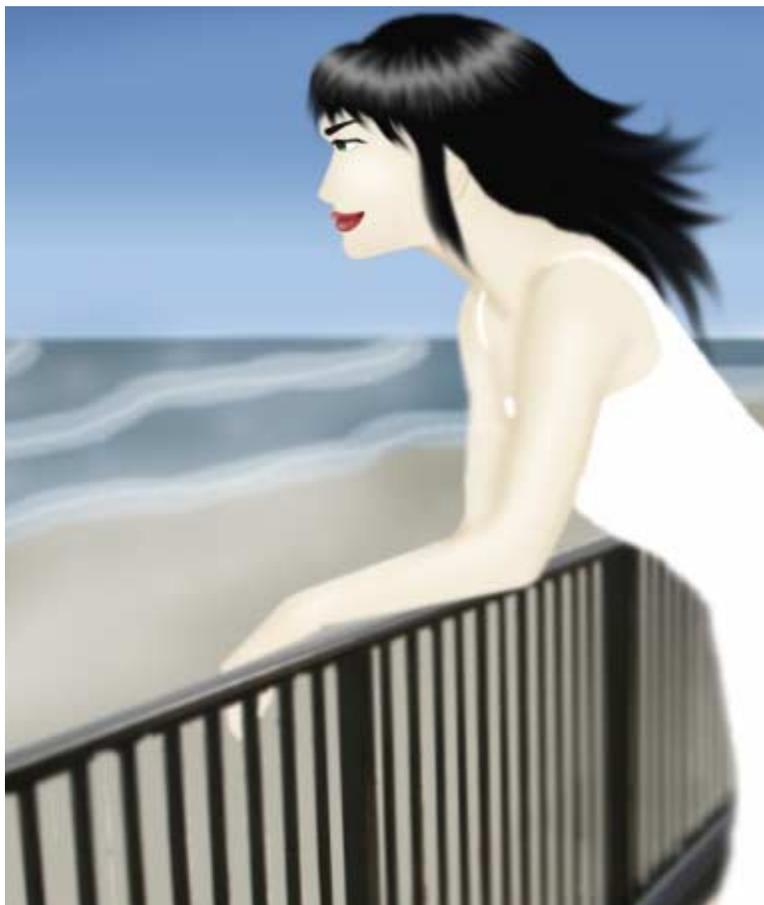




Reluctant Press presents:

The Color Of Amber

Monica James



ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHRISTA HAIGHT

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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THE COLOR OF AMBER

By Monica James

A TALE OF ADVENTURE AND BETRAYAL ON A ROMANTIC CARRIBBEAN ISLAND

CHAPTER I

The motor launch was at the point of a wide wake until the sailor stopped the diesel engine and let the boat slide easily into the dock.

Harold and Amber gathered their luggage and stepped ashore. As soon as Amber looked up the slope at the resort, and to the steaming jungle behind it, she had a feeling of foreboding, as if something there was threatening. She hesitated.

“Ms. Amber Jenkins?” A crisply dressed stevedore addressed her. She spun around and nodded ‘yes.’ Her companion, Harold Bligh, stopped and set the bags down. “We are together,” he said defensively.

“Pardon, please. There has been a mix-up in your reservations. Come with me.”

Amber glanced at Harold quickly and smiled. Harold looked distressed.

They were shown into the resort lobby office and left there. Amber sank down into a comfortable chair and relaxed. Harold fidgeted, still standing and looking around as if he expected a wild animal any moment.

“Ah, here you are. My name is Rafael Ordens., resort director. You both had a pleasant journey, I assume?”

Amber spoke up. “Thank you; is there a problem with our reservations? We won the office lottery. We understood everything is prepaid.” She tugged at the hem of her skirt in response to the older man’s leering at her young body. There was something dynamic, muscular, in his bearing that both disturbed and attracted her.

“The accommodations are single room, double occupancy. I hope you can adjust to that. You modern people have a more accepting lifestyle, I am told.”

Amber looked at Harold ,then back to Ordens. “You OK with this?”

“We can manage. Thanks.”

He grinned. “It’s cool, Amber. We’ve known each other for a long time, right?”

“Then it’s settled,” Rafael Ordens said. “I’m pleased.” He turned and left.

The room had a sliding door onto a small patio garden with the resort swimming pool and spa just a few steps away. Amber was thrilled and threw herself backwards onto the bed.

“This is super cool,” she said to Harold as she watched him arrange the luggage.

That evening, after a gourmet supper, Amber stretched out on the bed and yawned.

“Harold, are you mad at me?”

He looked up, feeling somewhat sheepish. “Of course not, Amber. How could I be?”

“Just that you barely spoke to me on our way here and during dinner. I’m excited about our good luck and you, well, would you tell me if something is wrong?”

He took off his shirt and draped it casually over a chair. He turned away from her as he dropped his slacks and put on pajama shorts.

“Amber. Please. I’m not the only one who finds you extremely attractive; you know that, everyone does. Guess I’m a little shy.”

Amber sat up on the bed and hugged her knees. “Then it’s time we had a chat. You are good company, Hal, and I don’t want anything to distract us from enjoying this great vacation spot.”

He sat on the captain-style chair next to the bed and clicked off the small lamp on the nightstand. Light from the pool area and lawns filtered in to leave small shadows lurking in unknown corners.

“OK,” he said drawing a deep breath. “It would be easy for me to say I-love-you and admit I’m very excited with you here.”

“Well, thank you, dear man. Is that so difficult?”

“Only a half truth. There is much more to confess.”

Amber smiled and moistened her lips with a quick tongue. “Tell me, Hal.”

He had been very uncomfortable earlier but, as they settled intimately in the small room, he relaxed and spoke up.

“Suppose the second person in the lottery drawing back at the office had been a girl. Would you have been OK with that?”

She giggled. “Which girl?”

“Your choice. How about that?”

She thought a moment then shook her head. “No, if given a choice, it would have been you. So, how does that strike you?”

“Amber, you take my breath away sometimes. I’m relying on your confidentiality now. I have the male equipment of a guy, any that you’d see around the pool with a bulge in his swimsuit, but I don’t like being a guy. I feel I’m a girl.”

Amber sat up straight, taken with the gravity of his thoughts.

“I’ve heard of that. Is it that you are a girl trapped in a man’s body? Harold, your secret is safe with me. I’m so impressed that you could share with me.”

He reached over and took her hand. His fingers pressed her wrist lightly. “There is more.”

“Fascinated. Go ahead. Do you lurk around locker rooms and all that?”

He laughed. “Thanks, Amber. I feel so much better. I like to cross dress; that is, I put on girl’s clothing and walk around. It’s always been in the privacy of my room, of course.”

Amber took his hand, held so gently in her own, and moved it onto her lap. “And the girl’s clothes. Do you have them with you?”

“No. I didn’t want to risk it. You may recall me telling you I have a sister. I think she suspects but nothing has been said about her clothing being rearranged; like that.”

“Harold, this is so beautiful. Think of it. Every girl in the office would be delighted if you would give them at least a smile or a quick hug. Now, here I am with you, alone. So, go ahead. My satin and lace are in the top drawer.”

“Nice of you. Yes, I’d like that since you don’t mind. But, there is more.”

“I’d bet on that. You feel sexually excited with silk on your body? And, here we are, what are you going to do about it? Your hand feels really good on my legs.”

He moved quickly onto the bed and put his arm around her. “I do love you, Amber. I’ve often dreamed of making love to you.”

“But, as a girl, right? That what you want me for?”

He looked away briefly, braced his shoulders and looked squarely into her eyes. “Yes. Have you had oral sex? Did you like it?”

“I want it only if you’re needing it as well.”

Their first kiss was gentle but became more enflamed with passion as they kept up the contact. He nibbled at her ear lobe and ran his tongue along the firm line of her jaw.

She murmured acceptance without an articulated word and put space between them so he could unbutton her blouse.

Her firm nipples, energized by his tongue and lips, sent sexual messages to both of them.

“Touch me; take,” she whispered.

He moved lower, his chin grazed her flat stomach and he fondled the smooth legs eager for his touch. Pulling the skimpy panty aside, he deftly caught her sexual beauty in his mouth and stayed, licking and coaxing, invading the tight folds of her vaginal vault and rimming, pulling then grasping her engorged clit with his lips. She screamed, pulled his head tighter against her crotch and fell back as if in a coma.

When Amber came back from the bathroom, she searched for a full-length gown with a slit that bared an ample, fleshy thigh. Turning, she saw Harold on the bed, sound asleep.

Rather than disturb him, and still feeling the excitement of the day, she stepped out onto the patio and snuggled into a lounge chair.

There were still a few residents around the pool area, splashing and calling out. She hugged herself, one hand on each shoulder, and pulled a light comforter over her.

Thinking of Harold and their erotic venture, she dozed, comfortable with herself and the night and the garden redolent with night-blooming jasmine.

“Hello. You are Amber Jenkins?”

“Ulp! You startled me. Yes. And you are, uh, who?”

The darkly beautiful girl sat down on a garden stool. “My name is Erato. I’m a handmaiden for Andala, the princess.”

“Who is Andala? How do you know my name?”

Erato laughed and slapped her leg in joy. “Didn’t anybody tell you? How could you possibly not know? Everyone who visits here is either a follower or curiosity seeker.”

“Please, Erato. Harold and I came here because we won a trip; it’s all expenses paid and a paid vacation.”

Erato was quiet a moment, then, “Ah, I see. Tell me, is this Harold the one with you at the dock and the resort office? He is very handsome; he will fit in nicely with the baron’s plans.”

“Better start at the beginning. OK?”

Erato lowered her voice to be certain she was not overheard. “Andala is the princess of the voodoo cult of Marie Laveau. I’ve been Marie Laveau’s servant for many years. Do you know what an octoroon is?”

Amber was fascinated. “Yes, one eighth black and Creole. Is that right?”

Erato nodded. “Close enough. In New Orleans, at the cemeteries off the end of Canal Street, there is a crypt with a statue of a young girl knocking on a door. Marie Laveau, as a teen-age student, was hanging-out somewhere on the wicked streets of that city. The time got away from her and her father locked her out. When she knocked, her father screamed accusing her of selling her charms on the streets. Therefore, he said he was justified in disowning her.”

“Ouch, that’s tragic.

”In our terms, yes. That was in the year Eighteen-something. Marie Laveau was resourceful; learned the street ways and, as it turned out had fifteen children and owned a whorehouse in the middle of a section called Storeyville.”

“You are well informed for something that happened two centuries ago.”

“One day I’ll explain it all to you.”

Erato stood to go. “I’m glad we had this chat; cool, really. I’m totally in love with you already.”

“Already? Is there something more I should know? What is planned for us?”

Erato stepped away toward the gate then spun playfully around. Her skirt flared, showing her shapely legs. “Until later, love. I have to go now.”

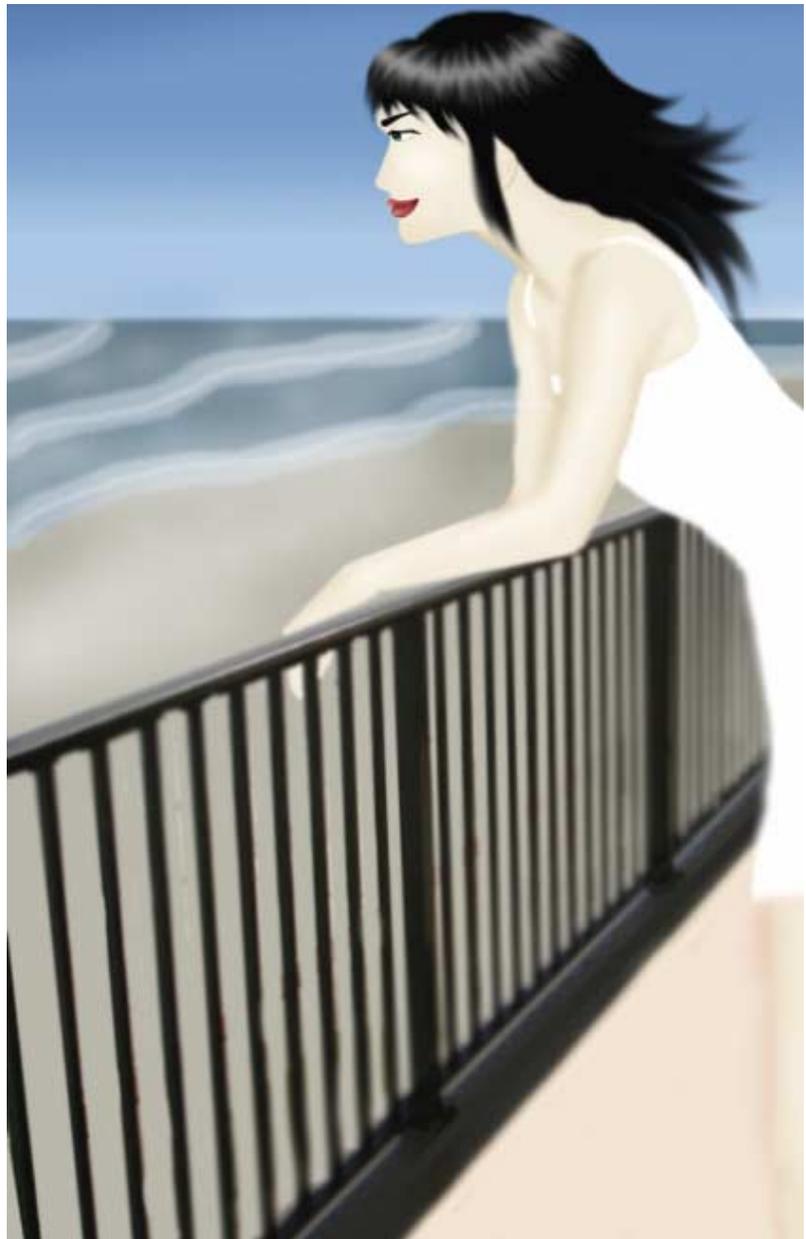
In a moment she was gone and the garden seemed suddenly empty without her. Amber stood up and walked to the gate. Erato and a man who had accosted her near the pool were in frenzied discussion. Normally, Amber would not have been able to hear but the water picked up the sound. Their voices were openly hostile. Something, Amber could hear, was very wrong and somehow it threatened her and Harold.

“Leave her alone, you hear me?” the man said.

“Don’t speak to me that way, you cloned creep.”

Finally, after the man turned to stomp off, Erato returned to the garden gate. “I’m sorry you had to hear that. He is Baron Erebus; has a lot of authority around here. It’s just politics and shouldn’t concern you.”

Erato’s dark eyes flashed, a lustrous glow. She moved to stand next to Amber and put her arm around Amber’s waist.



“You are very lovely, Amber. Would you come with me to the next grand meeting? It’s on the full moon which will be tomorrow night.”

“Meeting of what? Of whom? Are we protesting something?” Responding to what Erato had just said, connecting her looks with the invitation of a gathering of some sort, the offer was blatantly enticing.

“Many things,” she answered with an air of mystery. “I’ll see you about ten, OK?”

“And Harold?”

“If he’s here. Probably he’ll be on board the *Shanghai Joe*.”

“The what? Please tell me”

Amber giggled playfully. “It’s a 68-foot sailing schooner bound for Martinique”

“What’s a sailing trip to Martinique to do with Harold?”

Erato hugged her and turned to leave. “It’s where Harold is going tomorrow. Bye.”

Amber shook her head in disbelief and crept quietly into bed. ‘Certainly is a mixed-up girl,’ she thought. She looked at Harold sleeping peacefully next to her and then closed her eyes.

* * * * *

After breakfast, Harold wandered down to the wharf to watch the sailing schooner berth. He checked with the dock master for permission to be there and his thoughts turned to Amber who was enjoying sleeping late, he surmised.

He watched from the shadow of a boat house and marveled at the sailors as they dropped the sails and tied them off. The huge boat was soon in the clutches of spring lines, bare poles were swinging lazily with the roll of the sea.

“It’s a thrilling sight? *N’est pas?*”

Harold turned abruptly to see a tall man in a captain’s uniform speaking to him. The man’s olive skin, thriving curly dark hair and the muscular body rippling under his tailored shirt combined to attract him. He was ethnic, obviously, but Harold couldn’t decide what ethnicity.

“Yes. It’s trim, certainly. Yours?”

“I have that honor. I am Captain Leventis.”

“I am...”

The tall Greek interrupted. “Harold Bligh. I know.”

There were many people at the resort, Harold knew. Plus, there were more vacationers arriving each day. It was just so weird that a newly-arrived sailing schooner captain could step ashore and identify him by name.

“Perhaps you can explain?” Harold asked.

Leventis laughed. “Nothing is in hiding. I saw you on the wharf as we approached and asked the dockmaster who you were. As you had been just talking to the old gent, he told me your name. But, be warned, I do enjoy playing tricks on people.”

The warmth of the sailing man disarmed him. “Oh, I should have known.”

Leventis stepped away for a moment to look at some cargo being positioned on the wharf then came back. “I’m installing some new sails this morning. After lunch I’m going to take her out for a shake-down to be sure they’re all right. Want to come along? We’ll eat on board, of course.”

“Well, sure; yes, thanks. I’ve been drawn to sailing of all kinds for years but never hoped to be able to go aboard.”

“It’s settled then. Wait here, I have to sign in and check my messages. Hope there is nothing urgent.”

He was gone and Harold remained to watch the sailors unpack the new sail and lug it on board. When Leventis returned, he motioned to Harold to accompany him. Shortly they were in the saloon enjoying a fresh lunch.

Leventis pushed a snifter of brandy across the table to Harold. “Here, this will put a top on any lunch. Courvoisier, it’s for special guests.”

Harold grinned. “Thanks, this seems to be my lucky day.”

The captain smiled indulgently. “There are all kinds of luck, my young friend.”

When Harold awoke, the day had turned to darkness. The secret sounds of the boat under full sail, known only to sailors, got his attention. He was surprised to be in a small stateroom and wondered at the passing of time. Next, considering the lunch, the brandy and the charming captain as host, he vaguely recalled going to sleep. There was a question in his mind. Was he drugged or was it that he’s not accustomed to the effects of such quality libations? In either event, the captain would probably explain. He sat up and swung his legs off the bunk.

“Ah, so you are now awake,” the captain said as he came in. “I did not have the heart to disturb your nap. Plus, as you know, we had work to do. As luck would have it, one of the new sails had to be mended.”

“Guess I was overtired. So, are we headed for port now? My partner, Amber Jenkins, will be concerned.”

“Do not bother yourself, Harold. We will dock at Nevis tomorrow where we pick up cargo. Perhaps a passenger or two. Then we go to Fort de France, Martinique. You are now free to join us with some high seas adventure. I’ve called the resort so your friend there will not be alarmed.”

“Oh, high sea adventure?” he asked but thought, rather, ‘high jinx on the high seas, more like it.’ Something, he sensed was very wrong. But, appearances told him otherwise.

“What message did you leave for Amber?”

Leventis sat down heavily on a chair that was bolted to the decking. “Just that you had taken advantage of an offer to go sailing.”

“Thanks. I feel a little shaky. The brandy, I guess.”

“Nonsense. You have been too long between meals. Perhaps a blood sugar problem? Let’s see what we can find in the galley.”

The cook had left an excellent chicken salad for him which he ate with gusto. There was more brandy to go with it. Later he went on deck and stretched out on a lounge chair. The sea rushing past the freeboard next to him was a constant alluring sound. The wake gurgled. He relaxed back. The boat was listing slightly as it made headway along a channel. In the distance he watched nightlights on an island winking with activity.

“Enjoying the scenery?” the captain asked as he pulled a chair up beside him. “I hope you do not feel neglected but the captain does have duties, you know.”

“Am feeling super serene, Captain,” Harold answered with a sigh. It’s nice of you to put up with me.”

Leventis was thoughtful a moment. “We are in deep water here. The leeward and windward islands harbor the lost city of Atlantis but only a few sailors know about it. It’s the legend that holds sway over our imagination. The ancient gardens of the Hesperides are nearby. It’s like the garden of the Elysian plain named in our civilization as the Champs-Elysees in Paris or Elysian Fields in New Orleans. It all ties together in a grand garden of the gods but not of men. Only good can come of it. Yet we sail over the fathomed deep like lost poets on a never ending adventure. Am I boring you?”

“Captain, that is beautiful. Think of it, Classical Literature 101 on the high seas. You are a very lucky sailor.”

“As we agreed earlier, there are all kinds of luck. You are mine for now; it can only be *bon chance*.”

They were both awed by an ocean-going container ship that passed close enough to leave a strong wake. The *Shanghai Joe* swung easily with the swells.

When the bell sounded the change of the watch, the captain reached over and touched Harold’s arm. “Care to share that blanket? It gets a chill out here at night.”

“Oh, of course. Sorry.” Harold moved quickly as the captain slid his chair closer.

Under the blanket, Harold was startled to feel the Greek’s strong hand moving on his leg.

“Tell me, Harold. Might you feel inclined to indulge this lonely sailor with a few favors?”

Harold gulped. “Uh, like what?” he mumbled and was immediately angry with himself for being so naïve.

Leventis grunted, a light laugh. "Understand that command on the high seas is often a lonely life. It is not proper, actually risky, to create a friendship among the crew. Passengers are seldom aboard long enough to get acquainted."

As he spoke he continued to knead the flesh of Harold's thigh. "You do have an attractive body. One day, perhaps within the year, I might have just such a pretty body in the form of a girl come to sail with me."

Harold was confused by the approach and felt somewhat giddy. "Sir, I'm not a girl, as you well know. What could you possibly be talking about?"

Without answering, Leventis moved his hand higher to fondle the bulge of genitals Harold offered.

"Very nice. Do you mind me doing this?"

"Oh, not. Uh, if you wish, sir."

Nimble fingers unhooked his buckle and slid the zipper of his Bermuda shorts down.

Harold willed his penis would not respond but without success. The experience was growing in his mind, as well. He thought briefly of his wonderful liaison with Amber the evening before and, as nature would have it, the handsome captain felt a firm cock as he freed it to the night air.

He stroked it several times then leaned over to whisper. "Do you like this? I can do it longer."

Harold, no longer bewildered, spoke out. "Whatever you wish, sir." But, in his mind, the thought was racing. Sure, he told himself, you want to be a girl more than only in your mind. As a pleasing bundle of feminine wiles, you would have men like this begging you for favors. What will you be asked to do? After dreaming about it all your life, you should have some answers. Amber, last night, spread out like that, taking all you could give her, making her nearly faint away with her orgasm, was a marvelous act. Now, this charming man wants to taste you, you suppose.

"Captain, if you please. I am not as experienced as you apparently think."

"Nature has enough for both of us," he answered and continued to stroke Harold's raging penis. "Would you like me to taste it with my mouth? Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, of course I know. I'm just saying I've no experience. As far as I know, no man has ever shown an interest in me like you are doing now."

"Then let me know, pretty boy, how this goes down on you." He hunched over and took Harold's bulbous corona in his mouth, adjusted his shoulders slightly, then began to excite the young man by taking his sex in-and-out, back and forth, up-and-down.

Harold was shifting his hips, pushing back, accepting and returning, until he felt Leventis slide back and deftly worked the straining cock with his hand. "Do you want to come, Harold?"

“Yes, please, sir. I was, almost.”

“I know. That’s why I stopped.”

“But. Is there something wrong?”

“Nothing I know of.” He moved up from Harold’s willing body and tugged the coverlet over them. He took the young man’s chin in his hand and moved until they faced each other. One finger traced Harold’s lips, pressing, asking that he open and accept his finger.

Harold obliged and wondered at the sensation as Leventis fondled his lips with one finger, then moved it inside his mouth. “Yes, Harold. You do have something I want.”

By this time Harold was beside himself. The sex with the handsome sailor was not going well. His body screamed for completion and, somehow, it had all taken a different direction. Confusion fogged his brain. He was desperate. “Anything, Captain. What is it you want?”

“Your mouth.”

“Oh, sir. The answer is yes, if that’s what you want.”

The captain stood up. “Let’s go below. Come on, zip up. I’ll get you some more of that brandy.”

In the captain’s stateroom, Leventis turned the light down very low and motioned for Harold to approach him. He handed him the snifter and watched as Harold ran his tongue along the rim.

“You’ve never done this, have you?”

“No, sir. But, I’ve felt sometimes I’d like to be a girl and enjoy men like you.”

He laughed. “You don’t have to be a girl. It’s a matter of preference.”

“I’d prefer to do it as a girl.”

The captain blinked in comprehension. “So, what have we here? Maybe you will be able to manage such a transformation. It’s called gender reassignment. But there are some things to be thought through, first. Nothing we can resolve this night.”

“Yes, sir,” Harold answered and lowered his eyes.

Leventis stared at the hapless young man for a moment. “OK, undress me. I’ll get on the bed. You undress yourself and join me. I’ll tell you what to do.”

Naked on his bunk, the captain opened a drawer built into the bulkhead. He opened what appeared to be individually-wrapped candy. He worked it with his fingers to get it ready and then handed it to Harold.

“Take this. It’s gum candy. It’s formed to fit over your teeth so you can have better control over what you must do and do well.”

Harold saw immediately what was offered and fitted the gummies on his upper and lower teeth. “You’re being very nice to me,” he said to the captain.

“And likewise,” was the answer. He then took Harold’s face in his hands and brought his mouth down in a passionate kiss. He was pleased when Harold responded by

kissing him back and reasoned that the younger man was still ready to explode any moment having been denied ejaculation when he was on the verge of it.. “Yes, now, Harold,” the captain said as he nudged him lower on the bed. He watched as Harold scrambled to position between his legs, took the firm penis in one hand, looked up at him with imploring eyes, and plunged the sensitive glans into his mouth.

Though Harold worked hard to bring the man to a rollicking orgasm, nothing seemed to please in the way he was doing it. Finally, he had to ask. “Am I doing something wrong, sir?”

“Not at all. I was just enjoying the show. Now, it’s your turn to receive some raunchy sex. Get in the center of the bed, on hands and knees. Right. Now, raise that pretty derriere in the air.”

Harold felt the captain apply a soothing ointment to his anus and, realizing what was about to happen, started to object.

“Just shut up. It’s my turn now.”

Harold closed his eyes tight and waited. The expected shock of pain made him convulse until Leventis settled to a rhythm. He drifted in and out of consciousness while staying aware that he had to keep his position or suffer greater indignity.

“Ah,” the captain moaned in pleasure and rolled away. “Relax, handsome man,” he said to Harold. “I’ll wash up. Be right back.”

Returning, he saw Harold sitting on the side of the bed. The bewildered look on his face and defeated demeanor was sexually stimulating. He moved closer, lifted Harold’s

chin and shoved his partially flaccid penis into Harold’s mouth. “It’s over, Harold, I’m ready to come.”

Harold nearly gagged but dared not refuse. In just a moment, the lustful sailor finished pumping sperm into Harold’s mouth. He withdrew.

“Don’t look so dog-beaten. You’re going to suck a lot of cock from now on. I’m proud of you.”

Harold felt like crying. “Sir, I wasn’t ready for all that.”

“I know but you held up with great courage. You are going to make some lucky person an outstanding sissy-maid.”

“Sissy maid? Explain, please.”

“I shall. But now we are coming into Nevis. Please, wash up. We’ll talk later. I’m expecting an important passenger and want to meet him.”

“Yes, all right, sir,” Harold said and closed his eyes.