longer I found it that much easier to care for, I usually wore it in a high ponytail, secured in place with a black velvet scrunchie...very Girly!

The journey into Town seemed to take forever, I felt that everyone, and I mean everyone was staring at me, when we arrived at the car park I sat in the back of the car and refused point blank to get out, Mom laughed:

“Now come on love, we can't leave you there!”

“But everyone we passed seemed to be staring at me, I felt so embarrassed!”

“If anyone was staring at you sugar it was because they were thinking how pretty you were, now come on, we haven't got all day!”

Reluctantly I got out of the car, Vicky took my arm as we joined a crowd of shoppers who were heading in the direction of the elevators, I cringed as my high heels tip tapped out a tempo, it took me a moment to realise that no one was paying me any special attention, all were too intent on reaching the shops.

Ten minutes and we were in “Scruples” the latest fashions from Paris and Milan but at a fraction of the price, I watched fascinated as my son Charlotte selected a couple of skirts and tops and went over to the changing rooms to try them on, he came out a few minutes later looking as pleased as punch, on seeing me waiting for him he said:

“Oh Mom, aren't they gorgeous? And they fit me perfectly, you know. Can I buy them, Mom? Please, I'd like to get them myself, they will be the first new female clothes that I have had, can I buy them.... please?”

“Of course you can, Darling, it obviously means a lot to you.”

Five minutes later she left the store with her purchases in two store bags, she looked so “Girlish” my heart went out to her; I couldn't help but wonder what the future would hold.

The three of us were deep in conversation when the male voice boomed out across the Mall.

“Hudson? Is that really you? I had my suspicions about you, but I had no idea that you had gone this far. Hey, come and see who I've found!”

His name was James Carlos Martinez, his friends called him “J”, he was the school's hard ass, with a record of violence, vandalism and theft, the Head teacher and teaching staff were all well aware of his activities, but could do nothing until they had firm proof or someone made an official complaint.

I had my own theories about bullies, I figured that most were cowards who picked on the small and the weak and hid behind their own little gang of “hangers on”, well, I wasn't small nor was I weak....

Within a minute Mom, Vicky and I were surrounded, I recognised several of the faces, including Martinez there must have been nine boys, and a further six girls, all began heckling me as they drew closer, calling me a faggot, sissy boy etc.

This only made Martinez bolder as he moved in closer, turning to my Mom and Sister I said, “Look, trust me I can handle this, just stay where you are, don't antagonise them okay? the Mall's Security will be here any minute now.”

Turning to the approaching Martinez I said, “So what is it, J, have you come to ask me for a date? Well I'm sorry, I only go out with Humans. Frustrated? I've got some tissues here if you think that you can manage a wank?”

“Wank?.... That is what you do best, isn't it, Shit for Brains?”

With a roar of anger he came at me fast and hard, two things stopped him in his tracks, the first being that I didn't move, he could see that I wasn't scared, the second thing to stop him was my kick to his balls, with barely a sound he folded to the ground.

I looked around at his little gang of hangers on, they stood motionless and speechless.

“So, does anyone else want a go at the title? No? Because if any of you bother me or my family again I promise that I'll fuck you up beyond all recognition, is that understood?”

A few backed away a couple of steps then turned and walked away, to those that were left I said, “How about picking up Mr. Martinez before he leaks all over the floor?”

Seeing the pool of urine spreading around their “Leader” the few that remained suddenly found urgent business elsewhere.

Mom took my arm and led me away quickly before the Mall Security arrived, Vicky following close behind.

We went into a small teashop that looked to be about 3/4 full, we found a table near the back and sat down, Mom and Vicky looked at each other and burst out laughing, Mom said:

“Now Charlotte, that wasn't very Ladylike was it! That poor defenseless lad...what a shame.”

I didn't find the situation quite so amusing, but I found myself laughing along with them anyway.

The young waitress came to our table to take our order, the badge that she wore gave her name as Tanya, she seemed to be as attracted to me as I was to her.

Over cups of Tea and Cakes we talked seriously about my “situation” Mom and Vicky had no idea that I was a Transvestite, long ago I had told them that I was a Transsexual, and that I wanted...no.needed to dress and act like a young woman, it seemed easier to admit to that than to admit to being a Transvestite, which was something that most people thought of as being perverted.

Mom chose this moment to break some news to me.

“Charlotte honey, I haven't mentioned this to you before because I didn't want to raise your hopes until I had all of the facts and was sure, you see, I have spoken to Doctor Randall about you, she wasn't in the least surprised, she said that transsexualism was far more common than people believed, she explained that many years ago many males were embarrassed and afraid to admit that they wanted to physically become girls, those that had the courage to were often disowned by their families, they lost their jobs and their friends.

Another problem for the male to female Transsexual to face was having to take female hormones for the rest of their lives, the hormones did not have a 100% success rate, they did not really feminise the face, and voices remained embarrassingly deep and masculine, even the growth of Breast tissue was slow to form, and when they had, usually remained quite small, more like a young girls than the breasts of a grown woman, many were caught in a kind of limbo between the sexes.

“And this is supposed to make me feel better is it Mom?”

“Ssshhh! Just let me finish will you? Now, as Doctor Randall was explaining, that was the way that things used to be, but apparently not anymore Charlotte, there is an amazing new formula being tested in America at the moment, its known as Fem 10 EX, results have been amazing, almost "Instant Feminisation", once inside the male host body the 10 EX spreads feminising all in its path, a kind of hormonal parasite, really - rapidly turning male into female.

The Initial course of treatment is usually followed by a weekly booster injection, six of these being all that is required.

As we were leaving the Cafe the young waitress slipped a small piece of paper into my hand, winking at me she whispered “Call me”, when I could do so without being seen by Mom or Vicky I unfolded the scrap of paper, all that was on it were the words “Don't Forget” followed by her name and telephone number, Hhhhhmmmm!

We decided, or should I say it was decided for me that on my return to school in three days time I should attend dressed as a girl, it seemed that everyone including the Head teacher Ms Taylor were aware of my “little run in” with Martinez, and of course everyone was aware that I was dressed as a girl at the time!

Although Parkside School is mixed with both male and female students, they were separated during lesson time; it was likely that I would be placed in Miss Andrews's class. Not that it was a problem; I'd had my eye on a couple of real babes in there for some time now!

Parkside did not have a School uniform as such; they liked their pupils to be “smart but casual.”

“Almost Fall”....

As a boy I had always been one of those that people knew better than to mess with, today I would be returning to the school as a feminine little Sissy Girl.

I took my time dressing, savoring every moment...White lacy panties and matching bra, the cups of which were filled out with small gel inserts, a pair of black opaque hose came next, encasing my slim hairless legs.

I stepped into a very short pleated Tartan skirt, which came with a narrow black leather belt that fastened easily about my slim waist. A cream colour cable knit sweater came next, it was quite long, covering all but the last two inches of my skirt, finally I sat down on the edge of my bed and slipped on a pair of strappy shoes, they had a 2 1/2 inch chunky heel which would be ideal for School.

Sitting down at Vicky's Vanity table I allowed her to quickly but expertly apply my make-up, eye shadow, Mascara, Blusher and Lipstick, this done Vicky began to brush out my lengthening hair, even after only ten months it had reached a

point just past my shoulder blades, my hair had never looked so good, so full of body and shine....

I almost panicked as Vicky began snipping away with a pair of scissors.

“Don't worry little Sis, trust me, I know what I'm doing, now just relax a little, okay?”

Ten minutes later and she had finished; warily I turned towards the mirror....“Oh wow! Look what you have done to me!”

Vicky laughed at the shock in my voice.

I stood before the mirror and stared in awe at myself, Vicky had been sure to give me a style that couldn't be mistaken for anything other than soft and feminine, she had cut my hair into a long pageboy, and I now had bangs! They reached long and straight reaching down to my eyebrows, I could see from the way that Vicky was smiling that she knew exactly what she was doing, she had cut off just enough hair for it to be difficult for me to tie it up, yet, left loose it would naturally fall back into this very feminine layered style.

I gratefully accepted a lift from Mom, but got her to drop me a short distance from the school's main entrance.

Walking the short distance back I felt a mixture of excitement and trepidation for I had no way of knowing what sort of reception I would receive.

I didn't have to wait too long to find out:

“Hey Hey! It's Michael Hudson, the bitch who wasted some guy named J, Martinez! Baby you look HOT! If I'd known what a sexy little chick you make I'd have asked you out long ago!”

The guys name was Vince Walker, I smiled demurely and replied: “If you was asking me out Vince how could I have said no?”

Vince obviously liked that for he came in close gently took my left hand and kissed it.

Vince was popular with both the girls and the boys, as well as being star player in the schools football team; everybody wanted to be his friend.

Letting people see that Vince and I were close wouldn't do me any harm at all, if anything it should help to speed up my acceptance.

“Its a Girl Thing!”

As predicted I went into Miss Andrews class, which had 38 female pupils including myself.

The “Hard time” which I had expected from the girls never arrived I'm glad to say, most, if not all of them thought that it was “Cool” to have a boy in their class who dressed and acted just like them, which was another step down the slippery slope towards femininity...

On arriving home one Winters afternoon I was sat in my room and checking the contents of my purse when I pulled out a slip of paper, I unfolded it and read “Don't forget, Tanya, this was followed by a local Telephone number.

Of course! The Waitress from the Café in the Mall!

Picking up my Mobile phone I dialed the number, it rang eleven times before it was answered, a sleepy voice said; “Hiya, this is Tanya...and who are you?”

“Hi, my name is Charlotte - Louise...you gave me a piece of paper with your name and telephone number on it?”

“Sure, I remember, about two weeks ago? You were with what looked like your Mom and your sister.... right?”

“Yeah,” I mumbled.

“Well sister, just one question remains, Do you, like me, enjoy intimate physical contact with other girls?”

“Lets get this straight okay, you are asking me if I am a lesbian? I'm sorry Tanya, but you are way off the mark.”

“I'm sorry to hear that, Sugar, we could have had a lot of fun together...how about we get together this weekend? I'm not back in work until Monday, nothing heavy; somewhere public if you like, where do you live, Charlotte?”

I hesitated a moment or two before answering, “Not far from Finsbury Park in North London...How about you?”

“I'm not far from you in Holloway...Why don't we meet at the tea House by the Boating Lake in Finsbury Park, that way if you don't like me or what I have to say...you can just walk away.

Well? What do you say? You've got absolutely nothing to lose have you?”

We arranged to meet at the agreed place tomorrow morning at 11 a.m..

I was up and in the shower by 9 a.m., as the steam rose about me I began to plan what I was going to wear.

A little later and back in my room I stood before my open closet, I wore a large towel wrapped around my upper body, a smaller towel around my head, holding my wet hair, my selection made I laid the feminine clothes out on my bed, I suddenly became aware of my terrific hard on! I suddenly wished that Tanya was here to take care of it for me; I imagined her full red lips closing around the engorged head of my swollen cock, phew! Stop it girl otherwise you'll need to take a cold shower!

I slipped on my lacy panties and a matching bra, the gel inserts would need to be replaced soon; I would need larger one's.

A long grey tweed skirt and a soft and fluffy cream-colour angora sweater came next, sitting down I then put on a pair of black leather four-inch stiletto heeled boots that came to mid calf.

I brushed my hair and put on my make - up and most expensive perfume, finally I put on my full-length black leather winter coat and picked up my purse.

Passing the full length closet door mirror on the way out I caught sight of my reflection, what I saw stopped me in my tracks for the Image was 100% *female*.

Tanya was sat on a park bench near to the Tea House entrance when I arrived, she was smoking a cigarette and looked to be deep in thought, taking care not to startle her I said: "Tanya? Hi, it's Charlotte!"

She turned towards me, her smile warm...."Charlotte...You came! It's so good to see you again!"

"Yes, likewise.... I hadn't realised just how pretty you actually were, you should have been a model instead of a waitress, you would have gone far!"

Tanya stood up, hand in hand we walked into the Teahouse, during the summer it would have been full of customers, but today we were sharing the Teahouse with three other people, two old women and a middle-aged man, he made his way over to the counter, ordered a mug of tea and two rounds of toast, he made his way over to a small corner table and sat down, he pulled a newspaper out of his coat pocket, judging by the condition of it it must have been at least a week old!

Putting down the menu Tanya looked across the table at me, "What are you having then sweetheart?"....

"Sorry Tanya, come to think about it I really am hungry... can I have an all day breakfast please? And I'll take a mug of Tea with that?"

There was no waitress service here so Tanya went over to the counter to place our order.

She was back five minutes later, she sat down and said, "They have not long opened, it'll take a while waiting for things to get hot, so our Breakfast's will take around 15 minutes, is that okay?"

"Sure, no problem, it'll give us a chance to talk anyway."

Tanya Marie Shannon, 19 years old, left her home and family in East Sussex 18 months ago.

"Looking for work as a photographic model, I soon discovered that photographers and their agents only wanted me for one thing.... sex.

"I soon found myself desperate to find work, my "Nest egg" of £300 would soon be gone, and I would be left on the streets to survive.

"At one point I felt so low I even considered prostitution, then along came the waitressing job. The rest, as they say, is history."

"When did you discover that you had lesbian tendencies, Tanya?"

“Do you know, I don't remember...Isn't that strange? I suppose that I would have been in the region of seven or eight years old.”

“Look, I don't really know of any other way to say this Tanya...I'm not your dream girl - in fact I'm not even a girl, My name is Michael Hudson.”

For a moment or two, Tanya looked to be speechless, then turning to face me she said, “You probably used to be Michael Hudson.... but trust me, your certainly not anymore, you look to be all women to me, Charlotte, are you taking female hormones?”

“No, well not just yet although I do want to experiment with them before I'm much older.”

“Sweetheart, you must take them, you already look very feminine and that's without the help of hormones, just imagine what you would look like with them...please, come home with me now, there is so much that I can help you with!”

“No Pain No Gain”....

Tanya's apartment was not at all what I had expected, it was clean, bright, and modern, it's furnishings were all new, several paintings adorned the pure white walls, looking closer I realised that they were all blatantly pornographic with nothing left to the imagination.

“Can I get you a drink?” Tanya asked.

“A cold glass of Cola would be nice, please.”

Tanya laughed. “No silly! I meant something a little stronger than Coca Cola!”

“No thanks, I don't really drink, a glass of Cola would be fine thanks.”

Tanya took a packet of cigarettes from her purse, she took one from the packet and put it between her full pouting lips, she lit it from her gold cigarette lighter, tilting her head back she blew out a long stream of blue / grey smoke...I felt my small cock begin to stiffen as I sat and watched her, her every little gesture and mannerism were just so sexy.

Tanya sat down close next to me, so close that I could feel the heat from her body against mine, she kissed me long and slow taking my breath away, like the girl that I appeared to be I felt myself go weak in her arms.

I didn't resist as she gently took my hand and lead me upstairs to her bedroom, without a word we both quickly undressed and got into bed.

I was still a virgin who knew nothing about sex, while Tanya knew enough for both of us, she taught me things that I had never even heard of, knew how to make my every nerve ends tingle with pleasure.

We saw each other often after that first time, it seemed that Tanya had “big plans” for me, plans that would make us both rich quickly.

The following week we went along together to see Doctor Randall.

Tanya explained that because of my age I was still a little unsure of my sexuality, although I did know long term that I wanted to become a woman, Tanya suggested that localising the areas of my body to be feminised would allow me more time to adjust.

To my utter surprise and delight Doctor Randall was in full agreement, so much so that she even suggested starting the treatment immediately.

“Right, young Lady, now there is no cause for you to panic, the treatment will only take 30 minutes to complete, The Fem 10 Ex is more effective when given slowly via an I.V. line than it would be if given by Injection, If you'll follow me through to our private treatment room we can make a start.

The treatment room looked more like a scaled down operating theatre to my untrained eye.

I was asked to get undressed and to slip on a green Hospital type gown, this done I was asked to lay down on the table.

The I.V. lines were quickly and expertly attached, one between my small boy breasts, the second line went into my neck at the base of my scull, once in place both were secured in place with surgical tape, as warned I began to feel warm and peaceful as I drifted off to sleep.

“Tell me Doctor...what will this dose of Fem 10 Ex do to Charlotte? And just how effective will it be?”

“Good questions ... Miss?”

“Miss Connors, Doctor.... Tanya Connors.”

“Well Tanya, firstly whatever effect the 10 ex has on Charlotte will be permanent, and cannot be reversed at any point, Today's dose will pinpoint her rapid breast growth, within 48 hours her production of breast tissue will have increased by as much as 40%, her breast growth will continue until they reach their full potential.

“The second I.V. line which is attached to the base of Charlotte's neck is feeding the Fem 10 Ex directly through to Charlottes voice hair and face, on leaving here she will be in no position to hide her new found femininity, with her high girlish voice, her long hair, and just look at that face! No male could ever look so pretty!

“Some of the Fem 10 Ex will reach her brain, feminising everything that it touches, helping Charlotte to accept, even welcome the advance of womanhood, besides...what choice will she have? Looking so like a woman?”

Waking from a deep untroubled sleep, I had to admit that I felt fantastic. Judging by the expressions of Tanya and Doctor Randall though it was obvious that something was wrong, Tanya stood alongside my bed holding my hand.

“Tanya? What’s wrong? What is it?”

She smiled, “There’s nothing wrong, Charlotte, in fact far from it, the 10 Ex couldn't have possibly worked any better, you now have the voice face hair and bosom of a beautiful young woman.

“No, the problem is like it or not you are now branded as a woman for life - your life.”

Doctor Randall's said, “It seems obvious to me dear that you were meant to be a girl, so naturally feminine, when you feel that you are ready to continue your journey into womanhood then please let me know, in the meantime have fun!”

I lay on my bed reading a copy of Dean Koontz latest hard back book, “The Taking”, this guy really knows how to sock it to the reader, a real roller coaster ride for the emotions, on the stereo playing softly was Enya's album “Paint the Sky with Stars.”

Feeling tired I decided to call it a day, I put away my book then sat at my vanity table to take off my make - up, I had soon gotten used to this daily ritual.

My face had changed, was in fact still changing, now nothing remained that was even remotely masculine.

Tanya and I were now even closer than ever before, which was not surprising considering that she had a hand in “creating” me, the strange thing is we were more like friends than Lovers - no, “sisters” would be a better description of our relationship, we were both free to go our own way when it came to dating others.

The telephone call came right out of the blue, a familiar male voice said; “Charlotte...is that you, honey? Hi, it’s Vince Walker! I've been doing a lot of thinking about you, lately...in fact, your all that I can think about, the thought of you and me together so turns me on, Charlotte, you are my ultimate fantasy girl.”

“Well thank you, Vince...I hope that you realise that I like you too, listen, its been nice chatting to you, but if that’s all you called for I've got to go, I've still got plenty of work to do.”

“The Date”....

Vince picked me up at 6:30 p.m.; he had borrowed his Dads car, a red Toyota Yaris Verso auto.

He suggested that we find a Cinema showing a film that we both liked the look of, and then from there we stop off for a meal.

It had been ages since I had been to a West End cinema, in fact, this would be my first time as a girl.

I wasn't at all surprised when Vince steered me towards the back row, to be honest I was kind of pleased.

The seats were wide and comfortable, covered in a plush velvet like material, it was nice and dark here at the back, and we had no one sitting anywhere near to us.

Vince had looked a little surprised when given the choice of which movie to go and see I had chosen a British horror film called "Dog Soldiers" instead of one of the current chick flicks that were making the rounds.

As soon as the house lights went down Vince was all over me like a rash, his hands were everywhere, I was wearing skimpy panties, sheer "Stay Up" stockings, a short pleated skirt which hid very little, my bra was low-cut, lifting my full round breasts, making them look enormous. Over this I wore a figure hugging white angora cardigan with tiny pearlised buttons down its front.

Vince knew exactly what buttons to push, he gently kissed my throat as his hand slid under my pleated skirt and softly stroked my thigh, teasing me by letting his fingers roam around the elasticised leg holes of my panties, his touch making me gasp with pleasure as my own cock grew hard, its bulging head weeping clear pre-cum. This seemed to excite Vince, his strong hand wrapped around my hard cock, his hand pumping up and down...

"Oh, Vince *please!* I want to feel my cock deep inside you, don't make me come now!"

"Okay baby, it'll be worth it, I can't wait to get you into bed!"

The Movie only had around twenty minutes to go so we stayed until the end, not that we could tell you much about the storyline.

On leaving we headed hand in hand to the nearest Burger King; neither of us needed to put it into words, but we both knew exactly what we were hungry for.

Vince informed me that his parents were away this weekend and that we had the place to ourselves, he took my hand and we almost ran up the stairs to his bedroom.

It was not what you might call your typical guys room, no pin ups of busty babes, no sports stars, a large bookcase occupied one wall, his taste in books consisted mainly of horror fiction - Stephen King, Shaun Hutson, James Herbert, Richard Laymon, and Dean Koontz. Vince obviously had taste.

In one corner was his stereo; on two shelves above this was a collection of C.D.s, everything from David Gray, The Carpenters, The Lighthouse Family, to Enya and Vivaldi.... Not a rap album in sight!

It looked like there was a lot more to Vince Walker than meets the eye.

We both undressed without a word, in bed I tried my best to keep the pace slow and easy.... but it was far from easy, Vince knew exactly how to turn me on, I gave myself to him willingly, it was a new kind of loving for me, and I was loving every minute!

Vince took me every way that he could, from behind he entered me, reaching around he took hold of my hard throbbing cock, his left hand squeezing my full breast, his rhythm was perfect. We came together; I thought that we may never stop.

At the moment I am still between the sexes, one day I'm sure that I will complete my journey into womanhood.... but just not yet, for at the moment I am enjoying having the best of both worlds.

When we can occasionally get together for a "threesome" the sex is incredible, totally mind blowing, I think that the three of us realise just how lucky we are.

Well, I'm meeting with Tanya this evening; she has a new girlfriend, who is very interested in meeting me. I wouldn't want to disappoint her now, would I?

##

“Awakenings”

By Stacy Nolan

Arriving at the Hospitals reception desk I nervously checked the time on my wristwatch against the wall clock, both read 07:53 a.m.. If it wasn't for Karen's constant pestering I wouldn't be here now, I'd lived with the bloody Hernia for two years, why all the fuss to get it repaired now?

My own Doctor had assured me that the operation was far from major, being classed as “key hole” surgery. If it were that simple why was I to be kept in for two or three days?

Minutes later and I was being shown to the men's general surgical ward. A short but very pretty nurse carrying a clipboard approached me.

“Mr. Ryan, follow me, please? This is your bed; I thought that you might like to be by the window? I'm the staff nurse, my name is Rebecca Carter, and I will be looking after you during your stay with us. Let me ask you a few questions on current medication etcetera, and then we can get you comfortable, okay?”

Having taken the usual medical questions, nurse Carter left. I pulled the curtain closed around my bed and quickly changed into my pajamas and dressing gown. Finished, I reopened the curtains and got into bed, sitting back I surveyed the ward. “Ward” was rather an exaggeration, it was more a large room really, with three beds on either side. All six beds were occupied.

I glanced at the young guy in the bed to my left, he lay facing me, dabbing at his eyes with a tissue as if he had been crying.

“Are you alright there, buddy? Can I do anything for you?”

“No, but thanks for asking, my name is Stephanie Weaver, my friends call me Steph.”

We shook hands, his hand felt so small and slender in mine.

“Hello. I’m Bob, Bob Ryan, I’m pleased to meet you.”

It suddenly dawned on me; he had long blond hair, pulled back in a high ponytail and tied with a black velvet scrunchie. His ears were pierced and fitted with large gold hoops, he was even wearing makeup!

I have no idea what his story was, and to be honest I didn't want to know. I lay down on my bed and picked up my book, “*SEIZE THE NIGHT*” by DEAN KOONTZ. I concentrated on losing myself in the story.

Damn! 10:15 p.m. and I still couldn't sleep, I pushed myself up onto my elbows and looked around the ward, everyone else appeared to be asleep, I quietly got out of bed and put on my dressing gown and slippers.

I left the ward and headed for the dayroom, to my relief it was deserted, I closed the door behind me, switching on the television I adjusted the volume, keeping it low, I sat down and picking up the remote control began to skip through the channels, the amazingly funny “*Only Fools and Horses*” was being shown back to back, then on channel 4 at 11:30 p.m. one of my all time favorite movies *The Hitcher*, John Rider from Disneyland, *Brilliant!* at least it should take my mind off tomorrow’s operation.

Later, I left the dayroom, switching off the television and light as I did so. Five Nurses were sat at the Nurses station drinking tea and eating biscuits, I didn't like to interrupt them, I mumbled *Goodnight* as I passed.

A little blonde asked, “Would you like to join us, Mr. Ryan? Plenty of tea left in the pot!”

“Oh go on then, if you insist!”

I spent the next half an hour or so chatting with the nurses, drinking their tea and eating their biscuits. before I really knew what was happening it was after half past one in the morning.

Back on the ward I found the young feminine guy sitting on the edge of my bed looking out of the window.

“Hi ya, what are you doing there?”

“Hey, I’m sorry, I couldn't sleep, I've just been passing the time looking out of the window even during the early hours of the morning its busy here, Ambulances, private cars, all night busses, a hospital never sleeps, does it?”

“I guess not,” I replied, “Listen, Steph, if you are comfortable why don’t you stay there, have my bed? I don't mind sleeping in your bed? They're be starting with the wake up calls between six and half past. if I'm lucky it'll give me four hours sleep.

“Sure my friend not a problem, you go right ahead, and thanks.

I was asleep before my head hit the pillow, a deep trouble free sleep, the best that I'd had in ages, and little did I know, but the best I would have for a long time to come.

When I eventually awoke it was like emerging slowly from the end of a long dark tunnel, I began to flex muscles and joints, it was when I tried to ease myself into a sitting position that the pain came, lancing through me like a hot knife through butter, I gasped and cried out, this bought a Nurse over to me.

“Hello, Ms Weaver? I’m Staff Nurse Benning, Can I get you a little something for the pain?”

“Ms Weaver? I’m not Ms Weaver! my name is Bob Ryan.”

The staff nurse, looking worried said, “I’m afraid that’s not possible, Mr. Ryan is in theatre right now undergoing a Hernia operation.”

“So, I’m mistaken, is that it? I’m confused about who I *am*?”

“Please calm down, just relax, I will see If I can get Dr. Veronica Nelson, the Surgeon who operated on you, to come and speak with you okay? Now please just relax.”

“Relax? how the hell can I relax for crying out loud! what have you done to me?”

Doctor Nelson was not at all what I had expected, not that I really know what I expected to be truthful She appeared to be no older than 23 or 24 years old, attractive in her own way, she was wearing a crisp white blouse and a short tartan skirt, her long slim legs were encased in sheer black hose, on her feet black leather shoes with three inch heels, she wore her dark hair pulled back to reveal gold studs in her ears, she looked good enough to eat.

Pulling up a chair besides my bed the Doctor picked up the clipboard to which notes were attached.

“So, Ms Weaver, what seems to be the trouble?”

“Trouble, Doctor? the trouble is that People keep calling me *Ms Weaver*, that’s the fucking problem! Have I,Q's suddenly dropped around here?”

“Please try and remain calm Ms ...eh, I have your notes right here before me, including the consent form duly signed by yourself. I can assure you that there has been no mistake.”

“Now hold on a minute Doc, my name is Bob Ryan, I came in here for a routine hernia operations, why is everyone insisting I’m this Ms Weaver? Wow... hold the phone just a goddamn minute!

“Last night, or should I say this morning, when I returned from the dayroom I found the young effeminate guy in my bed, he was looking out of the window, he seemed troubled, obviously had something on his mind, I told him that he could stay there if he wanted to, I would sleep in his bed, the next thing that I remember is waking up here in the recovery room.”

Doctor Nelson nodded, “Yes, that is right, the Nurse would not wake you up to give you an injection which is intended to knock you out prior to surgery.

“What I’m wondering is, have we been mistaken for each other?. And if this Ms Weaver has gone to theatre as Bob Ryan for a hernia operation, then what the hell have I had done?”

The thing was, nobody would tell me anything, apparently a Mrs. Marston, the Hospitals Director of Surgery was cutting short a vacation to get back to the hospital as soon as possible to see me, she was expected back hopefully by mid afternoon.

My wife Karen had also been contacted and was on her way in - just what the hell was going on here?

I was transferred into a private room with its own telephone and television. No sooner was I settled than Karen arrived, she was shaking, and she had obviously been crying.

“Bob, what is it? What’s going on? Nobody will tell me anything and it’s so frustrating!”

“I know, Honey, I know, a Mrs. Marston is coming into see me, I want you to stay here and listen to everything that she says, this is obviously a serious matter, okay hon?”

“Okay, Bob.”

Mrs. Marston was a serious woman, poker faced, giving very little away, I didn’t like the way that she kept checking her notes and looking up at me, finally she broke the silence and said, “It would appear, Mr. Ryan, that there has been a terrible blunder - a mix up between yourself and a Ms Weaver in theatre, you have both undergone the surgical procedure intended for the other.”

I lay there and waited for her to continue to explain, but she just sat there looking at me; her expression calculating. Eventually she said, “Ms Weaver was due to undergo sex reassignment surgery in theatre 1, and yourself a hernia operation in theatre 3. It seems that there was some confusion with your notes and as such you were taken to the wrong theatre.”

“No! surely you don't mean to tell me that I have had sex change surgery?”

“I’m afraid, Mr. Ryan, that is exactly what has happened.”

“But why? How? If it has been done then surely it can be undone, just change me back?”

“Believe me, I wish that it were that simple, sex reassignment surgery has come a long way in recent years, some might say leaps and bounds, up until say three years ago it was a gamble.