



Reluctant Press presents:

Four Seasons

Stacy Nolan



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'SPECTRUM TV' NOVEL

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Stacy Nolan's

The Four Seasons

Winter

I tightened the drawstring on the hood of my parka coat in a feeble attempt to keep out the driving rain that had pummelled me relentlessly for the past four hours. My backpack felt as if it were getting heavier with every step that I took. I knew that if I went on for much further without rest and shelter I would be in serious trouble. Since leaving Petersfield and picking up the main A3 into Hampshire, not a single vehicle had passed me in either direction, neither had I passed a Cottage or Farmstead that was showing a light. This wasn't just due to the almost torrential rain...something very wrong was happening tonight, and here I was stuck out in the middle of it alone.

I considered using my one-man tent, but no way could I secure it. The ground was a quagmire, even my bedding and fresh clothes would be completely soaked.

Suddenly the spell of the constant rain was broken by another sound...something heavy crashing through the dense undergrowth, keeping pace with me. Certainly not a domestic cat, it was way too heavy for that, the growl in its throat was constant, ruling out farm animals like sheep, cows and bulls. No, this was something very different.

Suddenly the creature roared, a sound that turned my blood cold. Answering cries came from every direction, each growing louder, bolder.

Something big crossed the road some way ahead of me. When I say big, I mean huge, it walked stooped, its front "paws" were almost scraping the ground. It stopped and stared at me, its green eyes glinting despite there being no light, Oh shit! The creature must have stood at least eight feet tall!

It growled again, a sound full of rage and hunger. The cry was again answered by others of its own kind, they seemed to come from every direction, their numbers many.

The creature before me began to move in my direction, it began to move faster faster!

“Get In You Soft Bastard! Now!”

I turned towards the voice. A woman and a teenaged girl in a Toyota RAV 4 off-road vehicle.

The driver lifted a pump-action shotgun and fired it point blank into the creature’s face. The blast took away half of its skull, yet despite its horrific injuries it tried to rise.

“What’s the matter with you? Do you want to die? Get in now or I’ll leave you...I mean it!”

I took off my backpack and threw it into the back with the girl, then, running ‘round the car, I pulled myself up into the front passenger seat.

The woman laughed, “Another minute or so and we would all have been fucked, that’s for sure!”

“Just what the hell are those things? Tell me that I was asleep!..had to be!”

The woman said: “Do you remember the newspapers and television news about six or seven months ago? That guy named Draven was hunting these creatures down in the London Underground system. He killed hundreds of them, him and his partner, a gorgeous woman who looked as if she had stepped straight of the set of a porno movie.

“After that, the authorities took over. Soon after, we were told that the armed forces had killed them all, wiped them from the face of the planet.

“We were on our way home when the report came on the radio, the creatures were here, and in great numbers. People were dying in their own homes, the police, the army reserves, no one could stop them, the weapons were limited.

“Reports were coming in from other areas. It appeared that no one was safe.

“Well, I had Jennifer to think about, we weren’t going down without a fight. I drove into town, figuring strength in numbers. Well, I saw my fair share of dismembered bodies but non-living, men, women and small children all. One little girl was still clinging to her dolly.

“In some parts of town the creatures were still feeding, it was horrible.

“I knew that I should have been scared, should have got away, but I felt so angry, a rage was building up in me like nothing I’d ever felt before. I wanted to see their blood flowing, wanted them to know the meaning of pain.

“Pulling up outside Weaver’s Guns & Tackle, I grabbed a length of chain from the trunk. Attaching one end to the Toyota’s tow bar, I then threaded the other end through the heavy handles on the main doors to Weaver’s.

“With the engine screaming in protest, the Toyota shot forward, ripping the double doors from their hinges. Jumping down from the cab, I quickly removed the chain from the tow bar in case we needed a quick getaway. Already several of the creatures were advancing cautiously on us.

“Knowing that the gun and ammo cases would be locked, I grabbed a fire axe from its bracket on the wall. I got the cases open quickly, took down two large sports holdalls and began to fill them, one with weapons, the other with ammo.

“Two Uzi machine guns, a Desert Eagle .50, two Walther PPK's, a Colt 1911 Competition, a S&W .357 magnum, and a Beretta 92.

“I then filled the second large holdall with boxes of ammo, thousands of rounds for each weapon, then on the way out, I reached for a Colt M16 rifle and a wicked looking Remington pump action shotgun. I loaded shell after shell into this...just in case,

“Outside four of the creatures stood patiently waiting, one by my Toyota, causing Jennifer to scream in terror. Then as if on signal, they turned towards me, began moving closer. I lifted the Remington and fired; the heavy blast spread as it was intended to do, taking the creature off at the kneecaps.

“A second creature, a big black brute, roared and charged me, a second blast ripped off its right arm at the shoulder. I shouted to Jennifer to get the car started; as she did so, a third brute reached for me. I worked the Remington's pump action, jammed the muzzle between the bastard's legs and pulled the trigger. Its unholy scream turned my blood to ice. I jacked another round into the weapons breech and fired again, it went down and stayed there.

“After that, I got out of there as fast as I could; the rest, as they say, is history. A little later we picked you up on the A3. If you want to stay with us, you are more than welcome, of course. Right now we are heading home. That's assuming that it's still standing.”

The white Farmhouse stood in a clearing about two miles in off the beaten track, security lights fitted on high metal poles illuminated the whole clearing, much like the lights found at large outdoor sporting events.

The woman drove around the building twice, looking for signs of break-in or damage. Finding none, we stopped the Toyota within feet of the main door. Grabbing the Holdalls and weapons, we made our way in quickly, closing and bolting the heavy door behind us.

“Okay, how about some introductions?”

“Sure,” I replied, “my name is Mike Horner, I'm twenty-two years old, and I'm a Security consultant for a weapons company.”

The woman smiled, “I'm Eva Thorsen. I'm twenty-eight years old and don't care who knows it/ I used to be married, that is until I realised what a total shit my husband was. I too love guns and I can honestly say that I can out shoot most men.

“And this beautiful young lady is Jennifer, my son. He has been living as a girl now for almost two years. I had no intention of bringing him up as a male, I couldn't take a chance that he would grow up to be as big a bastard as his Father.”

“And what does Jennifer think about what you have done to him?”

"I'll tell you what, why don't you ask him yourself, Mike?"

"Jennifer Darling, Mike would like to know how you like being a girl? Now, I'll go and make us some coffee and sandwiches. That way you can have a chat in private, Okay?"

She went through into what I assume was the kitchen, closing the door firmly after her. I turned to Jennifer.

"Please tell me that it's not true?"

She nodded, smiling, obviously finding the situation amusing.

"At first when Mom used to dress me up as a girl, I hated it. I thought that I would become a limp-wristed little sissy boy. Then came the tablets and the injections, my body began to change almost before my very eyes. It soon became clear that there was no way back, I was now far more girl than boy. I loved the look and feel of my now long and feminine hair, also experimenting with make-up on my pretty face. Then there was the clothes which opened up a whole new world of sensations and thrills. Another 18 months and I will be old enough to have sex-change surgery. I can't wait!"

"Okay, if that's what you want, but I gotta say that I think you are wrong. One day you'll wake up and find that you have made a terrible mistake, but by then it will be far too late."

Just then, Eva arrived with a selection of sandwiches and a fresh pot of coffee. As we ate, we unpacked the holdalls containing the weapons and ammo.

I said, "Alright Ladies, if there are no objections, I would like to suggest some ground rules.

Okay, Number One: All weapons are to be kept fully armed at all times. Two: we should each pick out a suitable weapon, carry it with you at all times...even to the can! And finally, Number Three: Don't leave the bulk of the weapons in one place. Move away from here and if those ugly bastards manage to get in, we could find we can't get to our weapons. Okay, that's all I gotta say."

Eva lit a cigarette before replying. "Sounds like good advice to me Mike. How about we take it in turns on look out? Say 3 hours apiece? I would trust those fuckers just about as far as I could throw them!"

Eva and her son picked their weapons. I wasn't at all surprised when Eva picked up one of the Uzi machine pistols, she handled it like an expert, checking its action and making sure that it was fully loaded.

Jennifer went for a Walther PPK and a full box of shells, which I suppose was the most manageable of all the handguns.

"Come on then, Mike, which gun are you going for? Let me guess, the Colt 1911? Or perhaps the S&W .357?"

"No thanks, no offence, both are excellent handguns in their own right, but as you see, I have my own."

Reaching into my backpack, I pulled out a large black cordura pistol case, laying it carefully, lovingly on the table before us. I unzipped the case and slid out my S&W .50 calibre auto mag Magnum. It was fitted with a state-of-the-art red dot reflex sight and an extended high capacity magazine, allowing 20 uninterrupted shots.

Jennifer said, "Awesome!"

Eva said, "Ultra Cool, Mike, but where did it come from? Come to that, where did you come from? You don't pick up a handgun like that in any gun shop that I know of, that gun is for serious killing."

"Okay, I suppose you have a right to know, you did save my life after all. I work for a small agency called 'Goldberg and Wright.' Our top operative is the man that you referred to as Draven. He was with a colleague named Dawn, who is a she-male. What the relationship is between them, I have no idea."

Jennifer gave a sexy little pout which made my cock twitch.

"I was tracking them down when the shit hit the fan. The rest you know of course. Anyhow, if there's no objection, I'll take the first watch?"

It was just before daylight broke when they came for us, not a stealthy approach but an all-out onslaught. There must have been hundreds of them...well okay, at least 70 or 80.

Jennifer woke us, screaming, "Arm yourselves!"

I grabbed the M16 and a full box of shells....

"I'll take the bastards out long-range with the M16. Eva, cut down those that you can in the floodlit area with the Uzi, use the Remington on anything that gets close. Jennifer sweetheart, if you can, keep the guns reloaded for us, and use the Walther on anything that reaches the building. Be especially aware of the windows; if they break through in force we're finished."

The Beasts had no real answer to our formidable firepower; it was a bloodbath. Jennifer must have cut down at least six or seven at close range with the Walther, all with perfectly placed head shots.

Eva was Hot, firing short controlled bursts from the Uzi, then using the massive stopping power of the Remington on those that had managed to crawl within range of the building.

The attack stopped just as quickly as it started, the sun was up and it was going to be a beautiful day. The Television set suddenly came to life; the loud burst of sound caused us all to jump in surprise.

The picture showed a reporter standing by the famous statue of Eros in London's Piccadilly Circus, his voice cracking with emotion, his eyes wet with tears of sadness and joy.

"After 48 hours of fierce fighting, mankind has won the battle, the huge wolf-like creatures beaten, thousands have been killed, just as thousands of men, women, and children have died horrifically. Leading the troops in the massive

clean-up operation is Draven who has dedicated the past few years of his life to hunting down these creatures. This operation will take our brave troops deep underground searching out their Lairs. Earlier today, the Prime Minister said ...”

I switched off the television, having seen and heard enough to last a lifetime.

We gathered together what we needed for the drive back to London. Eva and Jennifer selected a handgun each “just in case.” I kept a tight grip on my Magnum auto mag.

I sensed the danger as I heard the door opening. I shouted “No,” but it was already too late. Eva stepped over the threshold, taking a bag out to the car. The two Creatures came from nowhere, both looked to be critically wounded. One of them lifted Eva off her feet and ripped out her throat with a single bite, her eyes glazed over and she was dead before she hit the ground.

I roared in anger. Throwing myself through the doorway, I turned to face the creatures. Lifting the auto mag, I dissected the creatures as the heavy .50 cal bullets ripped into them.

“THREE MONTHS LATER”

I have retired from active service. Somehow it just seemed like the right time, and of course there was Jennifer to think about; she was devastated at the loss of her Mom, despite what she had done to her. Jennifer had no other family to speak of, she would have ended up being admitted to a state-run Childrens' home. I couldn't let that happen to her. Becoming her legal guardian was easier than I had imagined.

Jennifer made the decision to continue with the female hormone tablets and injections.

“Being a girl now just feels so right,” she explained.

And Jennifer certainly makes a beautiful one, what a babe she was becoming! The hormones were at last bringing on some breast growth, her nipples swollen and dark and the flesh beneath puffy, but it was Jennifer’s face, hair and voice that showed the most change.

She has the face of an Angel. Recently she has begun to experiment with makeup, and she wears her hair long blond and straight, reaching almost to her slim waist. Her voice so high and girlish

I get a throbbing hard-on just thinking about what I would like to do to her.

I didn't have long to wait, Jennifer climbed right into bed with me last night. She told me that she'd just had a nightmare and didn't want to be alone. I was wearing only a pair of shorts, and Jennifer was naked.

With a sigh, Jennifer wrapped herself about me. I tried to keep still, to ignore what was happening, but it was impossible, the smell of her perfume, the smell and soft touch of her long hair was driving me crazy!

Her mouth found mine and we kissed long and hard, tongues probing deep, exploring. Urgently, she reached for my hard cock, she gasped as her hand closed around it, finding its head slick with clear pre-come.

“Oh Mike, please! I need you!”

I slid into her all the way, hmmm! Nice and tight and warm, reaching around her, I began to play with her small breasts. She sighed in pleasure, pushing herself against me, her thrusts becoming harder...harder, we came together, crying out in our release.

Having a sexy feminised boyfriend who was half my age was a real ego boost for me, and Jennifer was becoming more sissified and feminine with each passing day.

“Come on Honey! We’re gonna be late!”

We were going into the West End to see the John Carpenter classic, Assault On Precinct 13, a movie that has achieved Cult status on both sides of the Atlantic.

Jennifer could look all woman in her pretty dresses, short skirts, low cut tops and high heels, but I loved it most of all when people could see through her disguise and realise that the pretty girl with her long blond hair was, in fact, a teenage boy!

Tonight should be such a night; Jennifer had used an Ace bandage to bind her small breasts, leaving her chest as flat as a young boy’s.

She kept her clothes simple: a cream-colored figure-hugging Angora sweater, a pair of faded blue jeans, and a pair of Nike training shoes. Jen wore her long blond hair loose and straight.

Her long fingernails were devoid of their usual red polish; her make-up was kept simple, a little mascara and just a hint of pastel pink lipstick.

Going down an octave or two, her voice became a little deeper, a little more masculine, and a little less feminine.

We took the underground train into the West End. Peoples’ reactions to Jennifer and me were almost immediate; they ranged from puzzlement, confusion and shock to anger and laughter.

Some felt the need to speak their minds, saying things like:

“What on earth makes a good-looking young boy want to turn himself into a long-haired sissy boy?”

“Just look at the way that they are holding hands...it makes me sick!”

“Surely that must be a wig that he is wearing. It can't be his own hair.”

The knowing looks and laughter were, I think, worse than the comments themselves. We clung tightly to each other, not caring what others thought. We had each other and that's all that matters.

#

SPRING

Ever since I was a kid, Spring had always been my favourite season. Mother Nature had cleaned house and now everything is clean and bright...reborn.

Mom had been forty years old when she had given birth to me, 16th April 1987, seventeen years ago. I was named Dean Latham. My brother Greg is twenty-eight years old and is on the board of directors for Mirage, one of the top advertising agencies in London.

Greg had always been Mom and Dad's "Golden Child," the son who could do no wrong, a straight "A" student who excelled in all his chosen subjects. Greg never brought any trouble home, never got into trouble with the law, he was the perfect son, lean, muscular and ultra fit.

Greg excelled at Football and most of the track events. And as a result, he dated some of the most beautiful girls in school; it was no surprise when he started dating Rachel Forbes, Prom Queen and Head Cheerleader.

Two years later, they were married. Twelve months later and they had their first Child, a girl whom they named Lisa.

Unlike my "perfect brother," I didn't excel at anything; if I scored a B-, I was doing well. I didn't have Greg's muscular physique nor his Film Star good looks. Girls didn't fall over themselves to date me, nor did the popular guys want to "hang" with me.

At seventeen, I was only 5ft. 7in. tall, with a body which could only be described as slim, or as some would say, "painfully thin."

I wore my hair long and full. If nothing else, it helped to hide my face, which could only be described as "effeminate."

You know, if I had £1 for every time that Mom or Dad said to me, "Why can't you be more like your brother Greg?" I would be rich by now!

Dad was always trying to get me interested in contact sports but I wasn't the least interested.

He would become angry, wanting to know what was wrong with me, was I a sissy?

Mom didn't really help, coming out with comments like, "Perhaps you should have been born a girl, Dean, maybe then you would have been happier!"

That night in bed I lay there thinking about what Mom had said. Maybe she was right, I might be happier as a Girl. I had wondered for some time what it would be like to dress up as one:

pretty feminine tops, short skirts and high heels, my long hair styled like a girls, my ears pierced and large gold hoops fitted, and my girlish face fully made up. Reaching down, I squeezed my cock. It was hard and throbbing, ready to explode. I rushed to the bathroom

where I managed to “take care of business” before having a messy accident.

Wow! If I could get so turned on just by thinking about it, then imagine how I would feel wearing girls’ sexy clothing.

My problem was that I had no one to help and advise me, my family would only laugh and mock me, and I had no friends to speak of, well, if I’m honest...no friends at all.

It was then that I had an idea...Call Girls! Of course, why hadn't I thought of it earlier? The public phone boxes in town were plastered with their calling cards: Transvestites, Transsexuals,

She-males and Drag Queens!

I caught a bus into London’s West End that afternoon and picked up a good selection of the calling cards. Later, back home in my room, I spread the dozen or so cards out one at time.

“Miss Candy” offered “T.V. dressing lessons” whilst “Rachel & Eva” were “young and beautiful and available for She-Male sex” but it was this one that really caught my eye:

“Ms Sarah can transform male into female. Time wasters will not be tolerated, only those wishing a full sex change need call.

“BEWARE! Once you have started on the course, there can be no going back, you have been warned!”

I rang the following day from a public payphone; it was picked up on the third ring, a foreign sounding woman answered:

“Hello? Who this??”

“Hel...Hello? I have one of your business cards and I...”

“No No! Not me! Wait please. I get mistress for you, okay?”

“Ms Sarah here, what can I do for you?”

“Can you please help me? I want so much to be a girl, yet I have no idea how to go about it. I will do anything if you will help me...”

“And may I ask just how old you are?”

I thought about lying, then decided on the truth.

“I’m 17 years old and my name is Dean.”

“Ah, so young, yet so much easier to feminise, like soft clay in my hands!”

Ms Sarah gave me her address and told me that it would be convenient to call within the next hour. I glanced at the piece of paper which I had scribbled her address on. Apartment C, 24 Thane Villas, London N7. Not too far from my old pri-

mary school and only about twenty minutes walk away. I glanced at my watch: 3:35pm. Mom and Dad would be busy arguing over their next holiday, or which car to buy. They wouldn't miss me until at least 9:30.

I stood on the corner of Thane Villas for ten minutes or so, trying to pluck up the courage to call.

Eventually I walked up to the door and pushed the bell for flat C. A sexy woman's voice said:

"Come on up to the second floor, Dean...I'm waiting for you."

I don't know why, but I had the sudden urge to turn and run. The moment passed. I knocked on the door of flat C. A female voice called:

"Come on in, Dean...the door is open!"

Ms Sarah was stunningly pretty, looking like she had stepped right out of a porno movie. Her black satin wrap did little to conceal her ripe breasts and her womanly figure. Her honey blond hair cascaded around her slim shoulders, and her makeup was done to perfection, giving her eyes a sultry feline look. Her full lips were red and pouting.

I glanced around nervously, unsure of what to expect, finding it hard to avert my gaze from the woman's full breasts as she spoke.

"Can you afford my services, Dean? It's not cheap, six injections at £200 each, new clothes, jewellery and makeup, plus of course my time, which doesn't come cheap."

"I...I'm sorry, Ms Sarah, for wasting your time. I just don't have that sort of money."

"Money? Did I mention money? No Dean, you can pay me back by helping with certain jobs and chores. I'll let you know what and when. So, my young friend, do we have a deal?"

Excited at what was to come, I didn't hesitate for a minute:

"Yes, we have a deal," I replied.

"Rebecca"

"Right Darling, there's no time like the present. Drop your trousers and I'll give you your first injection of Girl Juice."

Part of me was saying, "Run! Get out now while you still can!" yet another part of me was saying, "Have the injection, just imagine how it will feel to dress and live as a GIRL!"

I lowered my trousers and shorts as Ms Sarah instructed me. The injection did not hurt a bit which really surprised me. I had thought that something so important...so major would have been a lot more traumatic.

"There you are, Darling, one injection down and five to go. You'll be a girl before you know it."

Now young lady, since I am the one to recreate you, I think it only fair that I should rename you. I have chosen the name Rebecca. Such a pretty, feminine name, don't you think?"

"Oh yes, Ms Sarah. Its just perfect, my favourite girls name!"

That first night, I barely slept at all. I feared that I would awake the next morning to find that I had somehow become a girl.

I returned to see Ms Sarah the following morning at 11am; she seemed genuinely pleased to see me.

"Come on in, Rebecca Darling! I have something for you!"

We entered what I assume was Sarah's bedroom, she opened a large double closet and took out two massive store bags. She carried them to her bed and emptied their contents out in a heap.

There was everything that a woman would need: sexy underwear, functional underwear, casual wear, day wear, evening wear, night wear, shoes and boots in every style and heel height. I found myself getting turned-on just looking at them,

"You will soon be able to afford to buy all the new clothes that you need, but in the meantime I

thought that you might like these?"

"Oh Sarah, they are all so beautiful! Are they really for me?"

"Yes, of course they are, sweetheart. Now, how about trying some of them on for size?"

Much to Sarah's amusement, I wanted to try everything! I was like a child in a Candy Store.

Sarah helped me to select the correct size bra and panties for me, then padded out the bra cups with gel inserts; these were followed by a pair of black opaque hose.

I then picked up a short black woollen skirt, it was a struggle but I managed to wriggle my way into it. The skirt was so tight, I couldn't help but wonder how I could possibly walk in it.

Sarah then picked out a pretty sweater for me; it was dusky pink in colour with a wide cowl neckline decorated with four pearlised buttons. Made of the most feminine soft and fluffy Cashmere, it was obviously a garment intended to be worn by a woman.

I put it on, loving the way that it hung to my newfound female curves.

Sitting down before the vanity table as instructed, I watched in awe as Sarah's careful use of makeup transformed my face from male to female.

But the thing that really shook me was the wig that Sarah had me wear; it was long, full and straight, Honey blond in colour with full heavy bangs which came down to my carefully plucked and shaped eyebrows. I know that some guys like to wear their hair long...but never in such a blatantly feminine style. Its carefully

trimmed ends reached to a point halfway down my back, it was 100% human hair, with a realistic “skin parting.”

Wave after wave of pleasure washed over me, soiling my pretty panties, as standing before the full-length mirror, I stared in awe at “Rebecca.”

“One Week Later”

And I was actually looking forward to my second Injection, although I would never openly admit this to anyone. After it was done, Sarah took a small bottle of pills from her bag and handed them to me.

“Okay Honey, these are Oestrogen tablets. I want you to take two a day until I tell you otherwise; they will supplement the injections and will really speed things up, especially with your voice, face and hair.”

It seemed that Mom and Dad had noticed changes in me lately:

“Oh come on, Steve! When was the last time that you looked at your son? I mean really looked at him? His face has become so pretty, I have found traces of makeup on his pillow, and there’s a smell of perfume about him...and how about his hair? No self-respecting boy would dream of wearing his hair in such a long feminine style.”

“Alright Jan, lets just say that you’re right, what do you suggest we do about it? Confine him to his room? Or maybe put him across my knee? He’s an adult now, for crying out loud! It’s a traumatic time for him right now. Who knows, maybe dressing up as a girl comforts him. Or maybe it’s a sexual thing? How should I know?”

“And you don't care one bit, well, do you?”

“Of course I bloody well care! Do you think that I want a limp-wristed sissy as a son? I suppose I’m putting off talking to him...afraid of what he may say.”

Three injections down and three to go. I’m so excited!

Ms Sarah has asked me to call and see her this afternoon at around 3:30pm. She was quite

secretive and would only say that I would be doing her a big favour, and that I stood to make some money from it.

“It’s simple, Rebecca, I have a client arriving here shortly. He was quite specific about the type of girl that he is looking for. He wants a young and pretty Trans-sexual for sex.”

“But I’m not...I can't do...do things with another man, Sarah. I’m sorry.”

“That’s the thing though, Darling, you are not a man, not anymore, you are three little injections away from being all woman. Just how would you go about satisfying a woman? Your cock is so shrunken and small, a woman would laugh at you! Now don't be so squeamish, he will be so turned-on, he'll be finished in five minutes!”

Ms Sarah helped me to get ready for my client, a perfumed bath, my body shaved, then into the bedroom to decide on what to wear,